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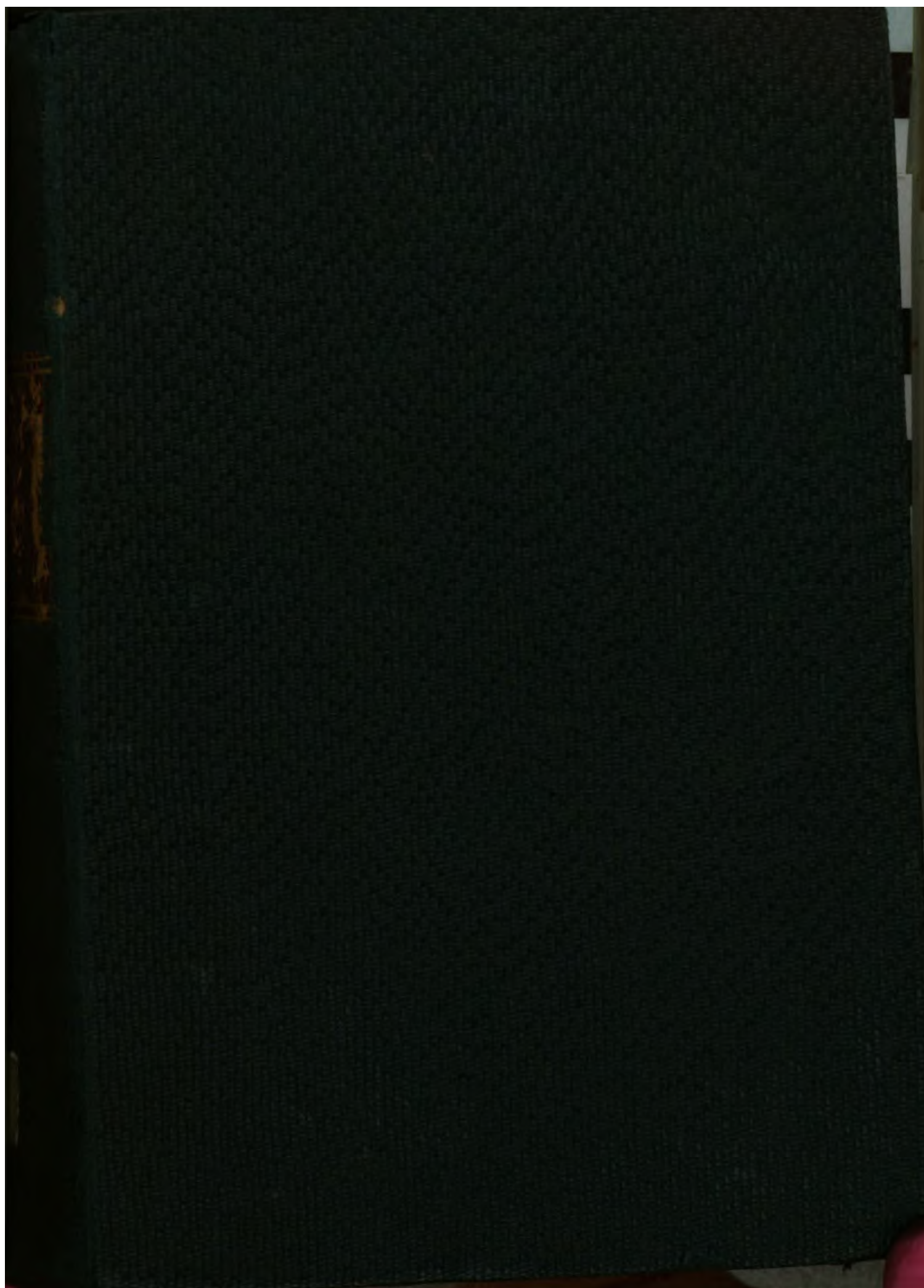
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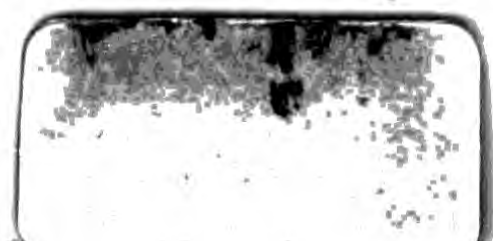
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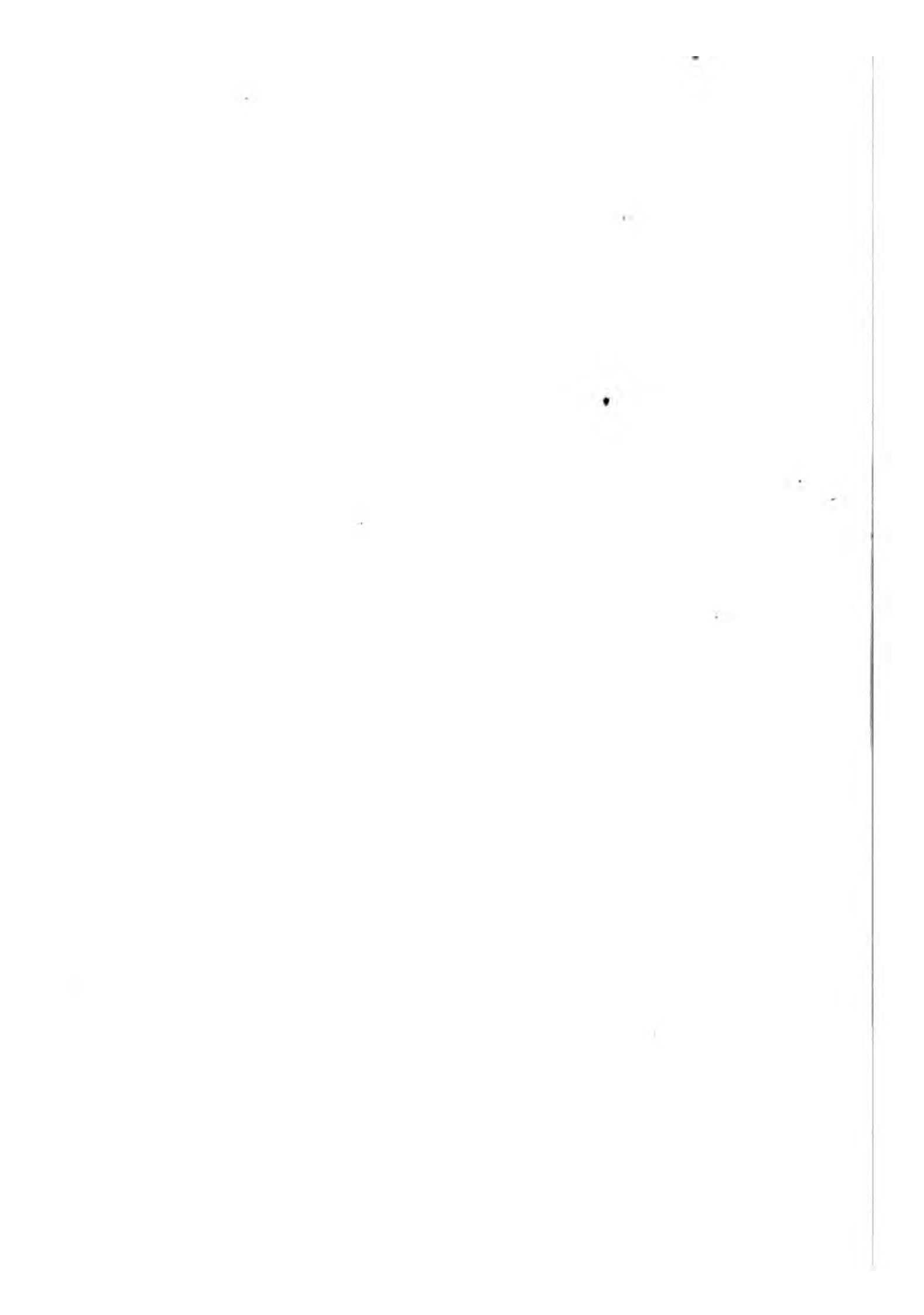
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ROUTLEDGE'S
EVERY BOY'S ANNUAL.

An Original Miscellany of
ENTERTAINING LITERATURE.

EDITED BY EDMUND ROUTLEDGE.

WITH NEARLY ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS.

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PREFACE.

It is generally admitted that few things are more difficult and embarrassing to an author than the writing of a Preface; custom, nevertheless, demands this kind of literary obeisance to the public on the completion of a work. Various indeed are the modes in which the task is performed: some writers choose to affect an air of abject humility, hypocritically deprecating all commendation of their poor efforts to please; while others assume a bold, defiant tone, challenging criticism, and decrying the doings of their competitors as beneath their notice. Some prefaces, on the other hand, serve simply as finger-posts to point out the routes that lie before the reader "in the following pages," and to help him to the right path in making his way "through the wood."

But if a prefatory address is generally expected from the author of a distinct work, it is deemed indispensable on the part of the Editor of a Magazine on the completion of its first volume. Editors think so, at all events; for on such occasions they almost invariably serenade their friends with a flourish of trumpets, in glorification of their successful achievements.

Theatrical managers, moreover, are wont, at the close of a season, to have themselves "called before the curtain," and then and there, with their hands upon their hearts, to assure the indulgent audience "that it has ever been their dearest wish to merit, by unceasing endeavours, the liberal and judicious patronage awarded to them; not, indeed, that such meed of praise is due to *their* humble share in such triumphant successes, but rather to the

cordial co-operation of the talented company it has been their good fortune to assemble around them, &c. &c."

The Manager (*Editor* we should say) of EVERY BOY'S MAGAZINE therefore hopes he will not be deemed presumptuous, if he, in like manner, comes forward on this occasion with his best bow of acknowledgments to the public at large, and, in particular, to his own select audience, and company of performers, for past favours, and for zealous aid in supporting his exertions to render the various entertainments worthy of approbation. For himself, he claims no other commendation than that of doing his best to redeem the pledge offered in his prospectus,—in placing before his young readers a series of articles at once amusing, instructive, and strictly moral.

He is sanguine enough to look forward to a long continuance of the hearty support he has already met with; and it shall be no fault of his if each succeeding volume of EVERY BOY'S MAGAZINE do not prove superior to its predecessor.

In obedience to the suggestions of many well-wishers to this undertaking, who believe that the periodical form of publication must necessarily be inconvenient to many purchasers, and that in some other quarters the character of the literature it contains may not be rightly appreciated, it is thought desirable to have a separate issue of the work on the completion of each yearly volume under the title of

“ROUTLEDGE'S EVERY BOY'S ANNUAL.”

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Riding a Buffalo.

THE WILD MAN OF THE WEST:

A Tale of the Rocky Mountains.

By R. M. BALLANTYNE.

CHAPTER I.

In which the Reader is introduced to a Mad Hero, a Reckless Lover, and a Runaway Husband—Backwoods Juvenile Training described—The Principles of Fighting fully discussed, and some valuable Hints thrown out.

MARCH MARSTON was mad! The exact state of madness to which March had attained at the age when we take up his personal history—namely, sixteen—is uncertain, for the people of the backwoods settlement in which he dwelt differed in their opinions on that point.

The clergyman, who was a Wesleyan, said he was as wild as a young buffalo-bull; but the manner in which he said so led his hearers to conclude that he did not think such a state of ungovernable madness to be a hopeless condition, by any means. The doctor said he was as mad as a hatter; but this was an indefinite remark, worthy of a doctor who had never obtained a diploma, and required explanation, inasmuch as it was impossible to know *how* mad he considered a hatter to be. Some of the trappers who came to the settlement for powder and lead, said he was as mad as a grisly bear with the whooping-cough,—a remark which, if true, might tend to throw light on the diseases to which the grisly bear is liable, but which failed to indicate to any one except, perhaps, trappers, the extent of young Marston's madness. The carpenter and the blacksmith of the place—who were fast friends and had a pitched battle only once a month, or twice at most—agreed in saying that he was as mad as a wild-cat. In short, every one asserted stoutly that the boy was mad, with the exception of the women of the settlement, who thought him a fine, bold, handsome fellow; and his own mother, who thought him a paragon of perfection, and who held the opinion (privately) that,

in the wide range of the habitable globe there was not another like him,—and she was not far wrong!

Now, the whole and sole reason why March Marston was thus deemed a madman was, that he displayed an insane tendency, at all times and in all manners, to break his own neck, or to make away with himself in some similarly violent and uncomfortable manner.

There was not a fence in the whole country-side that March had not bolted over at full gallop, or ridden crash through if he could not go over it. There was not a tree within a circuit of four miles from the top of which he had not fallen. There was not a pond or pool in the neighbourhood into which he had not soused at some period of his stormy juvenile career, and there was not a big boy whom he had not fought and thrashed—or been thrashed by—scores of times.

But for all this March had not a single enemy. He did his companions many a kind turn; never an unkind one. He fought for love, not for hatred. He loved a dog—if any one kicked it, he fought him. He loved a little boy—if any one was cruel to that little boy, he fought him. He loved fair play—if any one was guilty of foul play, he fought him. When he was guilty of foul play himself (as was sometimes the case, for who is perfect?) he felt inclined to jump out of his own body and turn about and thrash himself! And he would have done so often, had it been practicable. Yes, there is no doubt whatever about it, March Marston was mad—as mad, after a fashion, as any creature, human or otherwise, you choose to name.

Young Marston's mother was a handsome, stout, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired woman of a little over thirty-five summers. She was an English emigrant, and had, seventeen years before the time we write of, settled at Pine-point, on the banks of the Yellowstone River, along with her brother, the blacksmith above referred to. At that time she was the sweetest maiden in all the village, and now she was the handsomest matron. Indeed, the bloom of her youth remained on her cheeks so little impaired that she was often mistaken by strangers for March Marston's elder sister. The men of the place called her pretty widow Marston; but she was not a widow—at least, they had as little ground for saying that she was as they had for asserting that her son was mad. Mrs. Marston was peculiarly circumstanced, but she was not a widow.

The peculiar circumstances connected with her history are soon told. Immediately after the arrival of the blacksmith and his

pretty sister at Pine-point settlement, a tall stout young stripling—a trapper—about a year older than herself, fell deeply in love with Mary West—that being Mrs. Marston's maiden name. The young trapper's case was desperate. He sank at once so deep into the profundities of love, that no deep-sea lead, however ingeniously contrived, could reach him.

Although just emerging from boyhood, Louis the trapper was already a tall, strong, handsome man, and Mary felt flattered by his attentions. But when, a month afterwards, he boldly offered her his hand and fortune (which latter consisted of a trapper's costume and a western rifle), she was taken aback and flatly refused him. Louis was hare-brained and passionate. He told her he would give her one day and a night to think of it. At the end of that time he came back and was again refused, for Mary West had no notion of being taken by storm in that fashion. But she trembled and grew pale on observing the storm of angry passion that gleamed from the young trapper's eyes and caused his broad chest to heave violently. He did not speak. He did not even look at Mary—had he done so, years of sorrow and suffering might have been spared them both! He stood for one moment with his eyes fixed upon the ground—then he turned, sprang through the doorway, vaulted on his horse, and went off from her cottage door as an arrow leaps from a bow. The fences and ditches that lay in his way were no impediment. His powerful steed carried him over all and into the forest beyond, where he was quickly lost to view. Mary tried to resume her household occupations with a sigh. She did not believe he was gone. But he was!

At first Mary was nettled; then she grew sad; as weeks passed away she became nettled again, and at this juncture another suitor appeared in the shape of a young immigrant farmer, whose good looks and insinuating address soothed her irritation at the strange, abrupt conduct of her lover. She began to think that she must have been mistaken in supposing that she cared for the wild trapper—and, in order to prove the correctness of her supposition, she married Obadiah Marston, the farmer.

Alas! poor Mary discovered her error too late. Marston turned out a profligate drunkard. At first he did not come out in his true colours. A son was born, and he insisted on calling him March, for no other reason than that he was born in the month so named. Mary was obliged to consent, and at last came to congratulate herself that the child had been born in March, and not

in April or October, or any other month equally unsuitable for a Christian name. After the first year, Obadiah Marston treated his wife badly, then brutally, and at last he received a sound drubbing from his brother-in-law, the blacksmith, for having beaten poor Mary with a stick. This brought things to a climax. Marston vowed he would forsake his wife, and never set eyes on her again; and he kept his vow. He embarked one day in a boat that was going down to the Missouri with a cargo of furs, and his poor wife never saw him again. Thus was Mary West forsaken, first by her lover, and then by her husband.

It was long before she recovered the blow; but time gradually reconciled her to her lot, and she devoted herself thenceforth to the training of her little boy. As years rolled on, Mrs. Marston recovered her spirits and her looks; but, although many a fine young fellow sought her heart and hand, assuring her that she was a widow—that she *must* be a widow, that no man in his senses could remain so long away from such a wife unless he were dead,—she turned a deaf ear to them all.

March Marston's infancy was spent in yelling and kicking, with the exception of those preternaturally calm periods when he was employed in eating and sleeping. As he grew older, the kicking and yelling decreased, the eating increased, and the sleeping continued pretty much the same. Then came a period when he began to learn his A, B, C. Mrs. Marston had been well educated for her station in life. She had read much, and had brought a number of books to the backwoods settlement; so she gave her boy a pretty good education—as education went in those days,—and certainly a much better one than was given to boys in such out-of-the-way regions. She taught him to read and write, and carried him on in arithmetic as far as compound division, where she stuck, having reached the extreme limits of her own tether.

Contemporaneously with the cessation of squalling and kicking, and the acquirement of the A, B, C, there arose in little March's bosom unutterable love for his mother; or, rather, the love that had always dwelt there began to well up powerfully, and to overflow in copious streams of obedience and considerate attention. About the same time the roving, reckless "madness," as it was styled, began to develope itself. And, strange to say, Mrs. Marston did not check that! She was a large-minded, a liberal-minded woman, that semi-widow. She watched her son closely, but very few of his deeds were regarded by her in the light of faults. Tumbling off trees was not. Falling into

ditches and horse-ponds was not. Fighting was, to some extent; and on this point alone did mother and son seem to entertain any difference of opinion, if we may style that difference of opinion where the son fell into silent and extreme perplexity after a short, and on his part humble, discussion on the subject.

"Why, mother," said March, in surprise (having attained the mature age of eight when he said it), "if a grisly bear was to tack me, you'd let me defend myself, wouldn't you?"

Mrs. Marston smiled to see the rotund little object of two feet ten standing before the fire, with its legs apart, and its arms crossed, putting such a question, and replied,—

"Certainly, my boy."

"And when Tom Blake offered to hit Susy Jefferson, wasn't I right to fight him for that?"

"Yes, my boy, I think it right to fight in defence of the weak and helpless."

The object of two-feet-ten began to swell and his eye to brighten at the unexpected success of this catechizing of its mother, and went on to say—

"Well, mother, why do you blame me for fightin', then, if it's right?"

"Because fighting is not always right, my boy. You had a fight with Bill Summers, hadn't you, yesterday?"

"Yes, mother."

Two-feet-ten said this in a hesitating tone, and shrank into its ordinary proportions as it continued—

"But I didn't lick him, mother; he licked *me*. But I'll try again, mother—indeed I will, and I'll be sure to lick him next time."

"I don't want you to try again," rejoined Mrs. Marston; "and you must not try again without a good reason. Why did you fight him yesterday?"

"Because he told a lie," said the object, promptly, swelling out again, and looking big under the impression that the goodness of its reason could not be questioned. It was, therefore, with a look of baffled surprise that it collapsed again on being told that that was not a sufficient reason for engaging in warfare, and that it was wrong to take the law into its own hands, or to put in its word or its little fist, where it had no right to interfere,—and a great deal more to that effect.

"But, March, my boy," said Mrs. Marston, drawing the object towards her and patting its round little fair head, "What makes you so fond of fighting?"

"I ain't fond o' fightin', mother, but I can't help it."

"Can't help it! Do you ever try?"

"I—I—no, I don't think that I do. But I feel so funny when I see Bill Summers cheatin' at play. I feel all over red-hot—like—like—oh! you've seen the big pot boilin' over? Well, I just feel like that. An', w'en it boils over, you know, mother, it must be took off the fire, else it kicks up *sich* a row! But there's no body to take me off the fire w'en I'm boilin' over, an' there's no fire to take me off—so, you see, I *can't* help it. Can I?"

As the object concluded these precociously philosophical remarks, it looked up in its mother's face with an earnest, inquiring gaze. The mother looked down at it with an equally earnest look,—though there was a twinkle in each eye and a small dimple in each cheek that indicated a struggle with gravity,—and said,—

"I could stop the big pot from boiling over without taking it off the fire."

"How?" inquired Two-feet-ten, eagerly.

"By letting it boil over till it put the fire out."

The object opened its eyes very wide, and pursed its mouth very tight; then it relaxed, grinned a little with an air of uncertainty, and was about to laugh, but checked itself, and, with a look of perplexity, said,—

"Eh?"

"Ay, my boy," resumed the mother, "just you try the boiling-over plan next time. When you feel inclined to fight, and know, or, *think* that you shouldn't, just stand quite still, and look hard at the ground,—mind, don't look at the boy you want to fight with, but at the ground,—and begin to count one, two, three, four, and so on, and I'm quite sure that when you've counted fifty the fire will be out. Now, will you try, my son?"

"Mother," replied Two-feet-ten, earnestly (and becoming at least two feet eleven while he spoke), "I'll try!"

This ended the conversation at that time, and we beg leave to apologize to our reader for having given it in such full detail, but we think it necessary to the forming of a just appreciation of our hero and his mother, as it shows one phase of their characters better than could have been accomplished by a laboured description.

Before March Marston had attained to the age of sixteen he had read aloud to his mother—not once, but several times—the "Vicar of Wakefield," "Robinson Crusoe," the "Pilgrim's Progress," the "Tales of a Grandfather," "Æsop's Fables," and a variety of

tales and stories and histories of lesser note—all of which he stored up in a good memory, and gave forth in piecemeal to his unlettered companions as opportunity offered. Better than all this, he had many and many a time read his Bible through, and was familiar with all its leading heroes and histories and anecdotes.

Thus, it will be seen that March Marston was quite a learned youth for a backwoodsman, besides being a hero and a "madman."



CHAPTER II.

The Great Prairie—A Wild Chase—A Remarkable Accident and an Extraordinary Charger, all of which terminate in a Crash—Bounce talks Philosophy and tells of terrible things—Our Hero determines to beard the Wild Man of the West in his own Den.

THE rising sun lifted his head above the horizon of the great western prairie, gilding the upper edges of those swelling undulations that bear so strong a resemblance to solidified billows as to have acquired the name of prairie-waves.

On the sunny side of these waves the flowrets of the plains were already basking in full enjoyment of the new day; on the summits only the tips of their petals were turned to gold. On the other sides of those waves, and down in the hollows, everything was clothed in deep shadow, as if the still undissipated shades of night were lingering there, unwilling or unable to depart from so beautiful a scene. This mingling of strong lights and deep shadows had the effect of rendering more apparent the tremendous magnitude of those vast solitudes.

There were no trees within the circuit of vision, but there were a few scattered bushes, so low and insignificant in appearance as to be quite unobvious to the eye, except when close to the feet of the spectator. Near to a clump of these bushes there stood two horses, motionless, as if chiselled in stone, and with their heads drooping low, as if sound asleep. Directly under the noses of these horses lay two men, each wrapped in a blanket, with his head pillowed on his saddle, and his rifle close at his side. Both were also sound asleep.

About a mile distant from the spot on which those sleepers rested, there grew another small bush, and under its sheltering boughs, in the snuggest conceivable hole, nestled a grouse or prairie-hen, also sound asleep, with its head lost in feathers, and

its whole rotund aspect conveying the idea of extreme comfort and good living. Now, we do not draw the reader's attention to that bird because of its rarity, but because of the fact that it was unwittingly instrumental in influencing the fortunes of the two sleepers above referred to.

The sun in his upward march overtopped a prairie-wave, and his rays, darting onward, struck the bosom of the prairie-hen, and awoke it. Looking up quickly with one eye, it seemed to find the glare too strong, winked at the sun, and turned the other eye. With this it winked also, then got up, flapped its wings, ruffled its feathers, and, after a pause, sprang into the air with that violent *whirr-r* which is so gladdening, yet so startling, to the ear of a sportsman. It was instantly joined by the other members of the covey to which it belonged, and the united flock went sweeping past the sleeping hunters, causing their horses to awake with a snort, and themselves to spring to their feet with the alacrity of men who were accustomed to repose in the midst of alarms, and with a grunt of surprise.

"Prairie-hens," muttered the elder of the two,—a big, burly backwoodsman,—as he turned towards his companion, with a quiet smile. "It was very thoughtful on 'em to rouse us, lad, considerin' the work that lies before us."

"I wish, with all my heart, they didn't rise quite so early," replied the younger man, also a stout backwoodsman, who was none other than our hero, March Marston, himself; "I don't approve of risin' until one wakes in the course of nature; d'ye see, Bounce?"

"I *hear*; but we can't always git things to go 'xactly as we approves of," replied Bounce, stooping down to arrange the embers of the previous night's fire.

Bounce's proper name was Bob Ounce. He styled himself, and wrote himself (for he could write to the extent of scrawling his own name in angularly irregular large text), "B. Ounce." His comrades called him "Bounce."

"You see, March," continued Bounce, in a quiet way, thrusting his rugged countenance close to the embers occasionally, and blowing up the spark which he had kindled by means of flint, steel, and tinder. "You see, this is a cur'ous wurd; it takes a feelosopher to onderstand it c'rectly, an' even he don't make much o't at the best. But I've always noticed that w'en the time for wakin' up's come, we've got to wake up whether we like it or no; d'ye see, lad?"

"I'd see better if you didn't blow the ashes into my eyes in that way," answered March, laughing at the depth of his companion's philosophical remark. "But I say, old chap" (March had no occasion to call him "old chap," for Bounce was barely forty), "what if we don't fall in with a herd?"

"Then we shall have to go home without meat, that's all," replied Bounce, filling and lighting his pipe.

"But I promised my mother a buffalo-hump in less than three days, and the first day and night are gone."

"You'd no right to promise your mother a hump," returned the plain-spoken and matter-of-fact hunter. "Nobody shud never go to promise wot they can't perform. I've lived, off an' on, nigh forty years now, and I've obsarved them wot promises most always does least; so if you'll take the advice of an oldish hunter, you'll give it up, lad, at once."

"Humph!" ejaculated March. "I suppose you began your *obsarvations* before you were a year old,—eh, Bounce?"

"I began 'em afore I was a day old. The first thing I did in this life was to utter an 'orrible roar; and I obsarved that immediately I got a drink; so I roared agin, an' got another. Least-wise, I've bin told that I did, an' if it wasn't obsarvation as caused me for to roar w'en I wanted a drink, wot wos it?"

Instead of replying, March started up, and, shading his eyes with his right hand, gazed intently towards the horizon.

"Wot now, lad?" said Bounce, rising quickly. "Ha! buffaloes!"

In half a minute the cords by which the two horses were fastened to pegs driven into the plain, were coiled up; in another half-minute the saddle-girths were buckled; in half a second more the men were mounted and tearing over the prairie like the wind.

"Ha, lad," remarked Bounce, with one of his quiet smiles—for he was a pre-eminently quiet man,—“but for them there prairie hens we'd ha' slept this chance away.”

The buffaloes, or, more correctly speaking, the bisons which young Marston's sharp eye had discovered, were still so far distant that they appeared like crows or little black specks against the sky. In order to approach them as near as possible without attracting their attention, it was necessary that the two horsemen should make a wide circuit, so as to get well to leeward, lest the wind should carry the scent of them to the herd. Their horses being fleet, strong, and fresh, soon carried them to the proper direction, when they wheeled to the right and galloped straight

down upon their quarry without any further attempt at concealment. The formation of the ground favoured their approach, so that they were within a mile of the herd before being discovered.

At first the huge, hairy creatures gazed at the hunters in stupid surprise; then they turned and fled. They appeared, at the outset, to run slowly and with difficulty, and the plain seemed to thunder with their heavy tread; for there could not have been fewer than a thousand animals in the herd. But as the horsemen drew near they increased their speed and put the steeds, fleet and strong though they were, to their mettle.

On approaching the buffaloes the horsemen separated, each fixing his attention on a particularly fat young cow and pressing towards it. Bounce was successful in coming up with the one he had selected, and put a ball through its heart at the first shot. Not so, Marston. Misfortune awaited him. Having come close up with the animal he meant to shoot, he cocked his rifle and held it in readiness across the pommel of his saddle, at the same time urging his horse nearer, in order to make a sure shot. When the horse had run up so close that its head was in line with the buffalo's flank, he pointed his rifle at its shoulder. At that precise moment the horse, whose attention was entirely engrossed with the buffalo, put his left fore-foot into a badger-hole. The consequence of such an accident is, usually, a tremendous flight through the air on the part of the rider, while his steed rolls upon the plain; but on the present occasion a still more surprising result followed. March Marston not only performed the aerial flight, but he alighted with considerable violence on the back of the affrighted buffalo. Falling on his face in a sprawling manner, he chanced to grasp the hairy mane of the creature with both hands, and, with a violent half-involuntary effort, succeeded in seating himself astride its back.

The whole thing was done so instantaneously that he had scarce time to realise what had happened to him ere he felt himself sweeping comfortably over the prairies on this novel and hitherto unriden steed! A spirit of wild, ungovernable glee instantly arose within him; seizing the handle of the heavy hunting-whip, which still hung from his right wrist by a leathern thong, he flourished it in the air, and brought it down on his charger's flank with a crack like a pistol-shot, causing the animal to wriggle its tail, toss its ponderous head, and kick up its heels, in a way that well-nigh unseated him.

The moment Bounce beheld this curious apparition, he uttered

a short laugh, or grunt, and, turning his horse abruptly, soon ranged up alongside.

"Hollo, March!" he exclaimed, "are you mad, boy?"

"Just about it," cried Marston, giving the buffalo another cut with the whip, as he looked round with sparkling eyes and a broad grin at the hunter.

"Come, now, that won't do," said Bounce, gravely. "I'm 'sponsible to your mother for you. Git off now, or I'll poke ye over."

"Git off!" shouted the youth; "how can I?"

"Well, keep yer right leg a bit to one side, an' I'll stop yer horse for ye," said Bounce, coolly cocking his rifle.

"Hold hard, old fellow!" cried Marston, in some alarm; "you'll smash my thigh-bone if you try. Stay, I'll do the thing myself."

Saying this, March drew his long hunting-knife, and plunged it into the buffalo's side.

"Lower down, lad—lower down. Ye can't reach the life there."

March bent forward and plunged his knife into the animal's side again—up to the hilt; but it still kept on its headlong course, although the blood flowed in streams upon the plain. The remainder of the buffaloes had diverged right and left, leaving this singular group alone.

"Mind your eye," said Bounce, quickly; "she's a-goin' to fall."

Unfortunately Marston had not time given him to mind either his eye or his neck. The wounded buffalo stumbled, and fell to the ground with a sudden and heavy plunge, sending its wild rider once again on an aerial journey, which terminated in his coming down on the plain so violently that he was rendered insensible.

On recovering consciousness, he found himself lying on his back, in what seemed to be a beautiful forest, through which a stream flowed with a gentle, silvery sound. The bank opposite rose considerably higher than the spot on which he lay, and he could observe, through his half-closed eye-lids, that its green slope was gemmed with beautiful flowers, and gilded with patches of sunlight that struggled through the branches overhead.

Young Marston's first impression was that he must be dreaming, and that he had got into one of the fairy-tale regions about which he had so often read to his mother. A shadow seemed to pass over his eyes as he thought this, and, looking up, he beheld the rugged face of Bounce gazing at him with an expression of considerable interest and anxiety.

"I say, Bounce, this is jolly!"

"Is it?" replied the hunter, with a "humph!" "If ye try to lift yer head, I guess you'll change yer opinion."

Marston did try to raise his head, and did change his opinion. His neck felt as if it were a complication of iron hinges, which had become exceedingly rusty, and stood much in need of oil.

"Oh, dear!" groaned Marston, letting his head fall back on the saddle from which he had raised it.

"Ah, I thought so!" remarked Bounce.

"And is that all the sympathy you've got to give me, you old savage?" said the youth, testily.

"By no means," replied the other, patting his head; "here's a drop o' water as 'll do ye good, lad, and after you've drunk it, I'll rub ye down."

"Thankee for the water," said Marston with a deep sigh, as he lay back after drinking with difficulty; "as to the rubbin' down, I'll ask for that when I want it. But tell me, Bounce, what has happened to me?—oh! I remember now,—the buffalo cow and that famous gallop. Ha! ha! ha!—ho—o!"

Marston's laugh terminated in an abrupt groan as the rusty hinges again clamoured for oil.

"You'll have to keep quiet, boy, for a few hours and take a sleep if you can. I'll roast a bit o' meat and rub ye down with fat after you've eat as much of it as ye can. There's nothing like beef for a sick man's inside an' fat for his outside—that's the feelosophy o' the whole matter. You've a'most bin bu'sted wi' that there fall; but you'll be all right to-morrow. An' you've killed yer buffalo, lad, so yer mother 'll git the hump after all. Only keep yer mind easy, an' I guess human natur 'll do the rest."

Having delivered himself of these sentiments in a quietly oracular manner, Bounce again patted March on the head, as if he had been a large baby or a favourite dog, and, rising up, proceeded to kindle a small fire and to light his pipe.

Bounce smoked a tomahawk, which is a small iron hatchet used by most of the Indians of North America as a battle-axe. There is an iron pipe-bowl on the top of the weapon, and the handle, which is hollow, answers the purpose of a pipe-stem.

The hunter continued to smoke, and Marston continued to gaze at him till he fell asleep. When he awoke, Bounce was still smoking the tomahawk in the self-same attitude. The youth might have concluded that he had been asleep only a few minutes and that his friend had never moved; but he was of an observant

nature, and noticed that there was a savoury, well-cooked buffalo steak near the fire, and that a strong odour of marrow-bones tickled his nostrils—also, that the sun no longer rested on the green bank opposite. Hence, he concluded that he must have slept a considerable time, and that the tomahawk had been filled and emptied more than once.

"Well, lad," said Bounce, looking round, "had a comf'able nap?"

"How did you know I was awake?" said March. "You weren't looking at me, and I didn't move."

"P'r'aps not, lad; but you winked."

"And, pray, how do you know that?"

"'Cause ye couldn't wink if ye wos asleep, an' I heerd ye breathe diff'rent from afore, so I know'd ye wos awake; an' I knows that a man always winks w'en he comes awake, d'ye see! That's wot I calls the feelosophy of obsarvation."

"Very good," replied Marston, "and, that bein' the case, I should like much to try a little of the 'feelosophy' of supper."

"Right, lad, here you are; there's nothin' like it," rejoined Bounce, handing a pewter plate of juicy steak and marrow-bones to his young companion.

Marston attained a sitting posture with much difficulty and pain; but when he had eaten the steak and the marrow-bone he felt much better; and when he had swallowed a cup of hot tea (for they carried a small quantity of tea and sugar with them, by way of a luxury), he felt immensely better, and when he finally lay down for the night he felt perfectly well,—always excepting a sensation of general batteredness about the back, and a feeling of rusty-hinges-wanting-oiliness in the region of the neck.

"Now, Bounce," said he, as he lay down and pulled his blanket over his shoulder, "are the horses hobbled, and the rifles loaded, and my mother's hump out o' the way of wolves?"

"All right, lad."

"Then, Bounce, you go ahead, and tell me a story till I'm off asleep. Don't stop tellin' till I'm safe off. Pull my nose, to make sure; and if I don't say 'hallo!' to that, I'm all right—in the land of Nod."

March Marston smiled as he said this, and Bounce grinned by way of reply.

"Wot'll I tell ye about, boy?"

"I don't mind what,—Indians, grislies, buffaloes, trappers,—it's all one to me; only begin quick, and go ahead strong."

"Well, I ain't great at story-tellin'! P'raps it would be more to the p'int if I was to tell ye about what I heered tell of on my last trip to the Mountains. Did I ever tell ye about the feller as the trappers that goes to the far North calls the 'Wild Man o' the West?' "

"No; what was he?" said Marston, yawning and closing his eyes.

"I dun know 'xactly wot he *was*. I'm not overly sure that I even know what he *is*, but I know wot the trappers says of him; an' if only the half o't's true, he's a shiner, he is."

Having said thus much, Bounce filled his tomahawk, lighted it, puffed a large cloud from it, and looked through the smoke at his companion.

March, whose curiosity was aroused, partly by the novelty of the "Wild Man's" title, and partly by the lugubrious solemnity of Bounce, said,—

"Go on, old boy."

"Ha! it's easy to say, 'go on;' but if you know'd the 'orrible things as is said about the Wild Man o' the Mountains, p'raps you'd say, 'go off.' It'll make yer blood froze."

"Never mind."

"An' yer hair git up on end."

"Don't care."

"An' yer two eyes start out o' yer head."

"All right."

Bounce, who was deeply superstitious, looked at his young friend with severe gravity for at least two minutes. Marston, who was not quite so superstitious, looked at his comrade for exactly the same length of time, and winked with one eye at the end of it.

"They says," resumed Bounce, in a deep tone, "the Wild Man o' the West *eats men!*"

"Don't he eat women?" inquired March, sleepily.

"Yes, an' childers too. An' wot's wuss, he eats 'em raw, an' they say he once swallowed one—a little one—alive, without chewin' or chokin'!" ("Horrible!" murmured March.) "He's a dead shot, too: he carries a double-barrelled rifle twenty foot long that takes a small cannon-ball. I forgot to tell ye he's a giant—some o' the trappers calls him the 'giant o' the hills,' and they say he's 'bout thirty feet high—some says forty. But there's no gittin' at the truth in this here world."

Bounce paused here, but, as his companion made no observation, he went on in a half-soliloquizing fashion, looking earnestly all

the time into the heart of the fire, as if he were addressing his remarks to a salamander.

"Ay, he's a crack shot, as I wos sayin'. One day he fell in with a grisly bear, an' the brute rushed at him; so he up rifle an' puts a ball up each nose"—("I didn't know a grisly had two noses," murmured March)—"an' loaded agin', an' afore it comed up he put a ball in each eye; then he drew his knife an' split it right down the middle from nose to tail at one stroke, an' cut it across with another stroke; an', puttin' one quarter on his head, he took another quarter under each arm, an' the fourth quarter in his mouth, and so walked home to his cave in the mountains—'bout one hundred and fifty miles off—where he roasted an' ate the whole bear at one sittin'—bones, hair, an' all!"

This flight was too strong for March. He burst into a fit of laughter which called the rusty hinges into violent action and produced a groan. The laugh and the groan together banished drowsiness, so he turned on his back, and said,—

"Bounce, do you really believe all that?"

Thus pointedly questioned on what he felt to be a delicate point, Bounce drew a great number of whiffs from the tomahawk ere he ventured to reply. At length he said,—

"Well, to say truth, an' takin' a feelosophical view o' the p'int—I *don't*. But I b'lieve *some* of it. I do b'lieve there's some 'extra-ord'nary critter in them there mountains—for I've lived nigh forty years—off and on—in these parts, an' I've always obsarved that in this wurd w'enever ye find *anythin'* ye've always got *somethin'*. Nobody never got hold o' somethin' an' found afterwards that it wos nothin'. So I b'lieve there's somethin' in this wild man—how much I dun know."

Bounce followed up this remark with a minute account of the reputed deeds of this mysterious creature, all of which were more or less marvellous; and at length succeeded in interesting his young companion so deeply, as to fill him with a good deal of his own belief in at least a wild *something* that dwelt in the heart of the Rocky Mountains.

After a great deal of talk, and prolonged discussion, Bounce concluded with the assertion that "he'd give his best rifle, an' that was his only one, to see this wild man."

To which Marston replied:—

"I'll tell you what it is, Bounce, I *will* see this wild man, if it's in the power of bones and muscles to carry me within eye-shot of him. Now, see if I don't."

Bounce nodded his head and looked sagacious, as he said:—"D'ye know, lad, I don't mind if I go along with ye. It's true, I'm not tired o' them parts hereabouts—and if I wos to live till I couldn't see I don't think as ever I'd git tired o' the spot where my father larned me to shoot an' my mother dandled me on her knee; but I've got a fancy to see a little more o' the wurld,—'specially the far off parts o' the Rocky Mountains, w're I've never bin yit, so I do b'lieve if ye wos to try an' persuade me very hard I'd consent to go along with ye."

"Will you, though?" cried March, eagerly (again, to his cost, forgetting the rusty hinges).

"Ay, that will I, boy," replied the hunter; "an' now I think on it, there's four as jolly trappers in Pine-point settlement at this here moment, as ever floored a grisly or fought an Injun. They're the real sort o' metal. None o' yer tearin', swearin', murderin' chaps, as thinks the more they curse the bolder they are, an' the more Injuns they kill the cliverer they are; but steady quiet fellers, as don't speak much, but *does* a powerful quantity; boys that know a deer from a Blackfoot Injun, I guess; that goes to the mountains to trap and comes back to sell their skins, an' w'en they've sold 'em, goes right off agin, an' niver drinks."

"I know who you mean, I think; at least I know one of them," observed March.

"No ye don't, do ye? Who?"

"Waller, the Yankee."

"That's one," said Bounce, nodding; "Big Waller, we calls him."

"I'm not sure that I can guess the others. Surely Tim Slater isn't one?"

"No!" said Bounce, with an emphasis of tone and a peculiar twist of the point of his nose that went far to stamp the individual named with a character the reverse of noble. "Try agin."

"I can't guess."

"One's a French Canadian," said Bounce; "a little chap, with a red nose an' a pair o' coal-black eyes, but as bold as a lion."

"I know him," interrupted March; "Gibault Noir—Black Gibault, as they sometimes call him. Am I right?"

"Right, lad; that's two. Then there's Hawk's-wing, the Injun whose wife and family were all murdered by a man of his own tribe, and who left his people after that an' tuck to trappin' with the whites; that's three. An' there's Redhand, the old trapper

that's bin off and on between this place an' the Rocky Mountains for nigh fifty years, I b'lieve."

"Oh, I know him well. He must be made of iron, I think, to go through what he does at his time of life. I wonder what his right name is?"

"Nobody knows that, lad. You know, as well as I do, that he was called Redhand by the Injuns in consequence o' the lot o' grislies he's killed in his day; but nobody never could git at his real name. P'r'aps it's not worth gittin' at. Now, them four 'll be startin' in a week or two for the mountains, an' wots to hinder us a jinin' of them?"

To his own question Bounce, after a pause, replied with deliberate emphasis, "Nothin' whatsomedivir;" and his young companion heartily echoed the sentiment.

Exactly thirty-six hours after the satisfactory formation of the above resolution, March Marston galloped furiously towards the door of his mother's cottage, reined up, leaped to the ground, seized the buffalo hump that hung at his saddle-bow, and entered with a good deal of that impetuosity that had gone far to procure for him the title of madman. Flinging the bloody mass of meat on the floor he sat down on a chair, and said—

"There, mother."

"Well, you *are* a clever fellow," said Mrs. Marston, drying her hands (for she had been washing dishes), and giving her son a hearty kiss on the forehead.

"Clever or not clever, mother, I'm off to the Rocky Mountains in two days."

Mrs. Marston was neither dismayed nor surprised. She was used to that sort of thing, and didn't mind it.

"What to do there, my boy?"

"To see the Wild Man o' the West."

"The what?"

"The Wild Man o' the West, mother."

It is needless to try our reader's patience with the long conversation that followed. March had resolved to preach a discourse with the "Wild Man o' the West" for his text, and he preached so eloquently that his mother (who was by no means a timid woman) at length not only agreed to let him go, but commended him for his resolution. The only restraint she laid upon her son had reference to his behaviour towards the Wild Man, if he should happen to meet with him.

"You may look at him, March (Mrs. Marston spoke of him as if

he were a caged wild beast !), and you may speak to him, but you *must not* fight with him, except in self-defence. If he lets *you* alone, you must let *him* alone. Promise me that, boy."

"I promise, mother."

Not long after this promise was made, a light bark-canoe was launched upon the river, and into it stepped our hero, with his friend Bounce, and Big Waller, Black Gibault, Hawk's-wing, and Redhand, the trappers. A cheer rang from the end of the little wharf at Pinepoint, as the frail craft shot out into the stream. The wild woods echoed back the cheer, which mingled with the lusty answering shout of the trappers as they waved their caps to the friends they left behind them. Then, dipping their paddles with strong rapid strokes, they headed the canoe towards the Rocky Mountains, and soon disappeared up one of those numerous tributary streams that constitute the head-waters of the Missouri river.

(*To be continued.*)



OUR DOMESTIC PETS—THE SQUIRREL.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD.

THE pretty little squirrel has long held a high place in the affections of pet-lovers, and there are few who have not admired the brisk lively movements, the full intelligent eye, and the soft bushy tail of this creature. To possess a tame squirrel is often a legitimate object of boy ambition, not unfrequently shared by their elders. In order to give the readers of this Magazine a few hints as to the procuring, management, and taming of this pretty play-mate, I have written the following remarks.

The first care of every intending possessor of a squirrel should be to prepare a comfortable home for the expected guest, so that the little creature may find its first association with captive life as agreeable as it can be made. In point of fact, the young naturalist should try to give to the squirrel's future home the greatest possible resemblance to the native domicile.

The very best house for a squirrel is an unused room, fitted up with strong tree-branches, and furnished with a cosy little box, filled with hay and dry mosses, by way of a bedchamber. As, however, such accommodation is not readily found, I will just describe the mode of making a very strong, sightly, and cleanly cage, at a

comparatively small expense, and possessing the advantage of coming to pieces when needed, and being packed flat like a portfolio for removal. It will be much cheaper than a purchased cage, quite as handsome, and more easily cleansed.

Make, or if you are not a good workman, get a carpenter to make, a shallow wooden tray, about two inches deep, lined with

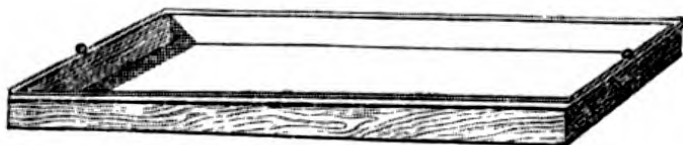


FIG. 1.

tin, which should be turned fairly over the edges, or sundry difficulties will appear in course of time. (See fig. 1.) Then, go to a

wire-worker's, and order him to make two frames of galvanized iron wire, like fig. 2, and two more like fig. 3, each being about half an inch shorter than the interior length and width of the tray, into which they are intended to fit easily. Also have another piece of similar wire made large enough to bend over the arched tops of the end-pieces, so as to make a roof like the transepts of the Crystal Palace. The edges of the side and end-pieces



FIG. 2.

should be very stout, but those of the roof only moderately strong, or it will not bend easily. It will be better to have a square opening at each end, which should be closed by a door of similar materials. As this wire-work will be of coarse manufacture, and have tolerably wide intervals, the cost will be very moderate.

After these frames have been procured, fit them together, and fasten them by twisting bits of wire round the edges at intervals of three inches or so. Put this frame into the tray, and the cage is complete. The staples at the ends are useful for receiving the hooked end of a slight iron rod, looped at the other end to the edging-wire, as seen in fig. 4. These rods act as braces, to keep the whole structure firm, and also hold it down to the tray. Some suitable sticks or branches should be fastened to the wires, as the squirrel is fond of playing about on them.

This is the day-room of the squirrel, and its bedroom is merely

a properly-sized box, with wire-work substituted for the wooden bottom, a hinged lid and a hole cut in one end. This should be supported on four legs. A nail at each corner (not a brass-headed nail) will answer the purpose perfectly well. This box is simply placed in the tray at the back of the cage. If it can be managed, a duplicate tray will be exceedingly convenient, as the cage needs the extremest cleanliness, and can be simply purified by changing the tray every morning, washing very carefully the one just removed, and leaving it in the air till the next day. A duplicate sleeping-box will be equally serviceable. The box should be furnished with perfectly clean hay, mosses, lichens, &c.

The cage should never be less than two feet long, two high, and one foot wide: my own is very much larger. I am thus particular



FIG. 3.

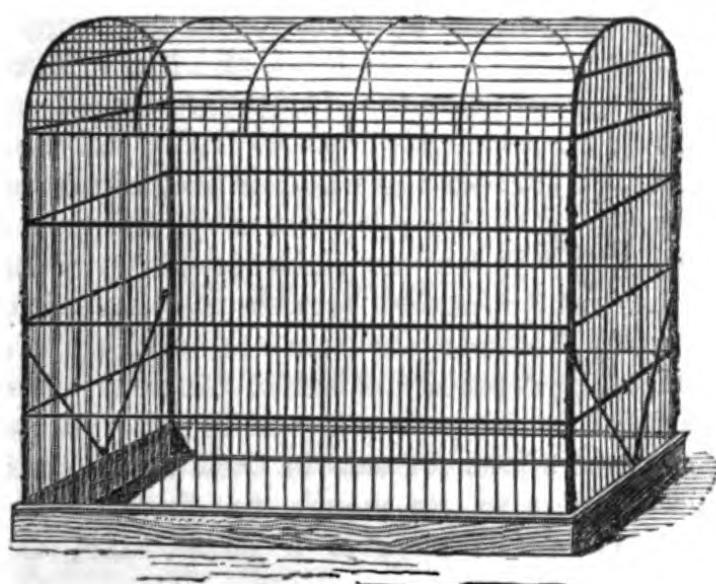


FIG. 4.

about the size of the cage, because I hold it to be a cruel deed to take an active little creature like the squirrel from its fields and wide woods, where it can sport at will over unlimited space, and coop it up in a close, evil-smelling little cage, where its only exercise can be obtained by driving a wheel round, and its wonderful faculty of leaping wholly checked. How much wheel-work would the squirrel do if it had the choice of a tree or a wheel for its exercise? Even in a cage, provided it be of a proper size, the little creature would not trouble itself to get into a wheel, but prefer clambering about the wires, and jumping from one side to another, in the exuberance of its activity.

Many persons assert that the squirrel is quite fond of the wheel,

and delights in driving it, but they forget that the poor little creature is driven to its last resource for needful exercise; and it no more delights in pulling a wire wheel than the caged lion and tiger delight in their restless pacing of their dens.

The exercise of the powers with which it is so liberally gifted is essential to the health of the squirrel, and its health must suffer if it be not permitted to leap. Look at a squirrel in a tree, and just see what astonishing jumps the pretty creature takes; how it will spring fairly from the ground to the trunk of a tree, making a jump of some six or seven feet in length and four in height; how it gallops up the perpendicular stem, with its tail laid behind it, like a fox's brush; how it scuttles up the branches, always contriving to keep the bough between itself and the spectator; and then how, when it has arrived at the topmost bough, and considers itself safe, it sits up in its own charmingly impertinent position, spreads its tail over its head, and looks down with a calmly supercilious contempt on the clumsy two-legged animal below, who cannot run up a tree, and has no bushy tail for a parasol.

I think that no one who has once witnessed this sight could ever be guilty of such a cruel act as penning up a squirrel in a small cage, where it has no room to perform its pretty tricks; and if the reader cannot furnish his pet with a proper house, I earnestly dissuade him from keeping a squirrel at all.

Having prepared the house, the next business is to procure the inhabitant. Be ever wary of those wandering dealers who carry a squirrel about for sale in their arms, stroke its head, and put their fingers to its mouth to show its tameness. In almost every case, the man is a cheat, and, in many instances, a cruel one.

The apparent tameness of some of these little creatures is caused by a small dose of strychnine, which renders the animal dull and spiritless, and is generally fatal in the course of a day or two; so that the disappointed purchaser finds his pet dead and stiff at the bottom of its cage before he has possessed it for many hours. Some of these men are said to employ a preparation of opium for the same purpose.

In cases where these impostors wish to sell an old and cross-grained squirrel as a gentle young one, they pull out its front teeth, so that the poor creature not only cannot bite, but feels such pain in its jaws that it recoils whenever the cruel owner puts his finger to its mouth as a proof of its good education and gentle disposition. As all rodent animals depend solely on their

beautifully-formed and chisel-shaped fore teeth for their subsistence, the unfortunate squirrel is unable to eat, and dies miserably of hunger.

Taking warning, therefore, of these hints, let every intending purchaser of a squirrel be very wary respecting the seller, and examine the squirrel's eye, to see if it be bright and lively, and its mouth, to see if the teeth be perfect. The age of the squirrel may also be known by its teeth: if young, they are nearly white; if old, of a deep yellow. Squirrels, when taken after they have reached their full age, are nearly always vicious and ill-tempered.

The best way, therefore, to obtain a good squirrel is, either to order it from a respectable dealer, who will be sure to supply a young and healthy animal, or to be independent of dealers, and take the creature out of the nest.

For this purpose, the young naturalist should go into the woods about the middle of summer, and look carefully among the branches for the home of the squirrel, called either a "cage" or a "drey," according to the locality. The nest is made exteriorly of leaves and fine twigs, and lined with moss, lichens, and similar soft substances. There are two kinds of nests, one used in summer and the other in winter. The winter nest is very carefully concealed, being placed at the junction of several large branches with the trunk, so as to shield it from prying eyes below, the blasts of the keen winter wind, and to support its large dimensions. So large is this winter nest, that I have taken a full-sized double armful of the long lichen with which its interior was stuffed.

The summer cage, on the contrary, is not so carefully concealed, but is placed upon a considerable elevation, and often upon boughs so slender that they bend in a most alarming manner beneath the weight. Still, it often happens that a nest can be reached without danger, in which may be found one or two young squirrels of just the proper age.

When captured at an early age, the squirrel often becomes extremely tame and confiding, and will play with its owner as if they had both lived in the same nest. It is a pretty sight to witness the gambols of a squirrel with its human playfellow, to see the active little animal jump on the shoulders, run all over the body, perch on the head, poke its wise little head into a pocket, and then with a quick dive of the ready paw, bring out a nut, which it straightway cracks and eats as merrily as if in its native woods. Such a sight is pleasant for many reasons; not the least being

that it proves the kindly disposition of the boy with whom a squirrel, though naturally timid, will thus fearlessly play, and it gives promise of more extended sympathies when he attains to riper years and more matured faculties.

The squirrel when in confinement is best fed on the substances which it eats while in the wild state, such as nuts, acorns, corn, and similar substances. It will also eat bread-and-milk, and likes to nibble a biscuit by way of a treat. As the squirrel is known to be carnivorous to a certain degree, it may be useful to give it occasionally a young bird, or a few eggs of the thrush, sparrow, or any other common bird. I cannot, however, give personal testimony to the good effect of this diet. Hard shell-fruits, such as nuts, acorns, &c., are absolutely necessary to this animal, as the structure of the teeth compels it to be continually nibbling. In all the rodent animals, the front-teeth are four in number, flat, slightly curved, and edged like a chisel. They play against each other in such a manner that they mutually keep each other sharp; and in order to supply the constant wearing away to which they are subject, they grow throughout the whole lifetime of the animal, being pushed forward by fresh growth at the base.

It sometimes happens that a rodent animal, such as a rat or a rabbit, loses one of its teeth, and the consequence is, that the corresponding tooth in the jaw, finding nothing to check it, grows so long that it has been known to reach even the forehead, to form a complete ring, or even to penetrate the other jaw. In all these cases, the poor creature was miserably thin, and would probably have died from gradual starvation at no distant period.

The last-mentioned point in squirrel-keeping, though of course the most important, is the absolute necessity for the most scrupulous cleanliness. In their native state, all animals are clean to a degree that might shame many a human being, and their instinctive sanitary customs are most praiseworthy. Even the pig, for instance, so often cited as an example of filthy habits, is, when wild, a model of cleanliness, and, when domesticated, absolutely revels in a thorough scrubbing with soap and hot water. The squirrel, in like manner, though perfectly sweet and clean in a wild state, is sure to be most offensive in captivity, unless the cage be carefully purified daily.

It is for this reason that I am so particular in recommending galvanized iron for the materials of the cage, avoiding wood altogether, as an evil odour readily penetrates wood, and can never be totally expelled. The duplicate tray and sleeping-box will prove to

be of the greatest service in keeping the cage clean, and will save much trouble to the proprietor, and annoyance to the inhabitant.

Should the squirrel-rearer prefer to employ wood in any part of the cage, he must be sure to bind with sheet-tin every edge and angle of the woodwork, as the little creature will nibble at the exposed edges so continually with its chisels of teeth, that it will speedily render the article useless.

Before closing these remarks, let me enjoin on every intending rearer of a pet to consider well before he undertakes the sole guardianship of any creature, and to assure himself that he will perform with punctuality and completeness the many little offices required by animals when taken from their natural state of existence, debarred from the exercise of their ordinary capacities, and rendered incapable of procuring food or keeping themselves in that state of cleanliness which is the ordinary condition of creatures in a state of nature.

He must make up his mind that the task will be somewhat troublesome, and at times will interfere with contemplated projects, but at the same time he must rigidly determine that nothing shall cause him to forget, or induce him to omit, one single duty towards the little creature under his care. It is dumb, and has no language to declare its wants, or proclaim its injuries; and this very dumbness ought to incite in every right-feeling heart a strong compassion for the helpless state in which the creature is placed, and an unshakable resolution to make it as happy as it can be under the circumstances.

It is possible to elevate the character of a kindly-treated pet to such a degree, that it will voluntarily forsake the society of its own kind for that of man, and, even if granted its liberty, will refuse to avail itself of the gift, and return to the protection of the sheltering hand. I am sure that, by humane and sympathetic treatment, a pet may be made happier than in its native state, and be saved many pangs of suffering by a kindly owner. All animals, when wild, have to pass through a sort of schooling, and get sadly knocked about and bullied by their elders before they attain maturity and strength to become bullies in their turn; but if reared in gracious captivity, they will escape the ordeal through which they must have passed.

Lastly, let the owner remember that his little favourite is wholly dependent on him for every necessary and comfort of life, and that it will be a piece of arrant cruelty—or, at all events, of inexcusable thoughtlessness—to permit the captive to feel the pangs of hunger or thirst, or to suffer the discomfort of an unclean home.

OUR FIRST GREAT SEA-FIGHT:

AN INCIDENT IN THE BOYHOOD OF ADMIRAL BLAKE.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "My Brother's Wife," "History of France," &c. &c.

It was in the month of March, Anno Domini 1617—just two hundred and forty-five years ago, when James the First was king—that a lad might have been seen crouched down among some bales of goods on one of the public quays of Plymouth, reading so attentively as to be alike unconscious of the traffic going on around him, and of the bitter blowing of the east wind. Sitting thus, with his knees drawn up and his head resting on his hand, he looked as though he might have been about seventeen years of age. His sober suit of black and grey, cut in the bygone fashion of a former reign, showed him to be a scholar in some public school; whilst the silver medal, suspended round his neck by a broad ribbon, gave proof of his industry and of the approbation of his masters.

It was a cold brilliant morning, with the wind blowing off the sea, and the dust driving in great clouds up the streets of the town. The ships outside the harbour were dancing merrily over the crested waves, and even the anchored vessels close against the quays swayed gently with the rising and falling of the waters. Here were merchantmen from Virginia and Guiana delivering their cargoes; great ships of war, with their officers loitering up and down the decks; fishing-smacks, coming in with fresh-caught red mullet and Devonshire pilchards; and small boats, of all sizes, darting about on swift oars among the larger vessels, like sea-birds on the wing.

On shore the scene was still busier, for the quays were crowded with waggons, trucks, porters, sailors of all nations, government officials, merchants, fishermen, beggars, and idlers of every description. In the midst of all this commotion it seemed wonderful that any one should be able to sit down quietly, and forget it in the pages of a book. So, at least, thought a grave-looking gentleman who was pacing slowly up and down the landing-place, superintending the lading of a good-sized trader. Every now and then, he made a business-like entry in his tablets. Every now and then,

a sailor would come to him for orders, or a porter for a gratuity; and still, in the intervals of thinking, walking, or conversing, he occasionally paused to glance, with a kindly smile, towards the student close by. He was a tall man, between sixty and seventy years of age, weather-beaten, care-worn, but still handsome, with high features and singularly bright small eyes. In his manner of bearing himself there was a dauntless freedom which combined somewhat of the carelessness of the sailor with the uprightness of the soldier; but, wrapped as he was in an ample cloak, and wearing a plain hat, without even a feather in it, he gave, in his dress, no token of belonging either to the army or the navy. Pausing, by and by, he contemplated the youth for some seconds; then went up to him, and said:—

“Why seek so bleak a spot for thy studies, my young scholar?”

His voice was high and somewhat piercing; but the boy was lost in his book, and heard nothing of the question. The stranger repeated it, and touched him on the shoulder.

The boy looked up, impatiently.

“I am not cold,” he replied; and went on reading.

But the gentleman was not to be so easily repulsed.

“The book must needs be entertaining,” said he, “since it hath power to deafen thine ear against all the traffic of the quays, and fence thy body against the sharp March winds. Who is thine author? Plutarch?”

The scholar shook his head, without speaking. He did not choose to be interrupted, and made no effort to conceal his annoyance. He had to deal, however, with one who, accustomed to command, would take no denial.

“Nay,” said he, gently, but authoritatively, “if thou art dumb as well as deaf, I must even judge for myself!”

And with this he took the boy's wrist in his strong grasp, turned the volume half round, and read aloud:—

“*‘A Discourse concerning the Spanish Fleet invading England in the Year 1588, and overthrown by her Majesty's Navy: written in Italian by Petruccio Ubaldino, Citizen of Florence, and translated for A. Ryther, Leadenhall, London.’*”

The boy's eyes flashed with anger under this cavalier treatment.

“Let my book alone,” said he, struggling to free his hand.

“What right have you to importune me with your questions?”

“None, save the right of an elder student,” replied the gentleman, smiling gravely. “A lover of books myself, I am interested

when I see others love them also. I know this pamphlet well. 'Tis a faithful, and not an ill-written narrative; though, if I remember rightly, somewhat tainted with bombast. But you do well to read it in sight of the very waters where our first encounter with the Spaniard took place."

The boy looked up eagerly, and opened his lips as if about to speak; then checked himself abruptly. The stranger sighed, and drew his cloak more closely round him.

"Twenty-nine years ago!" he muttered to himself. "Only twenty-nine years ago! Oh, Time! Time!"

The boy's curiosity was strongly excited; but his pride controlled his curiosity, and he maintained an obstinate silence.

"So, my lad," said the stranger, meeting his inquiring glance, and shaking off his reverie, "art thou for a sea-life?"

"Perhaps."

"Perhaps is but a vague word. What is thy name?"

"Robert Blake."

"And thou art a scholar of this place?"

"No; I live at Tavistock."

"And wouldst thou fain be a sailor, and fight the Spaniard?"

"Ay, that would I; but——"

"But what?"

The boy knitted his brow, and looked down.

"My father will not have me go to sea," he said, sullenly.

"For what life, then, art thou destined?"

"I scarcely know. Perhaps for the Church. I go to Oxford next Martinmas; but far sooner would I to the South Seas with one of our brave Devon captains."

The stranger smiled, and sighed again, and sat down beside the lad upon a canvas bale.

"The ocean hath its dangers and discomforts, young friend," said he, "as well as its pleasures. I have sailed all round the world in my time, and I may speak confidently of both."

"All round the world!" exclaimed the boy.

"Ay, truly; with the brave Sir Francis Drake in his famous voyage."

"He was a great man," said young Robert, eagerly. "I would give my silver medal to have seen him."

"He was so great a man," replied the stranger, "that I question if England will ever see his like again. What wouldst thou say, lad, if I told thee that I fought one whole day by his side, on board the *Revenge*, in that very sea-fight of which I find thee reading?"

The boy sprang to his feet with excitement.

"You—you bore part in that brave work!" he cried. "You saw the Armada!"

The stranger nodded good-humouredly.

"Then you have seen Raleigh, and Frobisher, and Hawkins?"

"Ay; and Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and Lord Howard of Effingham, and the wild earl of Cumberland, and all the gallant spirits of that time. I well remember the morning when Lord Howard's squadrons came round from the narrow seas off the coast of Flanders, and joined fleets with Sir Francis Drake, whose ships lay here in Plymouth harbour. It was on the 23rd of May, in the glorious year 1588. Round they came, by yonder point, fifty ships of the line, with all sail set, and twenty ships furnished forth by the loyal city of London. A noble sight—yet not so noble as that of the 30th of May, a week later, when the two fleets put out together, ninety ships in all, bearing away with them all the youth and valour and high blood of the land, with Drake and Howard at their head!"

"You were with Drake, then, noble sir?" asked the boy.

"No—not till some days after. Thy narrative there will tell thee how the Lord Admiral did twice sail out of Plymouth harbour towards the isle of Scilly, and even within forty leagues of the coast of Spain, seeking the Spanish forces; and how, fearful lest they should take advantage of the good winds, and pass him unobserved, he twice returned without the striking of a blow. It should also tell thee how, the fleets being back again in port, there came into Plymouth on the morning of the 19th of June, a little bark commanded by one Thomas Fleming, who brought news of the enemy. I was in the town at the time, making merry with certain gentlemen of Devon. I well remember how we started up at the first roar of the signal guns, and left the flagons untasted on the table. Going out, we found the townspeople thronging to the quays; officers hurrying down to their ships; women and children wringing their hands, and crying aloud that the Spaniard was upon us. At the landing-place, finding a wherry close against the stairs, but no boatman, I jumped in with two of my companions, seized the oars myself, and rowed off to the vice-admiral's ship, which was then just loosing anchor. There I learnt that the Spanish fleet had been seen hovering off the Lizard Point, the wind being south and by east; and, further, that, despite the difficulty of getting our ships out in the very teeth of that wind, our commanders had resolved to go forth to the encounter. This,

by might of seamanship alone, and by example of the officers, and perseverance of the sailors, we did actually accomplish then and there; and so worked out of harbour, to the number of fifty-four ships, under command of Admiral Lord Howard and Vice-Admiral Sir Francis Drake, between the evening of the 19th and the forenoon of the 20th of June."

"And that day you met the Spaniard?" interposed Blake, breathlessly.

"Not so. That day, the wind being against us, and we not desirous of leaving too wide a road betwixt us and the English shore, we coasted at a distance of about twenty or twenty-five miles from land, in the direction of Fowey. Towards sunset, having seen nothing of the enemy all the day through, we beheld the Lord Admiral's pinnace, the *Disdain*, run up the signal, and then, to the leeward, against the glowing of the western sky, we beheld what seemed like a pine-forest rising out of the ocean. That forest, lad, was a forest of Spanish masts. There lay the huge Armada, and we knew that the morrow must bring work with it. That night we read prayers for our Sovereign Lady Queen Elizabeth on board of every ship throughout the fleet, and implored Heaven for the safety of these islands. Thus, in pious exercises, and watching, and the burnishing of arms, the brief summer night went slowly by. The morning dawned grey and clear. We were now nearer by some miles than when the sunset faded. Before us, in full battle array, advancing in the form of a vast crescent, we beheld the Spanish fleet. We counted one hundred and thirty-four great ships, besides a vast number of galleys, galleasses, and galleons. The two extremities, or horns, of the crescent seemed to be about eight miles apart. It was a brave sight; but braver still was it to witness the high courage of the great English spirit mounting with the occasion; to see the eager faces of our young gallants; the steady valour of our seamen; the composed gravity of our tried commanders—to hear the shout that went up when the *Disdain* fired her first shot, and gave defiance to the foe!"

"And all this time," said the boy, "you were only fifty-four ships!"

"Only fifty-four against more than thrice that number," replied the stranger; "for we had left forty vessels in haven at Plymouth, partly for the better defence of the coast, and partly on account of the difficulty of getting them out to sea."

"I beseech you, sir, go on," said Blake. "The *Disdain*, you say, fired the first shot?"

"Ay, at nine of the clock, before noon, on the 21st of June; and immediately the Lord Admiral, in the *Ark*, sailed forward before all the rest of the fleet, and laid siege to a great ship, of which we believed the Duke of Medina Sidonia to be himself in command. At the same time the *Victory*, under Master John Hawkins, another goodly vessel under Master Martin Frobisher, and the *Revenge*, commanded by Sir Francis Drake, on board of which I had that day the honour of serving, put forward to the attack of a huge Portuguese galleon, belonging to Don Martin de Ricaldes, vice-admiral of the Spanish fleet. And now, I promise thee, my young scholar, we had thunder and smoke to our hearts' content; and though we came to no hand-to-hand contest, we were near enough to see the swarthy gunners at their work, and the shaven priests going up and down the decks, urging them on with prayers and exhortations. Not that their *Aves* and *Paters* served them one jot against us, however, for our brave fellows stood to their guns manfully, doing rare damage at every shot; and in the very heat of the fight, as fair fortune would have it, a great ship of Biscay blew up with a terrible explosion, like the firing of a mine, which threw all the enemy into confusion. They then began drawing off to the eastward, leaving one of their largest galleons in our hands; and with this prize we (being still forty ships less than our total number) thought it best to be content for that day. We then gathered our own vessels together for the night, and having held a consultation of war on board the Lord Admiral's ship, retired each to our own quarters and supped merrily. As for the captain of the captured galleon, Don Pedro de Valdes, we received him and his chief officers on board the *Revenge*, where Sir Francis Drake entertained them with all courtesy, and sent them, next morning, into Dartmouth, together with the prize and the other prisoners. Well, lad, not to outwear thy patience—"

"That, good sir, you cannot," interrupted the boy. "I would thankfully stay here all the day and night to listen to you!"

The stranger smiled, and shook his head good-humouredly.

"Nay," he said, "the sun declines already, and I am bound to sup with certain officers and merchants this evening at six of the clock. Yet will I sketch for thee some brief outline of the last acts of this great drama. Well, then, the next day we had no more fighting, but occupied ourselves with searching the ruins of the Biscayan ship, the decks of which were quite shattered with the force of the explosion, and the seamen, fifty in number, all dying or

dead—a lamentable sight, and one that shook the nerves of the strongest amongst us! For my part, I would have given half my substance at that moment for some surgical skill, wherewith to help those poor Spaniards in their great agony; but, being unable to succour them, I hurried away as I would have fled a plague-ship; and presently the Lord Admiral sent the vessel in tow, as it was, to Weymouth harbour, under the care of Captain Fleming. On the following morning, the 23rd of June, the Armada tacked about, and came down again with the north-east wind, in full array, as before. This time, being reinforced by all the rest of our fleet, we sailed right into the midst of them, and, taking advantage of the superior swiftness and lightness of our vessels, travelled round and round them within the distance of half a musket-shot, battering their unwieldy hulls with our heavy ordnance, and doing them such deadly injury that their commanders were fain to retreat towards evening, leaving the victory with us. That night, as the wind set towards us, we heard from time to time faint sounds of solemn chanting, and knew thereby that the priests were performing a service for the dead. Having by this time exhausted our stores of ammunition, we were obliged to send ashore for a fresh supply, and, with the exception of a few skirmishes, fought no more battles off this coast; but followed the enemy quietly through the Channel as far as Calais, where both fleets cast anchor, about five miles from the cliffs. And now it became evident to us that the Duke of Medina Sidonia was working his way round to the coast of Flanders, where great reinforcements, furnished by the Duke of Parma, would doubtless await him. This we resolved, at all hazards, to prevent; and prevent it we did, in a manner never before seen or heard of in the annals of naval war. We took eight small ships and filled them with combustibles. We covered the decks and masts with fresh tar, and laid trains of gunpowder and slow matches in such a manner as to ensure the rapid spreading of the fire in every part. Then, in the dead silence of the night, when the Spaniards suspected nothing, and were, with the exception of the watch, all sleeping in their berths, we sent these ships, like moving castles of flame, into the very heart of their fleet. Startled from sleep, surrounded in the dark by an eager and experienced enemy, and anchored off a strange coast with the dangers of which they were unacquainted, what could their bravest captains do but slip their cables, put wildly out to sea, and save their ships as best they might? In this extremity, like the Persian galleys at Salamis, they came into

collision with each other, foundering some, disabling others, and leaving one great galliass laden with golden ducats stranded close against the mouth of Calais harbour. By this time it was dawning day, and Sir Francis Drake charged the enemy with one squadron, while Sir John Hawkins, who had been just knighted by the Lord Admiral for his exceeding valour, set upon them with another squadron, and broke right through the main body of their fleet. Never was victory more complete. Shattered, disabled, silenced, with broken masts, and sails all shot to rags, the great Armada retreated slowly northwards. One of her large ships went down in sight of both the fleets; two foundered off the coast of Zealand, and were plundered by the natives; the rest held on their way, followed by the Lord Admiral with several squadrons, and went up by the coast of Scotland, designing to work round by the north, and reach Spain by the outer seas, without again venturing through the English Channel. Within thirty leagues of Newcastle we left them to pursue their perilous way, and returned to England to protect our southern shores against any possible attack from the side of the Low Countries. Here my experience as a personal witness ends. You, my young hearer, know what followed as well as I. You have read of the great tempests which befell that unhappy fleet off the Irish coast, and of the destruction which was thereby wrought. For one whole month were they driven hither and thither in helpless wreck and ruin. The shores of Donegal and Sligo were strewn with timbers, and bodies of the drowned. Thirty-two ships were cast away. Thirteen or fourteen thousand human lives were lost. Two thousand men were taken prisoners. So vast a calamity never befell the great Spanish power before or since. So signal a deliverance following such a series of victories, never occurred either to England or any other land of which we read in history."

"What a glory to our English seamen!" exclaimed Robert Blake, his cheeks flushed, and his eyes sparkling with enthusiasm.

"Nay, the glory was Almighty God's," said the stranger, reverently lifting his hat. "We but did our duty to Him, to our country, and to our Queen. Fare thee well."

And with this he rose up, laid his hand kindly on the boy's shoulder, and turned away. But Blake ran after him.

"If you will not stay for my thanks, noble sir," he cried, "you will at least tell me your name, that I may remember it while I live, as the name of a brave sailor who fought against the Armada?"

But the gentleman would not.

"Remember me, lad," said he, "as one who hath known great prosperity and bitter adversity; to whom the camp, the cabin, and the dungeon, are alike familiar. Some day, perhaps, I may seek thee out at Oxford, and make thy better acquaintance."

So, waving his hand, he strode rapidly away, and Blake stood still and gazed after him till he was out of sight. It was now four o'clock. The traffic had long ceased, and the landing-place was deserted. The trader which was being laden in the morning had drawn off from the quay, and anchored near the mouth of the harbour. In vain the boy looked round for some one who would give him the information he so ardently desired. There was not a living soul in sight, and so, with a sigh of disappointment, he put his pamphlet in his bosom, and took his way to the house where he was staying.

"That man," said he to himself, as he went along, "is a man of mark. Would that I could learn his name! He breathed not a syllable of his own prowess; but, if ever I saw a brave man, he is one! And I was so churlish to him when he first noted me; shame on me! The dungeon, said he, and the camp, and the cabin? Out on't! I could not guess, though I tried till Midsummer day; yet I have a strange certainty upon me that we shall meet again some day. Heigho!—some day!"

* * * * *

A year and nearly seven months have gone by. It is the morning of the 29th of October, 1618, and Robert Blake, gazing from right to left with the wondering delight of a stranger, is being rowed up to Westminster by a Thames waterman. He is now an undergraduate of Oxford, and this is his first visit to London. He could not be out at a gayer time; for the new Lord Mayor has just passed down the river in all the civic glory of his gilded barges, and the stream is crowded with boats, and the bridges are swarming with idlers, and flags are flying at Whitehall, and all is sunshine and merriment. Having seen the pageant, our scholar is now on his way to visit the hall and abbey of Westminster; so, alighting at Westminster stairs, he emerges at the back of the Parliament houses, and finds himself suddenly in a dense crowd, close against Old Palace Yard. Concluding that there is something to be seen, and supposing, of course, that this something, whatever it may be, is connected with the show of which he has just been a spectator, Robert Blake presses eagerly forward, wins his way, inch by inch, through the thickest of the

throng, and, looking up, sees a scaffold hung with black and guarded by a double row of halberdiers, rising grimly before his eyes. Horror-stricken, shuddering, the young man would gladly escape the fearful sight; but the crowd has closed up behind him, and retreat is impossible. Now, for the first time, he observes the strange silence of the throng—that silence so unlike the shouts which he so lately heard. He would fain ask whose death they have met to witness; but he feels that his voice might tremble, and, with boyish pride, he forbears to speak till he has regained his self-command.

All at once, through the deep hush, there is heard a muffled sound of drums, and a tramp of many feet. The crowd, compact as it is, heaves and falls back. More soldiers pour in, and rank themselves closer about the scaffold. The sheriffs, a couple of clergymen, several gentlemen in rich dresses, and the condemned man between two guards, mount the steps, and appear on the platform. Behind all comes the headsman, with his face masked and the axe upon his shoulder. Sick at heart, the student covers his eyes with his hand. Be the culprit whom or what he may, it is terrible to stand there, and see him die!

Impelled, at last, by an agonizing curiosity, he looks up. The condemned man has advanced to the front of the scaffold, and is addressing those nearest to him. From this distance his words are inaudible; but his face merciful Heaven! his face is the well-remembered face of the stranger whom he met a year and seven months since on the quay at Plymouth! He looks older, greyer, feebler; but his eye has the same brightness, and his expression the same serenity. He shakes hands with his friends upon the scaffold—he tries the edge of the axe with his finger—he lays his hand upon the headsman's shoulder, and seems to grant him his solemn pardon. Then he flings his cloak aside—kneels—prays for a moment with folded hands—lays his head upon the block

The student saw no more. Trembling from head to foot, blinded with hot tears, and almost beside himself with pity and horror, he buried his face in his cloak, and sobbed aloud. Presently a deep groan and a shudder ran through the crowd, and he knew that all was over.

“Who was he?” cried Blake, turning to those about him. “What was his name? What crime had he committed?”

“None,” replied one at his elbow. “Before God, he is this day foully murdered.”

“ But his name ? ”

“ The brave, the learned, the great Sir Walter Raleigh.”

Time went on ; and Robert Blake, still, in his heart of hearts, cherishing the sea-dreams of his boyhood, complied with the wishes of his parents, and embraced a parliamentary career. Having adopted the religious and political opinions of the Puritan body, he first served his party honestly in the senate ; then in the field, as a colonel of dragoons ; and lastly on the sea, as admiral of the British fleet. He was fifty years of age before he entered on the career to which his genius and his desires had pointed for so long ; but he redeemed his lost time nobly. The sea was his true element. One of the bravest of British sailors ; one of the most judicious, calm, and skilful of commanders, he succeeded, during the brief remainder of his useful and glorious life, in reforming the system of our naval warfare, protecting our commerce, reducing our enemies to submission, and spreading the terror of the great English name throughout the civilized world.

FOOTBALL.

By GEORGE FORREST.

OF all out-door games for winter, or, indeed, for any cold day, Football is *facile princeps*, king and chief.

Only in cold, or at least in cool weather, can this game be played, as it requires such incessant movement and such strenuous exertion on the part of every player, that no one would be able to endure a spirited game played in the summer time.

Cricket, although a far more scientific game, and also played with a ball, is practically limited to a few months in the year; for of the twenty-two players engaged in a game, little more than half are actually playing at any one time, and of that number the greater part are standing still with their hands on their knees, looking out for balls which may not come in their direction during the whole course of the game. Even the bowler would not be able to direct his missile with sufficient certainty upon the hard and ice-bound ground, the batters could hardly grasp their weapons in their half-frozen fingers, and the fieldsmen would assuredly be unable to stop a ball in hands benumbed and stiffened with cold.

So, during the winter months, the game is necessarily abandoned, the bats are returned to their baize cases, the stumps laid up in ordinary, and the balls put away until the kindly sun shall unlock the icy bands of the earth, and restore the cricketers to the enjoyment of their loved game.

Again, the expense of the two games is entirely disproportionate. We all know how costly is the management of a cricket-club as an association, quite independent of the individual expense of the members, who must spend no inconsiderable sum in the various appurtenances of the game before they can be admitted to take part in a regular match, or, indeed, can be at all considered as players.

But with football, the only expense consists of the purchasing of two balls, four long sticks, two short ones, and a bladder now and then. The two balls are requisite in order that, if an accident should happen to the one in play, the reserve ball may at once

be substituted, and the game continued, while the wounded ball is being repaired by a non-player. The process of mending an injured ball will presently be described.

This game has lately been brought into public notice, and its rules submitted to investigation.

At present, the rules seem to be entirely arbitrary, depending on the local regulations of the spot where the game is played. Considerable inconvenience is caused by this irregularity, as a match between two schools or two counties is almost impracticable, while the regulations are so loose and diverse, that hardly any two of the players may adhere to the same system.

Some places, led by the Rugby system, employ a set of rules remarkable for their number and complexity, employing more technical terms, and even more difficult to comprehend, than the rules of billiards. In that system, the very ground is marked out on a highly complex system, and the difficulties attendant upon winning a match, or even "kicking a goal," are so great, that a special rule is provided, deciding a match to be drawn if one goal has not been kicked in three days.

Other places have their own peculiar rules—not so many as are involved in those of Rugby, but still, in our opinion, too complicated for general use. We have read very carefully every acknowledged code of rules, and applying to them the practical experience of some years, and many a glorious game lost and won, shall give our readers the benefit of our opinion thereon.

Be it, however, premised, that we by no means consider the subject as finally settled. We shall closely watch the progress of the correspondence, and keep our readers acquainted with the state of opinion. Moreover, if any reader is desirous of expressing his own notions on the game, and can either find a flaw in our proposed regulations, or discover some needful rule, we shall be happy to give it insertion in our pages, and have the subject freely discussed by those who are most closely interested in it.

To notice all the existing systems would occupy the whole of the space allotted to this article, and we shall, therefore, content ourselves with putting forward a plan of the game, with a few very simple rules, assuring our readers that the system has been thoroughly tested, and found to answer well by practical experience.

The necessities for this game are few and simple.

First, get two *good* leathern foot-ball cases, made to close with a leathern thong, and a separate tongue of thinner, but stiff and

strong material. A shoemaker will generally manufacture the cases better than those which are purchased ready made, unless a ball be procured from the old-established shops in London. Take care that the seams are very closely drawn, and that the rotundity of ball is true.

Next, purchase from the nearest butcher a pair of the largest ox-bladders, telling him the purpose for which they are wanted. When detached or taken from the animal, they are very unpromising bits of affairs, thick, short, and flabby, and apparently so unfit to dilate the leather case, that a dozen or two might be placed in each case without inconvenience. Undeterred, however, by the unsightly aspect, put the bladders into water, warm, if possible, and let them soak while you get a long and rather thin quill and some strong twine.

After the soaking has been continued for a few hours, cut off the feather, and just a little of the tip of the quill, so as to form a tube, narrow at the point; insert it in the neck of the bladder, and by gently manœuvring with the fingers, get it at least a inch through the aperture, and tie it firmly, so as to hold it tightly in its place. Make a loose knot in the twine, pass it over the quill, so as to bring it just below the point (see fig. 1), and, holding the two ends of the string in the hands, take the large end of the quill in the mouth, and blow into the bladder until it is as full as it can be made. Pull the string tight, so as to prevent the air escaping, and the first step is made.



FIG. 1.

Now take it to some very smooth board or table; lay it on its side; put the palms of both hands on it; lean rather heavily, but not so as to burst the membrane, and roll it backwards and forwards like a cook with a rolling-pin in making a pie. Presently the walls of the bladder become thinner, and the whole substance greatly enlarges, so that, instead of being tight and roundish, it is quite loose and flabby.

Then untie the lower string, inflate the bladder afresh, and you will be surprised to find how it has enlarged by this simple process, which must be continually repeated until the bladder, when properly expanded, is at least half as large again as the case into which it has to be forced.

The next business is to inflate the ball—a task requiring some strength and much care.

Let the case, but not the tongue, lie in water for a short time, so as to make it tolerably pliable; untie the lower string of the bladder, squeeze out all the air, and, by patting and grasping, reduce it to a nearly cylindrical shape. Slip the lower end into the case, and blow as much air into it as the lungs can drive, tying it very firmly with the lower string. It will then puff out like a great hour-glass, and look like the left-hand figure in the accompanying illustration. Untie the upper string, remove the quill, and put it away for further use.

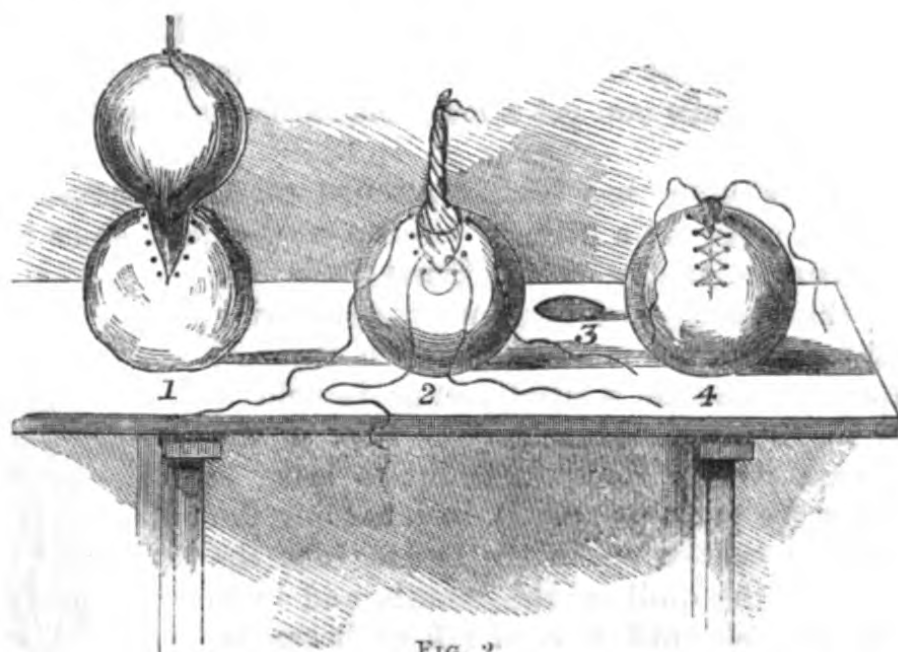


FIG. 2.

The next process is to grasp the upper part of the bladder firmly with the hands, getting some one to assist by holding the case, and begin to twist from the top downwards until you have worked the top into a screw, and so forced all the air into the ball. No process is half so efficacious as this, or gives so good a rebounding power to the ball. Twenty pairs of blacksmith's bellows could not equal the work of two boys and one pair of lungs, if rightly managed.

Now get a couple of strong leather boot-laces—those of white horse-leather are the best, and least breakable; pass one through the two centre holes of the gaping aperture; tuck the screw under the leather case by dint of mixed strength and adroitness; slip the tongue over it, and hold it down while your assistant ties the lace as firmly as he can manage, so as to keep the tongue down and the sides partly together. (See central figure in the illustra-

tion.) If this precaution be neglected, the tongue is always slipping out at one end as fast as the lace is tightened at the other, and thus wastes time and patience sadly.

The next process is to lace the thongs so firmly that the tops of the opening are brought fairly together. The ends are then woven among the crossed thongs, and the ball is complete, bounding in a very perfect fashion, and quite elastic.

Some of our readers may object that the india-rubber balls sold in the shops are already inflated, and save all the trouble and mess incidental to blowing up a ball of this kind. To this remark we answer that the india-rubber balls are but delusions. They are very pretty to look at, but are sadly liable to burst, while the least wound from a thorn or splinter ruins them at once, for they cannot be mended except by the makers. Whereas, one of our bladder-balls is little the worse for a wound, and can be perfectly repaired even in the field. We therefore admonish our readers to take the word of experienced advisers, and not to buy an india-rubber ball for out-door play, as they value their time, their pocket, and their patience.

Of course it will be understood that two balls are to be prepared simultaneously. Having the balls, the next matter is to make the "goals" through which the ball is to pass. These are very simple,

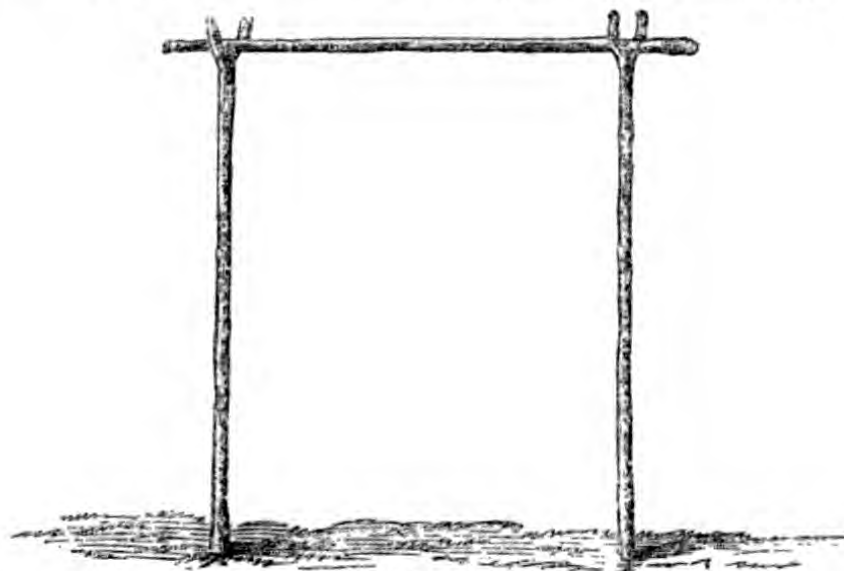
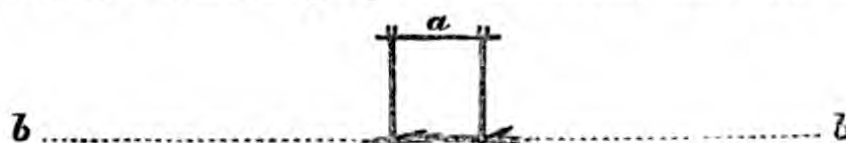


FIG. 3.

and may be set up in two minutes. Get four long sticks or slender poles, about eight feet long, forked at the top like those employed by laundresses to keep their lines off the ground, and two straight sticks without forks. These are arranged as shown in fig. 3. If

you want to be very neat, or if you cannot procure forked poles, get a carpenter to cut rough poles of elm, and have an iron fork driven at the tops. Common washing poles are just suited for this, and if their butt-ends are shod with sharp iron points, nothing more can be desired.

These are all the needful implements, and we will now prepare for action by shouldering our poles and starting off for the field. It is not a bad precaution to put on the worst suit of clothes, as few energetic players get through a game without tumbling down, and never without much earthy sign of their labour. The field should be



or

or



FIG. 4.

large, and, if possible, free from thorns, which make sad havoc with the balls, often disabling the second before the first can be repaired.

The ground is laid out as is shown in fig. 4.

The two goals, *a a*, are pitched exactly opposite each other, at any distance agreed upon, or as may be suitable to the ground. This operation should be conducted under the direction of the two captains of the sides who are to play. Seven feet is a good distance between the two poles. Two long lines, *b b*, are then traced parallel to each other, and passing through the bases of the poles. These are termed goal lines, and may be conveniently marked out with string and pegs, if the ground may not be cut up; otherwise, a slight trench is the best mark. A small hole is then cut in the very centre, marked *c* in the figure, or a peg of wood is driven into the ground to mark the spot.

The captains now disperse their men according to their ability, each being obliged to keep his men on his own side of the hole or peg. Each side now has to drive the ball through the opposite goal, and to guard their own from being taken.

The struggle begins by having the ball thrown perpendicularly from the peg, so as to fall evenly and fairly in the centre. Sometimes the mode of starting the ball is different, the two sides drawing lots for the start, the winners proceeding to the spot in front of their own goal, marked with a star in the figure, and being allowed a fair kick as the ball lies on the ground. In our opinion, however, the perpendicular fling of the ball is the best. We shall now lay down the few rules that are needful for playing the game:—

1. The game being essentially *Foot-ball*, no player may take up the ball from the ground.

2. If a player can catch the ball in the air, he may take a hand-kick without the other side being permitted to interfere. (A hand-kick consists in dropping the ball from the hands and kicking it on its fall.

3. If such player shall drop the ball accidentally, or in any way touch the ground with it, the opposite side may attack it.

4. If the ball pass outside or over the goal, and beyond the goal line, the junior player of the side which drove it over shall fetch the ball, stand twelve paces to the right of *c*, and throw it gently to the centre without favour to either side. (The object of this rule will be explained presently.)

5. Any kicking, except at the ball, is prohibited.

6. The ball must be *kicked* through the goal, not struck or thrown, or touch any part of any player of the same side, except the foot of him who kicks it. In such a case, the ball is fetched back, as in Rule 4.

These few and simple remarks are, we believe, all that are really

useful. This 4th rule is used because it sometimes happens that irritable players, finding the enemy's goal too well defended, wilfully kick the ball far beyond it, hoping to exhaust their opponents, and thus needlessly prolong the game. It is a mark of bad play, as well as unmanliness, to drive the ball where it can be of no use, and the penalty deprives the offending side of the junior player while he throws in the ball so as to deter them from repeating their error.

In one large school, a number of wretched little junior boys were stationed in lines from each goal to stop the ball from going out of its course, and had to stand shivering in the cold while their superiors were playing, being sure of punishment if they allowed the ball to pass them. This system, however, technically called "kicking-in," is now, we believe, being disused.

In disposing the men, the best way is to place a good player in front of the goal, so as to stop the ball from being kicked between the poles over the heads of the players, as might otherwise be achieved by a hand-kick, and as, indeed, is the object of that privilege. Another moderately good player is stationed about half way between the goal and the peg c, and these two are said technically to "play back," the out "playing up." The goal-keeper never leaves his post except at the utmost emergency, such as the ball being driven towards the goal by several opponents, and no one but himself to prevent the game from being lost. He then would dash at the ball, hoping to get it out of the line, and so to give time for his own party to come to the rescue.

We venture to think that the readers of this magazine will find that these rules are amply sufficient for playing the game of Football with spirit, and at the same time for guarding against the various contingencies which arise in the severe struggles incident to the game. We prefer the style of goal mentioned, because there can be no doubt whether a ball has passed through or not; it is just high and wide enough to give many chances to the opponents, and at the same time is not too large to be guarded by a single player.

In the Rugby game, the two side poles are eighteen feet high, the cross-bar is ten feet from the ground, and the ball has to pass over the bar and between the posts. This is so difficult a feat to achieve, even when there is no one to arrest the ball, that a game is often played for several days without a single goal being gained. The game is, in consequence, most needlessly prolonged, and the best play may be frustrated by a gust of wind or other accident occurring just at the time of kicking at the goal.

After each game, the players usually change goals, so as to make everything perfectly fair on both sides, and neutralize the effect of sloping ground, favouring winds, &c., which might otherwise preponderate in favour of one side.

We promised our readers to show them how to mend a ball if pricked by a thorn, or otherwise injured.

Unbind the thongs, loosen the neck of the bladder, and squeeze out all the air under it, remove from the case, and then reinflate it, holding it to the cheek, and squeezing it to find out the aperture. This found, put a pin or splinter of wood through it to mark the precise spot, and push a little round pebble down the neck of the bladder. The shot called No. 1 or No. 2, is, however, better than pebbles, and it is as well to have half a dozen such shot always ready.

Then hold the bladder with the injured part downwards, so as to get the shot exactly over the wound, withdraw the pin, and seize the shot with the fingers, pinching the membrane firmly round it, and keeping the

hole upon the shot so that the lead is visible. Get some one to loop a piece of very thin, but strong twine or silk, just above the



FIG. 5.

shot, as in the right-hand figure on cut 5, and then tie it firmly as in the left-hand figure. The bladder will now be perfectly mended and as good as ever. The reader will see that the use of the shot is sufficient to prevent the thread from working off in the course of play. Should the hole be a very large one, a pebble must be employed. The bladder will bear six or seven such repairs before it is rendered useless.

Before returning the bladder to the case, the leather should be turned inside out, and carefully examined, not only by the eye, but by the hand, in order to discover any little thorn or splinter that may be projecting through the leather, and be likely to cause further injury.

AMONGST THE SHOW-FOLKS.

BY STIRLING COYNE.

CHAPTER I.

THEY were a jolly party! Hm! I fear I am commencing my story in what may be considered a vulgar style. Well, I'll correct myself, and say, they were "a pleasant party,"—no, that won't do; the phrase suggests the genteel decorum that characterizes "an early tea, with a little music," in a respectable family where there are six charming daughters and a grand piano; but it does not by any means convey the idea I would impress upon my readers. Say, then, they were a "merry party;" yes, that's better, but it is not exactly what I want; I find I *must* call them "jolly," even at the risk of being cut by my neighbours, the Littlejohns, who keep a brougham and have a horror of everything low. The party were seated in an irregular circle around a table-cloth, spread on the velvety grass, in the cool shadow of one of those noble trees which form that remarkable cluster known to every explorer of Epping Forest as "High Beech." Plates, dishes, bottles, and glasses were scattered about in that beautiful disorder which charms the painter's eye; the anatomical remains of a couple of fowls that had been "the Pride of the Market," and the attenuated proportions of what had that morning been a huge rib of beef, showing that the serious labours of the repast were over, and that the general disposition of the party was to devote themselves to unlimited enjoyment—a determination which a stout florid-faced personage, who occupied a slightly-exalted position on a couple of carriage cushions, heartily promoted by the liberality with which he filled the fast-emptied glasses from a plethoric stone jar, jocularly, and not to offend the delicacy of the ladies, said to contain "rose-water," but which I have good reason for believing held cold punch of the choicest concoction.

Mr. Kilwick, the stout gentleman alluded to, was the senior partner of a modest house in the button and trimming trade, in Wood-street, whose boast it was that, although Kilwick and Fink might be looked down upon by the swell concerns in the city, they had always paid twenty shillings in the pound, and were able to do so still; a self-gratulatory speech which he concluded by drinking "Success to the Firm!" in which all present joined with heart and

voice. It may be necessary to inform my readers that the occasion of this festive gathering was the anniversary of Mr. Kilwick's marriage, which he had for twenty years celebrated by a family re-union at some of the many beautiful spots which lie within half an hour's railway ride of the metropolis.

"Yes," resumed Mr. Kilwick, after draining his glass, "I am proud to belong to the Firm of which I am the humble head;"—the "humble head" never omitted in all humility to assert the superiority of his status in the Firm,—“I am proud, justly proud, of my partner in the Firm, Mr. Fink, who has done all that laid in his power to advance the interests of the Firm in the Birmingham department;—I am proud of my wife, Mrs. Kilwick—formerly Timmis—whom I consider a partner in the Firm from her taste in worsted fringes; and (although I am their parent) I am proud of the six children of the Firm whom I see before me on this auspicious day.” A slight giggle and an application of handkerchiefs to the faces of the ladies took place on this reference to a novel application of the laws of partnership. “I therefore beg to propose the health of my friend Jeremiah Fink, the junior partner in the Firm.”

Mr. Fink—a brisk little man, who had the repute of being a powerful speaker at Common Halls and Vestries—shoved his hand beneath his gorgeous waistcoat,—placing it on the region of his heart, threw back his head, and, looking upwards into the branches of the tree which overshadowed them, coughed once or twice, and addressed himself to speech. The young people, who had by this time got enough of the Firm, vanished gradually during Mr. Fink's oratorical display—possibly with some remote intention of entering into future partnerships and making little Firms of their own.

“I say, Fred,” said Paul Kilwick to Fred Mason—a nephew of Mrs. Kilwick's—“would it not be a prime lark to go a-bird-nesting. There are lots of birds of all sorts about,—blackbirds, thrushes, goldfinches, cock-robins, jackdaws, and parrots. If we look sharp we may even chance to find a cockatoo like my aunt Sarah's on her nest—they breed all about in the forest.”

“Do they indeed?” replied Fred, who being ten years of age, and one year the junior of his cousin, looked up to him as a person of wonderful experience—“Cockatoos, Paul?”

“Thousands of them,” replied Paul, confidently; “so come along: they won't miss us, and we shall have a hat-full of eggs in less than no time.”

Fred had nothing to urge against the proposal; so away they

started in high glee, side by side, their young faces flushed with excitement, plunging into the deepest thickets, and eagerly investigating every tangled brake and bramble, in their search for the coveted eggs with which they expected to return, as trophies of their bold adventure. The rich sunlight glancing through the trees sprinkled the verdant sward with "patines of pure gold," or poured an unobstructed flood of radiance upon the open glades of the forest. Brilliant dragon-flies in suits of purple, green, and gold flashed across their path, and butterflies of dazzling and splendid hues fluttered from flower to flower; the russet rabbit, disturbed in his gambols by the strange intruders, hastily sought refuge in his subterranean citadel; while the agile squirrel ran nimbly up the smooth stem of the tallest tree, and concealed itself in the thick foliage. Nature had, however, no charms for the juvenile adventurers, whose whole minds were occupied by a single object. One,—two hours had passed away, but as yet they had not discovered the nest of the smallest tomtit, when it suddenly occurred to Fred to ask his companion if he did not think it time to return?

"Return? No!—not until we have tried that copse yonder; I am certain there are nests in it."

"But we may not be able to find our way back to the Beeches," suggested Fred.

"Don't be afraid. I know the country," replied Paul—leading the way to the copse, through an insidious quagmire in which Fred lost a shoe, and both got booted with thick black mud up to the knees. Their search proved as fruitless here as it had hitherto done, and being now heartily weary of their expedition, Paul agreed to make the best of their way back to their friends,—a task not so easy of achievement as they imagined. At first they marched forward boldly, though rather out of temper with their ill-luck, and a lurking apprehension of the reception that might await them from the firm.

"I dare say we shall get finely blown up by the governor," observed Paul, moodily.

"And won't mamma be vexed when she sees me in this pickle," added Fred, looking ruefully at his torn and muddied clothes.

"Well, you know, 'tis all your doing," said Paul, who, like many children of larger growth, when they find they have committed a fault, relieve their minds by laying it upon somebody else's shoulders.

"*My* doing! Oh, Paul! did you not persuade me to go bird-nesting, with your wonderful stories of nests full of jackdaws and cockatoo's eggs?"

"You ought not to have minded them. I shouldn't have come if you hadn't," retorted Paul; and thus they walked on in mutual dudgeon until Paul, who had been for some time looking uneasily through the trees on all sides, stopped suddenly, and in a flurried way, said,—

"I'm afraid we've lost ourselves."

"Lost ourselves!" echoed Fred, turning deadly pale; the idea of being lost having never entered his mind, so implicit was his confidence in Paul's topographical knowledge. "I thought you said you knew the country."

"Yes; but there are so many trees that one can't see where one's going. Let's holloa; they may hear us."

Both the boys shouted with all the energy which their alarming situation inspired; but no welcome voice replied to their signals of distress, until completely exhausted by their exertions, they sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree, looking utterly forlorn.

"Oh! my dear mamma! What will she think has become of us? Shall I ever see her again?" and the large tears trickled down Fred's pale cheeks.

"Come, don't cry, Fred," said Paul, who, despite some faults of temper and a certain degree of obstinacy in his disposition, was at heart a brave and generous boy; "we must not give up so, and I dare say we shall yet be able to find the path; or we may chance to fall in with some of the Whitechapel birdcatchers whom we met this morning, who will guide us to the Beeches."

With these words of encouragement Paul jumped briskly to his feet, and Fred following his example they started off again with renewed hope and spirits. The sun was now fast sinking towards the horizon, and the trees casting longer and deeper shadows on the earth; song-birds that had been mute during the noontide heat had begun to try their voices, like opera singers before the curtain goes up, preparatory to their evening concert; grasshoppers chirped in the grass; the honey-bee, weary after his day's toil, wended homewards, humming a pleasant song; while the sonorous trumpet of the great beetle startled them, as the blind instrumentalist came with a sudden bang against their faces. Walking on at hazard, they more than once found themselves, after making a considerable circuit, at the very point from which they had started. Overcome, at length, by fatigue, and almost despairing of succour,

they were on the point of abandoning themselves to their fate, which they believed would be to perish like the babes in the wood, and be covered with strawberry leaves by a pair of robins; and they knew that a doleful ballad would be made about them, which would draw tears from thousands of tender eyes, and that a droll burlesque, written by Mr. Byron, would be played at the theatres,—which latter calamity they keenly felt, as they should not be able to partake of the fun of which they were the subject:—then, as a last effort, they struggled through a thicket of hazel trees and suddenly found themselves in an open space, some fifty or sixty yards across.

“Hollo! What’s up now?” cried a gruff voice, close to them.

The proprietor of the voice was a thickset middle-aged man, who, stretched on the soft grass, had been enjoying the luxury of a quiet pipe, in the companionship of his own thoughts, whatever those might be. As he raised himself on his elbow, and turned to look at the strangers who had interrupted his meditations, they could observe that a fillet of dirty ribbon bound round his head, confined a mass of thick black hair, which, contrary to Nature’s usual mode, curled inward instead of outward at the back, and lay in a thick roll upon his bull neck. The boys were too much frightened to be able to reply immediately to their interrogator, who slightly varied his question.

“Well, my young swells, what *air* you doing in these parts?”

“We have lost our way,” answered Paul, whose courage had begun to revive a little.

“Lost your way, eh? Well, there’s a many in the world loses their way that’s older than you. But how did it happen—eh?”

Then Paul related their luckless birdnesting frolic, and during the recital the strange man scrutinized them as an experienced horse-dealer scans the points of a hunter before purchasing him. A deep guttural “ugh” which might express either approval or the contrary, followed his rapid perusal of their persons.

“What are your names? Mind, I’m not particular about names myself—I think one name’s as good as another, and sometimes better, but it’s convenient to have one of some sort,” said the man.

“I’m called Paul, and my cousin, Freddy here, we call him Fred,” replied Paul.

“Good! and if you’ve a curiosity about my name, ’tis Abram Skearsley, sole proprietor of the ‘Royal Temple of Nature and Art, and Great Star Menagerie.’ Leastways, that’s my business

name, which you'll see in gilt letters outside of the Temple, just under the queen's arms, which I've taken the liberty of altering her ryle mottoe—'*Honey's sweet*,' you know—and puttin' up in place of it, '*Abram Skearsley, from Ipswich*.' But when I do the hartistic dodge—such as lifting a cannon with my teeth and twisting a kitchen-poker into a hopera-tie round the neck of a hinnocent yokel, I take my hart name, and announce myself to the admiring world as the Don Manoel Ferdinand, Joel, de Silva, Cabanas, y Principe de Leporello—the world-renowned Incombustible Spaniard and Exterminator of Crocodiles from the Rocky Mountains of Chimboraza." The boys stared in mute astonishment at the speaker, who continued:—"Having a couple of do-nothing days on my hands before the fair of Cricklewell, where we are going, I thought I might as well give the hosses and the wild hanimals, and the hartists a rest, so took up my quarters over yonder amongst the trees, and a very snug spot it is I can tell you."

Looking in the direction to which he pointed, the boys now perceived what appeared to be a large wooden chest, mounted on wheels and painted bright yellow, snugly embayed in a sheltered nook on the opposite side of the inclosure. A window in the side, and a small black funnel projecting through what should be the lid of the chest, led to a suspicion that it was employed as a human *vivarium*.

"It's a werry comfortable spot is that, so, as it's getting on to supper-time, we'll jine the company, and see what my old 'ooman has prepared for our evening 'peck,'" continued the showman, taking a hand of the two boys—one in each of his,—and directing his steps towards the "Temple."

"I dessay your appetites is pretty sharp by this time?" suggested the boys' new friend.

They confessed they were both very hungry.

"Jess so; and you wouldn't turn up your noses at a dish of stewed hobnails with Ojibbeway sauce, or a fine old shoe done up nicely in a pan with brown candle-ends?"

Paul and Fred instinctively shuddered at the idea of such horrid messes, and internally determined to die of starvation rather than taste them.

It was the particular time,—the hour preceding the sunset of a glorious summer's day,—which your true Bedouin, gipsy, tramp, pilgrim, stroller, and every member of the widely-extended nomadic family, loves better than the other twenty-three together—at which the

artistes of the Temple of Nature and Art, delivering themselves up to its soft influence, were calmly awaiting the crowning incident, or, as a Frenchman would more magniloquently express it, the "*moment suprême*," of supper, which promised to be what the newspaper dinner reporters describe as "all that the most fastidious palate could desire." A stout, middle-aged woman, the wife of the "proprietor," was busily engaged in the concoction of the savoury mess in a capacious kettle which hung suspended over a fire on the ground by means of a rudely-constructed triangle formed of branches of trees. The Comic Man, who had been playing cribbage with the Contortionist over a dirty pack of cards on the steps of the "Temple," overcome by a sudden gush of steam—more than usually fragrant of onions—issuing from the kettle, on the lid being partially raised by the culinary priestess, actually missed two "fifteens" in his crib, and deservedly lost the game. The Moldavian Giantess, seated on a bundle of hay, mending a pair of elaborately-perforated stockings, paused at her work, and turned an affectionate regard upon the seething cauldron; and the Flying Princess of the Carribee Isles, that is to say, the cherished daughter of the proprietor of the Temple, who was condescendingly washing her one muslin dress,—an operation that necessitated the appearance of the Princess in her *jupon*, which, besides being somewhat deficient in length, was remarkable for a curiously-machiolated border or edging,—declared her belief that she should "pitch into the grub like winkin' that evening."

The Princess's phraseology, it may be observed, was not of the most elevated or refined order,—a fact that may be attributed to the faults of her early education; for when not pursuing her ordinary walk in life on the tight-rope, her Royal Highness usually spent her time practising flip-flaps with the clown, or learning to beat the drum with the Wild Man of Bohemia. The ferocity of the said Wild Man was at this moment exhibiting itself in the harmless but rather tedious process of extracting a pint of perriwinkles from their shelly cornets by means of a strong hair-pin borrowed for the occasion from the Melodious Mermaid of the South-Sea Islands, who had apparently forsaken her native element in the wash-tub, where the two youngest hopes of the family were performing their ablutions in a state of something more or less than semi-nudity.

The Melodious Mermaid, I should remark, was considered pretty; at least, this was the opinion of the male portion of the artistic community to which she belonged; while the ladies as

stoutly maintained that she was an ugly, sallow, squinting brazen-faced ——. Ladies! ladies! you are really going too far. Suffice to say, the Mermaid was hated by all the feminines of the company, and especially so by the proprietor's wife, who had her own private reasons for suspecting that the gallant exterminator of crocodiles, from the Rocky Mountains of the Chimboraza, had clandestinely presented the "fair mischief" with those golden bullet-drop ear-rings which she so ostentatiously displayed in public. In short, she was the cause of more bitter feuds amongst her acquaintances, male and female, than the famous Helen of Troy. The Mexican Dwarf was at dagger's drawn with the Fire-King; and the Wild Man of Bohemia scowled vengefully on the Comic Man, who did not attempt to disguise his passion for the Mermaid; while she, embarrassed by the number of her suitors, hesitated to make a choice, and smiled with winning impartiality upon all. Nothing on earth, however, is perfect; the Mermaid, though lovely, was not perfect. Nature had enviously sent her into the world without legs; but to recompense her for the deficiency of her inferior extremities, she had bestowed, upon her a splendid head of jet black hair, of such length that, if left to fall unconfined, it had, as Lord Byron expresses it, "swept the marble where her feet ——" The simile fails us as to the feet; but no matter, the couplet possesses the right number, although the lady did not.

At all events, it was this deficiency of legs and feet, and that abundance of long black hair, which led to the happy thought of putting Polly Medlum, when a mere child, into the mermaid line, a *rôle* which she sustained, by the aid of a curiously-fashioned fish-tail, a comb, and a small mirror, with the most flattering success, to the time when she had become one of the most popular and attractive of the numerous wonders to be witnessed by the intelligent British public in "Skearsley's Unrivalled Theatre of Nature and Art, and Great Star Menagerie," to which the charge for admission was represented by the insignificant coin of one penny.

To return:—the grateful odour diffused by the cookery saluted the nostrils of the Exterminator of Crocodiles, who, sniffing the rich air as he entered the leafy nook, winked mysteriously at the boys, and walked directly to the kettle, from which he removed the cover, and for a few moments was completely hidden from the world by the wreaths of savoury steam which enveloped his manly form.

"Look here, my young and intelligent friends," said the Exterminator, speaking from his cloud like one of the dimly-seen

heroes of Ossian. "Here's a huncommon proof of the goodness of Providence! When this 'ere kettle was hung over that 'ere fire this morning, there was nothing in it but water; and I'm blest now if a hare, and a rabbit, and a jolly barn-door fowl haven't jumped into it of their own accord—for which act of politeness we're all very much obliged to them, and werry thankful to Providence, which sends us so many things we don't expect."

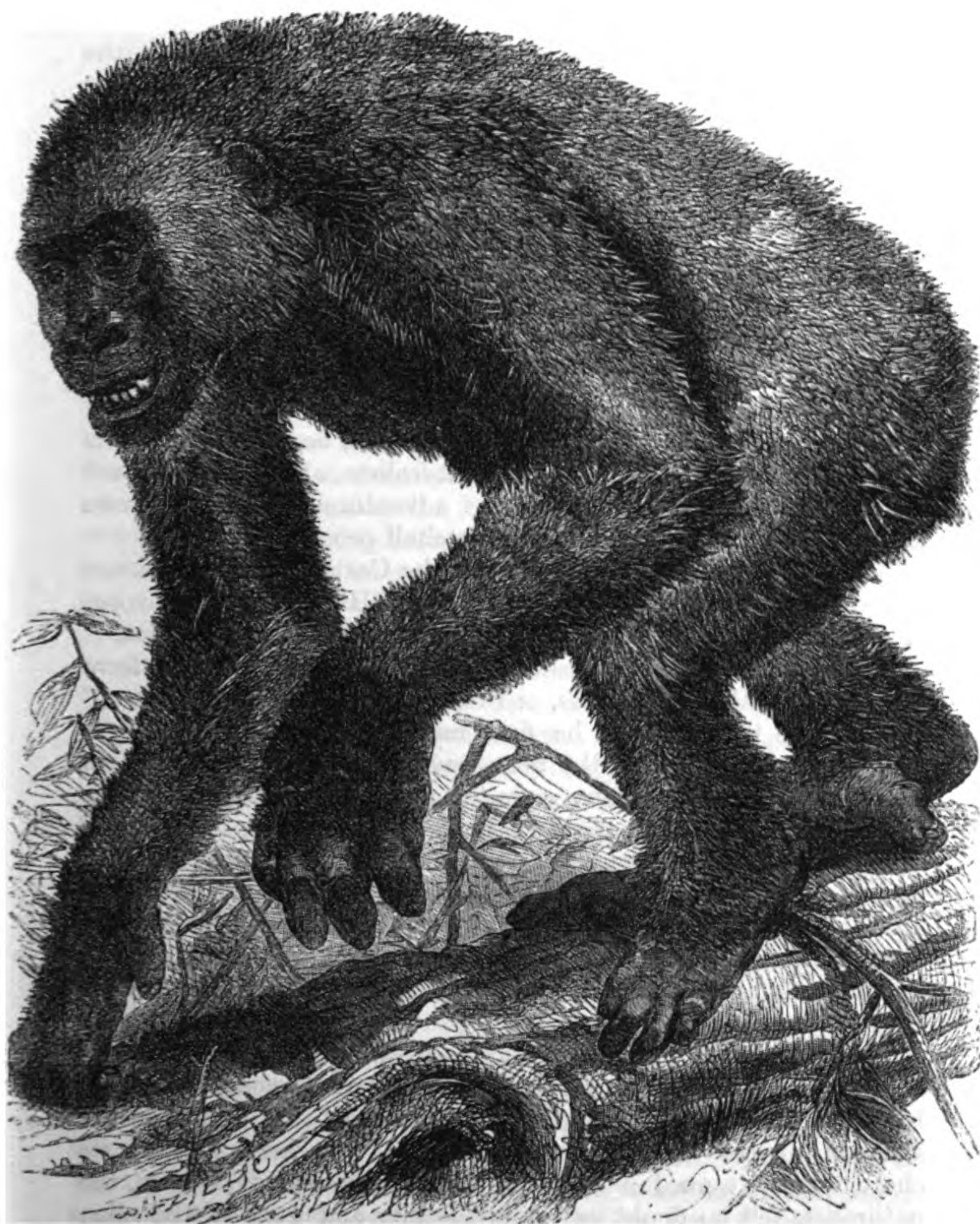
Having pronounced these moral reflections over the reeking contents of the kettle, he formally introduced Paul and Fred to his wife—professionally celebrated as the Signora Sacchi Saccharini, the renowned performer on the *corde volante*, and Sabre Swallower to Kang-Kee-Hoa, Emperor of all the Chinas. The signora cast an angry and savage glance at the unwelcome guests, whom she would probably have dismissed with little ceremony but for a few words whispered in her ear by their protector, which checked her rising wrath, and induced her to honour them with a benevolent smile and point to an old horse-rug where they were to sit. An irascible and evil-disposed wire-haired mongrel, with one red eye, and ears curiously cut, known in his public performances as the Wonderful Esquimaux Dog,—being already in possession of the coat, showed a disposition to maintain the rights of property by the display of a set of teeth that inspired rather uncomfortable feelings, by associating them closely with the calf of the leg, or some other fleshy portion of the human anatomy.

"Poor fellow! poor fellow!" cried Paul, endeavouring to propitiate the brute—but still afraid to approach him.

"G-r-r-r-r!" replied the dog, fixing his fiery eye upon the frightened boys.

"Hang the dog! Nothing will teach him civility," said Abram, giving the unlucky animal a kick in the ribs, which sent him howling away, and left the horse-rug for the boys. Supper then commenced, and the artistes drew together with a common determination to profit by an opportunity which did not too frequently occur in their little community. For the moment, jealousies became hushed, feuds forgotten, and injuries forgiven in the all-absorbing pleasure of eating. Paul and Fred, oblivious of their misfortunes, continued to demolish hare, rabbit, and fowl until they could not eat another morsel; when Skearsley, silyly poking them in the ribs, observed, with a knowing wink, "Well, boys, this is better than an old shoe done up with brown candle-ends for supper."

(To be continued.)



A WORD ABOUT THE GORILLA.

DURING the whole of last year the most frequent topic of conversation was the gorilla and M. du Chaillu, and few of us escaped the interrogation—"Have you read the Gorilla book?"

Now, as this book is too expensive to have come within the reach of most boys, we think we shall be conferring a favour on our young friends if in a few simple words we give them a short account of the formidable and singular beast, of which the said book treats. For the information embodied in our account of this novelty in natural history we are principally indebted to the remarkable narrative of Du Chaillu, and to the able descriptions of the Rev. J. G. Wood and P. H. Gosse, F.R.S.

If our unpretending attempts to popularize the results of their investigations should hereafter prompt our readers to consult the sources from which we have drawn our information, we feel that we shall be rendering them an essential service.

The gorilla, the largest of the anthropoid, or manlike apes, is comparatively strange to modern naturalists, although supposed to have been known to at least one adventurous voyageur more than two thousand years since, as we shall proceed to show.

Somewhere about the year 350 B.C. the Carthaginians organized a naval expedition under the command of Hanno for the purpose of examining and of founding colonies along the coast of Africa.

The narrative of this expedition has been preserved in the form of a work entitled, "Periplus, or the Circumnavigation of Hanno," in which he tells us that he first met with specimens of these animals on an island off the west coast of Africa. These are his words:—"There were many more females than males all equally covered with hair on all parts of the body. The interpreters called them GORILLAS. On pursuing them we could not succeed in taking a single male; they all escaped with astonishing swiftness and threw stones at us; however, we took three females who defended themselves with so much violence that we were obliged to kill them, but we brought their skins stuffed with straw to Carthage."

For more than two thousand years afterwards scarcely anything was heard of the gorilla, except vague rumours of woods being haunted by wild men; but at last some bones and then the skeleton of the whole animal found its way here, and as its characteristics agreed exactly with the statements of Hanno, the naturalists felt no doubt as to its identity and gave it the same name that it seems to have borne in his day.

It is now generally admitted that the gorilla is nearer akin to man than any other of the anthropoid apes, although such learned men as Professors Duvernoy, St. Hilaire, and Dr. Jeffries Wyman rank the chimpanzee before it.

The reason why we were so imperfectly acquainted with the gorilla, until the appearance of M. du Chaillu's remarkable book, seems pretty plain. For in the words of an eminent writer on natural history*—"A knowledge of the habits of animals is only to be gained by a long residence in their vicinity, and by careful watching. With some creatures this is an easy task, but there are others which are so wary, active, and fierce, that a close inspection is almost impossible. Among the worst of such objects is the gorilla. In the first place, it is only to be found in the wild jungles of the Gaboon, far from man and his habitations. Then it is wary, as are all the apes, and is said to be so ferocious that if it sees a man, it immediately attacks him, so that there would be little time for gaining any knowledge of the creature's domestic habits, and scarcely any likelihood of surviving to tell the result of the investigation." The negroes themselves dare scarcely ever attack it, and if a native should have the good luck to slay a gorilla, he is a made man for life, and is at once looked upon as one of the chiefs of the tribe to which he belongs.

"The average height of an adult gorilla is five feet six inches, and its arms have a spread of at least seven feet two inches. The chest usually measures fifty inches round. The big toe or thumb of its foot is about $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches in circumference. The arm is formed chiefly of immense bunches of muscle, and its legs and claw-like feet are so well fitted for clutching and tenaciously holding, as to induce the negroes to believe that this animal purposely conceals itself in trees, that it may suddenly pounce upon and seize with its foot any living thing that passes beneath. A gorilla at the age of three years old is at least two feet six inches in height. The colour of the skin of this hideous caricature of man, young as well as old, is intense black. This colour, however, is only visible in the face, the breast, and in the palms of the hands, the rest of the skin being densely covered with hair.

The eyes of the gorilla are deeply sunken, the immense overhanging, bony, superciliary ridge, or broad forehead, giving to the face the expression of a constant savage scowl. The mouth is wide, and the lips are sharply cut, exhibiting no red on the edges, as in the human face, and its jaws are of tremendous weight and power.

As far as we know at present, the gorilla takes care to shun man, and roams about often alone in the recesses of the wildest forests. It is a restless beast, and is seldom seen two days

* Rev. J. G. Wood.

together in the same neighbourhood. This restlessness is partly caused by the difficulty it has to find its favourite food. The gorilla is a strict vegetarian, the usual articles of its diet being berries, pineapple leaves, wild sugar-cane, and, above all, a kind of nut enclosed in a very hard shell, so hard, indeed, that it requires a heavy hammer to break it; and this is probably one use for which was designed its enormous strength of jaw, which is sufficiently evidenced by the facility with which the gorilla flattens the musket of any hunter who may be unfortunate enough to fall in its way.

One of the peculiar habits commonly attributed to the gorilla, is to lie concealed among the thick branches of the forest trees, and there to await the approach of its prey, generally in the form of some poor unsuspecting negro. The moment the victim comes within reach, the gorilla darts out its terrible hind-foot, grasps its victim round the throat, lifts him from the earth, and finally drops him down lifeless or dead.

This dreaded propensity of the gorilla is enough to dissuade the native hunter from the chase of the savage brute; but M. du Chaillu positively declares that the gorilla never does anything of the sort, and as he has a good claim to be regarded as the best authority on such matters, we may safely disabuse ourselves of such a belief.

The natives of Africa have a most wholesome dread of the gorilla, and imagine that its body is the residence of the spirits of the departed. The following anecdotes told by M. du Chaillu will suffice to demonstrate the existence of this feeling of apprehension:—

“I remember,” said a negro, amongst a group of others, to M. du Chaillu, “my father told me he once went out in the forest, when, just in his path, he met a great gorilla. My father had a spear in his hands: when the gorilla saw the spear he began to roar. Then my father was terrified, and dropped his spear. When the gorilla saw that my father dropped his spear, he was glad. He looked at him, then left him, and went into the thick forest. Then my father was glad, and went on his way.”

Here all the company shouted together,—“Yes, so we must do when we meet the gorilla. Drop the spear—that appeases him.”

Next another negro spoke:—

“Several dry seasons ago, a man suddenly disappeared from my village after an angry quarrel. Some time after an Ashira of that village was out in the forest. He met a very large gorilla. That

gorilla was the man who had disappeared. He had turned into a gorilla. He jumped upon the poor Ashira, and bit a piece out of his arm. Then he let him go. Then the man came back with his bleeding arm. He told me this."

"The natives also have an idea that these, and other large apes, are really men; but that they pretend to be dumb, in order to escape impressment as slaves."

Fortunately for those human beings who happen to come within reach of these terrible animals, the gorilla is one of the most dull and stupid creatures imaginable, as the following anecdote will show:—

"If it finds the remnant of a fire which has been relinquished by the persons who kindled it, the gorilla is greatly charmed with the novel sensation produced by artificial warmth, and sits by the bright wonder with much satisfaction. As the fire fails, and the glowing brands sink into white ashes, the animal draws closer to the expiring embers and does not desert them until all the heat has left the spot. But it never thinks of keeping up the fire by placing fresh fuel upon it, and does not even learn to imitate the action, which it may often have seen performed by the hunters who kindled the fire and kept it well supplied with fuel during the night."

Mr. T. E. Bowdich, who, as far back as 1819, gave us an account of the gorilla, also tells us that one of its actions is that of building a house in rude imitation of the natives, and sleeping outside on the roof of it.

One, if not the only redeeming trait of the gorilla is the strong affection it entertains for its young. M. du Chaillu, in his book, forcibly illustrates this habit by the following anecdote:—

"During one of our hunting excursions we were walking along in silence when I heard a cry, and presently saw before me a female gorilla, with a tiny baby gorilla hanging to her breast and sucking. The mother was stroking the little one, and looking fondly down at it; and the scene was so pretty and touching that I held my fire, and considered—like a soft-hearted fellow—whether I had better not leave them in peace. Before I could make up my mind, however, my hunter fired and killed the mother, who fell without a struggle.

"The mother fell, but the baby clung to her, and, with pitiful cries, endeavoured to attract her attention. I came up, and when it saw me it hid its poor little head in its mother's breast. It could neither walk nor bite, so we could easily manage it; and I

carried it, while my men bore the mother on a pole. When we got to the village another scene ensued. The men put the body down and I set the little fellow near. As soon as he saw his mother he crawled to her and threw himself on her breast. He did not find his accustomed nourishment, and I saw that he perceived something was the matter with the old one. He crawled over her body, smelt at it, and gave utterance from time to time to a plaintive cry, 'Hoo, hoo, hoo,' which touched my heart. I could get no milk for this poor little fellow, who could not eat, and consequently died on the third day after he was caught."

The strength of the gorilla seems to be in keeping with his other marvellous personal characteristics; and even the lion seems in a fair way of losing its claim to the title of "king of beasts," as the gorilla has driven it quite out of the Gaboon territory. In its rage it has been known to tear down trees of at least eight inches in diameter. Du Chaillu tells us that its strength is so enormous that a young one between two and three years of age required four stout men to hold it, and even then, in its struggles, bit one severely. Mr. Gosse states that the male gorilla is usually armed with a stout stick when on the scout; and that whenever an elephant is feeding on what this monster probably considers its own property, the gorilla administers it such a drubbing with its staff, that the elephant rushes off trumpeting shrilly with rage and pain.

"If in firing at a gorilla the hunter misses, the huge beast at once rushes on him, and the poor man's life is as good as lost. One blow of that huge paw and its nails, and the poor hunter's entrails are torn out, his breast-bone broken, or his skull crushed. No animal is so fatal in its attack on man as this, for the reason that it meets him face to face and uses its arms as its weapons of defence, just as a man or a prizefighter would—only that it has longer arms, and vastly greater strength than the strongest boxer the world ever saw."

In the Gaboon territory there flourishes a kind of nut with a very hard shell, and of this the gorilla is remarkably fond. Now it is well known that nuts contain much concentrated nutriment, only they require a very powerful stomach to digest them properly. The stomach of the gorilla is very strong, and the consumption of a large quantity of these nuts augments the growth of its muscular fibre, and gives it that enormous power we have heard so much of.

Du Chaillu tells us that the first time he saw gorillas he felt almost like a murderer after killing one of them. "As they ran on

their hind legs they looked fearfully like hairy men; their heads down their bodies inclined forward, their whole appearance like men running for their lives."

Before we conclude this article, we think it will be interesting to our readers if we quote Du Chaillu's first encounter with the so-called "Wild Man of the Woods:"—

"We were walking along, when suddenly Miengai uttered a little *click* with his tongue, which is the native's way of showing that something is stirring, and that a sharp look-out is necessary. And presently I noticed ahead of us seemingly a noise as of some one breaking down branches or twigs of trees.

"This was the gorilla, I knew at once by the eager and satisfied looks of my men. They looked once more carefully at their guns, to see if by any chance the powder had fallen out of the pans. I also examined mine, to make sure that all was right, and then we marched on cautiously.

"The singular noise of the breaking of tree-branches continued. We walked with the greatest care, making no noise at all. The countenances of the men showed that they thought themselves engaged in a very serious undertaking; but we pushed on, and finally we thought we saw through the thick woods the moving of the branches and small trees, which the great beast was tearing down, probably to get from them the berries and fruits he lives on.

"Suddenly, as we were yet creeping along in a silence which made a heavy breath seem loud and distinct, the woods were at once filled with the tremendous barking roar of the gorilla.

"Then the underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on his all-fours; but when he saw our party he erected himself and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think I shall never forget. Nearly six feet high (he proved four inches shorter), with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely glaring large deep grey eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some nightmare vision: thus stood before us the king of the African forest.

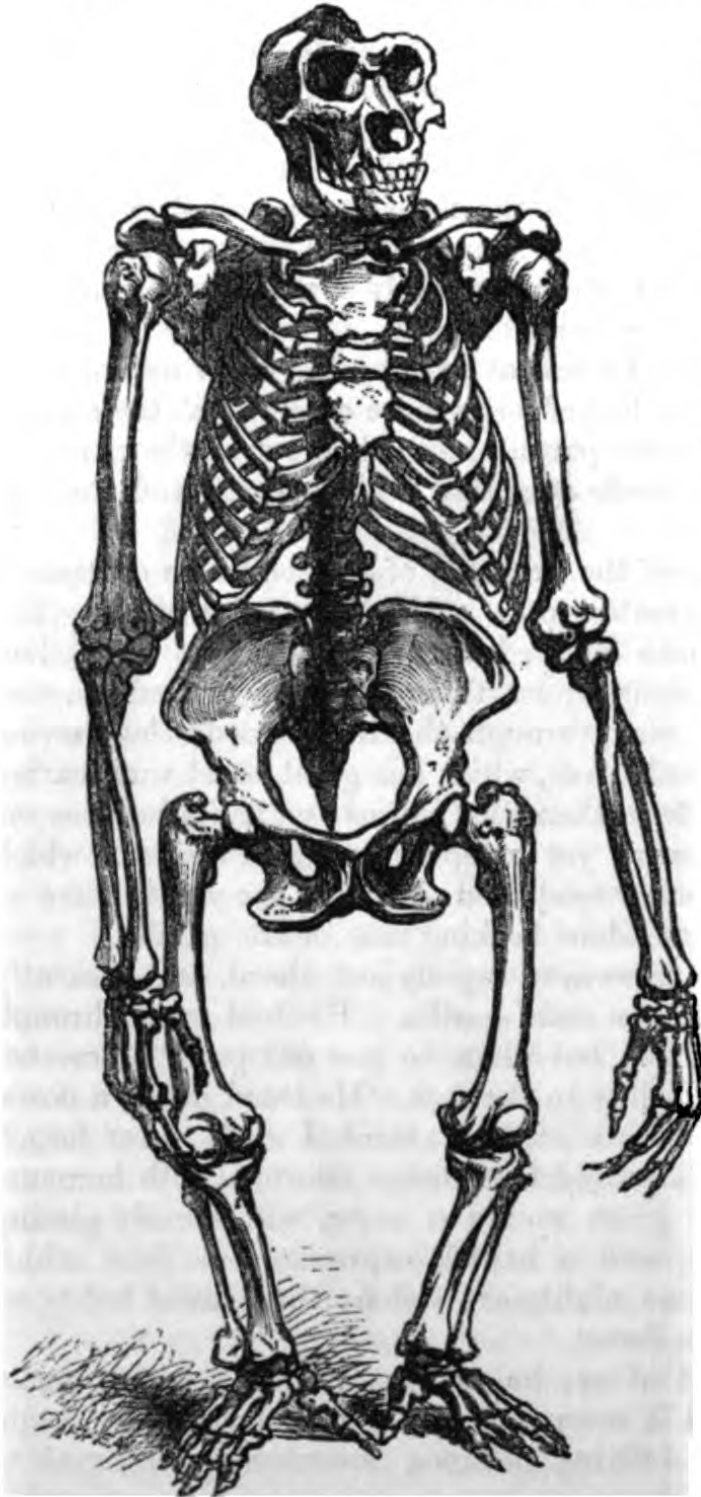
"He was not afraid of us; he stood there and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass-drum, which is their mode of offering defiance, meantime giving vent to roar after roar.

"The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp bark, like an

angry dog, then glides into a deep bass *roll*, which literally and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder. So deep is it that

it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch.

"His eyes began to flash fire as we stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again set forth a thunderous roar. And now he truly reminded me of nothing but some hellish dream-creature—a being of that hideous order, half-man, half-beast, which we find pictured by old artists in some representations of the infernal regions. He advanced a few steps, then stopped to utter that hideous roar again; advanced again, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, just as he began another of his roars,



SKELETON OF THE GORILLA.

beating his breast in rage, we fired and killed him.

"With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, he fell forward on his face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a struggling way, and then all was quiet; death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body. It proved to be five feet eight inches high, and the muscular development of the arms and breast showed what immense strength it had possessed."

It is a remarkable fact that a live gorilla has never been brought to England. Du Chaillu tried to tame several when they were very young, but they all died within a short time. It is his opinion that the adult gorilla is utterly untamable, and he also states that no treatment of his could subdue the little monsters from their inborn ferocity and malignity.

And now, as our readers probably imagine that man and the gorilla are similar in many respects, let us proceed to show what a vast difference there is in reality between them.

In order to make this more apparent, we have introduced a drawing of the two skeletons placed side by side. What grace and dignity there is in the one compared with the awkward slouching position of the other. Look at man: a form light in structure,



SKELETON OF MAN.

and perfectly balanced on the small and delicate feet; slender arms, with hands descending to the thighs; a skull, smooth and round; jawbones small and symmetrical, and teeth white and regular. Now, take the gorilla: its head sunk upon its shoulders; its long arms, with paws at their extremities, reaching to the knees; its short, ill-shapen legs, unable to support its huge body without the help of the arms; its massive jawbones and protruding face, and its huge hip-joints; besides, the position of the orifice in the skull through which the spinal cord enters the brain, is totally different to the human race. In man, the orifice is so placed that the head is nearly balanced, and, consequently, a considerable portion of the skull projects behind it; but in the gorilla the orifice is set so far back that the whole weight of the brain and skull is thrown forward, and thus overbalances the body. These are the most important differences between man and the gorilla, and to the youthful student who would still be better informed on this interesting subject, we would recommend the pamphlets of Professor Owen, as well as the works of Waterhouse Hawkins, and many others.

We cannot well conclude without touching upon the unseemly dispute that was raised as to the veracity of Du Chaillu's narrative. The first point his detractors dilated upon was the dates. Du Chaillu is obviously not a trained literary man, as the loose style of his composition plainly shows; and as, in his preface, he says it is easier work to kill gorillas than to write about them, is it not very probable that such inaccuracies as wrong dates might occur from mere inadvertence? Then one sage critic states that, in his opinion, his skins were old rotten ones, which he bought of the natives on the coast; and that, as there was no hair on the back of them, Du Chaillu declared that the old males leant against a trunk of a tree when asleep, and thus rubbed it all off. Bah! this is absurd. In important facts he has not been proved incorrect; and with Professor Owen and others to stand by him, the valiant little gorilla-killer may well disregard the childish arguments of his detractors.



The Artist's Narrow Escape from the Bear.

THE WILD MAN OF THE WEST:

A Tale of the Rocky Mountains.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE.

CHAPTER III.

The Beauties of the Wilderness—Portages—Philosophy of Settling Down—
An enormous Footprint—Supper procured, and a Bear-hunt in prospect.

AFTER paddling, and hauling, and lifting, and tearing, and wading, and toiling, and struggling, for three weeks, our hero and his friends found themselves deep in the heart of the unknown wilderness—unknown, at least, to the civilized world, though not altogether unknown to the trappers and the Red Indians of the Far West.

There is something inexpressibly romantic and captivating in the idea of traversing those wild regions of this beautiful world of ours which have never been visited by human beings, with the exception of the few wandering savages who dwell therein.

So thought and felt young Marston, one splendid afternoon, as he toiled up to the summit of a grassy mound with a heavy pack on his shoulders. Throwing down the pack, he seated himself upon it, wiped his heated brow with the sleeve of his hunting shirt, and gazed with delight upon the noble landscape that lay spread out before him.

"Ha! *that's* the sort o' thing—that's it!"—he exclaimed, nodding his head, as if the rich and picturesque arrangement of wood and water had been got up expressly for his benefit, and he were pleased to signify his entire approval of it.

"That's just it," he continued, after a short contemplative pause, "just what I expected to find. Ain't I glad? eh!"

March certainly looked as if he was; but, being at that moment alone, no one replied to his question or shared his enjoyment. After another short pause he resumed his audible meditations.

"Now, did ever any one see sich a place as this in all the wide

'arth? That's what I want to know. Never! Just look at it now. There's miles an' miles o' woods an' plains, an' lakes, an' rivers, wherever I choose to look—all round me. And there are deer, too, lots of 'em, lookin' quite tame, and no wonder, for I suppose the fut of man never rested here before, except, maybe, the fut of a redskin now an' again. And there's poplars, an' oaks, an' willows, as thick as they can grow."

March might have added that there were also elm, and sycamore, and ash, and hickory, and walnut, and cotton-wood trees in abundance, with numerous aspen groves, in the midst of which were lakelets margined with reeds and hare-bells, and red willows, and wild roses, and choke-berries, and prickly pears, and red and white currants. He might, we say, have added all this, and a great deal more, with perfect truth; but he didn't, for his knowledge of the names of such things was limited, so he confined himself, like a wise youth, to the enumeration of those things that he happened to be acquainted with.

"And," continued March, starting up and addressing his remark to a hollow in the ground a few yards off, "there's grisly bars here, too, for there's the fut-mark of one, as sure as I'm a white man!"

Most people would have been inclined to differ with March in regard to his being a white man, for he was as brown as constant exposure in hot weather could make him; but he referred to his blood rather than to his skin, which was that of white parents.

The foot-print which he had discovered was, indeed, that of a grisly bear, and he examined it with more than usual interest, for, although many of those ferocious denizens of the western woods had been already seen, and a few shot by the trappers on their voyage to this point, none had been seen so large as the monster whose foot-print now attracted Marston's attention. The print was eleven inches long, exclusive of the claws, and seven inches broad.

While March was busily engaged in examining it, Black Gibault came panting up the hill with a huge pack on his back.

"Ho! March, me garçon, v'at you be find là?" cried the Canadian, throwing down his pack, and advancing.

"A bar, Gibault; Caleb himself. A regular big un, too. Just look here."

"Ah! oui, vraiment; dat am be one extonishin' vopper, sure 'nuff. Mais, him's gone pass long ago, so you better come away an' finish de portage."

"Not I, lad," cried March, gaily, as he flung himself upon the grassy mound; "I'm goin' to admire this splendid country till I'm tired of it, and leave you and the other fellows to do the work."

"Oh! ver' goot," replied Gibault, sitting down beside our hero, and proceeding to fill his pipe, "I will 'mire de contray, too, Ha! it be unmarkibly beautiful—specially when beholdded troo one cloud of tabacco smoke."

"Alas! Gibault, we'll have to move off sooner than we expected, for there it comes."

The two friends leaped up simultaneously, and, seizing their packs, hurried down the mound, entered the thick bushes, and vanished.

The object whose sudden appearance had occasioned this abrupt departure would, in truth, have been somewhat singular, not to say alarming, in aspect, to those who did not know its nature. At a distance, it looked like one of those horrible antediluvian monsters one reads of, with a lank body, about thirty feet long. It was reddish yellow in colour, and came on at a slow crawling pace, its back appearing occasionally above the underwood. Presently its outline became more defined, and it turned out to be a canoe instead of an antediluvian monster, with Big Waller and Bounce acting the part of legs to it. Old Redhand, the trapper, and Hawkswing, the Indian, walked alongside, ready to relieve their comrades when they should grow tired,—for a large canoe is a heavy load for two men,—or to assist them in unusually bad places, or to support them and prevent accidents, should they chance to stumble.

"Have a care now, lad, at the last step," said Redhand, who walked a little in advance.

"Yer help would be better than yer advice, old feller," replied Bounce, as he stepped upon the ridge or mound which Marston and his companion had just quitted. "Lend a hand; we'll take a spell here. I do believe my shoulder's out 'o jint. There, gently,—that's it."

"Wall, I guess this *is* Eden," cried Big Waller, gazing around him with unfeigned delight. "Leastwise, if it ain't, it must be the very nixt location to them there diggins of old father Adam. Ain't it splendiferous?"

Big Waller was an out-and-out Yankee trapper. It is a mistake to suppose that all Yankees "guess" and "calculate," and talk through their noses. There are many who don't, as well as many who do; but certain it is that Big Waller possessed all of

these peculiarities in an alarming degree. Moreover, he was characteristically thin, and tall, and sallow. Nevertheless, he was a hearty, good-natured fellow, not given to boasting so much as most of his class, but much more given to the performance of daring deeds. In addition to his other qualities, the stout Yankee had a loud, thundering, melodious voice, which he was fond of using, and tremendous activity of body, which he was fond of exhibiting.

He was quite a contrast, in all respects, to his Indian companion, Hawkswing, who, although about as tall, was not nearly so massive or powerful. Like most North American Indians, he was grave and taciturn in disposition; in other respects, there was nothing striking about him. He was clad, like his comrades, in a trapper's hunting shirt and leggings; but he scorned to use a cap of any kind, conceiving that his thick, straight black hair was a sufficient covering, as, undoubtedly, it was. He was as courageous as most men; a fair average shot, and, when occasion required, as lithe and agile as a panther; but he was not a hero; few savages are. He possessed one good quality, however, beyond his kinsmen; he preferred mercy to revenge, and did not gloat over the idea of tearing the scalps off his enemies, and fringing his coat and leggings therewith.

"'Tis a sweet spot," said Redhand to his comrades, who stood or reclined in various attitudes around him. "Such a place as I've often thought of casting anchor in for life."

"An' why don't ye, then?" inquired Waller. "If I was thinkin' o' locating down any whar', I guess I'd jine ye, old man. But I'm too fond o' rovin' for that yet. I calc'late it'll be some years afore I come to that pint. Why don't ye build a log-hut, and enjoy yerself?"

"'Cause I've not just come to that point either," replied the old man, with a smile.

Redhand had passed his best days many years before. His form was spare, and his silvery locks were thin; but his figure was still tall and straight as a poplar, and the fire of youth still lingered in his dark blue eye. The most striking and attractive point about Redhand was the extreme kindliness that beamed in his countenance. A long life in the wilderness had wrinkled it; but every wrinkle tended, somehow, to bring out the great characteristic of the man. Even his frown had something kindly in it. The prevailing aspect was that of calm serenity. Redhand spoke little, but he was an attentive listener, and, although he

never laughed loudly, he laughed often and heartily, in his own way, at the sallies of his younger comrades. In youth, he must have been a strikingly handsome man. Even in old age, he was a strong one.

"I'll tell ye wot's my opinion now, boys, in regard to settlin' down," said Bounce, who, having filled and lighted his pipe, now found himself in a position to state his views comfortably. "Ye see, settlin' down may, in a gin'ral way, be said to be nonsense. In pint o' fact, there ain't no sich a thing as settlin' down. When a feller sits down, why, in a short bit, he's bound to rise up agin, and when he goes to bed, he means for to git up next mornin'." (Here Bounce paused, drew several whiffs, and rammed down the tobacco in his pipe with the end of his little finger.) "Then, when a feller locates in a place, he's sure for to be movin' about, more or less, as long as he's got a leg to stand on. Now, what I say is, that when a man comes to talk o' settlin' down, he's losin' heart for a wanderin' life among all the beautiful things o' creation, an' when a man loses heart for the beautiful things o' creation, he'll soon settle down for good and all. He's in a bad way, he is, and oughtn't to encourage hisself in sich feelin's. I b'lieve that to be the feelosophy o' the whole affair, and I don't b'lieve that nobody o' common edication—I don't mean school edication, but backwoods' edication—would go for to think otherwise. Wot say you, Waller?"

"Sartinly not," replied the individual thus appealed to.

Big Waller had a deep reverence for the supposed wisdom of his friend Bounce. He listened to his lucubrations with earnest attention at all times, and, when he understood them, usually assented to all his friend said. When Bounce became too profound for him, as was not unfrequently the case, he contented himself with nodding his head, as though to say, "I'm with you in heart, lad, though not quite clear in my mind, but it's all right, *I'm* quite sartin."

"Well, then," resumed Bounce, turning to Redhand, "what do *you* think o' them sentiments, old man?"

Redhand, who had been paying no attention whatever to these sentiments, but, during the delivery of them, had been gazing wistfully out upon the wide expanse of country before him, laid his hand on Bounce's shoulder, and said, in a low earnest tone—

"It's a grand country! D'ye see the little clear spot yonder, on the river bank, with the aspen grove behind it, an' the run of prairie on the right, an' the little lake not a gun-shot off on the

left? That's the spot I've sometimes thought of locatin' on when my gun begins to feel too heavy. There'll be cities there some day. Bricks, and mortar, and stone, 'll change its face—an' corn fields, an' ——, but not in our day, lad, not in our day. The redskins and the bears 'll hold it as long as we're above ground. Yes, I'd like to settle down there."

"Come, come, Redhand," said Bounce, "this sort o' thing 'll never do. Why, you're as hale and hearty as the best on us. Wot on 'arth makes you talk of settlin' down in that there fashion?"

"Ha!" exclaimed Waller, energetically, "I guess if ye goes on in that style ye'll turn into a riglar hiplecondrik—ain't that the word, Bounce? I heer'd the minister say as it was the wust kind o' the blues. What's *your* opinion o' settlin' down, Hawks-wing?"

To this question the Indian gravely replied, in his own language, (with which the trappers were well acquainted), that, not having the remotest idea of what they were talking about, he entertained no opinion in regard to it whatever.

"Well, wotiver others may hold," remarked Bounce, emphatically, "I'm strong agin settlin' down nowhar'."

"So am I, out an' out," said Waller.

"Dat be plain to the naked eye," observed Gibault, coming up at the moment. "Surement you hav settle down here for ever. Do you s'pose, mes garçons, dat de canoe will carry *hissself* over de portage? Voilà! vat is dat?"

Gibault pointed to the foot-print of the grisly bear, as he spoke.

"It's a bar," remarked Bounce, quietly.

"Caleb," added Waller, giving the name frequently applied to the grisly bear by western hunters. "I calc'late it's nothin' new to see Caleb's fut in the mud."

"Mais, it be new to see hims fut so big, you ogly Yankee," cried Gibault, putting Waller's cap over his eyes, and running into the bush to avoid the consequences.

At that moment a deer emerged from the bushes, about fifty yards from the spot on which the trappers rested, and, plunging into the river, made for the opposite bank.

"There's our supper," said Bounce, quietly lifting his rifle in a leisurely way, and taking aim without rising from the spot on which he sat or removing the pipe from his lips.

The sharp crack was followed by a convulsive heave on the part of the deer, which fell over on its side and floated down stream.

Big Waller gave utterance to a roar of satisfaction, and, flinging his pipe from him, bounded down the bank towards a point of rock, where he knew, from the set of the current, the deer would certain to be stranded. Gibault, forgetting his recent piece of impertinence, darted towards the same place, and both men reached it at the same instant. Big Waller immediately lifted his little friend in his huge arms, and tossed him into the centre of a thick soft bush, out of which he scrambled in time to see his comrade catch the deer by the horns, as it floated past, and drag it on shore.

"Hah! I vill pay you off von time," cried Gibault,* laughing and shaking his fist at Waller. Then, seizing the last bale of goods that had not been carried across the portage, he ran away with it nimbly up the banks of the stream.

Big Waller placed the deer on his shoulders with some difficulty, and followed in the same direction.

On reaching the other end of the portage, they found the canoe reloaded and in the water, and their comrades evincing symptoms of impatience.

"Come on, lads, come on," cried March, who seemed to be the most impatient of them all. "We've seen Caleb! He's up the river, on this side. Get in! He's sich a banger, oh!"

Before the sentence was well finished all the men were in their places except Black Gibault, who remained on the bank to shove off the canoe.

"Now, lad, get in," said Redhand, whose usually quiet eye appeared to gleam at the near prospect of a combat with the fierce and much-dreaded monster of the Far West.

"All right, mes garçons," replied Gibault; "hand me mine gun; I vill walk on the bank, an' see vich vay hims go,—so, adieu!"

With a powerful push, he sent the light craft into the stream, and, turning on his heel, entered the woods.

The others at once commenced paddling up the river with energetic strokes.

"He's a wild feller that," remarked Bounce, after they had proceeded some distance and reached a part of the stream where the current was less powerful. "I'd bet my rifle he's git the first shot at Caleb; I only hope he'll not fall in with him till we git ashore, else it may go hard with him."

"So it may," said Waller; "if it goes as hard wi' Gibault as it did wi' my old comrade, Bob Swan, it'll be no fun, I guess."

"What happened to him?" asked March, who was ever open-eared for stories.

"Oh, it was nothin' very curious, but I guess it was 'on-convenient,' as them coons from Ireland says. Bob Swan went—he did—away right off alone, all by hisself, to shoot a grisly with a old musket as wasn't fit to fire powder, not to speak o' ball. He was sich a desprit feller, Bob Swan wos, that he cut after it without takin' time to see wot wos in the gun. I follered him as fast as I could, hollerin' for him to stop and see if he wos loaded; but I calc'late he wos past stoppin'. Wall, he come up wi' the bar suddently, and the bar looks at him, and he looks at it. Then he runs up, claps the gun to his shoulder, and pulls the trigger; but it wos a rusty old lock, an' no fire came. There wos fire come from the bar's eyes, though, I *do* guess! It ran at him, an' he ran away. Of course Caleb soon came up, an' Bob primed as he run an' wheeled about, stuck the muzzle o' the old musket right into Caleb's mouth, an' fired. He swallowed the whole charge, that bar did, as if it had bin a glass o' grog, and didn't he cough some? Oh, no! an' he roared, too, jist like this ——."

Big Waller, in the excitement of his narrative, was about to give a vocal illustration, when Bounce suddenly extinguished him by clapping his hand on his mouth.

"Hist! you wild buffalo," he said, "you'll frighten off all the bars within ten miles of us if you raise your horrible trumpet!"

"I do believe, I forgot," said the Yankee, with a low chuckle, when his mouth was released.

"Well, but what happened to Bob Swan?" inquired March, eagerly.

"Wot happened! I guess the bar cotched him by the leg, an' smashed it in three places, before you could wink, but, by good luck, I come up at that moment, an' put a ball right through Caleb's brains. Bob got better, but he never got the right use o' his leg after that. An' we found that he'd fired a charge o' small shot down that bar's throat—he had!"

"Hallo! look! is yon Caleb?" inquired March, in a hoarse whisper, as he pointed with his paddle to a distant point up the river where a dark object was seen moving on the bank.

"That's him," said Bounce. "Now, then, do yer best, an' we'll land on the pint jist below him."

"That's sooner said than done," remarked Redhand, quietly, "for there's another portage between us and Caleb."

As the old man spoke, the canoe passed round a low point which had hitherto shut out the view of the bed of the river from the travellers, and the vision of a white, though not a high, waterfall, burst upon their sight, at the same moment that the gushing sound of water broke upon their ears. At any other time the beauty of the scene would have drawn forth warm, though, perhaps, quaint and pithy remarks of admiration. Wood and water were seen picturesquely mingled and diversified in endless variety. Little islands studded the surface of the river, which was so broad and calm at that place as to wear the appearance of a small lake. At the upper end of this lake it narrowed abruptly, and here occurred the fall, which glittered in the sun's bright rays like a cascade of molten silver. The divers trees and shrubs, both on the islets and on the mainland, presented, in some places, the rich cultivated appearance of the plantations on a well-tended domain; but, in other places, the fallen timber, the rank tangled vegetation, and the beautiful wild flowers, showed that man's hand had not yet destroyed the wild beauty of the virgin wilderness. The sky above was bright and blue, with a few thin feathery clouds resting motionless upon its vast concave, and the air was so still that even the tremulous aspen leaves were but slightly agitated, while the rest of the forest's drapery hung perfectly motionless.

Complete silence would have reigned but for the mellow sound of the distant fall and the sweet plaintive cries of innumerable wild fowl that flew hither and thither, or revelled in the security of their sedgy homes. Flocks of wild geese passed in constant succession overhead, in the form of acute angles, giving a few trumpet notes now and then, as if to advertise their passage to the far north to the dwellers in the world below. Bustling teal rose in groups of dozens or half-dozens as the red canoe broke upon their astonished gaze, and sent them, with whistling wings, up or down the river. A solitary northern diver put up his long neck here and there to gaze for an instant inquisitively, and then sank, as if for ever, into the calm water, to reappear long after in some totally new and unexpected quarter. A napping duck or two, being well-nigh run over by the canoe, took wing with a tremendous splutter and a perfectly idiotical compound of a quack and a roar, while numerous flocks of plover, which had evidently meant to lie still among the sedges and hide while the canoe passed, sprang into the air at the unwonted hullabaloo, and made off, with diverse shriek and whistle, as fast as their wings could carry them.

Besides these noisy denizens of the wilderness, there were seen, in various places, cranes, and crows, and magpies, and black terns, and turkey-buzzards, all of which were more or less garrulous in expressing surprise at the unexpected appearance of the trappers in their wild domain. And, just as the canoe drew near to the place at the foot of the fall, where they meant to land and make the portage, a little cabri, or prong-horned antelope, leaped out of the woods, intending, doubtless, to drink, caught sight of the intruders, gave one short glance of unutterable amazement, and then rebounded into the bush like an electrified indiarubber ball.

"Now, then," said Bounce, as he leaped ashore, and held the canoe steady while his comrades landed, "jist be cool, an' no hurry; make the portage, launch the canoe atop o' the fall, sot off agin, an' then—hurrah for that there grisly bar!"

CHAPTER IV.

Gibault has an Adventure, and discovers a very strange Creature in the Woods—A most tremendous Bear-hunt particularly described.

MEANWHILE, Black Gibault, having followed the course of the river for some distance on foot, struck into the woods, sought for and found the track of the bear, and, looking carefully to the priming of his gun, and knocking the edge of the flint to sharpen it, pushed forward in pursuit with the ardour of a reckless man.

Gibault Noir was a goose! But he was an amiable goose; therefore men forgave his follies. Had Gibault not been a goose he never would have set off alone in pursuit of a grisly bear when he had comrades who might have accompanied him. Every one knows—at least, if every one does not know, every one who reads these pages may know henceforth,—that the grisly bear of the western prairies and Rocky Mountains is one of the most desperate monsters and most dreaded animals on the face of the earth; not dreaded merely by the weak and timorous, but dreaded also by the bravest Indians and the boldest trappers. Of course we do not mean to say that by these latter the grisly bear is dreaded with anything like cowardly terror; but it is regarded with that degree of wholesome anxiety and extreme caution with which men usually regard an excessively dangerous and powerful enemy.

Unlike other bears, the grisly bear scorns to fly from before the

face of man. His ferocity, when wounded, is terrible, and his tenacity of life is such, that, however many mortal wounds one may give him, he will retain life and strength long enough to kill his assailant before he himself dies, unless he is shot dead at once by a ball being planted in his heart or brain, both of which are difficult to reach.

He has a grumpy sort of magnanimity of his own, however, and will usually let men alone if men will let him alone. But men are not prone to let anything alone: hence encounters are frequent; wounds, on both sides, are numerous; and death, on one or other side, is almost certain.

Old trappers are not fond of attacking Caleb single-handed, but young hot-blooded fellows, who have got their names to make, are less cautious, and sometimes even court the combat, as was the case in the present instance with reckless Gibault Noir.

For half an hour, Gibault went over the ground at a sort of half-walk, half-trot, stopping occasionally to examine the prints of the bear more narrowly when they passed across hard ground that did not take a good impression. At length he came to a deep gully or creek where the bushes were so dense that he could not see far through them in any direction. Here he halted, re-examined his priming, and, peering cautiously through the underwood, advanced with much greater deliberation and care than heretofore.

In descending the gully, Gibault stumbled once or twice, and made one or two crashing bursts through bushes that would have proved quite impervious to most men. After much toil, he reached the bottom, and, standing there, up to the ankles in a small rivulet, gazed upward at the bank he had now to ascend.

"Vraiment, it be uncommonly difficile," said he, addressing himself to the task, while the perspiration began to roll down his forehead.

At last he reached the top of the bank on the other side, and, after panting for some time, began to look for the bear's foot-prints; but these could not now be found. In his scramble through the gully he had lost them, and the ground on the side he had just reached was so hard and rocky that it seemed to him doubtful whether it was capable of receiving any visible impression from a bear's paw. It was just possible, too, that the animal had found the descent of the gully as difficult as he himself had; in which case it was highly probable that it had used the course of the rivulet as a pathway.

For a moment, the little Canadian meditated a second descent into the gully for the purpose of settling this point, but, having not yet quite ceased to pant from his recent exertions, he thought better of it, and determined to make a further examination of the ground where he was. After doing so for a quarter of an hour, his exertions were rewarded by the discovery of what appeared to be a track. It was not very distinct, but it was sufficiently so to induce him to follow it up with renewed ardour.

Presently he came upon a spot where the ground was not so thickly covered with underwood, and where, in some places, it was so soft as to show an exact print of the foot of the animal he was following up. Here he received a great disappointment, and an equally great surprise!—a disappointment on finding that the track he followed was *not* that of a bear, and a surprise on discovering that it *was* that of a man.

On first making this discovery, Gibault stopped short, laid his gun on the ground, stooped down, planted a hand on each knee, opened his eyes to their utmost, pursed his lips to the tightest, and stared at the foot-print, the very embodiment of astonishment. After a few seconds he gave vent to a low whistle, and said "Ho!" Exactly ten seconds after that, he said "Ha!" and, raising his right hand, scratched the point of his nose, which, being too red naturally, was not improved by the operation.

None of these acts and exclamations, either collectively or singly, seemed to afford him any enlightenment, for he began to shake his head slowly from side to side, as if he had come to the conclusion that the whole affair was utterly beyond his limited comprehension; then he started up, shouldered his gun, and followed the track of the man with as much ardour as he had formerly pursued that of the bear.

Perseverance is almost invariably rewarded. This would seem to be one of those laws of nature which fail to operate only on very rare and peculiar occasions. Gibault had not advanced more than a hundred yards when he came suddenly upon the man whose feet had made the tracks he had been following.

"The Vild-Man-ov-de-Vest! certainement," muttered Black Gibault, slowly, as he gazed at the creature before him, and quietly cocked his rifle to be ready for any emergency.

Certainly the man upon whom our trapper had stumbled thus suddenly might have been styled the wild man of any region—west, north, east, or south,—with perfect propriety. On his legs were a pair of dark grey fustian trousers, which had seen so much

service that, from the knee downwards, they were torn into shreds. His feet were covered by a pair of moccasins. Instead of the usual hunting shirt he wore one of the yellow deer-skin coats of a Blackfoot chief, which was richly embroidered with beads and quilt-work, and fringed with scalp-locks. On his head he wore a felt hat, with a broad brim and a tall conical crown, somewhat resembling a Spanish sombrero, and beside him, on the bough of a tree, hung a long blue Spanish cloak. The countenance of this extraordinary man was handsome and youthful, but wild and somewhat haggard, as if from much recent suffering. His eye was black and piercing, his nose aquiline, and his forehead broad, but his mouth was effeminate, his chin small and beardless, his neck long, his shoulders narrow and sloping, and his black hair hung in long straight locks over his shoulders. A short sword, somewhat resembling that of the ancient Roman, lay on the sward beside him, and near to it a huge cavalry pistol of the olden time, with a brass barrel and a bell mouth—a species of miniature blunderbuss. Its fellow was stuck in his belt, beneath the chief's coat, as could be observed from the appearance of the butt protruding from the opening in the breast thereof.

This personage was seated on a grassy knoll so absorbed in some curious kind of occupation that he was totally unobservant of the presence of Gibault until he had approached to within thirty yards of him. Although his occupation was a mystery to the trapper, to one a little more conversant with the usages of civilized life, the open book on the knee, the easy flow of the pencil, and the occasional use of a piece of india-rubber, would have been sufficient evidence that the young man was sketching the view before him.

"Ahem!" coughed Gibault.

The stranger scattered book, pencil, and india-rubber to the winds (or to the atmosphere, for there happened to be no wind at the time), and started up. In doing so, he showed that he was at least a tall, if not a stout fellow. Seizing a pistol with one hand and his sword with the other, he presented both at Gibault, and yelled, rather than shouted, "Stay! halt! stop now, my man; drop the butt of your gun, else I'll—I'll blow out your brains."

Although somewhat startled by this unusual mode of salutation, the trapper had sense and quickness enough to perceive that the artist was in anything but a warlike state of mind, and that his violent demonstration was the result of having been startled; so,

pulling off his cap with that native politeness which is one of the characteristics of the French Canadian, he advanced, and said,—

“Bon jour, Monsieur. I ver’ moch sorry dat I be give you von fright. Pardon, sair; how you do?”

“Thank you,—thank you, good fellow,”—replied the artist, laying down his weapons, and grasping Gibault’s proffered hand with a sigh of evident relief, “I am well, excellently well. You did, indeed, startle me by your sudden appearance; but no harm is done, and where none was intended no apology is necessary. You are a Frenchman, I think?”

“Non, sair; not ’xactly. I be French Canadian. Mine fadder vas be von Canadian; mine moder vas a Frenchvoman; I be leetle of both.”

“And you have cause to be proud of your country, my man,” returned the artist, collecting his scattered drawing materials and quietly sitting down to continue his sketch, “a splendid country, and a noble people. Sit down, my good friend, if you can spare time, while I put a few finishing touches to this sketch.”

“Mais,” said Gibault, rubbing his nose in great perplexity at the coolness of this eccentric wanderer; “Mais, Monsieur, I hab *not* time; I be follerin’ de tracks of von monstracious grisly bar ———”

“What! a grisly bear?” cried the artist, looking up with sudden animation.

“Oui, Monsieur. We have see him not long ’go, an’ hopes to kill him soon.”

The artist’s dark eye sparkled with animation as he hastily shut up his sketch-book and thrust it, with his drawing materials, into a small pocket inside the breast of his coat.

“A grisly bear!” he repeated. “Ha! lead on, good fellow, I will follow.”

Thus urged, Gibault, without farther loss of time, led the way to the banks of the river, followed closely by his new friend, who stalked behind him with long ostrich-like strides. The semi-theatrical air of the artist made a deep impression on the trapper. Had Gibault known what a theatrical air was, he might have been immensely tickled; but, being what he was,—an unsophisticated son of the wilderness,—he knew nothing about such airs, and therefore regarded his companion in the light of a superior order of being, or a madman; he was not quite sure which.

In a few minutes, they emerged from the bushes and came out

upon the bank of the river, which, at that part, was high and precipitous, with few trees, but a considerable quantity of under-wood on the slopes.

"Are you sure, friend, that a bear has been seen by you?" inquired the artist.

"Oui; most positavly sure, sair. Ha! an' here be him's fut encore. I have lose him in de vood. Now, Monsieur, have your pistol ready."

"Lead on," returned the artist. "I have longed much for this day. To shoot an individual of this ferocious class has been my ambition ——. Ho! friend, look here. Yonder object seems like a canoe. Whence comes it, think you? This region, I know, is not very safe. There are Indians who do not love the whites in ——."

"No fear, Monsieur," interrupted Gibault, "Dat be mine comrades—Good mans an' true every von. Dey come to land here, I see."

A low growl in the bushes, a little distance ahead of them, put an abrupt termination to the conversation. Gibault threw forward the muzzle of his gun, and glanced at his comrade. The glance did not tend to comfort him. The artist was pale as death. This, and an occasional twitch of the lip, were clear and unmistakable signs to the backwoodsman that fear had taken possession of his friend, and that he was not to be counted on in the moment of danger. Yet there was a stern knitting of the eyebrows, and a firm pressure of the lips, that seemed to indicate better qualities, and perplexed him not a little.

"P'raps, Monsieur," suggested Gibault, hesitatingly, "you had better 'vait for de canoe."

"Lead on!" said the artist, cocking both pistols, and pointing with one of them to the place whence the growl had issued.

Gibault elevated his eyebrows, shrugged his shoulders characteristically, and, uttering the single word "bien!" walked quickly forward.

A few steps brought him to an open space, in the midst of which the grisly bear was discovered. It was seated on its haunches, looking sulkily about, as if it had a suspicion that enemies were tracking it. Creeping with the utmost caution on his hands and knees, Gibault got to within forty yards of the monster, whose aspect at that moment was enough to try the courage of most men. There was a wicked glare in his little eye, as he swayed his huge body from side to side, that indicated

but too clearly the savage nature of his disposition. Even Gibault felt a little uneasy, and began to think himself a fool for having ventured on such an expedition alone. His state of mind was not improved by the sound of the artist's teeth chattering in his head like castanets.

Taking a very long and deliberate aim at the bear's heart, he pulled the trigger, but the faithless lock of his old flint-gun missed fire. Without a sign of annoyance or agitation, the trapper recocked the gun, again pulled the trigger, and with the same result. Three times this occurred, and at each click of the lock the bear cocked his ears inquiringly. The third time, he rose and sauntered slowly towards the spot where the men lay concealed.

"Stay," whispered the artist, as Gibault was once more about to try his piece, after rubbing the edge of his flint with his thumbnail,—*"stay, I will fire."*

So saying, he suddenly pointed a pistol straight at the advancing monster and fired. A tremendous roar followed the report. Gibault leaped up, exclaiming, angrily, *"Vat foolishness ! a pistol ! hah ! ve must run."* He turned at once to do so.

"Stay !" cried the artist, who no longer trembled, though his countenance was still ashy pale, *"I have another pistol."*

"Does you vish to die ?" yelled the trapper, seizing his comrade by the collar.

Whether it was the yell of the man, or the reiterated roar of the advancing bear, or both combined, that had an effect on the artist, we cannot tell, but certain it is that he sprang up and darted after Gibault with astonishing rapidity. Being long-legged and uncommonly supple he soon passed him; but, fast though they both ran, the bear ran faster, and, having been badly cut up about the face by the slugs with which the pistol had been charged, his spirit was roused to the utmost pitch of ferocity.

Now, while this was going on in the bush, the other trappers were quietly fastening the line of their canoe to a shrub that held it floating in a pool of still water near the shore. No sooner did the pistol-shot ring upon their ears than every man seized his gun, hastily examined the priming, and scrambled up the bank, which, at that spot, was very steep.

Having gained the top, they paused for one instant to gaze intently at the bank of the river above them, in order to ascertain the exact spot to which they ought to hurry.

"I see no smoke," said March Marston, in a tone of deep anxiety.

"Gibault's gun didn't use for to bark in that sort o' voice," observed Bounce.

"I do b'lieve that bar's got 'im," cried Big Waller, bounding forward.

He had not taken a second bound when the artist, flying at full speed about three hundred yards up the river, burst upon the astonished vision of the party. His sombrero had blown off, his long hair streamed straight behind him, so did the scalp locks on his coat, and so did his long cloak which was fastened to his neck by a clasp, and which, in his present panting and rushing condition, well-nigh strangled him.

Before the wonder-stricken trappers had time to remark on this singular apparition, or to form any opinion in regard to it, poor Gibault came tearing round the point like a maniac, with the bear close upon his heels. This was enough. The backwoodsmen no longer showed any signs of surprise or hesitancy. A grisly bear was a familiar object—a comrade in imminent danger was equally so. They sprang forward to meet the fugitives.

By this time the cloak had so retarded and strangled the poor artist that he had fallen a pace or two behind Gibault, and it seemed almost certain that he would fall a victim to the furious bear before the trappers could kill it, for they could not venture to fire at it while the fugitives almost screened it from their view. As they drew near to each other the trappers almost instinctively divided into two parties. Redhand and Hawkswing went a little to the right; Bounce, Waller, and our hero, diverged to the left, so as to let the flying men pass between them, and thus attack the bear on both sides at once.

Gibault attempted to cheer as he darted through the friendly line, but he could only give forth a gasp. At that moment an unexpected incident contributed to the deliverance of the artist. The bear was within a yard of him as he came up; just then the clasp of his cloak gave way, and the huge garment instantly enveloped the head of the bear and a considerable portion of its body. It tripped, rolled over, and, in attempting to free itself, tore the cloak to shreds.

At the same instant a volley was fired by the trappers, and three balls pierced its body. None of them, however, seemed to have hit a mortal part, for the infuriated animal instantly rose and glared from side to side in disappointed malice, while the trappers who had fired were re-loading, each behind a bush, with perfect coolness, but with the utmost celerity.

While the bear was on the ground, the fugitives had each sprung into the bush, and found a place of concealment. Redhand on the one side, and Bounce on the other, had reserved their fire; the wisdom of this was now shown. The bear made a rush at the bushes on one side, and instantly received a shot from the other. It turned at once to rush on the concealed enemy there, but, before it had made a stride in that direction, another ball was lodged in it from the opposite side. The vacillations thus produced gave the other trappers time to re-load, and, before it had made up its mind which to attack, another volley was fired, and three balls took effect, Redhand and Bounce still reserving their fire as at the first.

The impotent fury of the creature was now awful to behold. It was mortally wounded; there could be no doubt as to that, for the trappers were all pretty good shots and knew where to fire, but they had not succeeded yet in reaching the seat of life. One ball had broken the bear's shoulder and the blood flowed from its wounds, while churned blood and foam dropped from its jaws.

Before another volley could be fired it made a furious rush at the three men who had kept away to the left, namely, Big Waller, Bounce, and March. There was no help for it; not having completed their loading, they had to drop their guns and run. We have already said that these three had diverged towards the river. It now proved to be unfortunate that they had done so, for the bank at that place jutted out into the stream in such a way that it was impossible for them to avoid leaping into the river. The bank overhung the stream and was fully twenty feet high. Big Waller, who reached it first, hesitated to take the leap. Bounce, who came next, rushed violently against him, and the two went over together, fell into the water with a tremendous splash, and sank. March came up the instant after, and sprang far out at once with a bold unhesitating spring. The bear was so close upon the youth that for one moment they were both in the air at the same time, but the former had not gone off with a spring, he merely tumbled over, half involuntarily, so that when they struck the water there was at least a yard between them. But this was not a long space. The superior swimming powers of the bear over the man would have diminished the distance to nothing in a minute or so. Even as it was, the bear was within six inches of Marston's heels when Hawkswing and Redhand gained the edge of the bank.

Redhand was armed with a rifle—an old and trusty weapon that had been the means of saving his own life and the lives of comrades

in many a doubtful encounter with beast and with man. Kneeling down, he took a rapid aim and fired. The bullet sped true. It entered the back of the bear's head, and the lifeless carcase floated down the stream. The three men, instantly observing the effect of the shot, turned round, and, swimming towards their late enemy, laid hold of him, and dragged and pushed him with some difficulty towards the shore.

Meanwhile Black Gibault, who had issued from his hiding-place and had witnessed Redhand's successful shot, began to caper and dance and shout in the exuberance of his glee. Most men are apt to suffer when they give way to extravagant action of any kind. Gibault forgot that he was on the edge of an overhanging bank. The concussion with which he came to the ground after the performance of a peculiarly complicated pirouette broke off the edge of the bank, and he was precipitated headlong into the river, just a yard or so from the spot where his comrades were engaged in landing the bear.

A loud laugh greeted his sudden and unexpected descent. Scrambling on shore, and laying hold of the bear's tail, he exclaimed—

“Hah ! mes garçons, heave away. I hav come down for to give you leetle help. Splenderous bear ! Pull away !”

The bear was then dragged out of the water and stretched upon the green sward, where for some time the trappers stood round it in a picturesque group, commenting upon its size and appearance, and remarking upon the various incidents of the chase.

As the exact dimensions of this particular bear were taken and noted down on the spot, we will give them here for the benefit of inquiring minds. It weighed, as nearly as could be guessed by men who were practised in estimating weights, 600 pounds. On its hind legs it stood 8 feet 7 inches. Round the chest it measured 5 feet 10 inches ; round the neck 3 feet 11 inches. The circumference of the thickest part of the fore leg was 2 feet, and the length of each of its claws was $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches. It was whity-brown in colour, and a shaggier, fiercer, uglier monster could not well be imagined.

“But, I say,” cried Bounce, looking round suddenly, “wot's come o' yon 'xtraor'nary feller as ——”

Bounce paused abruptly, for at that moment his eye fell on the “'xtraor'nary feller” in question. He was seated quietly on a large stone, not many yards distant, with book on knee and pencil in hand, making a rapid sketch of the party and the surrounding scene !

"Wot is he?" inquired Bounce of Gibault, in a whisper.

"I calc'late," observed Waller, in a low voice, at the same time touching his forehead and looking mysterious; "I calc'late, he's noncombobblefusticated."

"Perhaps," said Redhand, with a quiet laugh.

"Whatever he is, it's bad manners to stand starin' at him," said Redhand, "so you'd better go and pick up yer guns and things, while Bounce and I skin this feller and cut off his claws."

The party separated at once, and the artist, who seemed a little disappointed at being thus checked in his work, no sooner observed the flaying process begin than he turned over the leaf of his book, and began a new sketch.

Not many minutes were required for the skinning of the bear. When it was done, it, along with all the scattered things, was placed in the canoe, and then Redhand, approaching the artist, touched his cap and said—

"You have shared our hunt to-day, sir; mayhap you'll not object to share our camp and our supper."

"Most willingly, my good friend," replied the artist, rising and holding out his hand, which the trapper shook heartily. "You seem to be trappers."

"We are, sir, at your service. It's gettin' late and we've a good bit to go yet, before we come to the place where we mean to camp, so you'd better come at once."

"Certainly; by all means; let us embark without delay," replied the artist, pocketing his sketch-book.

"Pardon me, sir," said Redhand with some hesitation, "are you alone?"

"I am," replied the other, sadly; then, as if a sudden thought had struck him—"I had two pistols and a cloak once."

"We've picked 'em up, sir. They're in the canoe now. At least the pistols are, an' what's left o' the cloak."

"Ha! 'twas an old and cherished friend! Are you ready?"

"All ready, sir."

So saying, the old man led the way to the canoe and embarked with his strange companion. Then, pushing out into the stream just as the shades of night began to descend upon the wilderness, the trappers paddled swiftly away, wondering in their hearts who and what the stranger could be, and talking occasionally in subdued tones of the chief incidents of the exciting combat through which they had so recently passed.

(To be continued.)

HAWK SCAR; A BIRD'S NESTING ADVENTURE.

BY THE REV. J. C. ATKINSON,

Author of "Walks and Talks," &c.

"So the doctor says you may go out, I hear. Well, you'll let that Kestrel's nest alone for the present, I should think, Master Jacky."

"Yes, Uncle Edward, I think it would be better. I dare say there are no eggs in it, after all."

"Oh! that's the tune, is it? But you didn't think so, apparently, the day you got your tumble."

"But I do now, uncle."

The speakers were a middle-aged gentleman and a boy of about fourteen, sufficiently alike one another to have suggested even a nearer relationship than that of uncle and nephew. There was no doubt, as you looked at the former, that he knew what active exercise in the open air was, or whether he took it in nicely graduated doses, called "constitutionals," as hard-reading men are supposed to do; and there was just as little that the open-faced, sturdy-limbed, brown-visaged boy would not be easily thrown off by him, whether in a march over the moor, a tramp through the turnips and stubbles, or fair heel-and-toe work along the beaten track on a frosty day. Besides Uncle Edward and his nephew Jack, there was a third occupant of the room (which, in point of fact, was Uncle Edward's "workshop;" the work done in it consisting chiefly of some rather elaborate turnery, and the preparation of various natural history specimens); this third occupant being a second boy, apparently about a year younger than he who had been his only companion up to the moment the words just now noted down had been spoken: for the first speaker had barely entered the "shop" when he began to speak.

There was rather a quizzical look on the merry face of "Master Jacky" as he answered his uncle, and the second boy (who, by the way, answered to the name of Tom), could scarcely refrain from laughing outright.

Both boys were at the table which stood at the end of the room most remote from the lathe, and not far from some cases of stuffed birds, and a handsome cabinet or two of black oak, one drawer in which was partly open, and showed part of an extensive collection of birds' eggs. If any one had been looking in at the window, (which opened upon a very beautiful and well-kept flower-garden,) just at the moment Uncle Edward turned the handle of the door before opening it, he would have seen the younger boy throw a light silk handkerchief over an article or two on the table, which, up to that moment, had afforded both interest and occupation to the two companions. He would very likely have seen, too, that this was done by Master Tom in such a way as to suggest that the handkerchief had been laid ready for the very use to which it was applied, and that Tom did it because his brother could not do it himself, from the simple fact that his left arm was in a sling, and that there were moist bandages still applied to the wrist, and up towards the elbow.

Uncle Edward was not slow to notice that there was some piece of sly fun going on between the boys; and, catching Tom by the shoulders as he came up to them, he turned him so as to take an easy look into his face, saying, as he did so,—

"Now, Master Monkey, what's up?" But this action brought Uncle Edward's elbow in rather unwelcome proximity to the handkerchief and the objects which lay beneath it, and Jack's sound hand and arm were instantly extended to protect the treasures, whatever they might happen to be. A like impulse seemed to actuate the younger lad, for he exclaimed with extreme eagerness,

"Oh! take care, uncle, or you will break——"

And there he suddenly broke off his speech.

"Oh! a mystery, is there? Very well. If you please, young gentlemen both, am I to be admitted to your confidence, or am I to walk out again by the same way I came in?"

"Well, uncle," said Jack, "we did not mean to tell you till we had done. What a tiresome man you are to come and spoil our plans so!"

"Humph! Civil, rather, to your respected relative. Well, I'll go away again: I only came to ask if you would like to go with me—as you have got leave to go out—to Hampton, in half-an-hour's time. I have to drive your aunt there; and besides, you know, we should pass within sight of the scene of your mishaps, my poor boy, if it is not too painful to your feelings to see it again.

To think of tumbling down and laming yourself, trying to get such an easy nest as that!"

"Now, uncle, that's a shame! You know it isn't an easy nest at all, and I might very well——"

"Have broken your neck instead of damaged your arm. Yes, I know; and then there would have been one case of justifiable drowning less to be done—eh, Master Jack?"

"Well, but uncle, was I any clumsier than you when you lamed yourself trying to get that beautiful Peregrine's egg there?"

"'Tried to get it,' you young scamp! What do you mean? Why, I *did* get it; and more by token—there it is! While you, you only got a creaky arm, and plentiful occasion for vinegar and brown paper."

"Not *then*, Uncle Edward; but what have I got—at least, Tom and I,—this morning?"

And so saying, he removed the handkerchief, and displayed three very beautifully-marked Kestrel's eggs, two lying in a light wooden tray, and one stuck in an old-fashioned wooden egg-cup, available at either end.

Uncle Edward looked at the eggs, one of which was already blown, and with remarkable neatness, and the second, steadied on the egg-cup to assist the one-handed manipulator, he saw had been undergoing the same process at the moment of his own entrance. Turning from the eggs to his nephew, he said,—

"Was that quite prudent, my boy? Did you not hurt yourself about it?"

"Oh, no, uncle! I was sure we could manage it, and I told my plans to Dr. Watson yesterday, and he said we might try, if I was very careful. And so Tom and me went down to the Crag as soon as breakfast was done, and Tom, by my help and telling him what to do, managed to get them quite easy."

A few drops of rain plashing against the window now drew Mr. Hayward's attention, and on looking out he saw quite sufficient to convince him that for the next two or three hours, at all events, there would be neither driving nor walking to be done, except with the certainty of a very wet jacket. So turning to the boys, who by this time were busy again with their eggs, he said,—

"Well, boys, no drive for the present—that's clear. What are you going to do?"

"Oh, uncle, we'll go on with these eggs; and then we'd like to look over all your eggs, if we may."

"To be sure you may, and I'll stay myself and tell you the history of some of them, if you like."

"Oh, uncle," broke in Tom, "that will be jolly."

At the same moment Jack's voice was heard exclaiming,—

"Uncle Edward, it's very good of you; but, if you've nothing to do, would you mind telling us about your accident, when you got the Peregrine Falcon's egg that you mentioned just now? I heard something about it once, but not much. Weren't you almost killed?"

"Well, not quite so bad as that, Master Jack; but quite bad enough, still. Well, I suppose you are to go on with your Kestrel eggs, and I am to go on with my history?"

"Oh! do, uncle, please."

So Uncle Edward seated himself in what he called his "sulky chair," and commenced his narrative as follows:—

"Well, you know, I was at school in the north of England. Plenty of rough, dreary moors about Kirkby there were, and every here and there these ended abruptly in rough precipitous crags, standing up from the upper part of the steep slope or bank which seemed to wall in the valley below. Some of these banks were wooded with oak and birch, and some were bare, or covered with patches of ling or whins, or possibly even junipers. Well, I was very fond of wild rambles and bird's nesting, or rabbit hunting, and so on; and your grandfather being acquainted with the principal landowner in the place, and with one or more of the yeomen in the neighbourhood, I went pretty much where I liked, and had many a wild expedition and many a—what you would call—jolly spree, in pursuit of nests, or rabbits, or a chance badger, or sometimes a fox or an otter. Among other places that I knew well, and that had no small interest for me, was one that was called—and had been called for hundreds of years—Hawk Scar, or Falcon Scar. It was so called because a pair of Peregrine Falcons had been accustomed to nest on its ledges time out of mind. In the days of King Stephen even, the occupant of the land in the neighbourhood had been specially charged with the care of the Falcons and their nest, and it would have been a heavy day for him if, through his negligence or connivance, either nest or parent birds had been molested or injured. During the two or three centuries the property had been in the hands of your grandfather's friend's family the same protection had been extended to these grand birds, and my special friend the keeper, Ralph Thirkell (of a name and race as ancient as the hawks themselves) would have

more readily forgiven the poacher who had 'sniggled' a score of hares or shot a dozen brace of 'Moor Birds,' than the unlucky destroyer of one of the Falcons. Many a time had I seen them make a dash among the Wood-pigeons and Stock-doves which bred and roosted in the woods below, or among the Jackdaws that tenanted the crevices and holes in the crags a little beyond, on either side of the site of Falcon Scar. And, one day, when I had been Thurkell's companion in a long walk of trap-examination, after witnessing the seizure of a Ringdove by the female Falcon, who sailed away with her prey very majestically, I exclaimed,—'Don't I wish I might get an egg out of your nest, old lady!'

"'Well,' replied Ralph, in rather a mocking way, 'It's a pity you don't; I'm sure you're quite welcome, Master Edward.'

"'Do you mean it, Ralph?' says I, as quick as I could get the words out. 'May I, really?'

"'Ay, to be sure—leastwise, if you can!'

"There was no mistake about the grin on Ralph's handsome face any longer, and it rather provoked me to say,—

"'Well, I'll try then; and I will get one if I can.'

"'Do, and let me see it when you've got it,' says Thurkell.

"Now I knew pretty well that those young Falcons must have been got in old times, or else there wouldn't have been all that fuss made about them by the old barons that owned the place; and I had looked at the place and half fancied that the thing might be done still: though I fancied, too, that I could see how time had altered the face of the rock, and made what might once have been comparatively easy now almost impossible, though not, perhaps, quite. So I determined I'd go and have another good look, both from above and below, and see if I couldn't devise a plan for the completion of my purpose.

"I'll try and tell you what sort of a place it was. There was a scar, or bare rocky face, nearly perpendicular, of about sixty feet in height, springing from the top of a very steep bank. Standing out from this face, about five or six yards distant from it, was a sort of huge rock-column, or pillar, as big as a large church-tower, in shape something like an irregular horse-shoe, and quite detached, except at one of the heels (so to speak) of the horse-shoe, where a narrow sheet of rock, widening downwards, served to make a kind of link, or connection. This 'link' was not equal in height with the rock-tower by about three to four feet, I should say. The Falcon's nest was on a widish ledge, not exactly

opposite the other heel of the horse-shoe, but a little beyond it—perhaps a yard, or more; and, in all, not less than seven or eight yards from the termination of the ‘link.’ Besides the distance, moreover, there was a difference in height: the ledge with the nest on it was seven or eight feet higher than the topmost edge of the ‘link.’ ”

“Well, but, Uncle Edward,” broke in Jack, “why did you not come down upon the nest from above, something the same fashion as the rock-fowlers, you know, with a rope, and so on?”

“Well, I’ll tell you:—for the simple reason that, about four feet above the nest, there was a large projecting mass of rock six feet deep, at least; and the nest lay fully a yard and a half back from its edge. So, if I’d been let down by a rope from above, I might have swung like a pendulum, but the beats of the pendulum must have been sideways, and not in towards the nest. But let me go on with my history. I saw plainly enough that I could not climb the rock-tower without a ladder, and it would be impossible to get a ladder half long enough up there, and equally impossible, if it were there, to rear it on a place which didn’t give the Moor-sheep any too much foothold. And, of course, if I could not climb up, I could not get down,—any way but one, and that was all in a lump and in a hurry,—which I did not fancy.

“Well, I think I spent an hour in looking, sometimes from the cliff-top, sometimes from the scar-foot; and at last I thought I saw how it was to be done. From the top I could just see the end of the ‘link’ where it joined the ‘tower,’ and it seemed about six or seven inches thick. So I said to myself, ‘If I can get on to that, I think I can see a way to the nest, though I shall want something like cat’s-claws on both hands and feet. If I can get to the nest, I can get back again, I know, as far as the link, and, safe as far as that, I must trust my head to walk across it, and scale the ‘tower.’ And, once there, if only I am duly provided, I shall be able to get down well enough.’ ”

“Get down well enough, uncle! I thought you said there was but one way down, and that a tumble.”

“Ah! Master Jacky, but I didn’t mean to tumble. There was just one tree growing on the top of the ‘tower,’ and it parted into three stems close to the surface, one of which was broken off so as to leave a stump about a foot long, and sticking nearly upright. And my plan was to cross with a rope (fastened round my body), having a loop worked in one end of it to slip over this stump, and a long and strong, but thin, cord attached to the loop, to pass over

a fork which grew nearly vertically over it, so as to enable me, when I reached the bottom, to hitch the loop off the stump, and recover rope and all quite safely."

"But, uncle, how did you mean to get on to the 'link?'—that seems the puzzler to me. You could hardly even *see* a bit of it from above, you said."

"No; but from below I saw that I could let myself down by a rope on to it quite easily, if I only fixed the rope in the right place. And I thought I could manage that."

"Then, why could you not go up by the rope again, uncle?"

"Well, Tom, I believe it was because I saw that for several feet the rope would hang in contact with the face of the rock; and it is awkward work, even for a monkey, Tom, to get up a rope hand-over-hand when that is the case. But to continue: I saw enough to make me feel sure that, with a steady head and strong hands and arms and a sure foot, I could do it; and I was about certain that the nest was already renewed, and very likely an egg or more laid. Well, I went very quietly to work. I asked Tom Baily, who was a great crony of mine, and knew the place as well as I did, to go with me. He was as strong as a bull, and the very fellow to help, so far as quiet nerve and resolution went; though, to be sure, he was not very bright in some respects. I got my two ropes, and, though I was a good hand at going either up or down a rope, I determined to leave nothing to chance; and so I spent all my play-hours the next day in whipping bits of an old jacket (which one of the fellows had been kicking about in the yard, and gave to me on my asking him for it), at intervals of a foot or so, upon the rope, to make it easier work to the hands. I also borrowed a short crowbar, and I contrived a case to hold the egg or eggs, if I was lucky enough to find any as I expected. I also got the blacksmith to make me half a dozen strong iron hooks with 'heads' at the back of their shanks to drive them by; and he also lent me a short but sufficiently heavy hammer, to do that part of the work with.

Well, Saturday soon came round, and Baily and I set off very full of our purposed exploit.

"I soon made him comprehend my plan. My crowbar was quickly set in a good deep hole, and the rope paid out over the cliff by which I was to let myself down on to the 'link.' This rope was eighteen or twenty feet longer than I wanted for only that purpose—but, then, I had a use for the surplus length of it."

"I guess," said Jack, "you meant to make a sort of hand-

rail of it, by driving in those hooks the blacksmith made, and hitching the spare rope over them as you went along."

"Well guessed, boy. It was just that. Well, I hit the 'link' exactly, and found good standing-room on it. Just before I descended I had slung the other rope, nicely coiled, over my right shoulder and under my left arm, and now, taking the long end of the other in my mouth, I began to make the best of my way to the ledge I had marked out as my path. I reached it without much difficulty, and drove my best and strongest hook into a crack about two feet above it. I hitched my rope and went on. To make my story short, I soon reached the nest, found three eggs,—one a very small but very dark-coloured one,—and stowed them safely away in my case. Well, I believe I got careless. At all events, I slipped after passing back beyond the hook I had driven last but one; and, but for it and the rope, I should have gone down. This made me more cautious, you may be sure, and I was particular enough about trying each hook before I passed it, as it was bad work getting back. I was now past the first hook, holding on by the rope doubled over it, for I had pulled the slack end through on passing the others. I had no other means of steadying myself here but the help the rope gave, and I was just feeling for the 'link' with one of my feet when—the hook drew and I felt myself falling! I never knew how I came to have both hands on the rope,—but I had. I suppose it was an instinctive action to clutch it. Fortunately I had not more than two or three feet or so of slack above what was sufficient to let me reach the 'link' from above, but it was a terrible shock, and my hand slipped, and was half skinned in the act, to the next bit of old jacket. I felt that some part of me struck against the rock, but I hardly knew which part at the moment. All that I seemed to feel was that death lay below me. There were rocks lying loose on the sloping flanks of the 'link' on either side, which I knew might be dislodged if I tried to pass them, and that if they fell I should be smashed. This, indeed, was why I had made up my mind to go down from the 'tower.' A few seconds elapsed before I recovered myself sufficiently to find that I was hanging with my back to the 'link,' and that it was, in fact, just level with my loins. I made an effort and got myself half turned round to it; another, and I was fronting it; a third set me upon it: but I was still holding my rope very fast, and wet and chilled with perspiration and fright. It was a minute or more before I recovered my nerve enough to try and stand without hanging on

to the rope, and then I found that one leg had scarcely any strength in it, and the ankle was in acute pain. I suppose I had been too scared to feel it before.

"Here was a pretty fix to be in. A lame leg, a game ankle, my nerves shaken, and a narrow and not very even ledge of fourteen or fifteen feet in length to walk along, and then a precipice to descend before I could be safe. A moment more and I thought of Baily. I had asked him, after I shouted that I was safe on the ledge, to come to the base of the 'tower,' where I meant to get down, and help me by holding the rope steady; and, as the thought came into my mind, I looked to see if he was there. There he stood, very pale, but quite wide awake. He had seen the fall and the struggle, and the ascent to the 'link,' and had never uttered a sound for fear of making me worse; but as soon as he saw me look for him, he shouted to me,—

"'Take time, old fellow, and be cool; you're all right.'

"I told him in reply that I was lamed, and badly; and that my head was swimming.

"'Never mind, old fellow. I'll be with you in a minute, and I'll carry you across on my back.'

"And he was starting off up the track he had come down by, before the words were well out of his mouth.

"But I quite shuddered at the thought of going across that gulf on another boy's back, and I called to him to stop. He did not listen to me very willingly; however, he gave in in a little bit, and said he'd give me five minutes to fix how I'd do.

"Well, his coolness and bravery had done me all the good in the world, and I determined I wouldn't be beat if I could help it; and before the five minutes were out I had made up both my plan and my mind. I found, on trial, that I could bear all my weight on the injured leg for a second or two at a time; and I felt that, though the pain was fearfully acute, still I could walk as long as the path was smooth, and when it became uneven I would even sit down and work myself across so. Well I did it, too, with the sweat rolling down my face with the pain; and, what was worse to do still, I managed to get upon the 'tower,' and then I fairly swooned with the agony.

"But my troubles weren't at an end yet. When I came to myself I found my coiled rope had slipped off my shoulder somehow, and was lost. I sat up and called to Baily, and told him of my mishap. He made light of it, and called back,—

"'Never mind, old fellow; I'll find it if I can, and if not I'll

soon have one as good from yonder farm-house. When had you it last ?'

"So I told him that I recollected having it a little before I fell, but never since. He was round the base of the 'tower' in a few seconds, and, about two minutes after, a glad shout announced that he had found and got the prize. He had caught sight of it partly hanging over a broken rock near the base of the sloping flank of the 'link.' In two minutes more he sang out,—

"'Lie down flat, and don't look up till I shout again.'

"I did as he told me, and the next moment felt something like a small cord fall across me and draw itself tight, as if weighted at either end. He had knotted on another piece of string to the line I had fitted to the noose to remove the rope with, and had then tied a stone to the end and slung it up over the rock. In three minutes more I had the loop over the stump, and the releasing gear fixed—though I was doing it on my knees, I should say—and was ready to begin the descent.

"Tom Baily called to me to know if I could do it. I said I thought I could, and at once; but I was sure I could, if I could get a little water. He rather wanted to come up and hand me down, slung in the rope; but I told him he must help me at the bottom. So he rushed off to the farm-house, which lay not quite half a mile distant, and in a wonderfully short space of time was back, with a small bottle filled with brandy and water, which was speedily tied on about the middle of the string, and held steady by him below, as I hoisted it up. I felt quite a different person five minutes after I had drunk it, and in less than two more was received in the arms of Baily and the farmer who had followed the former close up. In five minutes more, my ropes were safe, and myself laid on a bundle of sacks, on a sledge, till we got down to the valley; and then I was carried on a hurdle by the farmer and the man who had charge of the sledge, and before night I was safe at the school, bandaged, and plastered, and stiff, but quite able to blow my three Peregrine's eggs, two of which—a large one and the little one—are there; and the third is in the Museum Collection.

"And now for some lunch, and then for a drive if the weather takes up, as I think it will."

And so Uncle Edward finished his history, and straightway left the "shop."

THE GHOST OF BOB BOWSER'S DOG.

A Strange Story.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

FORWARDED BY THOMAS MILLER.

[With the exception of altering a few words, I forward you, for insertion in EVERY BOY'S MAGAZINE, the following Strange Story, certain that it will be a warning to all Boys never to ill-use a Dog. I attribute all that seemed to happen in this startling narrative, to the boy while in his sleep, to a troubled conscience, through which he appeared to suffer all the torture he had inflicted on Bob Bowser's Dog, and for which he was punished by the miserable dreams which he here describes to us, for remorse was the ghost of the dog that haunted him. After he thought he had destroyed the dog he felt wretched; his mind was troubled; and as dreams are often a continuation of the same thoughts which pass through the mind while we are awake, it is easy to believe that in sleep he seemed to suffer all the pain he had caused the poor dog to undergo. I withhold the name of the sufferer; he is now a young man,—nor would it at all add to the interest of this confession were I to make his name known; besides, he has bitterly repented of his cruelty, and his sleep is no longer disturbed by the Ghost of Bob Bowser's Dog. This brief introduction is all that is needed to make the reader clearly understand the whole of this strange story.—T. M.]

CHAPTER I.

NEVER ILL-USE A DOG. I once did; and the nights of agony I passed through, after, I shall never forget were I to live to the age of Methuselah; for the ghost of that dog haunted me, and I was compelled to do its bidding. Whatever torture I had inflicted upon it, the self-same pain, in my sleep, I was compelled to endure. Then it talked, too, as plain as you or I.

The first time it appeared to me after I thought I had killed it, I dreamed that I was in bed; that it placed its paws on my shoulder, laid hold of my ear with its teeth, shook me, and said, "Now, then, make haste, and come along." It seemed to sit on its hind legs while I dressed myself, glaring at me with its great fiery eyes, and setting its white teeth together; and when I was ready it took me by the back of the neck, saying, "That's the way you once served me," and threw me out of the window as easily as you would throw out a dead rat.

What a dent I seemed to make on the garden-bed, where I fell, as the ghost of the dog jumped down after me, without leaving even the mark of his paws on the spot where he alighted! I felt as if every bone in my body was broken, as if every joint had been shaken out of its socket, and I should never be able to move again; for neither my arms nor my legs appeared to belong to me, and I seemed to handle them with something like the same feeling a lobster may be supposed to handle the claw he has just shaken off.

"Quick, come along," said the dog, giving me a kick, and slipping a rope round my neck.

"I am lame," I answered, "and cannot point my left foot to the ground."

"So was I lame, and went on three legs for days after you kicked me," replied the dog; "come along," and he pulled at the rope until he nearly strangled me, and compelled me to follow him by walking on my hands and hopping along on my right leg, while I held my left foot from the ground through the pain it caused me if I bore upon my toes ever so lightly.

"I'm going to hang you," said the dog; "you once hanged me," and he looked down at me with his glaring eyes as he strode along on his hinder legs, upright as a grenadier, while he held the rope in one paw which was fastened round my neck, and carried a cudgel in the other, with which he every now and then belaboured me when I didn't hop along on all threes fast enough to please him. Oh! how the sharp gravel seemed to cut my hands; I would have given all I possessed in the world if my hands had had shoes on. At length we came to the foot of a great oak-tree, the lower branch of which stretched over the road, and looked strong enough to have borne the weight of an elephant had it been hanged up by the trunk. The dog ran up the gigantic stem as readily as a cat, and, throwing the rope round the branch on which he sat astride, with his bushy tail sticking up like a squirrel's, looked down upon me, as the other end tightened round my neck, and said, "Though I am but the ghost of Bob Bowser's dog—and Bob was a good master to me—I'm willing to listen to anything you've got to say for yourself before I hang you, and that's showing you more kindness than ever you showed me."

I looked up, and said, "When I hanged you, the rope broke, and you ran away with it round your neck, and didn't seem so much hurt, after all, though I'm very, very sorry that ever I was so cruel."

"Wasn't I hurt? You'll soon see," answered the dog, giving the rope a sharp twitch, which made my eyes strike fire. "Perhaps, if you kick and struggle as hard as I did, you may break the rope too. I wish for nothing but what's fair. You tried to hang me; I try to hang you. Is it right, or is it not?"

I had not even a word to throw to the ghost of the dog.



THE GHOST OF BOB BOWSER'S DOG.

"Your lame leg won't hurt you much when it's fairly off the ground," said the dog, giving a sarcastic grin as he looked down upon me, while the moonshine streamed through the leaves of the oak above his head, and seemed to spangle his hairy skin with silver; and, as I gazed at him, I saw that he was club-footed, which accounted for his kicking me so heavily as he did.

Just then a raven seemed to start up with a loud croak, and,

as it flew circling round the huge oak, I thought how soon it would come and help itself to any portion of me it fancied, as I hung dangling from the branch; and that, if it had any young ones, how it would lead them down out of their nest, and tell them that they would find good picking here and a nice tender bit there, and that there would soon be nothing left of me but my bare bones.

"Raven seems very hungry," said the dog, casting upward his wicked fiery eyes. "Fine, sharp, horny beak; go into you as the nail did into my hide when you jobbed me with it. But you'll be hanged, and not feel it cut so sharply as I did. Now then, look out, here goes," and, without uttering another word, I was swept off the ground, and in a moment swinging to and fro in the empty air, like the pendulum of a clock.

Then I felt as if swimming through a river which was filled with drowned puppies, all blind; and, oh! what hard work it seemed striking out through the midst of them, as I cut my way along, throwing them aside with my arms, and behind with my legs, while they kept bobbing up about my mouth and round my neck and shoulders, making my eyes burn again as they dashed at them from the ridges of the waves. I felt as if choked with them; and the water they seemed to float in was the colour of crimson, over which the great red sun seemed setting, having an open fiery mouth that sucked in all that drew near it, and into which I was drawn with a plunge and a thump as if I had struck my head against one of its red-hot double teeth.

Then I seemed to remember no more until, opening my eyes, I saw the ghost of the dog bending over me; and he said, with a grin, "Narrow escape; you cut more capers than ever fiddler played to, and broke the rope as I did. Didn't hurt you very much, did it?" I felt for my neck, and it seemed to be almost as long as my arm.

"Stretched it a good bit, I dare say," said the dog, putting his fore-paws under his tail as a doctor might put his hands under his coat-skirts while stooping to examine a patient. And then I noticed that he had a great burning-glass affixed to one eye; and, as he examined my neck, he said, as if to himself, "Pretty strong mark; hadn't so much hair on to keep the rope from cutting his neck as I had. A good long run will revive him a bit." Then, giving me another kick that seemed almost to make my ribs meet, he said, "Come along; I'm going to market." I followed him on all-fours this time, for I was forced to go; and, as hanging had cured my lameness, I managed

to get along better, as I could then use both my feet, though the sharp road still cut my hands fearfully.

It was a dry dusty road along which we travelled, the dog stepping onward before me on his hinder legs, and holding the broken rope by one of his paws, while he kept plying the cudgel as usual whenever I lagged behind, and tightening the remainder of the rope which was still suspended round my neck, that pained me dreadfully. What made it worse was, through hobbling along with my mouth so near the ground, I felt dying of thirst, for the dog made all the dust he could, as he walked on before me; and, as if to add to my misery, a stream of clear water flowed by the dusty wayside, which I made several attempts to reach, but the dog twitched the rope as if he would cut my head off, and said, "No, no; can't afford you that luxury; hang your tongue out, as I did, when you dragged me along this very road. I dare say it's dry and hot. Lick the dust off, and see how you like it. If you try to drink again, I'll push you in, jump on you, and keep you down. The bottom's all alive with frogs, toads, and water-newts, and the banks with water-rats. Would you like to be eaten after you're drowned? Do you remember drowning me? That was a finisher; but I haven't come to that yet. You'll have water enough then, never fear." He slackened the rope as he ceased speaking, and, when he got behind, gave me such a kick as sent me clear over a toll-gate which was closed, then dragged me along again on all-fours over the roughest parts of the road, where it had been repaired with broken granite.

It seemed to be broad daylight, and people appeared to be hurrying along in carts, on horseback and on foot, as if they were going to market. Then I thought he was taking me there to sell me to some maker of sausages, and, bad as I had been, I knew that I had never served him like that. But it was very shocking to think, as I hopped along, that I might be cut up and put into a sausage-machine, peppered and salted, to give me the right flavour, then thrust into no end of little skins, be grid-ironed, frying-panned, and boiled, and have my senses about me all the time. I tried to beg hard for mercy, but couldn't get out a word, good or bad, my mouth was so full of dust.

As we drew near the market-town the dog looked into every hedge we passed, and bidding me at last, with a kick, "lie down," went up a bank and pulled out a great hedge-stake, which was six or seven feet long if it was an inch. "That's about the size of it," said he, throwing it down, and making me carry it in my

mouth, which I was glad to do, as I thought, at first, he meant murdering me with it. Then, just as we entered the town, he leaped over a low wall, beside a tinman's shop, and jumped back again with a large rusty tin saucepan in his paws, and, twisting up my coat-skirts like a tail, he tied the rusty saucepan and the great hedge-stake behind me; the stake crosswise, and the pan loose, with three or four feet of rope to give it plenty of play; then, starting me off with a kick, he dropped down on his paws, and ran barking after me as loud as he could, like any other dog, while all the dogs in the street joined in and followed me as I ran on all-fours into the crowded market-place, with the great hedge-stake swaying to and fro, and the tin saucepan making clatter enough behind to break the drum of a deaf man's ear.

I seemed to possess the speed of a race-horse, and the strength of a lion, while the clattering the saucepan made almost drove me mad, as it passed through my very marrow every time it struck the hard pavement. Bang through the pot-market I went, as that was the side of the market-place I first entered, smashing plates and dishes, cups, saucers, and basins, and sending them right and left, the pot-sellers shouting, and, as if to make matters worse, shying crockeryware of every kind at me, as I hurried along, followed by nearly all the dogs in the town at full cry, and headed by the ghost of Bob Bowser's dog, who I heard laughing behind me, if ever dog did laugh, for so his bark seemed to sound in my confused hearing.

I upset a little old woman in a red cloak, and ran my head into her basket of eggs as she fell; and, though licking up a few of the spilt yolks that hung about my face seemed to revive me a little, yet my hair was clotted and my eyes blinded with the sticky mixture and broken shells, as I dashed through the pig-market without knowing for a moment which way I was going, amid the squealing and the clatter. I at last reached the corn-market, and swept down some dozen or more of stout farmers, who, as they fell with their sample-bags in their hands, stared about as if Old Harry himself had suddenly rushed through the midst of them. What kicks I got, surely, while some of them struck out behind, and tried to drive their long sharp spurs into me, though the thick hedge-stake soon made them leave me a clear road, as it came like a sledge-hammer against their shins. Some of them shied their sticks after me, and, missing their aim, either struck one another, or sent them into the shop-windows opposite, which caused a deal of abuse, though I did not stop to listen to that.

I hurried through the butter-market, where the country-women stood with their baskets of butter and eggs, curds, whey, and cream-cheese, resting on light wooden trestles, with a space of about four feet between each row, sweeping down the trestles on both sides as I hurried along, and leaving on the ground such a mixture as was never before beaten up into puddings. Many of the dogs that were in full cry at my heels stopped to lick up the dainties I had so plentifully scattered.

I rushed for shelter into a chemist's shop; but as he, without so much as saying, "by your leave," shied his pestle at me, I darted out again through the window, carrying part of the framework with me, and leaving behind a mixture of red and green liquid, when I smashed his show-bottles, which ran among the tartaric acid and carbonated soda which were spilt on the floor, and made such a whizzing and fizzing that I seemed to hear it, even after I had reached the inn-yard, that was filled with the waggon and carts of village carriers.

Into one tilted waggon, that seemed to contain a number of calves, I made a spring, getting rid of the hedge-stake and saucepan, as the hinder part of the vehicle caught the stake and broke the rope, where, creeping in between the calves, I laid down, with my tongue out, and my sides panting, as if some blacksmith had set up a forge in my inside, and was working me up and down by way of bellows.

"Oh! you are there, are you?" said the ghost of Bob Bowser's dog, uplifting the waggon-tilt, and peeping in at me, while the poor calves trembled again; "Remember you've to be drowned yet before I've done with you, so you may as well turn out and have it over at once."

I begged of him to have a little mercy on me, and leave me a few hours to repent of the injury I had done to him, and, if I must be drowned, to let it be until some other day.

"Very well," he answered, "I'm rather blown myself after this long run, and so long as you are drowned, it's all one to me whether I do it to-night or to-morrow night." Then he took his paws from off the edge of the waggon, withdrew his head from between the tilt; and so delighted was I to find he had gone, that I awoke and saw the moonlight streaming in at the chamber window, when I got up and dressed myself for fear, that if I went to sleep again, the ghost of Bob Bowser's dog would come and drown me in my dream, as it had threatened to do.

(To be continued.)

THE ADVENTURES OF CLEVER JACK.

By the Author of "The Young Exiles," "The Kangaroo Hunters," &c.

CHAPTER I.

JACK DETERMINES TO BE HIS OWN MASTER.

JACK ARMSTRONG was not without his good qualities ; he was true and honest, bold and good-hearted ; but then he was heedless and wayward, very fond of having his own way, and quite sure that his way must be the best way. As long as his strict father and indulgent mother lived, he was obedient to them, but at twelve years old he was left an orphan ; the low fever which ever haunts the marshy districts of the uncleared American settlements carried them off, within a few days of each other, and though Jack wept bitterly at the visitation, he was roused to rebellion when his quiet, determined brother William, seven years older than himself, assumed authority over him.

Since the Armstrongs had emigrated from England with their large family, they had seen their children one after another fall victims to the fatal climate, till only the eldest and youngest survived, and then sunk themselves under the disease, at the moment when the clearing and cultivation of their lands held out hopes of health and prosperity. It was quite right that the eldest should then assume the management ; but Jack did not like this at all.

"What's the good of slaving on the land from sunrise to darkness, Will?" said he : "one has no time to read or amuse oneself ; and there's not a soul to talk to within twenty miles. We are no better off than our oxen, working all day for our food, without a change. I hate this life,—I want to be a sailor ; what's the use of being a bit more clever than others, if one cannot let people know it, and make some stir in the world ? I won't stay here to be ordered by you."

"You must stay and help on the farm, Jack," replied William ; "I am the eldest, and I can't have a lad like you turning against me. The house won't stand two masters."



Clever Jack gets into bad Company.

William walked away, and Jack whistled as he said to himself, "Now then, he is getting the steam up, and he thinks he'll master me; but I won't stand it. I have twenty dollars that mother saved up for me, and I'll have a run off and seek my fortune, if Dick Anderson will start with me."

Jack fancied the free roving life he had read of in adventurous tales must be pleasant and easy, and as he rode off to Mr. Anderson's settlement, at some distance, he arranged his plan to set out, with or without companion, and boldly face the battle of life. His friend Dick Anderson endeavoured to dissuade him from such haste; but Jack believed in his own sagacity, and finding Dick too timid to accompany him, he rode back with an obstinate determination to start alone.

His brother reprimanded him for wasting a day in riding off for amusement; but Jack replied doggedly, "Kansas is my own horse, and I have a right to ride him when and where I choose. You want to keep all to yourself, lands and stock, and power into the bargain. I know my way without help; I wish you'd let me alone."

William was much hurt; he was very just, and he only waited till the stubborn boy was older, to share all with him; but Jack did not like to wait.

A day or two after this, William rode off in the morning, intending to consult Mr. Anderson about his wayward brother, and Jack thought this would be a capital opportunity for his sally. He slung his rifle over his shoulders, took a good supply of charges in his pockets; and putting some books and his best clothes in one side of a pair of saddle-bags, he filled the other side with such solid provision as the bountiful pantry always afforded; then saddling his horse and arranging his baggage, he took a last look at the comfortable log-house where he had been so happy with the brothers and sisters, and with the loving parents who were now cold in the grave; he whistled boisterously to keep down his tears, and leaping on Kansas, he called out to Sally, the old cook, to tell his brother he was gone off with his gun, and should not return that night.

"More sham' on ye," said the old woman, "it's a real bad un ye are, a-vexing he just a-now, when he's hard put on, he is; and them beasts wanting fothering and nane to luik after th' lads. Now mark my words"

But Jack trotted away without staying to mark Sally's words. His aim was to cross the mountains and reach Charleston, where

the family had first landed, and where his father had friends, though he never proposed to go to them except his distress was great. But he saw no distress before him; he cared little for broad rivers or rugged mountains! what were all these things to a clever young fellow with a good horse under him; food and raiment, good health, plenty of pluck, and the handsome fortune of twenty dollars in his pocket?

"Now about these dollars," muttered he to himself: "I've heard say that there are sharp sportsmen about among the mountains. I'd easy bring down two with my revolver; but say a gang set on me? I guess it needs to be crafty. I mustn't lose my money; I must trick the rogues. I'd say they'll hardly strip me to the skin; so let us see how many my stockings will hold."

The stockings, of lamb's-wool, spun and knit by his mother after the custom of the old country she loved, were strong and capacious, and he contrived to secrete half his dollars in the soles; no inconvenience so long as he could ride, but certainly far from pleasant if he should be reduced to walking. Five more of his dollars he hid in the lining of his cap, and the rest he kept in his pocket for use and to avert suspicion. Then he laughed long and loud at his own ingenuity. "I'd like to have seen Will up to such a dodge," said he to himself. "He is a real old slow coach, but after all he'd be a good fellow if he were not so stiff. If he'd only let me have my own way, I would never have vexed him, poor fellow!"

For many days Jack continued the direct road, and after he had consumed his own provisions, calling at some humble house where his horse and he found rest and food for a small sum. But he then got astray from the main path through the mountains, and was compelled, as night came on, to seek shelter at the first house he came to—an inn, which, from the noisy sounds proceeding from it, appeared already to have received some travellers; and this certainly gave him a little alarm.

"I have often read of banditti assembled at these lonely mountain inns," said he, "and it would be awkward if I were to step into a hornet's nest. But here goes; nothing like pluck! there's always a way out where there's a way in. I'll take a look at the landlord, and trust him if I like him." So Jack, relying on his own sagacity, rode boldly up, and called for the ostler in a tone of authority. A man appeared, to whom he committed the charge of Kansas in such a pompous speech, that the man, regarding his youthful customer, grinned with derision.

Then entering the large, smoky, public room, Jack was vexed to see four ruffian-looking men seated round a table, smoking, drinking, and playing cards. They were plainly intoxicated, and their oaths and execrations were terrible. The landlord, who sat smoking by the fire, seemed to regard the scene with perfect indifference.

They all looked up as the boy came in, and one of the men called out, "Where d'ye hail from, young cub? I guess ye'll be a loafer; started off, likely, to have a shine with them there dollars as ye lifted."

Jack turned away from the man with a lofty air, and said to the landlord, "Can I have a bed?" The card-players roared with laughter at his manner, and he who had just spoken, said, "Ye crow like a bantie on a midden, master. Now, I guess, ye'll be up to a deal; ye'd whip us all with these card-fixins; but we'll not mind; ye can cut in."

"Thank you," replied the boy; "but very long ago I made a promise to my father that I would never, as long as I lived, play a game for money."

"Why, that beats pumpkin-pie," said the man; "think ye yer father's aback on ye, luiking over yer shoulder here?"

"I wish he was; he is dead!" said Jack, mournfully.

"A good journey to him," answered the ruffian, "if he cut up well. I guess ye bolted with your share in your pocket."

"Let the lad be, Varmint," screamed a woman who was frying steaks. "Here, lad, I guess ye'll want a bit of supper; eat it, and be off to bed. You're over young to consort with the like of them."

The steaks were tempting, and Jack accepted her invitation willingly, made a good supper, and then followed the landlord into a large gloomy loft, which contained several beds; and was told to go to sleep and take no notice when the men came to join him.

"But please, landlord," said Jack, "you take my saddle-bags into your charge. I have my eyes open, and I don't like my company; you tell them that you have my money: here it is," and he gave up the three dollars that remained in his pocket, determining to wear his stockings with their concealed treasure, and to put his cap beneath his pillow. Then, very much pleased with his arrangements, he ventured to undress, and after saying the prayers which ever abated his self-reliance, he selected a little bed in a far corner of the loft, and really did sleep till he was awaked by sounds of strife in the room among his suspicious companions.

They had a dim lamp, but so far from him that he could neither distinguish their forms, nor hear all their words; but he made out

with terror that the question of his murder was the cause of dissension, and likewise the division of his scanty property. In fact, except his horse, he had nothing of value, and every man wanted Kansas. Angry discussions were succeeded by struggles and blows, and Jack trembled and prayed as he listened to their blasphemous oaths and murderous threats.

At length, after a violent struggle, he heard a heavy fall, the door suddenly opened, the light disappeared, and silence and darkness succeeded. The wretches had surely departed; and—bitter thought—would carry off his faithful Kansas. But he was too much terrified to pursue them, and he inwardly thanked God for his preservation from death. He even fell into a sort of slumber again, but soon awoke, and started up in terror; he felt sure that he had again heard oaths and groans, and thought they must have returned to murder him. He listened fearfully; he heard no sound except the beating of his own heart; but he could sleep no more; he lay wakeful and trembling, longing for the light of day.

Again, he was persuaded, he heard a sigh near him, and he would have sought the door and fled from the room of horrors; but the darkness was so profound he was afraid he should not be able to discover it. Besides, though he did not like to allow it, he was really oppressed with such a strange terror, that he feared to stir or breathe.

The hours passed, and at length he became convinced that no light ever visited that gloomy chamber; it must be without window or crevice to let in the light of day. Once persuaded of this, he nerved himself to attempt his escape; he drew himself cautiously from his restless bed, and keeping close to the wall, crept noiselessly round till he felt and opened a door, and was cheered by a dim light on the narrow staircase; but not daring to glance back into that den of horrors he had left, he called out from the staircase to know if any one was below.

"What are ye needing, boy," answered the voice of the woman, "at this hour, before it be well day?" Jack looked down on the woman, who was baking bread over the fire, and said, "Would you be so kind as give me a light? I think there must be some one in the loft."

"There's four on 'em there, I guess," said the woman, "and ye'd better leave them quiet as rouse 'em to mischief, and me not ready for 'em yet."

"But they are gone, ma'am," said Jack, distractedly; "and I

am afraid. Oh, do come, for I fear there has been murder committed."

"Save the lad, what's in his head?" said the woman, coming to the staircase with a lighted candle, where Jack stood shivering and undressed. "Haud by, I say."

Then the determined woman pushed past him into the dark loft, and, raising her light, saw extended on the floor the bleeding corpse of the man she had named Varmint, stabbed in the breast, and his pockets turned out and rifled. She shrieked out loudly, and soon brought up her husband and the ostler, to see the murdered man, and to hear the incoherent account Jack gave of his night of terror.

"Get on your clothes, boy, and come out here," said the woman; "I guess we've have to keep ye till we fetch a coroner."

The husband made her a sign to be silent, and Jack hastened to dress; but alas! the men had carried off all they could lay hands on, and the poor boy was glad to ask the landlord for his saddle-bags, that he might array himself in his best, muttering to himself, even with a little pleasure,

"Ay, ay, it was just like me, that bright thought of giving them to the landlord; but for my usual prudence I might have had to seek my fortune in my shirt."

Gaining possession of his bag, he began to dress, and, while thus employed, he overheard the woman below say to her husband,

"If ye don't keep the lad to bear witness, the murder may be laid to our door."

"Murder! murder! what makes thee bring out such ugly words, woman?" said the man, angrily. "I guess, if we send off this young varmint, and fling yon carrion down one of them deep holes in the mountain, and keep a close mouth, we'll need no crowners to bring down an ill name on the house. Who cares for sich as they? and I calkerlate if we're axed, we'd affidavy as they slept here and were off afore light without paying shot. It's not our affair if they fought and killed one another in their way. Sam knows ower much to peach, and we'll try to shut up the young un'."

Jack heard no more; and all his desire now was to escape from these unprincipled people, especially as he had discovered that his bag had been thoroughly ransacked, and that two shirts and all his silk handkerchiefs were missing. After the first flash of indignation, he had the prudence to resolve not to mention his loss; but, descending to the lower room, hastily swallowed the breakfast spread for him, and then made some inquiries about his horse.

"I guess ye've seen the last of that there beast," replied the

man; "they've carried him slick off, saddle and bridle fixins ower and aboon; and ye may thank yer stars ye're alive and fit to tramp: sooner and better, I guess. And hear ye, young un', ye'll likely light on them critters afore long, and, mark me, niver say a word consarnin' aught as has passed here, or they'll put ye under. They're a bloody gang. Where will ye be bound?"

"To Charleston, where I wish to go to sea," said Jack.

"Ay, ay, that's the dodge, lad," answered the man; "it's a heap better nor loafin' about and falling in with them. Have ye heared on a taut clever ship called the *Rover*? I guess Captain Swinney, as owns her, would give you a berth, if ye tell him I sent ye. But keep yer mouth shut about yon rowdy fellows as cleaned ye out."

"Thank you," said Jack; "now please give me my money, and direct me to the high-road."

"What d'ye mean?" said the man, scowling. "I shall be a pretty considerable loser by you and yer gang, for likely you may be one on 'em. Any how, I look to you to pay shot. There's a dollar, a free gift, I guess; and yonder's Nick Waggoner, as 'll be willing to give ye a lift through these here hills."

The landlord went out and hailed a train of waggon, while Jack, indignant and mortified, deposited the solitary dollar in a snug pocket beneath his vest, to which he had already transferred the treasure of his stockings, to fit him better for walking. Then, taking up his nearly emptied bag, he was following the villain, too much afraid of him to remonstrate, when the woman, making a sign for him to be silent, thrust into the bag a bundle of meat and bread, and whispered to him to say nothing to the waggoner, who beckoned the boy to him, and invited him to a seat beside him.

Gladly did Jack drive off from that abode of evil; but it was some time before he was sufficiently composed to reply discreetly to the questions of his companion.

"What were in thee, lad, to put up at yon ugly place?" said the man. "It has a bad name; and if thou hadn't lured innocent like, I'd hardly have picked thee up. There's few as is bould to bide a night yonder. Didst thee see nought, lad?"

Jack evaded the question by saying he was tired and sleepy when he arrived.

"And had little matters to lose, seemingly," continued the waggoner; "that oft keeps folks honest."

"But my mother taught me to be honest and true, because God's eye was always on me," said Jack, weeping.

"Come, now, I like thee for that, and thou'st ride with me as far as thee needs," said Nick.

And as the waggons were actually going on as far as Charleston, Jack thus performed the remainder of his long journey cheaply and pleasantly, becoming quite friendly with Nick, telling him all his plans, and assuring him that he should make his way in the world, for he was born clever.

The man laughed as he shook hands with him, at the door of the quay-side inn, where the landlord had told him he should find Captain Swinney. He was shown into a crowded room, gave the message to the rough-looking Swinney, and was ordered to call for his answer in an hour. Jack withdrew in haste, for in a distant corner of the room he caught a glimpse of the sinister countenance of one of the murderers; and, though he hoped he had not been seen by him, he felt that he could not eat in that house, and turned out to walk on the quay, not quite sure whether he should keep his appointment; for he neither liked the appearance of Captain Swinney nor the company he was in. Still, if he was once on board, he should be safe from these wretches. It was a case for consideration; but as he stood looking out on the ships, to make up his mind, he felt a hand on his shoulder, and starting in mortal terror, he looked round timidly, and was relieved to find it was Swinney, who said,

"Come on sharp, my boat is waiting, and I may as well ship you at once."

Jack was not quite prepared for such a hurried movement; he was disturbed and half dissatisfied; but he wanted rest and refreshment, and, above all, concealment, and, according to his own profound judgment, the ship offered all these; so he followed Swinney without a word. He stepped into the boat, which was manned by a young lad and an ugly one-eyed negro, and, before he could realize his position, he found himself standing on the deck of a tolerably-sized sailing vessel, the accomplishment of his long-indulged hopes. Now he was a sailor; but what his duty was to be, or where the vessel was bound, he had never inquired. The captain pointed him out to a surly-looking man, who appeared to be mate, and then retired to his cabin, while the astonished boy looked round him, and wondered if this could really be the trim, taut ship he had read of. The deck was so encumbered with foul-smelling casks, coils of rope, and masses of rubbish, that there was no room to move; and Jack felt at a loss where to fly to be out of the way of the busy, swearing crew.

"What's that lad loafing about there?" called out one man. "Lend a hand, cub, if ye don't want a taste of a rope's end."

Jack's anger rose, and he turned round to resent this insult; but the sight of a dozen stout men stripped to work, and panting with heat and hard work, deterred him, and he said to the youth he had seen in the boat,

"I'm willing to work if you'll show me how to set about it, and get me something to eat, for I'm fairly famished."

The lad laughed as he replied, "You'll have to bide till mess, lad, I guess. I'm a fresh hand here myself, but not altogether so green as you. You must never heed hunger when work has to be done. Help to lower these here fixins into hold, and mind nought but what ye're set to do."

Jack thought it hard to be ordered by men who seemed of the lowest class; but he never shirked work; so he laboured away, congratulating himself as usual on his own cleverness, by which he had eluded the murderers of the mountain. Kicked about and abused by the coarse sailors for his awkwardness, and faint with hunger, the time seemed to be long, till at last he obtained a plate of greasy meat, and, at the end of the day, a heap of old sails and ropes, in a corner of the steerage, for a bed. Jem told him that he would not be disturbed, as there were to be no regular watches, for the pilot was coming out, and the best hands only would be on duty to get the ship out of harbour over the sand-banks. He slept till Jem, the youth who came out with him, roused him to the new employment of cleaning and swabbing the decks, and he found it was broad daylight, and that they were actually out at sea. Jack, under the direction of his new friend, did his best at the hard work, though he could not but reflect that it was not much to be preferred to ploughing or haymaking; but then, he had succeeded in having his own way, and wasn't he always right? He looked round with triumph at this thought, and saw before him, leaning against the bulwarks, to his horror and dismay, the three murderers of the mountain!

(To be continued.)

OUR DOMESTIC PETS—THE PARROT.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD.

HAVING in the last number given a description of the squirrel as a domestic pet, I turn to the feathered tribes for our next favourites.

Among the vast multitude of birds which inhabit all parts of the earth, or even among the many species which are found in our own country, it is no easy matter to make a first choice. As, however, a Parrot was one of the first birds distinctly impressed on my youthful memory, I have chosen the Parrot race for the present month.

Before proceeding to describe the several species which are generally in vogue among English fanciers, I may remark that the Parrots, Parakeets, Macaws, and Cockatoos, are found almost in every warm portion of the globe. Many of the largest and most magnificent species inhabit South America, while Australia is remarkable for possessing several examples of this beautiful group of birds, that are most interesting to the young naturalist on account of their form, colour, and habits.

One species, the Long-billed Parrot, or Nestor, scientifically called *Nestor productus*, is now, as is feared, totally extinct, the last known specimen having been shot some years ago. This curious bird was notable for a wonderfully long upper mandible, very like a pickaxe in shape, and employed in much the same service, being used for digging out of the ground the roots and other vegetable substances on which the bird was accustomed to feed. It is rather remarkable that, although this strange land is very rich in the parrot tribe, none of them except the cockatoo can be taught to speak, being apparently incapable of any imitation of the human voice, and rarely uttering any sound except a scream or a chuckle. Asia also possesses some very elegant species.

All the birds belonging to this tribe are furnished with rather large heads, very large and curved beaks, with the upper mandible hooked well over the lower, which is short and stout; and their toes are so formed that they are divided into two opposable sets, so as to permit the bird to grasp an object in its claws almost as if they were hands. In climbing, an exercise of which the parrots are

very fond, the young naturalist will probably observe that the bird makes nearly as much use of its beak as of its feet; and, even when tame and accustomed to perch on the hand of its owner, it aids itself in its movements by taking hold of the fingers with its beak, although too gently to cause any injury.



GREY PARROT.

The species which is most celebrated for talking is the Grey Parrot, a well-known bird, living, when wild, in Western Africa,

and being at once identified by its grey plumage and short red tail. There are several modes of obtaining this bird, such as requesting a naval friend to bring one home on his return, or going and



GREEN PARROT.—(SEE PAGE 115.)

fetching one for yourself. But as there are few who are so happy as to have an accommodating nautical friend or relative, and still fewer who are able to undergo the perils and hardships of a sea voyage, the best way is to go to a respectable dealer, and give him an order

for a young healthy bird. I say a young bird, because the purchaser will then be able to teach it every word that it speaks, and will find his feathered pet become far more familiar than if it entered his possession when aged and with fixed habits. Moreover, an older bird is very apt to pick up all kinds of phrases employed by the sailors on board the ship in which it made its voyage; and although such a vocabulary excites no particular surprise at sea, it is rather too forcible and idiomatic for society.

The worst of this matter is, that the parrot is possessed of an iron memory, and never seems to forget anything it has once learned, however its acquirements may have been overlaid with fresh teachings. It has often happened that a parrot, which has behaved for a long time in the most exemplary manner, and employed none but the most refined language, has suddenly met with a sound which recalled all its old associations, and induced the bird to pour forth a copious volley of language too loud to be disregarded, and too plain to be misunderstood.

And parrots are just like children in their propensities for saying the most dreadful things exactly at the most inconvenient times and to the most fastidious persons, always choosing a dead silence for making some deeply reprehensible remark, and invariably addressing their observations to some lady, or some staid ecclesiastical dignitary.

Parrots are marvellously nervous birds, and, while young, will often throw themselves into such paroxysms of fear at the mere sight of a stranger, that they will even endanger their lives. They have an odd and unpleasant habit of scolding on such occasions, uttering loud, rough, grating cries, as piercing to the ear as the sound of a file or a saw, and stretching out their necks with ruffled feathers and agitated gestures. Some birds retain this extreme timidity for a very long time, in spite of all attempts to conciliate them. I have known a young parrot that was given quite young to a family well skilled in the management of birds, and particularly kind to their feathered pets. Yet, after the lapse of seven or eight months, the bird had only learnt to be tolerably familiar with the feminine portion of the family; and the approach of any man or boy of the same family, or of any stranger whatever, was sure to throw him into a paroxysm of terror.

As the management of the different species is nearly, if not quite identical, I shall not trouble the reader with a detailed description of each kind of parrot and the mode of treating it, but merely tell him how to manage these birds generally, and give a brief account

of the country, form, and colour of those species which are most commonly brought to this country. There are, indeed, so many species of these birds, that it is impossible to mention more than five or six examples; but if the reader desires to learn more about the parrot tribe, I must refer him to my "Illustrated Natural History," vol. ii., where he will find the subject treated at length, and with large figures of all the most remarkable species.

The Amazon, or Green Parrot, is so called from its colour, which is mostly bright green, with some yellow and purple tints here and there. This species are brought to England under the title of the Green Parrot, the second species being more properly called the Festive Parrot. It is much larger than the common species, being about fifteen or sixteen inches in length, and having the feathers of the lower part of the back of a deep vermilion.

Teaching this bird to talk is by no means a difficult task, not nearly so difficult, indeed, as hindering it from learning accomplishments which it is not desired to possess, or inducing it to refrain from producing objectionable sounds, whether articulate or otherwise.

In order to teach the parrot to imitate sounds, the best and simplest mode is to take the bird into a perfectly quiet room, where it can hear and see no one but the instructor, and will not have its attention distracted by surrounding objects.

Then, after taking every care to render the feathered pet familiar, speak the words, or produce the sounds, which the bird is required to imitate, and be careful to avoid varying them even by the fraction of a tone. You will soon see the pupil taking notice of the oft-repeated sound, and it will presently hold its head aside, as if to catch the tones more clearly. After a while it will try to imitate them, and, as soon as it makes an attempt, however imperfect, make much of the bird, and give it a small morsel of some special dainty.

Parrots are largely gifted with the faculty called by phrenologists "love of praise," and are in no slight degree incited by self-esteem; so that it is possible to induce the bird to perform the oddest feats, by carefully working on these two propensities. They have an almost morbid love of being noticed, and crave for words of praise with as much appreciation as if they could understand their import. You can throw one parrot into a very passion of jealousy by pretending not to hear it, and talking to another bird.

One difficulty in the management of these birds is, that when you have taught them to exercise their powers of imitation, they are apt pick up a kind of chance-medley of every sound they hear,

instead of adhering to one lesson and learning it thoroughly before they begin another. Breaking them of the habit is a difficult task, but can be achieved with ordinary care.

The simplest plan is to pounce at once on the obnoxious sound, and, by never letting it pass unnoticed, give Polly an idea that the sound is not to be uttered. If she persists in her delinquency, the best way is to scold her, and put her at once into a dark closet, or throw a thick shawl over the cage so as to exclude the light. Parrots detest being left in the dark, and it is surprising how soon the bird finds that her utterance of the forbidden sound is sure to be followed by condign punishment, and therefore ceases to be guilty of the offence. I once succeeded in curing a parrot of yelling by the persevering repetition of the dark cell, and I have no doubt but that this punishment, light as it really is, and doing no harm to the bird, will be found effectual in most cases.

Wherein shall our parrot live? This is a natural and a needful question, and requires a few lines in reply.

Assuming that, in any case, the bird is to have plenty of room, as is needful for a creature so restless and active, a cage is to be recommended, unless the parrot is very tame, and there is no fear of strange cats; I say strange cats, because Polly will generally contract an alliance with the cat and dog of the household, and be on the most friendly terms with them.

A good form of cage is here given. As the reader will observe, it is much wider across the top than is usually the case. This is to give the bird room to traverse the cage, or luxuriate in its swing, without the danger of rubbing its tail into a shabby and ragged condition. There is a metal hoop suspended by a chain, and it is found that parrots are very fond of getting into this hoop, and swinging about. The cage should be made of galvanized iron wire, very strong, and at least five feet high.



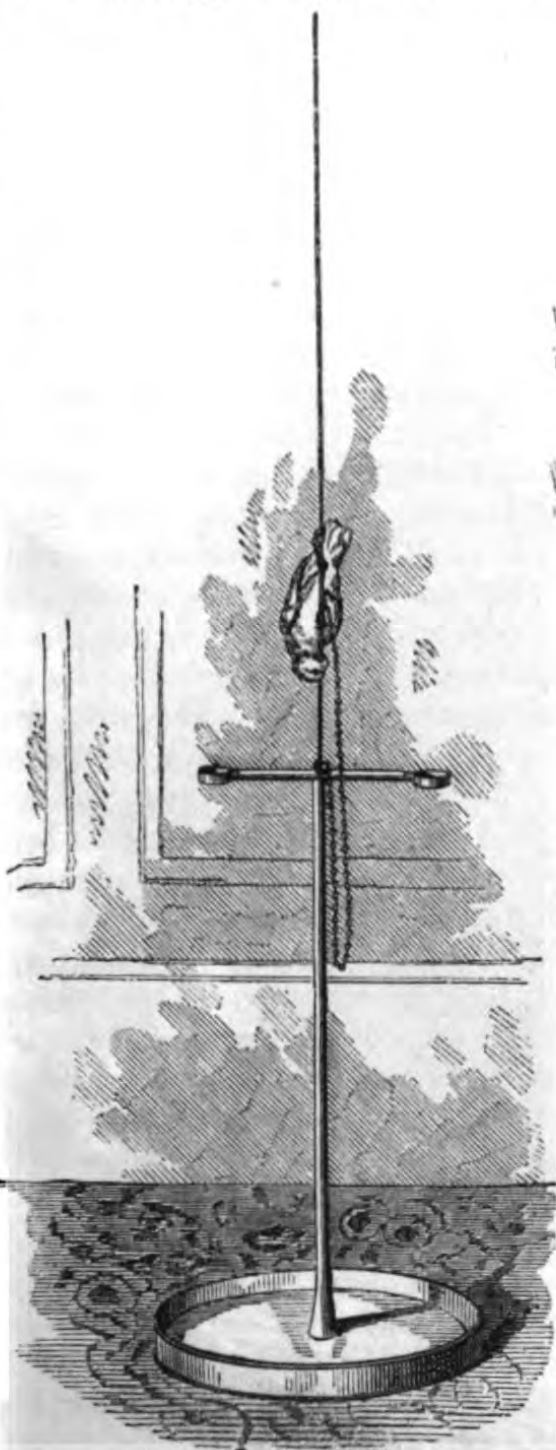
Let me here dissuade my readers, in the strongest terms, from purchasing cages made of brass wire for their parrot, or indeed for any other bird. Brass is terribly apt to produce verdigris, especially in London, or indeed any large town, or where gas is much used; and as birds, and parrots especially, are fond of nibbling the wires, they may be poisoned, and die a painful death. I lately lost nearly my whole stock of canaries, by merely putting them in some old

brass-wire cages during their removal from one house to another. Nine died within a few hours, and nearly as many more were so injured that they could not get through the moulting season.

Should, however, the bird be trustworthy, I would recommend one of the common crutch perches, to which the bird is secured by a chain, having one end fastened to a ring on its foot, and the other end affixed to the crutch. If the room in which the bird is kept will permit the arrangement, by far the best plan is to add a strong twisted wire to the crutch, and carry it to the ceiling, as is done in the Crystal Palace. The chain, instead of being fastened to the crutch, terminates in a ring, which slides upon the upright wire, and permits the bird to mount or descend at will.

Polly will be charmed with this addition to her range of locomotion, and the sight of his pet bird enjoying herself cannot fail to repay the owner for the slight extra trouble which he takes.

Parrots are very fond of exercising their strong beaks, and are very apt to gnaw their perches so incessantly, that they cut them in two, despite of the hardness of the material. Prevention, they say, is better than cure; and if the young parrot-owner will take care to give his bird now and then a stout piece of elm wood, with the bark not removed, he will find that Polly will prefer to



tear and rasp away at the elm board, to biting her hard perch, where there is no bark to be stripped off.

The pretty cockatoos are always great favourites, their form being very elegant, their colour delicate, and their talkative powers very great. These birds are natives of Australia and the Indian



COCKATOO.

Islands, and derive their name from the peculiar cry of some species, which exactly resembles the word cockatoo.

The two species generally found in captivity are the great Wide-crested Cockatoo, known by the crest of broad and slightly-hollowed feathers which decorate the head, and which can be raised and even thrown forward when the bird is excited with pleasure or anger. The colour of this species is white, and the under surface of the crest is tinged with red. This bird comes from the Moluccas, and is deservedly in favour as a pet, being docile, affectionate, and very quaint in its habits.

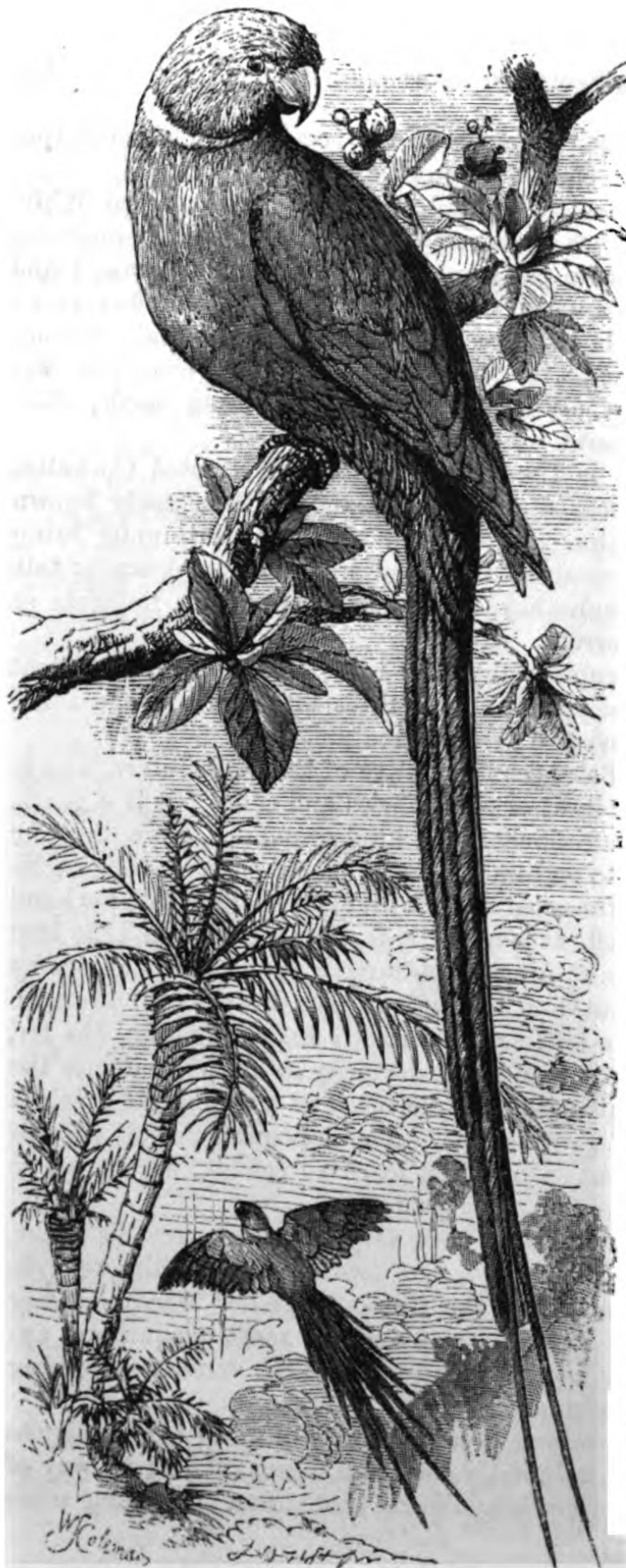
The other species is the Lesser, or Sulphur-crested Cockatoo, also from the Moluccas and Indian Islands. It is easily known by the pointed sulphur-yellow crest, which is continually being raised and thrown forward. Both these species can learn to talk to some extent, though they are not such admirable linguists as their kinsmen the parrots.

As our space is rapidly drawing to a close, we must content ourselves with a brief description of three more species, and a few words upon their food and general treatment.

The pretty Ring Parakeet is a native of the East Indies, and is a very familiar inhabitant of our aviaries and cages. It is a gentle creature, and most affectionate to a kind owner. I have seen one of these birds begin to scream in a most pitiful manner because its mistress was leaving the room without first taking her pet on her hand and bidding it farewell. It is mightily fond of walnuts, and the bird can be kept in a state of great good-humour for an hour or more by giving it a half-walnut, and telling it to pick out the contents with its hooked bill. The bird seems perfectly happy, holding the nut in one claw, shifting it with great dexterity so as to get it into the best position for extracting the kernel, and uttering the while a little low chuckle of gratification. The colloquial powers of this bird are moderate, but it does not learn so readily, nor repeat so accurately, as the grey or green parrots.

The Macaws are notable for their very long tails, very big beaks, and very brilliant colouring. The two species usually seen in England are the Scarlet and the Blue-and-Yellow Macaw. They come from Southern America, and have a most magnificent appearance while flying from tree to tree, with the sunbeams flashing from their gorgeous plumage.

As a pet, the macaw is no great favourite of mine, being noisy to a degree, and having a horribly loud and dissonant yell by way of a cry. It is, however, a magnificent bird, often measuring more



than a yard in length. The colour of the plumage is almost entirely of a rich glowing scarlet, relieved here and there by a little blue, yellow, and green.

The Blue-and-Yellow Macaw is another native of tropical America, and though not so gorgeously resplendent a bird as its scarlet relation, is yet a remarkably handsome creature. As may be surmised from its popular appellation, the colour is chiefly of the two tints, blue and yellow, mixing occasionally so as to produce green. Without going too deeply into minute details, it will suffice to say that the upper part of the back, the wings, and the tail are azure-blue, and the under parts king's yellow. On the

RING PARAKEET.

forehead is a patch of green, the chin is black, and the cheeks are white and naked, with the exception of three narrow bands of very tiny feathers drawn successively beneath the eyes.

The parrot tribe may be fed upon various vegetable substances, such as grain of different kinds, seeds, nuts, Indian corn, and biscuits. The stones of peaches are great favourites with the birds, who derive much amusement from picking with their scoop-like tongues the soft fruit from the interstices of the rough stone. There was a magnificent Macaw in a shop in Paris, to which I used to give a peach-stone every morning. The bird used to look out regularly for his treat, and began to dance on his perch, and flap his wings, and scream with excitement, as soon as he saw me in the distance.

They ought not to have any kind of animal food, not even milk, which is frequently recommended for their use, as their systems are apt to become heated, and then they pull away their feathers in their attempts to alleviate the irritation. Sometimes a parrot will pluck itself bare, in every part where its bill can reach, and so injure itself materially. A capsicum pod now and then is, however, a treat to the parrot, and can be given sparingly. Be careful to use glass or earthenware pans for the food, and see every morning that the cage and pans are quite clean and bright.

THE GIANT STRIDE, OR FLYING STEPS, AND ITS CAPABILITIES.

By GEORGE FORREST, M.A.

THE valuable and invigorating apparatus which is called the Giant Stride in some places, and the Flying Steps in others, is to be found in many schools where an inclosed open-air playground can be secured. Excepting on a few occasions, or when the charm of novelty induces the boys to exercise, it is seldom in much favour, and is usually seen idle, with the ironwork rusting, the beam rotting, and the ropes yielding to exposure.

In fact, it really seems as if the masters and teachers were doing their best to weaken their apparatus, and to cause a severe accident whenever it breaks down, as such is always the case, sooner or later. The rusty iron gives way to a harder pull than usual, the ropes snap, or the upright post breaks off level with the ground, and falls with dreadful force. I knew of a boy being killed by such an accident, and in consequence the parents of the other pupils laid the blame on the Giant Stride itself, instead of on those who allowed it to get into such a state of decay.

Boys, too, soon get tired of it; they take hold of the ropes, run round a few times, and then leave it, naturally, seeing no interest in such a proceeding. But, in reality, the Giant Stride is a most useful article in the muscular education, as it exercises, at the same time, the arms and legs, is capital for the lungs, and strengthens those invaluable muscles about the loins which we so sadly neglect, and by reason of whose weakness many dangerous injuries occur to young and old.

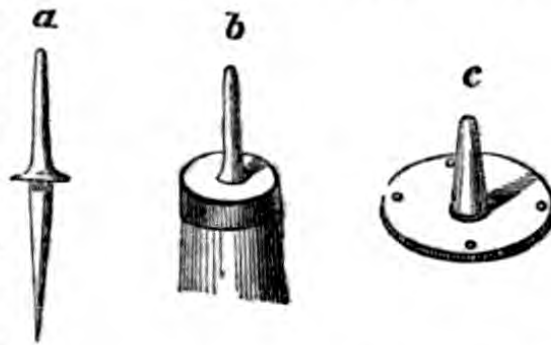
There is something most fascinating in the exercises that can be achieved on this apparatus; the gymnast seems to be almost endowed with wings, and in his aerial course hardly touches the ground with his toes, flying, like feathered Mercury, through the air, and literally basking in the pure element. The common posture of holding the bars close to the breast, and then running round the post, is radically false, and deprives the Giant Stride of all its use, and the greater part of its pleasure. Being myself an

ardent advocate of this instrument as affording an amount of healthy exercise not to be obtained by any other means, I gladly take this opportunity of describing the manufacture and capabilities of the Giant Stride.

Having fixed upon a suitable spot of level ground, well laid with gravel, and carefully drained, dig a hole at least seven feet in depth, and fill about eighteen inches with stones about the size of the fist, or, to use a homely but expressive simile, as if a sack of potatoes had been emptied into it. Pound and press the stones well down, and then pour rough gravel upon them until you have made the surface tolerably level. The object of these stones is to prevent the water from accumulating round the post and rotting it.

Now for the post. This should be at least twenty feet long, so as to leave about fifteen feet projecting when set upright in the hole. The butt should be left very large, as is done with ordinary wooden gate-posts, and the whole affair ought to be made of thoroughly seasoned wood. Unless this is the case, it is sure to rot, and then, down it comes some day, when least expected. Triangular steps should be nailed upon opposite sides, like those on railway signal-posts, as otherwise the daily task of removing and replacing the ropes will be very irksome.

Get a blacksmith to make a stout iron pin, such as is shown at *a*, having a projecting shoulder to prevent it from entering too far into the wood. He should also make a strong iron collar to put over the top of the pole, as is seen at *b*, where the pin is also shown fixed. The last piece of blacksmith's work is an iron disc, having a cap or thimble in the middle, which



is intended to receive the iron pin, and to enable the disc to spin round freely. Four holes are bored through the edge of the disc, as seen at *c*. Purchase four iron S hooks, and the same number of swivels, and good store of well-made half-inch rope, and the machine may then be set up.

First char carefully the whole of the butt that is to enter the ground, and for about six inches above, in order to prevent the wood from being injured by wet. Place it upright in the hole, testing it by a plumb-line tied to the top, and fill in the hole with

earth, pounding it down firmly with a heavy rammer. You cannot be too careful about this process, and the apparatus should not be used until the earth has had time to settle. While waiting for this operation, cut the rope into appropriate lengths, and fasten one end of each rope to a swivel, and the other to the centre of a stout bâton of elm or oak wood, about eighteen inches long. Unless you are very sure of your powers of splicing ropes and making "eyes," let the ropemaker do this for you, as it is a most important operation, and involves the security of the gymnast in no slight degree. It is necessary to have swivels, as the ropes would otherwise become so twisted as to lose their freedom of play, or even to weaken their structure. These preparations being completed, mount the post by the steps, taking the cap with you, grease the pin well with an end of tallow-candle, and slip the cap upon it, taking care to spin it well in order to assure yourself that all is right. Hang the swivels to the circular plate by means of the S hooks, one curve of which passes through the hole in the plate and the other through the loop in the swivel.

The ropes should be just so long that when they hang loosely along the pole, the cross-bar should be two feet from the ground. As, however, new ropes stretch in a wonderful manner, it is needful to allow considerably for this property.

One thing more is needed, and then the whole apparatus will be complete.

Measure the greatest distance which can be reached by the feet of any one swinging round by the ropes, and about one yard beyond that line erect a slender pole nearly as high as the central post, having pegs driven at intervals of four inches. This is intended to aid the learner in leaping, and the mode by which this object is accomplished is seen in fig. 2.

Having now everything ready, we first look to all the fastenings, a precaution which must never be neglected; see that the pin and swivels are well greased, take the cross-bar of one rope in both hands, and retire from the post as far as the outstretched arms will permit. Of course, if there are four performers, each takes his stand exactly opposite his neighbour. It is better not to exercise alone, on account of the unequal strain on the post; and it is evident that the opposite players should be as nearly as possible of similar weights, so as to balance each other in their course. It may easily be imagined that the strain upon the base of the post is enormous, there being a leverage of fifteen feet, and that some precautions are necessary to prevent injury.

Keeping our right sides to the post, and the rope tightly stretched, we begin to run, throwing as much weight as possible on the rope, and as little as possible on the feet. As the pace increases, the feet are taken off the ground, and touch it at longer intervals, until, when at full speed, they only come to the ground occasionally, just sufficient to maintain the impetus.

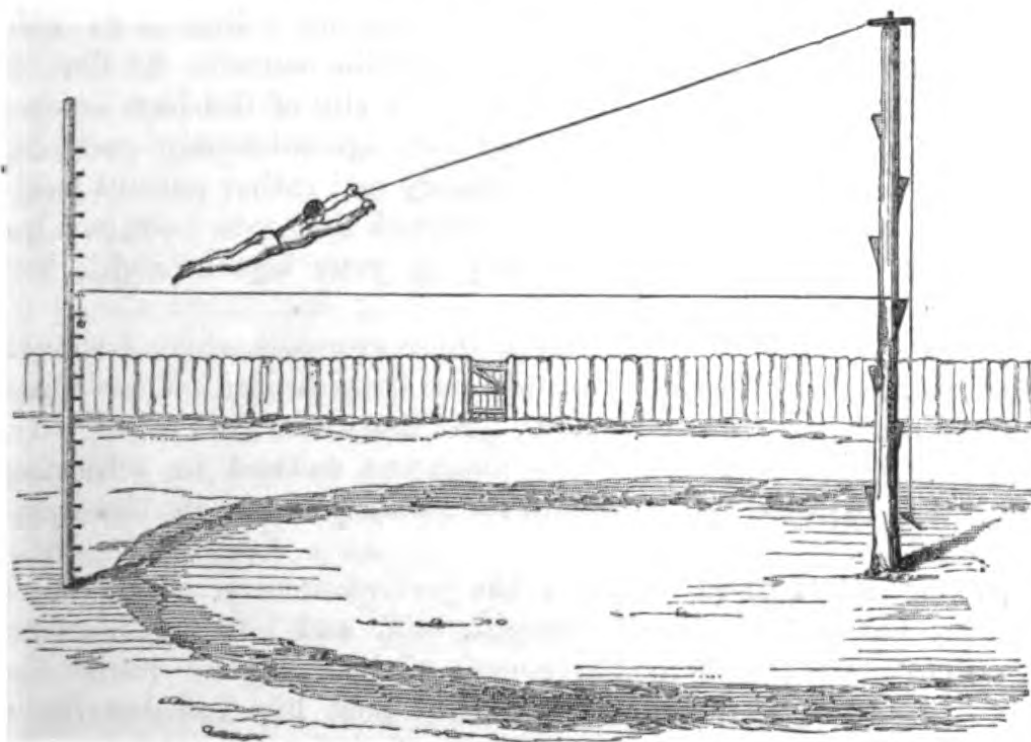


FIG. 2.

Having kept up this speed as long as is agreeable, we slacken the pace gradually, and stop. Next time, we take care to run the contrary way, keeping the left side towards the pole. This is done to exercise equally the muscular system on both sides of the body; and to save time and space, I will say, once for all, that when any feat is described, it must be accomplished in either direction with equal ease.

I will now explain the method of leaping, one of the most exciting of all these exercises.

Set the string to quite a low elevation,—say two feet from the ground,—stand with your back to it, the cross-bar in your hands, and run quickly round. When you come about one quarter of the distance, try to fling yourself into the air, not by jumping with the legs, but by letting the whole weight depend on the rope, so that the centrifugal force takes you off your feet.

As you touch the ground, take about three long steps, and at the third step hurl yourself again off the ground, with the body straight, and the feet extended well behind, and the impetus will carry you over the string, and land you neatly on the other side. You will soon learn to increase the height of the jump, until you can pass over the string, at an elevation of ten feet, with perfect certainty.

Another very pretty, though not so dashing a feat, is to spin round on your own axis as you run round the course. At first, it is needful to manage this cautiously, as a slip of the foot is sure to disturb your balance, and send you ignominiously scraping your way over the gravel in a derogatory and rather painful position. When, however, you have mastered this art, you can go round revolving the whole time, keeping your legs straight, feet together, and toes pointed.

There are many modifications of these exercises which I should right well like to describe; but, as our space is limited, we must content ourselves with two more. At the same time I may say, that if any of the readers of this magazine succeed in achieving them, they will bid fair to attain no mean position in the gymnastic art.

In the first of these exercises, the performer never moves hand or foot, but holds himself straight, stiff, and immovable as an Egyptian statue, and in the course of his progress round the

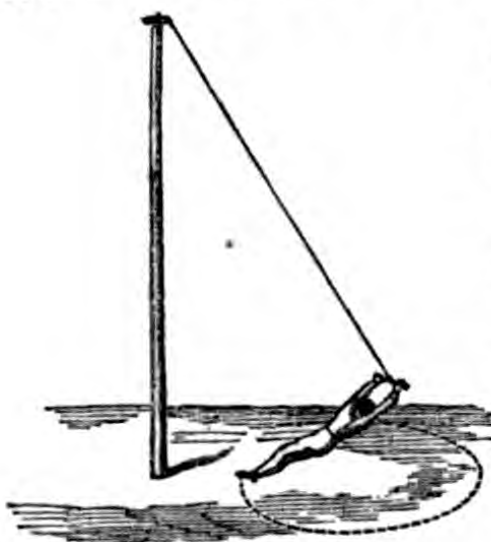


FIG. 3.

central post his feet describe a series of circles, or rather spirals, while his hands merely move in a circle, and serve as the axis on which the body revolves. This feat is not very easily made intelligible, but with the help of two diagrams we hope that our readers will comprehend it. Fig. 3 shows the method of commencing it. The performer grasps the cross-bar in both hands at the full stretch of his arms, holds himself quite straight and stiff, points his toes, and then falls

forward as shown in the engraving. If he has the strength and nerve to hold himself quite stiff, though his face comes rather near the ground, the whole body swings off the ground, the

hands being the pivot, and the feet take the course denoted by the dotted line, the hands retaining their position. It is possible, by dint of practice, to manage so as to make the entire circuit of the pole in four such revolutions, and the course of the performer is shown by the accompanying diagram (fig. 4), where the dark circle in the centre represents the pole, the dotted line is the course taken by the hands, and the continuous line the course of the feet.

This is a most elegant and graceful performance, and never fails to elicit the admiration and applause of the bystanders. There seem to be no means of propulsion, and the performer seems, to an uninitiated spectator, to be impelled by a simple act of volition.

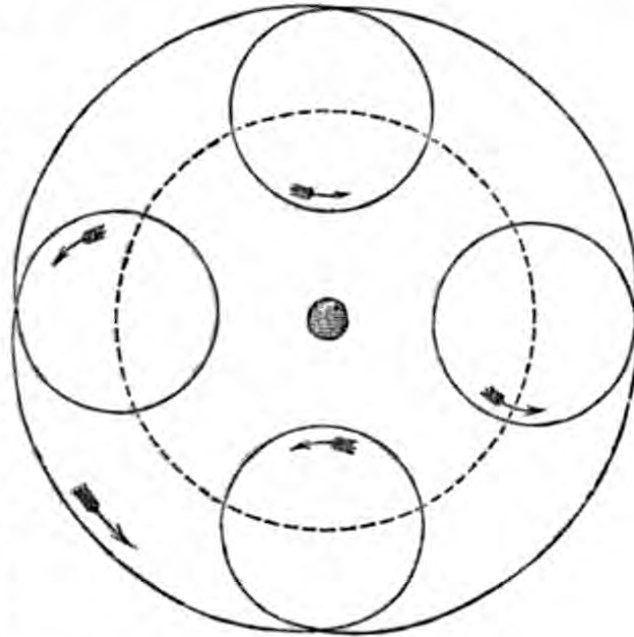


FIG. 4.

The last is the most daring and difficult of all the feats, being nothing less than passing over the string with the head downwards and the feet in the air. This need not be attempted by any but a tolerable gymnast, and is achieved by running at the string in the manner already described, and just as the body is rising in the swing, drawing the hands smartly to the breast, throwing the feet into the air, and clasping the rope between them. It is a most dashing feat, and generally takes spectators entirely by surprise.

I should well have liked a longer disquisition on a favourite subject, but must now take my leave, merely assuring the reader that the few exercises which I have described are the keys to the thorough mastery of the Giant Stride.

As a last caution, let me recommend that the ropes should be taken down every evening and put in a dry spot, as they are liable to be much weakened if permitted to hang in the open air. In wet weather the same precaution should be taken.

THERE'S WORK FOR ALL TO DO.



I.

COME, boys ! the world wants mending,
Let none sit down and rest,
But set to work like heroes,
And nobly do your best.
Do what you can for fellow-man,
With honest heart and true,
Much may be done by every one,—
There's work for all to do.

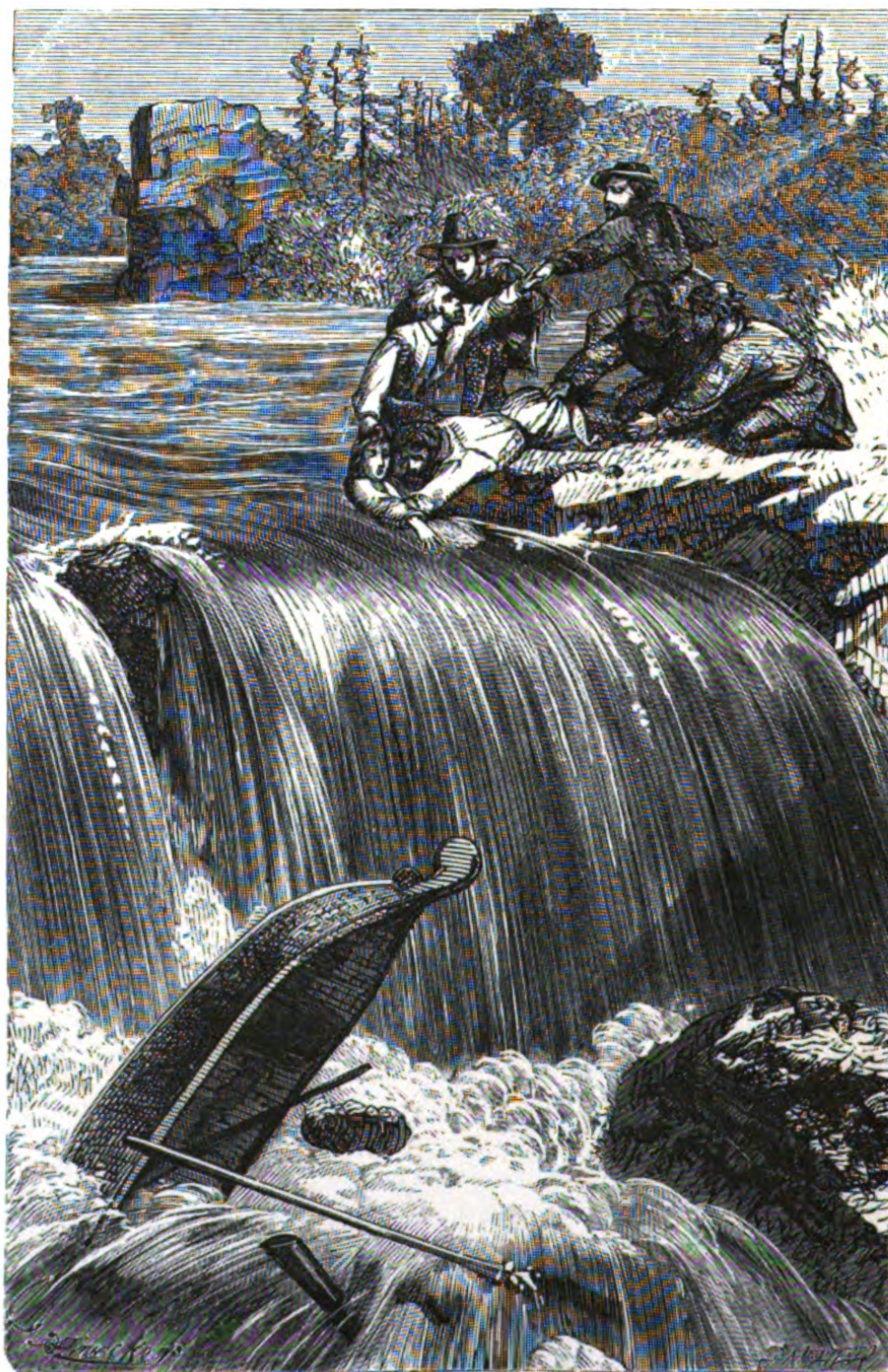
II.

You can but do a little ?
That little's something still,
You'll find a way for plenty
If you but have the will.
Untiring fight for what is right,
And God will help you through ;
Much may be done by every one,—
There's work for all to do.

III.

Be kind to those around you,
To charity hold fast,
Let each think first of others
And leave himself till last.
Act as you would that others should
Act always unto you ;
Much may be done by every one,—
There's work for all to do.

W. T. R.



March Marston's Narrow Escape.

THE WILD MAN OF THE WEST:

A Tale of the Rocky Mountains.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE.

CHAPTER V.

Fiery remarks and cogitations—Round the camp-fire—The artist gives an account of himself—Value of a sketch-book—Discoveries and dark threats—The bear's-claw collar.

THERE is no doubt whatever that a western trapper knows how to make a fire. That is an axiomatic certainty. He also knows how to enjoy it. He is thoroughly conversant with it in all its phases, and with all the phenomena connected with it, from the bright little spark that flies from his flint and steel and nestles on his piece of tinder, to the great rolling flame that leaps up among the branches of the forest trees, roaring lustily as it goes out upon the night air, like a mighty spirit set free from some diminutive prison-house, rejoicing in being once more permitted to reassume its original grand dimensions.

Yes, a western trapper has a grand, a massive notion of a fire, and his actions are all in keeping with that notion. Almost everything is small at the fountain. A mighty river usually begins in a bubbling spring or a tiny rivulet. So the trapper's initial acts are delicate. He handles the tinder gently, and guards it from damp. He fosters the spark, when caught, and blows upon it softly, and wraps it up in dry grass, and watches it intently as a mother might watch the life-spark of her new-born babe. But when once the flame has caught, and the bundle of little dry twigs has been placed above it, and the pile of broken sticks has been superadded, the trapper's character is changed. He grasps the ponderous hatchet, and, Homerically speaking,

“Now toils the hero: trees on trees o'erthrown,
Fall crackling round him, and the forests groan.”

These, “lopp'd and lighten'd of their branchy load,” he assaults singly. Heaving the huge axe with lusty sweeping blows, he

brings it down. Great wedgy splinters fly and strew the plain like autumn leaves. Then, with massive logs, full six feet long, he feeds the hungry fire until it leaps and roars in might, and glows full red and hot and huge enough to roast him a bison bull for supper, and he should feel so disposed.

Descending now from the abstract to the concrete, we would remark that, whether the reader does or does not admit the general proposition, that western trappers are pre-eminently up to fire (not to mention smoke or snuff), he cannot deny the fact that Big Waller, the Yankee trapper, was peculiarly gifted in that way. On the evening of the day on which occurred the memorable encounter with the grisly bear, as related in the last chapter, that stalwart individual heaved his ponderous axe and felled the trees around him in a way that would have paled the ineffectual fires of Ulysses himself, and would probably have induced that hero not only to cease cutting trees, but to commence cutting his stick thenceforth from the field of competition! March Marston meanwhile kindled the spark and nursed the infant flame. The others busied themselves in the various occupations of the camp. Some cut down pine branches, and strewed them a foot deep in front of the fire, and trod them down until a soft elastic couch was formed on which to spread their blankets. Others cut steaks of venison and portions of the grisly bear, and set them up on the end of sticks before the fire to roast, and others made fast and secured the canoe and her lading.

The artist, seating himself beside the fire, just near enough to profit by the light, but far enough away to obtain a general view of everything and everybody, proceeded with enthusiasm to sketch the whole affair, collectively and in detail. He devoted his chief attention, however, to Big Waller. He "caught" that gigantic Yankee in every conceivable action and attitude. He photographed him, we might almost say, with his legs apart, the hatchet high above his head, and every muscle tense and rigid, preliminary to a sweeping blow. He "took" him with a monstrous pile of logs on his brawny shoulder; he portrayed him resting for a moment in the midst of his toil; he even attempted to delineate him tumbling over one of the logs and hurling a shoulder-load upon the ground; but he failed utterly in the last attempt, being quite destitute of comical perception, and he did not finally conclude until Gibault went forward and informed him that supper was ready. Then he shut up his book, and, taking his place beside the trappers, began supper.

"This is comfortable—this is pleasant," remarked the artist, as he sat down before the warm blaze, and applied himself with infinite relish to the venison-steak placed before him by Bounce. "You live well here, it would seem."

This latter remark was addressed to Hawkswing, who sat close beside him; but that imperturbable worthy shook his head gravely.

"He don't understand ye," interposed Bounce, "knows nothin' but his own mother tongue. We *do* live pretty middlin' so so hereabouts when we aint starvin', w'ich it isn't for me to deny is sometimes the case, d'ye see."

Bounce stopped his own talk at this point by stuffing his mouth so full of meat that no word, not even a word of one syllable, could have forced itself out, had it tried ever so much. A long silence now ensued, during which the clack of seven pairs of active jaws was the only sound that broke upon the ear. It might have been observed, however, that all eyes were fixed more or less wonderingly on the stranger. Big Waller in particular looked him, figuratively speaking, through and through. He did not remove his eyes off him for an instant, but devoured his food with somewhat the expression of a dog that expects his bone to be snatched from him.

"Try a duck," said March Marston to the artist, observing that he had finished the steak.

"Thank you," answered the artist, accepting the proffered bird, which happened to be a teal, and beginning to carve it with a pen-knife. He had no fork, but used the fingers of his left hand instead.

Silence again ensued.

"Try another," said March again.

The artist hesitated.

"You'd better; it's a fat un."

"N—no. No!" said the artist, shutting up his knife with an air of decision. "No, thank you, I always advocate moderation, and it would ill become me to set an example of glut—ah, of the reverse."

"Wall, stranger," said Waller, who, having finished eating, wiped his mouth with a tuft of grass and began to fill his pipe, "You *do* come out in the way o' moderation rather powerful. Why, a teal duck an' a ven'son steak is barely enough to stop a feller dyin' right off. I guess a down-east baby o' six months old ud swab up that an' ax for more."

"Nevertheless it is quite enough for me," replied the artist, leaning down on his elbow. "I could, indeed, eat more; but I hold that man should always rise from table capable of eating more, if required."

Here was a proposition that it had not entered into the minds of the trappers, even in their most transcendental efforts of abstruse meditation, to think of! They gazed at each other in amazement.

"Wot! not eat yer fill w'en ye git the chance," exclaimed Bounce.

"No, certainly not."

"I say, stranger, when did you feed last?" inquired Big Waller.

"Why do you ask?" said the artist, looking quickly up.

"'Cause I wants to know."

The artist smiled. "My last meal was eaten yesterday morning."

"Ha! I vas sure ob dat," cried Gibault; "your face look like as if you be full ob starvation."

"An' wot did ye eat last?" inquired Bounce, laying down his pipe and looking at their guest with much interest not unmingled with pity.

"I breakfasted on a little bird about the size of a hen's egg. I know not what it is named, but it was excellently flavoured. I relished it much."

On hearing this, Gibault pressed his hand on his stomach, as if the mere thought of such a delicately-minute breakfast caused him pain in that region.

"I say, stranger," broke in Waller, in a tone of voice that seemed to imply that he was determined to be at the bottom of this mystery and would stand it no longer—"Wot's your name?"

"Theodore Bertram," replied the artist without hesitation.

"Where do you come from?"

"From England."

"Where air you agoin' to?"

"To the Rocky Mountains."

"Wot for to do there?"

"You are inquisitive, friend," said Bertram, smiling; "but I have no reason for concealing my object in travelling here,—it is to sketch, and shoot, and take notes, and witness the works of the Almighty in the wilderness. I hold it to be an object worthy the

ambition of a great man to act the part of pioneer to the missionary and the merchant in nature's wildest and most inaccessible regions; and although I pretend not to greatness, I endeavour, humbly, to do what I can."

"No one can do more than that," said Redhand, regarding the young enthusiast with interest. "But surely you have not travelled to this out-o'-the-way place without a guide?"

Bertram pointed up to the stars.

"These are my guides," said he; "the man who can read the heavens needs no guide."

"But that book aint always readable," said Redhand; "when clouds are flying what do you do then?"

"Fur-traders in the far north have taught me how to ascertain the north by the bark on the trees; besides this I have a bosom friend who always points the way." So saying he pulled a small compass from an inner pocket and held it up.

"Good," rejoined Redhand; "but a compass is not food, neither will it kill game. Have you nought but them pistols?"

"I have none other arms now but these, save this good sword. They will serve to defend me in the hour of need, I trust; though now that I have seen the grisly bear I should doubt my chance of success were I to cope with him alone. I should imagine that monster to be worse even than the Wild Man of the West himself."

"The Wild Man o' the West!" echoed March Marston eagerly; "have you seen *him*?"

"Nay, verily; but I have heard of him," replied the artist, smiling, "and a strangely ferocious creature he must be, if all that's said of him be correct. But, to say truth, I believe the stories told of him are idle tales. Indeed, I do not believe there is such a man at all!"

March Marston's countenance fell. No Wild Man of the West at all! The bare possibility of such a crushing blow to all his romantic hopes and dreams caused his heart to sink. Bertram observed the change in his countenance, and, quickly divining the cause, added, "But I am of a sceptical turn of mind, and do not easily believe unless I see. There is one thing I have observed, however, which is in favour of his existence."

"What's that?" inquired March, brightening up.

"That the nearer one comes to his reputed dwelling-place, this wild man assumes smaller and more natural proportions. I first heard of him in the Red River Prairies, where he is held to be a

giant who devours men as well as brutes. As I came nearer to the Missouri, I found that the people there do not believe him to be either a cannibal or a giant, but assert that he is an enormously tall and powerful man, exceedingly fierce and the sworn enemy of the whole human race; a species of Cain, whose hand is against every man and every man's hand against him. The last white man I met—about two weeks ago—told me he had been with a tribe of Indians some of whom had seen him, and they said that he was indeed awfully wild, but that he was not cruel—on the contrary, he had been known to have performed one or two kind deeds to some who had fallen into his power.”

“Most extonishin’!” exclaimed Gibault, who sat open-mouthed and open-eyed listening to this account of the Wild Man of the West.

For some time the party round the camp-fire sat smoking in silence, ruminating on what had been said. Then Big Waller broke the silence with one of his abrupt questions:—

“But, I say, stranger, *how* did you come here?”

Bertram looked up without speaking. Then, settling himself comfortably in a reclining position, with his back against a tree, he said—

“I will relieve your curiosity. Listen: I am, as I have said, an Englishman. My father and mother are dead. I have no brothers or sisters, and but few relations. Possessing, as I do, a small independence, I am not obliged to work for my living. I have, therefore, come to the conclusion that it is my duty to work for my fellow-men. Of course, I do not mean to deny that every man who works for his living, works also for his fellow-men. What I mean is, that I hold myself bound to apply myself to such works as other men have not leisure to undertake, and the profit of which will go direct to mankind without constituting my livelihood on its passage. To open up the unknown wilderness has ever been my ambition. For that purpose I have come to these wild regions. My enthusiasm on quitting my native land was unbounded. But——”

Here Bertram paused and gazed dreamily at the glowing embers of the camp-fire with an expression that led the trappers to infer that experience had somewhat moderated his enthusiasm. After a few minutes he resumed:—

“I have done wrong to make this venture alone. On reaching Canada I succeeded, through the kindness of the governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, in obtaining a passage in one of the

company's canoes through that series of rivers and lakes by which the fur-traders penetrate into the regions of the far north. Arrived at Red River Settlement, I pushed forward on horseback over the plains with a small party of horsemen to the head-waters of the Saskatchewan. Here I succeeded in engaging a party of twelve men, composed of halfbreeds and Indians, and set out on a journey of exploration over the prairies towards the Rocky Mountains. Circumstances led me to modify my plans. We diverged towards the south, and finally came to within a few days' journey of the region in which we now are. We were suddenly surprised one night by a war-party of Blackfoot Indians. My men had grown careless. They neglected to keep strict watch, and before we were aware that danger threatened us, all our horses were carried off.

"This was a terrible calamity. My men declared that it was impossible to advance without horses, and refused to accompany me any farther. I remonstrated in vain, then, filled with indignation at their cowardice, I left them and pursued my journey alone. Since then I have seen only one man, a trapper, who was travelling south to the settlements. He offered to take me with him, but I declined. I felt that no great or good work could ever be accomplished by the man who turns back at the first disaster; so he left me. I have suffered somewhat. I am, unfortunately, a bad shot, and, although game is everywhere abundant, I cannot kill it. I have subsisted hitherto on small birds; but my powder and lead are almost expended. Had I not fallen in with you I know not what I should have done."

To this narrative the trappers listened with respectful attention, for, despite the feelings of pity—almost bordering on contempt—with which they regarded the stranger's weapons and his knowledge, or rather ignorance, of woodcraft, they could not help reverencing the simple-minded enthusiasm in a good cause, that had conducted the artist so deep into a savage land in which he was evidently unfitted, either by nature or training, to travel.

"But I say, stranger," said Big Waller, "wot *do* ye mean by openin' up the country? It aint a oyster, that ye can open it up with a big knife I guess."

"There, friend, you are wrong. This country does, indeed, resemble an oyster; and I hope by the aid of the mighty levers of knowledge and enterprise to open it up. I mean to take notes and sketches, and, if spared, return to my native land and publish the result of my observations. I do not, indeed, expect that the

public will buy my work ; but I shall publish a large edition at my own cost, and present copies to all the influential men in the kingdom."

The trappers opened their eyes wider than ever at this.

"What! Make a book?" cried Redhand.

"Even so."

"Will it have pictures?" eagerly asked March, who regarded the artist with rapidly increasing veneration.

"Ay, it will be profusely illustrated."

"Wot! pictures o' grisly bears?" inquired Bounce.

"Of course."

"An' men?" cried Big Waller.

"And men also, if I fall in with them."

"Then here's one, I guess," cried the bold Yankee, combing out his matted locks hastily with his fingers, and sitting up in what he conceived to be a proper position. "Here you are, sir. I'm your man; fix me off slick. Only think! Big Waller in a book—a *raal* book!"

He chuckled immensely at the bright prospect of immortality that had suddenly opened up to him.

"I have drawn you already, friend," said Bertram.

"Draw'd me already?"

"Ay, there you are," he replied, handing his sketch-book to the trapper, who gazed at his own portrait with unmitigated satisfaction. Turning over the leaf, he came unexpectedly on the likeness of Gibault, which, being a truthful representation, was almost a caricature. Big Waller burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter at this. He rolled over on his back and yelled with delight. His yell being quite in keeping with his body, the din was so tremendous that Bounce roared—

"Stop yer noise, ye buffalo!"

But Waller didn't hear him; so March Marston effected the desired object by stuffing the corner of a blanket into his mouth and smothering his face in its folds.

Bertram's sketch-book was now examined, and for nearly an hour proved a source of the most intense interest and amusement to these unsophisticated trappers. In those days few, very few men of education had succeeded in penetrating far into the western wilderness; and although the trappers there knew what books and pictures meant, they had seen but few of them in the course of their lives, and none of those few had any reference to the wild country in which their lives were spent.

It may be imagined, then, with what delight and excitement they now, for the first time, beheld scenes of their own beloved woods and prairies, as well as their own rough forms, vividly sketched by a master-hand. One of the most interesting points in the inspection of the sketch-book was, that old Redhand recognized almost every one of the landscapes as spots with which he was well acquainted; and as Bertram had sketched most diligently as he travelled along, Redhand told him that by the aid of that book, without compass or anything else, he could trace his route backward, step by step, to the Saskatchewan river. Moreover, he described to the artist accurately many scenes which were near to those he had sketched, and gradually fell to talking about adventures and rencontres he had had in many of them, so that at last it became evident there would be no proposal to go to rest that night at all unless some wise one of the party should remind the others that another day's toil lay before them in the course of a few hours.

At length they took up their pipes, which had been forgotten in the excitement, and refilled them with the intention of having a last quiet whiff before lying down.

"Ho!" exclaimed Redhand, who still continued to turn over the pages of the book, "here's a face I know. Where saw ye that Indian?"

"I cannot easily tell where it was we met him; but I remember well that it was just a day's ride from the spot where our horses were stolen."

"Were there others with him?"

"No, he was alone."

"Ha! at least he said so, I fancy."

"Yes he did; and I have no reason to doubt him."

"You're not used to the ways o' the Redskin, sir," replied Redhand, looking meditatively at the fire. "Did he chance to mention his name?"

"Oh, yes, he called himself Big Snake, at least one of my men translated it so."

A significant smile overspread the old trapper's face as he replied—

"I thought as much. A greater thief and villain does not disgrace the prairies. He's the man that took yer horses; sich a fellow as that never goes about alone: he's always got a tail following him as black as himself. But I'll see if we can't pay the rascal off in his own coin."

"How so?" inquired Bertram. "He must be far from this spot."

"Not so far as you think. I know his haunts and could take you to them in a few days overland; but it'll take longer by the river, and we can't quit our canoe just now."

"But, good friend," said Bertram, quietly, "I cannot presume on your hospitality so far as to expect you to carry me along with you for the purpose of redressing my wrongs."

"Make your mind easy on that pint," returned Redhand, "we'll talk of it in the mornin'."

While the old trapper and the artist were conversing, Bounce had busied himself in stringing the claws of the grisly bear on a strip of deerskin, for the purpose of making a collar. A necklace of this description is very highly prized among Indians, especially when the claws are large.

While it was being made, Gibault sighed so deeply once or twice, that March suggested he must be in love.

"So I is," sighed Gibault.

"That's interesting," remarked March; "Who with?"

"Ay, that's it," said Bounce; "out with her name, lad. No one ought never to be ashamed o' bein' in love. It's a glorious state o' mind an' body as a feller should gratilate his-self on havin'. Who be ye in love wi', lad?"

"Vid dat necklace," replied Gibault, sighing again heavily.

"Oh! if that's all, ye don't need to look so blue, for it's yer own by rights," said Bounce. "I'm jist doin' it up for ye."

"Non; it cannot be mine," returned Gibault.

"How so?" inquired Waller, "ye arned it, didn't ye? Drew first blood I calc'late?"

"Non, I not draw de fuss blood. Mais, I vill hab chance again no doubt. Monsieur Bertram he draw fuss blood."

"Ho, ho!" cried Waller, in surprise. "You didn't tell us that before. Come, I'm glad on't."

"What!" exclaimed Bertram, "the necklace mine? there must be some mistake. I certainly fired my pistol at the bear, but it seemed to have had no effect whatever."

"Gibault," said Bounce, emphatically, "did you fire *at all*?"

"Non, pour certain, cause de gun he not go off."

"Then," continued Bounce, handing the much-coveted necklace to Bertram, "the thing b'longs to you, sir, for that bar comed up wounded, an' as he couldn't ha wounded his-self, *you* must ha' done it—there."

The young man positively refused, for some time, to accept of the necklace, saying, that as Gibault had tracked and discovered the bear, it certainly belonged to him; but Gibault as positively affirmed that he would not disgrace himself by wearing what belonged rightfully to another man; and as the other trappers confirmed what their comrade said, Bertram was at last fain to accept of a trophy which, to say truth, he was in his heart most anxious to possess.

At the termination of this amicable dispute, each man rolled himself in his blanket and lay down to sleep with his feet to the fire. Being in a part of the country where there were very few Indians, and these few on pretty good terms with the white trappers, no watch was set. Bertram lay down with his tattered cloak around him, and, taking a little book from his pocket, read it, or appeared to read it, till he fell asleep,—on observing which, March Marston crept noiselessly to his side, and, lying gently down beside him, covered him with a portion of his own blanket. Erelong the camp was buried in repose.

CHAPTER VI.

The dangers of the wilderness—An unexpected catastrophe, which necessitates a change of plans—A descent upon robbers proposed and agreed to.

THERE are few passages in Holy Writ more frequently brought to remembrance by the incidents of every-day life than this—"Ye know not what a day or an hour may bring forth." The uncertainty of sublunary things is proverbial, whether in the city or the wilderness, whether among the luxuriously-nurtured sons and daughters of civilization, or among the toil-worn wanderers in the midst of savage life. To each and all there is, or may be, sunshine to-day and cloud to-morrow; gladness to-day, sadness to-morrow. There is no such thing as perpetual felicity in the world of matter. A nearer approach to it may perhaps be made in the world of mind; but, like perpetual motion, it is not to be absolutely attained to in this world of ours. Those who fancy that it is to be found in the wilderness, are hereby warned, by one who has dwelt in savage lands, that its habitation is not there.

March Marston thought it was! On the morning after the night whose close we have described, he awoke refreshed, invigorated, and buoyant with a feeling of youthful strength and health.

Starting up, he met the glorious sun face to face, as it rose above the edge of a distant blue hill, and the meeting almost blinded him. There was a saffron hue over the eastern landscape that caused it to appear like the plains of paradise. Lakelets in the prairies glittered in the midst of verdant foliage; ponds in the hollows lay, as yet unilluminated, like blots of ink; streams and rivulets gleamed as they flowed round wooded knolls, or sparkled silvery white as they leaped over rocky obstructions. The noble river, on the banks of which the camp had been made, flowed with a calm sweep through the richly-varied country—refreshing to look upon and pleasant to hear, as it murmured on its way to join the “Father of waters.” The soft roar of a far-distant cataract was heard mingling with the cries of innumerable water-fowl that had risen an hour before to enjoy the first breathings of the young day. To March Marston’s ear it seemed as though all Nature, animate and inanimate, were rejoicing in the beneficence of its Creator.

The youth’s reverie was suddenly broken by the approach of Theodore Bertram.

“Good morrow, friend,” said the latter, grasping March’s hand and shaking it heartily. “You are early astir. Oh, what a scene! What heavenly colours! What a glorious expanse of beauty!”

The artist’s hand moved involuntarily to the pouch in which he was wont to carry his sketch-book, but he did not draw it forth; his soul was too deeply absorbed in admiration to permit of his doing aught but gaze in silence.

“This repays my toils,” he resumed, soliloquizing rather than speaking to March. “’Twere worth a journey such as I have taken, twice repeated, to witness such a scene as this.”

“Ay, aint it grand?” said March, delighted to find such congenial enthusiasm in the young painter.

Bertram turned his eyes on his companion, and, in doing so, observed the wild rose at his side.

“Ah! sweet rose,” he said, stooping eagerly down to smell it,

“Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

“He was no poet who wrote that, anyhow,” observed March, with a look of disdain.

“You are wrong, friend. He was a good poet and true.”

“Do you mean to tell me that the sweetness o’ that rose is *wasted* here?”

"Nay, I do not say that. The poet did not mean to imply that its sweetness is utterly wasted, but to assert the fact that, as far as civilized man is concerned, it is so."

"'Civilized man,'" echoed March, turning up his nose (a difficult feat, by the way, for his nose was by nature turned down). "An' pray what's 'civilized man' that he should think everything's wasted that don't go in at his own eyes, or up his own nose, or down his own throat? eh!" Bertram laughed slightly (he never laughed heartily). "You are a severe critic, friend."

"I don't know, an' I don't care, what sort o' cricket I am; but this I do know, that roses are as little wasted here as in your country—mayhap not so much. Why, I tell ye I've seen the *bars* smell 'em."

"Indeed."

"Ay, an' eat 'em too!"

"That was not taking a poetical view of them," suggested Bertram.

"Perhaps not, but it was uncommonly practical;" returned March, laughing.

The conversation was abruptly terminated at this point by a flock of wild-ducks, which, ignorant of the presence of the two youths, swept close past their heads with a startling *whirr*. The artist leaped backwards, and March, partly in the exuberant glee of his heart and partly to relieve his own startled feelings, gave utterance to a hideous yell.

"Hi! hallo!" roared Big Waller, starting up and replying to the yell with compound interest. "Wot's to do? Bars or savages—which? Oh! *savages* I see," he added, rubbing his eyes, as he observed March laughing at him. "Ha! lad, d'ye know there's a sort o' critter in other diggins o' this here world as they calls a hi-eeno, or somethin' o' that sort, as can *laugh*, it can; so you're not the only beast as can do it, d'ye see!"

The camp was now thoroughly roused, and the trappers set about making preparations for a start; but little was said. It is generally the case at early morning—at least among healthy men who have work to do before breakfast in the wilderness—that tongues are disinclined to move. After the first somewhat outrageous and rather unusual burst, no one spoke again, while they carried their goods down to the water's edge, except in a short grumpy way when an order or a remark was needful. In about ten minutes after the utterance of Big Waller's roar, they were in their places in the little red canoe, paddling blithely up the river.

Bertram's place in the canoe was the centre. He was placed there as a passenger, but, not being by any means of a lazy disposition, he relieved all the men by turns, and thus did a good share of the work during the day.

Towards evening the travellers came to a cataract, which effectually barred their further progress and rendered a portage necessary. Just above the cataract there was a short stretch of comparatively smooth water, in which, however, the current was very strong. Immediately above that there was a rapid of considerable length and strength, which boiled furiously among the rocks, and seemed to be impassable to a canoe. After close inspection of it, however, Redhand and Bounce, who were tacitly recognized as joint leaders of the party, agreed that the canoe could easily enough be hauled up by means of a line. To make a long portage, and so avoid the whole obstruction, was desirable; but the precipitous nature of the banks at that place rendered the carrying of the canoe and goods a work not only of severe labour, but of considerable danger.

The mode of proceeding having been settled, all hands went to work without delay. The goods were carried to the top of the fall, which was about fifteen feet high, then the canoe was shouldered by Waller and Bounce, and soon it floated in a calm eddy near the head of the cataract. Having replaced the cargo, a strong line or rope was fastened to the bows, and Redhand and Bounce proceeded to take their places in the canoe, in order to guide it through the rapid, while the others were engaged in hauling on the track-line.

"Stay," cried March Marston, as Bounce was stepping in, "let me go in the canoe, Bounce. You know well enough that I can manage it; besides, you're a heavy buffalo, and more able to track than I."

"Nay, lad," replied Bounce, shaking his head, "you'll only run the risk o' gettin' a wet skin—mayhap somethin' worse."

"Now, that's too bad. D'ye think nobody can manage a canoe but yourself? Come, Redhand, do let me go."

"It's not safe, boy. The rapid looks bad, and you're not much used to the bow-paddle."

"Tut, nonsense," exclaimed March, pushing Bounce aside and stepping into the canoe. "Now, hold on."

Before the men on the bank of the river were well aware of what the reckless youth was about, he shoved the bow of the canoe off. The instant it passed the still water of the eddy and caught the powerful stream, the light bark darted like an arrow from the

bank, and Redhand was obliged to use his paddle with the utmost dexterity, while the men on shore had to haul on the line with all their might, to prevent it being swept over the brink of the fall. In a second, however, the danger was past, and, putting their strength to the track-line, they dragged the canoe slowly but steadily up stream, while Redhand and March guided it past rocks and dangerous eddies. Seeing that the youth used his paddle dexterously, Bounce, after a little thought, resolved to let him encounter the more dangerous rapid above. Redhand silently came to the same conclusion, though he felt uneasy and blamed himself for allowing the ardour of the boy to get the better of him.

"March is a bold fellow," observed Bertram, who walked immediately behind Bounce, hauling on the line like the rest.

"Bold he is, sir," replied Bounce; "an' if ye'd seed him, as I did not many weeks ago, a-ridin' on the back of a buffalo bull, ye'd mayhap say he wos more nor that."

"Hah! he is mad!" cried Gibault, who, although the last in the line of tracksmen, was sharp-eared, and overheard the conversation.

"Don't talk, Gibault," interposed Big Waller, "you need all the wind in your little carcass, I guess, to enable ye to steam ahead."

"Oui, mon dear ami, you is right—I do ver' much require all mine steam—mine spirits—for to push such a heavy, useless hulk as you before me."

"Here's a steep bit, lads; mind your eye, Hawkswing," said Bounce, as the Indian who led the party began to ascend a steep part of the bank, where the footing was not secure, owing to the loose, gravelly nature of the soil.

As they advanced, the path along the bank became narrower, and the cliff itself so precipitous that it seemed as if a jerk on the line would drag the men off and send them rolling down into the flood below, in the midst of which the canoe was buffeting its way through the hissing foam.

Bertram, who was unused to such a position of comparative danger, and whose head was not capable of standing the sight of a precipice descending from his very feet into a roaring stream, began to feel giddy, and would have given the world to return; but he felt ashamed to confess his weakness, and endeavoured, by gazing earnestly into the bank at his side, to steady himself, hoping that the nature of the track would improve as they advanced. Instead of this being the case, it became worse at every step, and the trackers were at length obliged to proceed cautiously along a

ledge of rock that barely afforded them foothold. Bertram now felt an almost irresistible desire to turn his head to the left and glance at the river below; yet he knew that if he should do so, he would become utterly unable to advance another yard. While engaged in this struggle, it suddenly occurred to him that it was impossible now to turn, no matter how nervous he should become, as the path was too narrow to permit one of the party to pass another! He became deadly pale, and his heart sank at the thought. Little did the hardy trappers think, as they plodded silently along, that such an agonizing conflict was going on in the breast of one of their number! A slight groan escaped him in spite of his utmost efforts to restrain himself. Bounce looked back in surprise.

"Hey! wot's to do, sir?"

"No matter: lead on—I will follow," said Bertram, sternly, between his clenched teeth.

"Hallo! up there," shouted Redhand, who was at that moment, along with March, exerting his utmost strength in order to keep the canoe off a rock over which the water was bursting in volumes of thick foam; "haul away! haul away! we're just about up."

The shout attracted Bertram's attention: he turned his eyes involuntarily towards the river. Instantly his brain swam round; he staggered, and would have fallen over the bank, had not Big Waller, who was close behind, observed his situation and caught him by the collar. In doing so he was compelled to let go his hold of the line. The additional strain thus suddenly cast upon Gibault wrenched the line from his grasp with a degree of violence that wellnigh hurled him into the river. Bounce and Hawkswing held on for one moment, but the canoe, having been eased off a little, caught a sweep of the rapid, and went out with a dart that the united strength of the whole party could not have checked. The two men had to let go to save themselves, and in a shorter time than it takes to relate, the canoe went down the river towards the fall, dancing like a cork on the heaving spray, while the old man and the youth stood up in the bow and stern wielding their paddles, now on one side, now on the other, with ceaseless rapidity in their efforts to avoid being dashed to pieces on the rocks.

The sight of this catastrophe, superadded to his already agonized feelings, caused the unhappy artist to swoon. Gibault, on seeing the line let go, turned instantly, and sprang like a deer along the track they had been following, intending to render what assistance he could to his comrades at the foot of the rapid. The others could

not follow, because of Big Waller and the artist, who obstructed the path. Seeing this, the powerful Yankee seized Bertram round the waist, and, heaving him on his shoulder as one would swing a child, followed in Gibault's footsteps as fast as he could run.

The distance to the spot whence they had commenced to track the canoe was not great, but before they reached it the frail craft had been shattered against a rock, and was now hurrying along with the scattered cargo and the two men towards the fall, to pass over which involved certain destruction.

There is nothing more uncertain, however, than the action of the whirling eddies of a great rapid. True, the general flow of its body of water is almost always the same, but its superficial billows are more variable—now tossing a drifting log to the right, anon to the left, and casting it ashore, or dragging it with fearful violence into the raging current. Although there was only the canoe's length between the old trapper and the youth when they were left struggling in the water, they were swept in totally different directions. Redhand was hurled violently into the eddy, where the canoe had lain before the ascent was commenced, and was dragged safe to land by his comrades. March Marston, on the other hand, was swept out near to the main current, and would, in two seconds more, have been carried over the fall, had he not, with wonderful presence of mind and an almost superhuman exertion of muscle, dashed into an eddy which was formed by a rock about fifty yards from the top of the fall. The rock was completely covered with the bursting spray, so that it formed no resting-place, and it, with the partial eddy that tailed away from it, was about twenty yards from the shore, where the trappers stood gazing in horror at their companion as he struggled bravely to maintain his position by swimming; but to cross those twenty yards of gushing water, so as to afford him aid, seemed beyond the power of man.

Men bred in the wilderness are not usually slow to act in cases of danger where action is possible. Each man was revolving, in fervid haste, every plan that seemed likely to afford succour. Redhand's quick eye observed that the rocks at the edge of the fall, on the side of the river on which they stood, projected out so far that a straight line drawn from the eddy to the fall would pass within a yard of them, and that, consequently, if March would push straight across the stream and make vigorously for the bank, he might hit the point of rocks referred to before being carried over.

"Down, some of you," he cried, "to the point, an' be ready to catch him; I'll shout to him what to do."

Big Waller and Gibault darted away. Poor Bertram, having recovered, remained gazing in speechless agony at March, who, having made several fruitless efforts to seize hold of the sunken rock, was evidently growing weaker. Bounce also remained to gaze, as if he had lost all his wonted self-command.

"Ho! March!" shouted Redhand, "Dash into the stream—straight for me—with all yer might; don't be afraid, lad! do it boldly!" But March heard not. The rush of water about him deadened all other sounds.

In an instant Bounce started at full speed up the river, plunged into it, and, descending with fearful rapidity, swung round into the eddy behind the stone almost before his companions could divine what he meant to do.

Even in that moment of terrible suspense March Marston looked with an expression of surprise at his friend as he swam up beside him. Bounce did not waste time or words; he merely raised one hand for a second, and, pointing to the bank of the river, cried—"Push for it—'tis your only chance!"

March Marston made no reply, but at once obeyed; yet so exhausted was he, that, in the effort, he lost strength and sank. Bounce was prepared for this. He seized him by the hair and struck out with the energy of despair. A moment more and he was within a foot of the brink of the fall,—but, also, within a foot of the point of rock on which Big Waller was lying at full length, part of his body overhanging the cataract, his arms extended, and Gibault and Hawkswing holding him firmly by the legs. Bounce caught his comrade's hand, and swung close in to the bank, while with the other hand he continued to grasp March by the hair of the head. The force of the current was so great, however, that not one of the party dared move, and it seemed for a moment as if all of them would be lost, when Bertram rushed forward, and, seizing Bounce by the arm, dragged him still nearer the bank, and relieved the strain upon the others. Just then, Redhand came to the rescue, and in another moment the two men were safe upon the land.

Poor Bertram fell upon his knees, and, while he thanked God for the deliverance of his companions, sobbed like a little child.

For some time the trappers spoke little. Accustomed though they were to danger, they were solemnized by the recent narrow escape from sudden death. Perhaps, too, their minds were more deeply affected than usual with a sense of their dependence upon the living God, by the example and the heartfelt, unrestrained thanksgiving of Bertram. But men whose lives are spent in the midst

of alarms are not long seriously affected, even by the most solemn events. The trappers quickly recurred to their present circumstances, which were, in truth, of a nature calculated to fill them with anxiety, and cause them to bend the powers of their quick wits and iron energies to the simple consideration of how they were to subsist and how proceed on their journey.

"First of all," said Redhand, quickly, "we must try what we can recover of our odds and ends."

"Right," cried Bounce, who was none the worse for his late gallant exertions; "the current won't stop for no man; an' the bales aint likely to stem it o' their own accord till we're ready to look for 'em."

Saying this, he set off down the river at a run, followed by all the others, including March, who, after wringing the water from his garments and resting a few minutes, felt as well and strong as ever. But, alas! their losses were grievous and irreparable. Their little bundles of spare clothing and trinkets for trading with, or conciliating the Indians, were indeed saved, but their guns and all their ammunition were gone. All that remained to them of the latter were the few charges of powder in the horns suspended round their necks, and a few slugs and bullets in their pouches. The only fire-arms left were Bertram's cavalry pistols.

As for the canoe, it was smashed so thoroughly that only a very few shreds of bark were cast up on the shore; but entangled with these shreds they were happy to find several of their steel traps—a most fortunate circumstance, as it held out hopes that they might still be enabled to prosecute to some extent the main object of their expedition.

As each man had been in the habit of carrying his axe and knife in his belt, those indispensable implements of the backwoodsman were saved; but the loss of guns and ammunition was a very severe misfortune, and one which, for at least half an hour after every attempt to recover them had failed, cast a damp over the spirits of the whole party. But these men had neither time nor inclination to hang down their heads and sigh. Big Waller, being a careless individual by nature, was the first to regain somewhat of his wonted tone and manner. Sitting on a grassy knoll, on which all the party had been resting for some time after their fruitless exertions, in moody silence, Waller looked up suddenly and said—"Who's afraid?"

As no one happened at that moment to be exhibiting symptoms of terror, and there was no apparent cause for fear, the ques-

tion seemed irrelevant. We therefore conclude that the bold Yankee meant by it to imply that *he*, at least, was not afraid of *circumstances*, no matter how disastrous or heartrending they might be. Having said this, he looked in the faces of his companions one by one. The last face he looked at was that of Gibault Noir, and it wore such a lugubrious aspect of hopeless melancholy that Big Waller burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, and Bounce, without knowing why, joined him.

"Well, it's of no use looking blue about it," said March Marston, making an effort to cheer up; "the question to be settled now, is—What's to be done?"

"Ay, *that* is the question," observed Bertram, gravely.

"Wall now, that *bein'* the kee-westion," said Waller, "who's a-goin' to answer it? There's a chance now, lads; don't all speak at once."

"Right; that's wot it is," observed Bounce, nodding; "that's the feelosophy on it. W'en a feller's turned upside down, wot's he a-goin' to do nixt? You can't put no other construction on it in this here world."

Redhand, who had been ruminating abstractedly for some minutes, now looked round on his comrades and said—

"Here's a plan for you, lads. That outrageous villain the Big Snake lives, for the most part, in a pretty little spot just three days' march from this place. He stole, as ye all know, the horses belongin' to Mr. Bertram's party. Well, I propose that we shud go an' call on him, an' make him stand an' re-deliver. What say you?" "Agreed," cried Waller, tossing his cap into the air. "Hurrah!" shouted March Marston. In one way or another, each gave his consent to the plan of making a descent upon the robbers and causing them to make restitution.

The plans of backwoodsmen, once formed, are always quickly put in execution. They had no arrangements to make, no portmanteaus to pack, no difficulties in the way to overcome. Each man strapped a portion of the remaining property on his broad shoulders, and, pushing into the forest with vigorous strides, they were soon far from the spot where their late disaster had occurred, and gradually drew near to the wild glens and gorges of the Rocky Mountains.

(*To be continued.*)

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

BY GEORGE FORREST.



For in-door play, on a wet, cold, cheerless morning, French and English is unrivalled, and causes, perhaps, more laughter and good-humoured excitement than any other game. Every one laughs, every one shouts, every one tugs, and every one gets his blood heated to a burning glow. As to spectators, they find a good game at French and English "better than a play," and I have seen ladies and gentlemen sitting to watch this game, and laughing till their sides ached and the tears ran down their cheeks.

Not that there appears to be anything ludicrous in the game, which is certainly as simple a pastime as can be conceived; but the practical application always produces such comical effects, and such unexpected turns of fortune, that the most phlegmatic spectator cannot remain unmoved.

The entire game is briefly as follows: A chalk line is drawn on the floor, and the two sets of players take hold of a rope and try to pull their opponents over the line. Practically, it is thus managed:—

Have a good stout rope, some twenty feet or more in length, and take care to secure the ends from unravelling by plaiting, pointing, or wrapping them with string. Paint a white or black circle around its centre, and at the distance of two feet on either side of the centre, paint a similar band. No knots are allowed on the rope. Draw a bold white line of chalk or paint on the floor, and the preparations are complete.

Now, let the players be divided into two sides, as nearly equal as can be guessed in weight and strength; lay the rope across the line, so that the central ring is exactly upon it, and arrange the two parties on opposite sides of the line, and with the toes nearly touching the rope. Of course they face in opposite directions, and each side pulls from left to right.

At the word "One!" all the players stoop and take hold of the rope, no player being allowed to put his hand nearer to the centre than the outer ring. At the word "Two!" they arrange

themselves in the best attitude for pulling, while the two leaders survey their little armies and make sure that all is right. At the word "Three!" the struggle begins, each party trying to pull the other across the line.

It would hardly be credited by those who have not seen it, how fierce is the struggle to gain the first inch—how the whole mass of boys sways backward and forward without either gaining or yielding in the least. Presently one player slips, or perhaps he has started in too upright a position and has not a good purchase on the rope. Slowly and gradually the loss of his weight tells, and the whole party are absolutely dragged onward for a few inches.

Here, however, they stop, the heels are resolutely dug into the ground, and they hang back with a dead pull that forces their antagonists to put forth their whole strength. Suddenly the leader gives a shout, and the party make a violent effort, and amid swaying, tugging, and much scuffling of feet, not only regain their former position, but actually drag their antagonists as far as the line.

Another trial of endurance takes place here, and great are the struggles on either side. At last, one of the parties begins to relax its efforts, and the opposite leader, feeling the diminished pull, calls on his men for a "long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together," and the game is won.

The game is not considered as fairly gained unless the whole of the opposite side have been drawn over the line, or loosened their hold of the rope.

Almost the entire success of this spirited game depends on the conduct of the leaders or captains, and a good leader, with a practised band under his rule, will vanquish a much larger and heavier side when their leader is not quick to see an advantage and ready to seize upon it. One formidable manœuvre must be specially guarded against. A good captain, when he finds his side beginning to yield, gives the word to "drag," when they all hang back like a dead-weight, and force their antagonists to follow their example. Suddenly he calls out "Forward," when all his men advance a couple of paces, and down go the opposite side flat on their backs. In this position they can offer no resistance, and are dragged over the line before they have fairly recovered their astonishment.

The rules of this game are very few and perfectly simple.

1. The game is won when the whole of the feet of the opposite side have crossed the line drawn on the floor.

2. Any player loosing his hold of the rope is considered as out of the game, and must stand aside.
3. If all the players of one side let go the rope, they lose the game.
4. The rope must be without knots or any aids to the grasp.
5. Jerking the rope is prohibited, and any player who does so must stand aside.



AN ALPHABETICAL ACCOUNT.

[The following wonderful *jeu d'esprit* was cut out of a Nottingham newspaper twenty-eight years ago. It has been frequently, though we believe erroneously, attributed to Tom Hood. Can any of our readers give us any information on the subject?]

An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
 Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade;
 Cossack commanders cannonading come,
 Dealing destruction's devastating doom.
 Every effort engineers essay
 For fame, for fortune, fighting, furious fray!
 Generals 'gainst generals grapple; gracious good,
 How honours Heaven heroic hardihood!
 Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,
 Kinsmen kill kindred, kindred kinsmen kill;
 Labour low levels loftiest longest lines,
 Men march 'midst mounds, 'midst moles, 'midst murderous
 mines.
 Now noisy noxious numbers notice nought
 Of outward obstacles, opposing ought.
 Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed,
 Quite quaking, quickly quarter quest.
 Reason returns, religious right redounds;
 Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds.
 Truce to thee, Turkey! triumph to thy train;
 Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine!
 Why wish we warfare? Wherefore welcome were
 Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xavier?
 Yield, yield, ye youths, ye yeomen, yield your yell,
 Zeno, Zopater, Zoroaster's zeal,
 Attracting all, arts against arms appeal.



CHESS.

By GEORGE FREDERICK PARDON.



I. INTRODUCTORY.

I DON'T believe in boys who merely wish to be amused. But I love boys who, in the intervals of their sports, contrive to learn something. In the "ancient and honourable Game of Chess," amusement and instruction are so intimately blended that we cannot obtain the one without gleaning something of the other. As a scientific recreation Chess is without a rival; and to be a good player at this capital game, judgment, skill, prudence, foresight, calculation, and good temper, are absolutely necessary. Now, the boy who possesses these qualities must be clever as well as amiable. And the best of it is, that it is in the power of every boy of average talent to secure for himself a title to these honourable distinctions. They are not peculiar to birth or fortune, but are to be

acquired by all who earnestly and industriously persevere in their pursuit.

I have no wish to lecture my young friends, or to presume on my position as a writer ; but I cannot well refrain from a word or two of advice when I have a fair chance. And this introduction to Chess giving me the chance, why, I have availed myself of my privilege. In brief, then, Chess is entirely a game of skill ; chance or luck having nothing whatever to do with it, when it is properly played. As a skilful general marshals his warriors upon the battle-field, so the expert player arranges his men and conducts them to victory. Somebody has somewhere said that a good general should be a good chess-player. But without going quite so far as that, it is certain that many good chess-players have been excellent generals. The great Napoleon was a capital player, but rather too impulsive. He played several matches with the Automaton Chess-player in 1809, and was beaten ; whereupon he retired in disgust and anger. I shall have something to tell you by-and-by about that grand deception, the Automaton Chess-player. Frederick the Great was also a fine player : he it was bought the secret of the Automaton from Kempelen, its inventor ; and, like the nobleman who purchased a real Punch and Judy show, repented his bargain as soon as he found out how the thing was worked. Imperial, royal, titled, ennobled, learned, wise, and accomplished men have been celebrated, in nearly all ages, as adepts at Chess. Therefore, the boy who learns to play well, will certainly be in good company. For, to say nothing of the numerous professors of our own day, Chess has, beyond all other indoor amusements, received the honourable patronage of the learned, the brave, and the distinguished.

Grave historians, erudite divines, and famous poets have not disdained to discourse on the merits of the noble game. Vida, Bishop of Cremona, celebrated the delights and pleasures of Chess, in excellent Latin verse, as early as 1527. This famous poem has appeared in not fewer than fifty or sixty editions, in various languages — Latin, Italian, German, Spanish, French, English, and Hindostanee ! Think of that : and all in honour of a simple game, the main difficulties of which any boy of ordinary capacity may conquer in a week ; a game that he may become familiar with in a month, and clever at in a year !

To merely give the titles of the several books that have been written on this one favourite game would occupy some fifty pages of this Magazine ; to say nothing of the various periodicals in

which Chess holds, or has held, a prominent position. And while on this part of my subject, I may as well give my young readers a very

BRIEF SKETCH OF THE GAME.

Here on the mimic field two armies spread ;
This pale as new-fallen snow—that blushing red.
Intense the interest that their leaders take,
As though a kingdom were indeed at stake.

BACK into the annals of the dim past we must go if we would trace the origin of Chess. This famous game, “the most esteemed for its intellectual character, and the most universal in its extent of all those pastimes in which men of every age have been accustomed to seek rest from the fatigues of physical labour, or the weariness of mental toil,” had its birth in the East. Some writers have considered India its early home, others have thought that the fascinating amusement was invented in Persia. Others, again, have named Iceland as its birthplace. In fact, its paternity is as difficult to fix as that of Homer. But certainly it arose in the East, whence all knowledge, civilization, and refinement appear to have come.

From the very earliest days, as I have already said, kings, statesmen, warriors, scholars, and poets, no less than ordinary men, have puzzled their brains and amused their leisure over the chequered board. Numerous anecdotes exist of soldiers on the eve of important battles throwing their whole attention into its mysteries, and many romantic stories have come down to modern days in which chess-play is the leading incident. The graces of poetry and the charms of eloquence have been thrown around it. Sages have sanctioned it as a recreation. As in the multiplicity of its combinations, it sets at defiance all the discovered laws of the science of numbers, so, in its adaptability to minds of all degrees of cultivation, it seems to repudiate all the theories of mental philosophy. It would be impossible, in the brief space at my command, to do more than allude to the vast number of interesting legends, fables, stories, verses, and anecdotes which belong to this fifty-century-old game. I must be content, therefore, to slightly touch upon many points on which I would gladly dilate. Before Romulus founded Rome, before Achilles went up to the siege of Troy, before Charlemagne recovered the Western Empire, before Columbus discovered America, Chess was a common and well-known amusement. Though its actual origin

is shrouded in the mystery of ages, and though the ablest investigators have been unable to trace it back through the lapse of centuries, the destruction of empires, and the revolutions of time, to its first simple beginnings, it has always possessed a charm entirely its own for the noblest of minds. Orators in the senate, poets in undying verse, dramatists holding "the mirror up to nature," historians in grave disquisitions, and even divines in the pulpit, have not been ashamed to employ metaphors drawn from the movement of its mimic soldiery, or have hesitated to use expressions couched in its technical language. To the amazing inexhaustibility of its nature, and the fertility of its powers of combination—to the skill required for its full development, and to the subtlety and ingenuity necessary to success in its practice, Chess owes its enduring and increasing fame. And yet we are told that in antiquity it must yield to Draughts!

Now, whether the invention of Chess is due to a single mind, or whether its present condition as a scientific game has gradually progressed from a simple game of few moves—as is most probable—one thing is certain; it does not owe its celebrity altogether to the learned and the gentle, though these have been till lately its chief patrons. Almost every profession has contributed its quota of names illustrious in Chess. In the "Book of the First American Chess Congress"—to which, indeed, I owe much of what I here indite—we learn that among the famous writers on, and players at the game, Damiano was an apothecary, Lopez a priest, Salvio a lawyer, Philidor a musician, Cunningham a diplomatist, Stamma a linguist, Deschappelles a soldier, and Popert a merchant. Of the modern players of eminence, too, there is an almost equal variety of occupation: Staunton, king and lawgiver among us all, is a ripe Shakesperian scholar; while Morphy, Paulsen, Lewis, Walker, Lowenthal, Kennedy, Kling, and La Bourdonnais, have each taken up Chess rather as an amusement than as a pursuit.

But as to the history of Chess, it grew, as did music, logic, and philosophy, from very rude beginnings. We have evidence of the knowledge of the game among the Chinese, the Egyptians, the Persians, the Arabians, the Hebrews, the Scythians, the Welsh, and the Irish—centuries ago. The Ancient Irish, as I learn from a recently published volume of the "Transactions of the Ossianic Society," were exceedingly fond of the game; in which they greatly excelled. According to the Brehon laws, the tax levied by the king of Ireland on every province was to be payed, in

chess-boards and complete sets of men; and every *bruiagh* or inn-holder of the states was obliged to provide travellers with salt, provisions, lodging, and a *chess-board* (with men, I presume,) *gratis*! Something like a land to travel in, that!

We have reason to believe that Chess was known in India 3,000 years before the Christian era. It is supposed to have been then, and for centuries after, played by four players on a board of sixty-four squares like ours, with similar moves, with the exception of the bishop, or ship, as it was then called. A die, or other means of courting a fortune, was employed at certain stages of its progress, so that in its early years Chess was a game of mingled chance and skill. From India it must have travelled through civilized Asia to Europe, where it probably acquired its present form, and where the distinction between black and white squares is generally believed to have been first adopted. The Saracens introduced it into Spain and Portugal; and as early as the eighth century it was a common pastime at Constantinople. Its diffusion over the Western world has been easy and simple.

Coming down to comparatively modern days, we find it mentioned by Boccaccio, the charming story-teller of Italy; and afterwards by Chaucer and our own Shakespere, as well as by numerous writers in the intervening years.

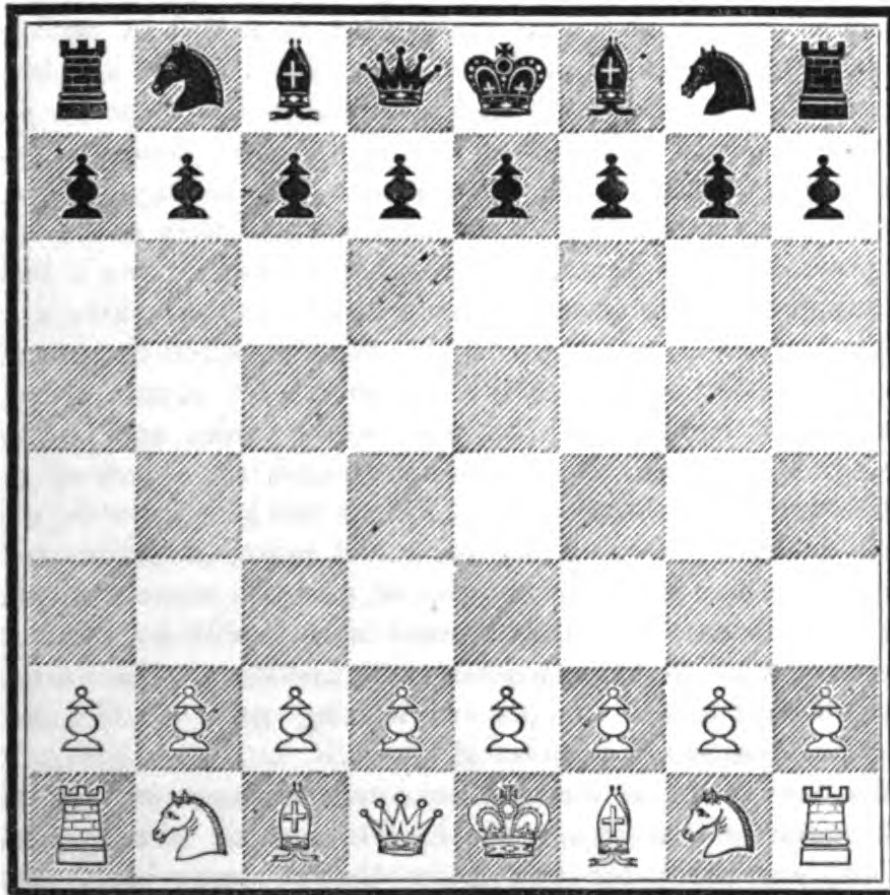
As soon as printing was invented, the progress in chess-learning was rapid. Caxton's first English volume was the "*Booke of the Chesse*," printed in the chapelry at Westminster. Systems and rules for playing then began to be laid down, and the development of the game into a regular scientific amusement was insured by the press.

In the sixteenth century, Damiano, a Portuguese, published his famous work, which was presently translated into Italian, French, and English; then came Ruy Lopez, and long afterwards, the great Philidor, in whose days—the beginning of the last century—Chess was played, just as now, by numerous clever men. Philidor and his followers founded schools of strong players in England and France, in which countries he alternately resided. He was, perhaps, the first player who attempted and succeeded in playing without seeing the board—a feat that has been frequently performed in our own day. Many of his games are still extant.

It would be beyond my scope to further trace the history of Chess; though I am sorely tempted to give you a few anecdotes of the famous players of the eighteenth century. But I may, perhaps, continue the subject in a future number, and tell you

something of the triumphs of modern players. Sufficient for the day. Here is a representation of

THE CHESS-BOARD, WITH THE MEN SET IN PROPER ORDER.



A slight examination of this diagram will explain the position of the pieces with which the game is played. The board, you will see, is placed with the white corner to the right hand of the player, with the pieces arranged in corresponding order on either side. Each player has a king, a queen, two bishops, two knights, and two rooks or castles. To these belong eight pawns, set immediately in front of them. The king and queen occupy the two central squares, her majesty always on her own colour : that is to say, the white queen on a white square, and the black queen on a black square. Chess-boards are made of various colours, but it is usual to say black and white. The bishops stand on either side of the monarchs, and are known as king's bishops and queen's bishops. As the bishops never pass from white to black squares, or *vice versâ*, their relationship to the king and queen is known to the end of the game. Not so, however, with the knights and

rooks, which pass indifferently over all the squares on the board. In Staunton's chess-men, and in some other modern sets, a letter or some other distinguishing mark has been set on the king's knights and rooks, in order that they may always be known in any part of the game. This distinction is useful in noting the moves of a game, as we shall see by-and-by. The knights and rooks are known also as owing allegiance to their respective monarchs, and are called king's rook, queen's knight, queen's rook, and king's knight. The pawns are also distinguished as the servants or soldiers of the pieces before which they stand—thus : king's pawn, queen's pawn, king's bishop's pawn, queen's bishop's pawn, king's knight's pawn, queen's knight's pawn, king's rook's pawn, and queen's rook's pawn. In chess notation the pieces and pawns are written with their initials only. Of course these distinctions apply equally to black and white pieces and pawns.

The game is played by two persons ; and the object or motive of all the varied combinations is to place the king *hors de combat*. But I fear I am exceeding my space. I must, therefore, defer an explanation of the moves of the pieces, and the manner of playing the game, till next month. Meanwhile, it will be pleasant to believe that what I have written will awaken in the minds of studious boys a desire to know something more of the ancient, excellent, and entrancing game of Chess.

In the course of this series, some correspondence will necessarily arise between writer and readers. Do not be afraid of asking questions, my lads ; for you know the old copy-book motto—“ Questions lead to knowledge.” When there is anything concerning the game that you do not quite understand, sit down and write for an explanation. It will always give me pleasure to enlighten you on doubtful points. Besides, we shall by-and-by have games to play and problems to solve ; and who knows but that we may start a Chess Tournament of our own ? As you progress, I trust you will find that in learning to play the game of Chess you will also acquire a method of logical thought and correct reasoning ; and that, too, without trouble or inconvenience, and with positive pleasure and profit. There is a world of wisdom and a whole system of philosophy in Chess ; and to play well at the game is, in some sense, a polite education. For the knowledge of it is, like language, music, science, or literature—a passport into good society ! Chess, exclaims an enthusiastic Persian, is the nourishment of the mind, the solace of the spirit, and the bright sun of the understanding.

THE GHOST OF BOB BOWSER'S DOG.

A Strange Story.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

FORWARDED BY THOMAS MILLER.

CHAPTER II.

I SAT down in the moonshine by the open window, and began to think over all the torture I had inflicted on that poor dog, and the tears streamed down my cheeks as I recalled it. All the pain I had gone through in my dream I had caused it to suffer, and for what? Because every time I fought Bob Bowser he had licked me, and as I could not have my revenge on him, I had had it on his poor unoffending dog. I resolved in the morning to go to Bob Bowser and tell him all, and ask his forgiveness; but then he would be grieving for the loss of his dog, which I could never restore; and a strange thought took possession of my mind. Supposing he forgave me, and the dog didn't, what better should I be for making such a confession if the ghost of the dog still continued to haunt me? Perhaps, after all, he might give me such a thrashing as I had never before received from his hands; perhaps he might take out a summons against me on my own confession for drowning his dog; then everybody would know it, and "Who killed Bob Bowser's dog?" would be hooted into my ears every time I dared to show my face in the street.

"No!" I exclaimed to myself, as I rose up, and paced to and fro in my chamber, "better a thousand times to be hanged and drowned in my sleep, and haunted for ever by the ghost of Bob Bowser's dog, than suffer, in the face of open day, the disgrace that must fall upon me after making such a confession. At present no one but myself knows that I drowned Bob Bowser's dog."

Whether it was my guilty conscience, or what, I cannot tell, but, at that very moment, I heard a dog outside howling pitifully, just as Bob Bowser's dog howled when it looked up at the sky,

with the heavy stone tied around its neck, before I threw it into the river, then ran away affrighted at what I had done.



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I looked up at the moon, and remembered the old world tradition of the man who was placed there, along with his dog, for gathering sticks on a Sunday, and wondered whether at some future period I should be sent to join him, along with Bob Bowser's dog.

I sank down in the chair, feeling very cold, and sleep once more overtook me. I struggled hard against it, but all in vain.

I could not have slept long before the ghost of Bob Bowser's dog

again appeared before me, with a strong rope in its paws, and in a savage voice said,—“Now then, be quick, and let me finish this little job. I suppose you would prefer being drowned in the same place where you threw me in? But I've got another dog outside, that you must fight before I drown you. You often set dogs on me twice my size, and I don't think I should be doing justice to drown you before you have had a taste of dog-fighting, which you always seemed so fond of, for you liked to see dogs fight better than you liked fighting yourself. Come along, you cur; it was through my young master so often thrashing you in fair fight, that caused you to behave so cruelly to me. Quick, you coward! I've brought a dog to fight you from the same place I have just come from. I would fight you myself only I know I should kill you; then I shouldn't have the pleasure of drowning you, and seeing you kick and struggle in the water as I did.”

I seemed to follow him, and saw another dog squatted on its haunches; it was the butcher's dog, that I had so often set on Bob Bowser's, and had died, some weeks before, of the wounds it received through fighting. It was seamed with scars, the ears nearly torn out by the roots, for when alive every dog for miles round would run away yelping at the sight of it, as it fought and beat all it came near. When once it got hold, it was never known to leave go, until beaten and dragged off. And that dog I must fight! “Drown me at once,” I said, “I would rather you did; he will tear me to pieces.”

“He'll shake your cowardly heart out of you, I've no doubt of that; and you deserve it;” answered Bob Bowser's dog, seeming to pierce me through with his flaming eyes. “He and I have had a good deal of talk together, about the bad usage we received in this wicked world, since we met together in peace in Dogland, where the bull-dog never snaps, and the terrier never bites, and the great mastiffs are as tame as lambs. Such as you made us what we were. Seize him!”

At that instant the butcher's dog gave a growl, and made a spring at me, which seemed to throw me on the ground, when, instead of seizing me by the throat, he planted his feet on my breast, shook his head, and again squatted down on his haunches.

“You are such a cur,” said Bob Bowser's dog, “that he scorns to touch you. Had you one spark of the noble courage of a dog in your cowardly nature, he would have tackled you; as it is he looks on you with loathing and contempt. Come along, and let me drown you; it's all you're fit for; and I mean to throw you in

hissing hot. You once raised the cry of 'mad dog' against me. I'll serve you the same before I drown you. So away with you, and run for it."

I cannot tell how far I seemed to run in my dream, nor where the crowd came from that followed me. I only know that the ghost of my pursuer headed the mob, and that at every village I passed through it still increased. The cry of "mad dog" caused the blacksmith to quit his forge, and join the procession with his sledge-hammer in his hand. Labourers left the fields to pursue me, armed with the pitchforks and spades they were at work with. The waggoner hurried after me with his long whip; the wheelwright hurled his sharp axe at me as I passed; and the bricklayer pelted me from the scaffold on which he was at work. I foamed at the mouth. I snapped at every one that came near me, for, as I ran on all-fours, I had no hands to raise to defend myself. Still the crowd of pursuers increased, and the cry deepened behind me, while I was even shot at, pelted with everything that could be picked up, and struck at on every hand; though I noticed that for one who stepped forward to assail me in front, a dozen rushed out of the way to let me pass, as if they were afraid of me. I did pinch the ear of a little knock-kneed tailor, whom I threw down and ran over, as he aimed a blow at me with his sleeve-board; and got rid of a good many of my pursuers, who gathered around him, while he lay rolling in the dusty road, roaring out, "I am bitten! I am bitten! I shall go raving mad!"

I seemed at last to escape my pursuers by running down a green lane that led to a river, and to hear their shouts dying away in the distance, as if they continued the chase along the brown dusty highroad which I had quitted. As I lay down panting on the cool river-bank, I saw the ghost of Bob Bowser's dog standing beside me, and noticed that the bank was very steep, and the water below deep, as the eddies showed that went boiling and hollowing around one another, before they were drawn out into the current. The dog held the noose of a rope in his paw, to the other end of which a heavy stone was attached; and as he slipped the noose over my head and tightened it, he said, "You want a cooler after that and shall have it. But you'll seem to be alive after you are drowned, though you are as dead as a dry bone in a dog-kennel. That will be because you are not a dog, and have a wicked and accusing conscience, which no water can drown. There are plenty of big-mouthed and sharp-teethed pike about here, capital pickers; and if you don't have a good bite, you'll get many a nibble. I shall

see you floating up and down as the tide ebbs and flows, for you won't remain at the bottom of the river long. Mind your head when you get down the river among the shipping, for you'll have many a bump against the boats and the wooden piers that support the wharves. Now then—one—two—three." And as he uttered the last word I felt myself for a moment flying through the air, and then down with a splash into the water and under it, which produced such a singing and ringing in my ears as if the river were rushing into my head and down my throat; and then the stone slipped off the rope, and I came up again, but how many times I cannot tell, though I know it was so, through catching dim glimmerings of misty light.

At last I seemed to settle down in the river-bed: and though I knew I was drowned, I had still my eyes open, and retained my senses, and could feel the mud and sand settling upon my hair, and on my eyes, and trying to ooze in between my lips, while the cold heads of fishes kept touching my face, as if they were smelling about me, and working their mouths as though they were going to taste of me, but hadn't quite made up their minds as to where they should begin, while their gills opened and shut, seeming to me like other mouths set with red teeth; and they all had such evil eyes, which they ever turned upon me, as I had never before seen in my life, excepting in the head of the ghost of Bob Bowser's dog.

I seemed to lie a long while beneath the water, in my dream, when at last I was carried away by an under-current, that swept along with it the mud of the river-bed, in which I was turned over and over like a stone. Then I was in the middle with a drowned dog on each side of me, one with its head under my arm, and the other with its fore-paw on my neck, gliding silently through and over the slimy mud of the river, while the eyes of Bob Bowser's dog seemed to be looking down at me, through the water, as I moved along, and sometimes it thrust its head under the water and said, "All right, I see you: I hope you like it; that's just the way I went along when I was down there; but you'll come up soon, then you can look about you a bit, though you are drowned; and you'll have plenty of company—dogs, cats, rats—some with hair on, and some bald as a blown-up bladder."

After a time I came to the surface, as the dog had foretold, cold and motionless, but still with the power to see and understand all I looked upon, though I floated on the ripples of the river like a straw, and went up and down with every little wave that lapped the shore. I came up with my face to the sky, and

the first thing I seemed to see was a silvery cloud, which had shaped itself into the form of Bob Bowser's dog, and went sailing over my head, and keeping pace with me, as I dropped down the river with the receding tide hour after hour.

Through being hanged, my neck seemed dislocated in so strange a way, that I could see the shore on either side of the river, my face turning sideways without any effort, as if obeying my will, though I had no more power over my limbs than the shadow has over the branch that forms the reflection. The first object that caught my eye on the green river-bank was the ghost of Bob Bowser's dog, who stood with one paw under his tail, and the other holding a large quizzing-glass to his eye, which he left sticking there as he made me a low bow, then waved his paw, and shouted out, "I wish you a pleasant voyage."

What a rocking I got from the waves made by the paddle-wheels of a steamer that went splashing by, and struck a cat that was floating tranquilly beside me, and which I saw no more until it again came down behind me, just before the turning of the tide. I had no sense of pain, as I went floating between green meadow-banks, and past pleasant villages that came dipping down gentle slopes to the brim of the river, the sunlight flashing on the windows, and making a golden pathway where I glided along. When the tide turned I went floating back townward, in a strange dead company—for the river seemed to have given up all its dead to return with me—and many of their countenances were so hideous to look upon, that I seemed glad when I was carried under the dark slimy piles that supported the overhanging wharves, through which chinks of faint light were only seen here and there, between openings of the wooden floors overhead, and which now and then fell on the rusty ironwork that clamped the ponderous piles. The rank weeds that grew under the deep night-like shadows of the wharves, seemed to nod at me as I glided in and out among the trailing green slime that hung about the square wooden pillars.

But, harder than all, it seemed to come floating out beside the wharves and warehouses, all alive with the stir and bustle of the ever-busy work-a-day world, and to have no more part in it than the swaying buoy has in the ship of which it marks the anchorage. Bales of wool, and great pockets of hops, threw their shadows over my upturned face as I was carried by upon the ripples, beside the walls of the high warehouses; and over these the ghost of Bob Bowser's dog seemed ever peeping, and sometimes jumped on the heavy overhanging hogsheads, as if he tried, by

his additional weight, to bring them down upon me with a running rattle, and bury me in the mud beneath.

I well remember feeling thankful that I had no sense of smell, as I floated by the sewers that emptied themselves into the river. Even the ghost of Bob Bowser's dog carefully eschewed the floating abomination, and waited for me where the river was more pure; only once did I see him dip his nose in it, then shake his head and exclaim to himself, "I can't stand that; it would poison the very deuce." Once I was floated up one of those sewers. Oh, dear! I shall never forget it. I could scarcely see the brickwork for rats, where the light streamed down through the gratings above. Fortunately for me, before I was driven far up, the men commenced flushing it, and I came out into the river again, as if I had been shot from a rocket.

It was high water, when I lay motionless beside a steamer, surrounded by many other floating objects, which remained almost stationary until the tide again ebbed; for even the loose corks only rocked to and fro as some craft rowed past; and the light feathers, which were only partly immersed, neither moved up nor down the river, unless impelled by some momentary puff of wind. Presently I heard music sounding on the pier, then the voices of happy boys, and soon they came laughing and tramping on the deck of the steam-boat; and as I looked up from the water, I knew their faces—they were my schoolfellows and playmates, and were about to start on their long-talked-of holiday excursion down the river.

As they spread over the vessel like a swarm of bees, clambering up the paddle-boxes and on the decks of the side-cabins, I could see that they had got their cricket-bats, wickets, foot-balls, bows and arrows, and everything else they amused themselves with in our great play-ground; and I heard them talk about the beauty of the place at which they would soon land. The smaller boys spoke of the great garden they were to have access to for two hours, which was filled with gooseberry and currant-bushes, and great long rows of late strawberries; and how, during that time, they should have the privilege of eating all they could, and of the bargain that had been made respecting their not bringing any of the fruit away in their pockets; that "EAT ALL AND POCKET NONE" had been written in large printed letters on a card-board by the head usher, which was to be placed over the garden entrance. And I saw some of the little fellows laugh, and heard one say to another, "Won't we, though?"

Then I seemed to see Bob Bowser come to the side of the vessel,

and lean over, as if gazing at the sunshine, which gave a look as of molten gold to the river, though his eye fell too far out to see where I was floating close under him, and looking up at his face. I heard him speak cheerfully to the boy that stood beside him, and mention my name, wondering what had become of me, and hoping I should be on board before the packet started, as he shouldn't have such a jolly day of it unless I were with him. Then I thought I called to him, and that he shed tears when he saw where I was, and that all the boys clustered round, and a great cry arose, which awoke me, just as I fancied I stood dripping with water on the deck of the vessel.

I rubbed my eyes, now thoroughly awake, and found that I had fallen asleep in the chair by the window, which I had thrown open when looking at the moon, and that the rain was beating on my face, for the wind blew from the quarter opposite to where I sat shivering with cold.

After breakfast, with the dream still as fresh in my mind as if the whole scene was again passing before me, I called on Bob Bowser, with the intention of telling him all I had done to his dog, and all I had that night passed through in my sleep. But after wishing him good morning, he began with, "Isn't it strange, my dog came home yesterday with a rope round his neck, and dripping with wet, as if somebody had been trying to drown him? There he is; look at him."

I did look; and, fortunately for me, Bob was at that moment called aside by his sister, or he would have known all.

The dog smelt at me, then looked up at me with a strange solemn look; and as my tears fell fast upon his head—tears of true repentance for what I had done—he began slowly to wag his tail, and when I stooped and ventured to stroke him, with a mingled feeling of sorrow and fear, he turned round and licked my hand, and, with the remembrance of the dream still before me, I almost fancied I heard him say—"There, there, dry your eyes! I can't bear to see you cry. I forgive you with all my heart. I see you are sorry for what you've done. Never ill-use a poor dog again."

I never will. Bob Bowser and I are now the best of friends, and his dog is always ready to follow me wheresoever I go; and, since I truly repented of the torture I inflicted on that faithful and forgiving animal, I have never been haunted in my sleep any more by the Ghost of Bob Bowser's Dog.



Skearsley's Temple at Cricklewell Fair.

AMONGST THE SHOW-FOLKS.

BY STIRLING COYNE.

CHAPTER II.

SUPPER ended, the satisfied artistes gradually withdrew from the circle, to seek their various resting-places. The van being reserved for the accommodation of the ladies, the proprietor, and his family: the male portion of the company bestowed themselves according to the fancy of each, under the trees; no doubt congratulating themselves upon the combination of fortunate circumstances,—an idle day, a soft grassy bed, and a calm warm night in June,—which had marked, with a white stone, their sojourn in the Forest.

As the evening fell, so sank the hearts of the little truants, who seemed to have been forgotten by the people into whose society they had been so strangely thrown. Sad thoughts of happy home and kind loving faces, now pale with anxiety for the fate of the wanderers, filled their minds, as they sat gazing at the expiring embers of the fire, when their attention was suddenly attracted by the voice of the Exterminator of Crocodiles issuing from the van, whither, according to custom, he had retired with his wife, to solace himself after the fatigues of the day, with a “little nourishment” from the lady’s private and confidential bottle.

“It’s my opinion,” said the harsh voice of the proprietor, “that them chaps I picked up is just what we wanted. We’ve had no novelty worth naming, since the pink-eyed Maid of Cashmere ran away with that Irish rascal, the Infant Herc’lees.”

“Dear me!” replied the Signora, somewhat tartly; “I thought we had enough novelty when we got that Melodious Mermaid. It seems she’s no such wonderful attraction after all, though the creetur’s picture has been painted bigger than mine and a deal handsomer, which I’ll never forgive, Abram Skearsley. A pretty panorama, too, it is,” she added, bitterly, “to hang outside a respectable establishment: a young woman, with a fish’s tail, combing of her back-hair in the Atlantic ocean, and inticing of a British sailor to follow her to her coral cave. The impudent hussy! But

though you paid nigh thirty shillings for the daub, the Mermaid don't draw; the public knows she's a himpostor, and they won't have her at any price :—she don't draw, I tell you; Mermaids don't draw, Skearsley ! ”

“ For that matter, neither does Rope-dancers or Sabre Swallowers draw,” retorted the Exterminator; “ the public is tired of them.” The pride of the jealous artiste was roused by the taunt conveyed in the allusion to her waning popularity, and she replied in a higher and fiercer key,

“ Oh ! the public is tired of me, is it ? And you're tired of me, you are ; I see it. But I should like to know what you'd a' been if it wasn't for me. Who made you what you are ? Answer that, Skearsley. What were you, when Peter Pogmore, my poor dear first husband, took you for charity out of a Gang of Ethiopian Ministers ? ”

“ Troupe of Minstrels, if you please.”

“ Ministers or Minstrels, it's all the same. Had you a coat to your back or a shoe to your foot when Pogmore gave you ten shillings a week to beat the big drum for his Carawan of Wild Beasts ? ”

“ It was the only wind instrument I ever could play,” replied the culprit, evasively.

“ And when poor Pogmore had his back-bone cracked by the big bear, while teaching him to dance the polka on hot tiles, what did I do ? ” asked the Signora, pursuing the *procès verbal* with inflexible determination.

“ Well, of course, you had the bear shot, and you sold it's corpus, all but the skin, to a heminent manufacturer of Bear's Grease in Bishopsgate Street,” answered the Exterminator, hesitatingly.

“ And what did I do with that skin ? ”

“ You kept it in grateful memory of the deceased,” answered the witness.

“ Which deceased—Pogmore or the Bear ? ” asked the Signora, sharply.

“ That's more nor I can tell : I know it was for one of them,” was the vague reply.

“ Don't you know that I watered the brute's skin with my widow's tears, for at least three weeks ? ”

“ So you did ; and at the end of the three weeks you dried your tears, made a blanket of the skin, and made Abram Skearsley your husband.”

"I'm glad you don't forget that."

"It's an ewent I'm not likely to forget in a hurry," remarked Abram.

"And please to remember, likewise, when I married you I endowed you with all my worldly goods and cattle—my wild-beasts, my carawans, my hosses, my donkeys, and myself, with fittings complete; and now, I'm to be put in the background before the public for a paltry Mermaid." Here the Signora, overcome by gin and jealousy, burst into tears.

Nothing softens the hard heart of man so effectually as female tears. The Exterminator of Crocodiles felt his sternness giving way at the sight of the briny torrent which rolled down his partner's blowzy cheeks, and he endeavoured to soothe the angry storm in her breast.

"There!" said he, "there's no need to take on so. If so be, you can't harmonize with the Mermaid, I'll give her a week's notice to leave. She must go, that's all."

"Oh! Abram!"

"But I'm looking at what we're to do for attraction," said Abram. "The Moldavian Giantess quits us next Saturday; Wheedleton, of the Mammoth Pavilion, gives her five shillings a week more than she has here; then the Wild Man of Bohemia and the Mexican Dwarf will be sure to follow the Melodious Mermaid; and I'm afeerd Jim Chaffney the Clown has taken a 'serious turn,' and has it in his mind to go into the Methody Preaching line."

"I shouldn't wonder; Jim had never no spirit," remarked the Signora, contemptuously.

"The Temple can't stand agin the Pavilion if we lose so many stars;" observed Abram, rubbing his jaw, "whereby I consider it a lucky chance I fell in with these two wandering boys. We must make something of them."

Paul and Fred, who had overheard the whole conversation, drew closer together and listened with breathless attention.

"What can you make of such a pair of shrimps?" inquired the Signora.

"Humph! Well, they wouldn't be amiss as Spotted Boys. I could touch them up with caustic to look like a pair of piebald ponies in no time," suggested the Exterminator.

The children trembled.

"No," said the Signora, "the public don't care for Spotted Boys; they don't take now."

"They might come out then as a couple of Young Indian Chiefs,

taken on the banks of the Mulligatawney in the wild prairies of America," said Abram; "they could do the war-dance of their fathers, dressed in their native red ochre and ostrich feathers. I suppose there would be some bother with them, though, before they could be got to pluck and eat a fowl alive, to the great delight of the humane beholders."

"I'm afraid the brats are too genteel for live fowl," argued the woman.

"If that's the case, we must think of a genteel performance for them," rejoins the Exterminator. "Hah! I've an idea—a bright one, too. What do you think of ——"

The concluding part of the sentence was lost to the affrighted eavesdroppers, through the sudden barking of the dog, who kept up at intervals during the night a succession of unprovoked alarms. The suggestion had apparently been approved of by the Signora, for after a few more indistinct words, Abram came out of the van, and, approaching the two boys, told them it was time for them to turn in.

"The doctors don't recommend feather-beds in this sultry weather," observed the Proprietor, cheerfully. "Feathers is superfluous lux'ries; and so is sheets and blankets, which youth should despise. But we'll put you away nice and comfortable on a truss of straw, in the cage with the Bengal Tiger."

The boys, by a common impulse, threw themselves on their knees before their captor, and besought him in piteous accents not to compel them to share the apartment of the ferocious beast. Their tears and entreaties seemed to afford extreme enjoyment to Abram, who laughed immoderately, and assured them there was no need to be alarmed; the Tiger, which was stuffed with straw (as were the greater number of the fearful animals in the Menagerie), being perfectly harmless.

The menagerie was the pompous designation of a supplementary van or tender, laden with large wooden partitions, poles, ropes, and bundles of canvas, the materials from which the "Temple" was constructed with wonderful rapidity and grandeur, when the troupe halted at a place of sufficient importance for a "Grand Exhibition." On the other hand, when the locality did not appear worthy of a full display of the magnificent edifice and its treasures, the artistes gave what was called a "little-go" in the large van, in front of which was the "parade," or stage, where the performers exhibited themselves in gorgeous array to an admiring public. Here the clown went through his time-honoured *lazzi*,

and set the crowd of gaping rustics in a roar, by the self-same jokes at which their grandfathers and grandmothers had roared; and here the Incomparable Incombustible Spaniard, Don Manoel Ferdinand, Joel de Silva, Cabanas, y Principe de Leporello, the renowned Exterminator of Crocodiles from the Rocky Mountains of Chimboraza, blew his own trumpet, beat his own drum, and thundered on his own gong, with a vigour that completely stunned and overpowered his professional rivals, so tremendous was the *charivari* he produced. At the back of this tender were piled up, the cages containing the stuffed animals—tigers, panthers, hyenas, wolves, and bears; and the boxes in which were inclosed the torpid boa constrictor, the young crocodile, the sagacious guinea-pigs, the learned hare, and a numerous collection of cocks, hens, pigeons, and small game, painted and gilded to represent foreign birds of brilliant plumage; wonderful birds! that had hitherto escaped the notice of Buffon, Pennant, and other famous ornithologists.

By the twilight which still lingered in the sky, and struggled through the bars of the cage, the two prisoners could discern the motionless figure of the tiger, whose gleaming white teeth, and glassy eyes, filled them with terror, and caused them to retreat to the corner of the den furthest removed from their inoffensive but still terrible fellow-lodger. There, crouching closely together, scarcely daring to breathe or move, they cried themselves to sleep.

Did they dream, these poor boys? Yes, in their innocent slumbers the Genius of Night softly wafted them to their lost home:—in fancy they were pressed once more to loving hearts, and filled their places in the happy circle round the evening board. Oh! thrice blessed sleep! that bearest on thy downy wings to the pure and good, peace, and rest,—visions of tranquil bliss and foretastes of eternal happiness.

Let us for a moment return to the parents of the young truants, who, on first noticing their absence, felt no great uneasiness; imagining they had only wandered a little way into the wood, and would soon be back. As hour after hour wore away, and the shadows of evening began to fall, their fears became intense, and it was only when it grew too dark for further search that they resolved to send the carriages home with the greater number of the sad and spiritless party, who had been so "jolly" that morning; while Mr. Kilwick and a couple of friends remained with the almost distracted mothers of the boys at a little road-side inn on the borders of the Forest, where they might next morning procure assistance to search for the missing children.

The early rays of the sun were streaming cheerfully into their strange bedchamber, when Paul and Fred awoke, and, rubbing their eyes, gradually returned to a consciousness of their uncomfortable position. The terrible tiger was still there; but the light of day, which revealed certain gaping seams and breaches in the skin, through which appeared the straw stuffing of the animal, completely dissipated any remaining fears that his presence might have inspired.

"I wish we were safe out of this horrid place, Fred," said Paul, after looking wistfully through the bars of the cage for some time.

"So do I, Paul," replied Fred. "Did you hear them talking last night of our eating a live fowl?"

Yes; but they'll never get me to swallow a mouthful of one, unless it be roasted," replied Paul, whose civilized tastes were manifested in the condition upon which he might be prevailed on to indulge his carnivorous appetite.

"Let us run away, Fred," continued his companion; "there's no fastening to the door of the cage, and there's nobody near to see us."

"Oh! yes; let us run away," assented Fred.

The door was softly opened, and the boys leaped lightly out on the dewy grass; but at that moment the evil-disposed mongrel rushed from some unsuspected place of ambush with a savage yell, and held them at bay, prepared to fly at the throat of the first who should attempt to move from the spot. The alarm quickly brought to their rescue the Proprietor, who, having driven away the dog, said in his blandest tones:

"Ah! my little dears, you were going to take a quiet morning walk, which is a highly constitutional proceeding, but you see Gripps did n't approve of it; he thought you might lose yourselves again in the Forest. Gripps is a very remarkable dog, I can tell you, and very much attached he is to both of you. He'll keep an eye on you, you may be sure. So now you come to breakfast."

Already the whole troupe was abroad, and scattered over the irregular ground in front of the large van; the women variously engaged washing, mending clothes, or making their toilet with a total absence of that prudery which belongs to artificial life:

"Children of Nature;—they her hests obey'd,
Withouten shame or guile."

The men lounged about smoking; and the children plucked the

wild flowers that grew abundantly in the place, to make wreaths and garlands with which to decorate themselves. A kettle, containing a dark brown liquid supposed to be coffee, was boiling over the fire, near to which, on a deal-board resting on trestles, were placed three or four loaves of coarse bread, a battery of delf mugs, a jar of treacle, and a jug of milk, the materials for the general breakfast of the company; to which, when "a call" was made by sound of gong, not a single defaulter could be discovered.

In the brief time occupied at the morning meal, two miserable horses had been attached to each of the vans, and soon after the whole establishment was in motion, towards the high-road which led to the village of Cricklewell.

I need not describe to my young readers the journey. The incidents were of the ordinary kind; that is to say, there was little variety in them to compensate for their disagreeable character. The "Temple," to which the Proprietor acted as charioteer, furnished with a short pipe, a long whip, and a Calabrian bandit's hat, was crammed by the four ladies of the establishment, to say nothing of the Mexican Dwarf who didn't reckon for much, in addition to the Signora's two children, a black monkey, a poodle dog, a cat, a nest of white mice, and a couple of rabbits—forming altogether a strange association of discordant elements—while the heat, the dust, the perpetual jolting of the van, and a "villainous compound of vile smells," excited the occupants into frequent acts of hostility, which required the voice, and occasionally the whip of the manager, to subdue.

Cricklewell was a hamlet at the time of the Conquest, as Domesday Book testifies, and a hamlet it still continues. The straggling cluster of decrepit cottages and infirm buildings, that had gathered themselves around the old Norman church, whose massive square tower, and curiously sculptured porch, had obtained honourable mention in a paper read before the Archæological Society by the Reverend Wykeham Gurgoyne, seemed to have been forgotten by the living, moving world. The village had somehow drifted out of the current of time into one of its dreary shallows, where it lay stagnating amongst the reeds and sedges of the slimy shore.

On one day in each year—that on which the fair was held—Cricklewell, like one of the sleeping warriors in the German fairy-tale, awoke from its torpid state, and committed itself to unlimited gaiety. The Green in front of the church on the morning of this important event was thronged by a miscellaneous assemblage of

natives, as well as visitors from the surrounding districts, all dressed in their holiday clothes. Ginger-beer and lemonade carts, trucks filled with cocoa-nuts, and baskets bearing pyramids of luscious golden-hued oranges, were jumbled with vendors of fruit, cakes, sweet-stuffs, and itinerant hawkers of toys, and small wares, whose clamorous invitations to "Buy, buy, buy, the best and cheapest in the fair," formed a strange scene of confusion to ear and eye. Gingerbread stalls, in which wonderful presentments of the "human form divine" in formidable cocked hats resplendent with Dutch gold, and marvellous birds with single sugar-plum eyes, intended to represent "bold chanticler," were contemplated with watering mouths by many a young rustic epicure. Games of chance there were, at which the adventurous swain, by risking sixpence or a shilling on the turn of a wheel or the roll of a ball, might become the possessor of a golden sovereign, which the wealthy and spirited proprietor of the ingenious game would much rather lose than not.

The popular "Cheap John" was there too, in his locomotive bazaar, offering, by Dutch auction, articles of the most incongruous description to a wondering crowd, with a volubility and humorous impudence perfectly surprising.

"Look here!" cried he, producing a carter's whip from his heterogeneous stores; "here's a whip 'll make a horse go as far in one day as would take him three weeks to come back in. You're a married man, my friend," said he, fixing his eye upon a quiet-looking farmer in the crowd; "why should you spoil your best poker beating your wife, when you can have a whip like that for half-a-crown? (crack),—I'll only charge you two shillings (crack); eighteen pence, then (crack); come, don't tell any of your neighbours and you shall have it for a shilling—a blind man could n't see a better bargain. (crack). There; sold again! If that's a bad shilling you're giving me, you need n't trouble yourself; I made a bushel of them last week myself. Now, then, here's a double-milled waistcoat, with double breast, double back, double pockets, and double-gilt buttons; if a man was to put on that waistcoat and give a double knock at the door of the Lord Mayor of London, he'd get an invitation to dinner next day, in a double post-paid letter. Look at that waistcoat; it's like my wife—figured in front and plain in the back. If there's any young woman wants to make her sweetheart a present, let her buy this waistcoat. What shall we say for it?—don't speak all together: ten shillings—seven shillings: there's only another waistcoat like it in the world, and that's in the possession of the

Emperor of the French, who won't give it up at any price. Come, five shillings; I'll not ask no more nor take no less—three shillings. Are there no bidders for the waistcoat? Never mind:—here's something I sell only to my regular customers—an almanac for the year anno domino eighteen hundred and sixty-one. This is none of your common almanacs that have only three hundred and sixty-five days in the year; this has got four hundred days full measure, by order of her Majesty's government. And look here;—here's a view of the French invasion that didn't take place; observe how the victorious Volunteers are charging of the chassours on the beach, while the royal dragoons are bivouacked on the top of Dover castle."

In this way "Cheap John" amused his numerous auditors, amongst whom he occasionally found bidders for some of his wonderful bargains. But the great attraction of the fair, beyond all others, was the show booths, amongst which "Skearsley's Temple of Nature and Art," and "Wheedleton's Mammoth Pavilion," were distinguished amongst their minor competitors by the splendour of their exterior, and the magnitude and brilliant colours of the *tableaux* suspended outside the show, which might be truly said to afford no idea of the wonders inside. To each was attached a "bould speaker," generally the proprietor, whose duty it was to address the public, vaunting the celebrity of the establishment, and the not-to-be-rivalled rarity of the objects in the unique exhibition, which had been patronized by more than half the crowned heads in Europe. And when the speaker paused for lack of breath in his harangue—

"the gong he beat
With doubling heat,"

to drown the voice of some rival orator, who was shouting with might and main to *his* crowd from the "parade" of a neighbouring show.

Nearly the whole of the preceding night the effective force of the company, besides some extra hands hired for the occasion, had been busily at work in the erection of the "Temple," of which the large van, with the Royal Arms over the entrance, formed the grand façade. When all was complete, the artistes partook of a hurried breakfast, and those of the company whose turn it was to appear before the public, went to present themselves on the parade.

Paul and Fred, whose hopes of escape had utterly given way to despair,—so closely had they been watched by Grippe,—were seated

disconsolately by the cages of one of the stuffed animals, when Abram Skearsley, dazzling with gold and silver foil, paint, and feathers, dressed for his favourite rôle of the Incombustible Spaniard and Crocodile Exterminator, beckoned them to him and thus addressed them :—

“My young friends,—I des’say you think I’ve forgotten you, but I haven’t. I’ve been a turning over in my mind what branch of the profession you’re fit for. I’ve known a many young chaps that could do no more than you, come arterwards to be celebrated hartists.”

“We don’t want to be celebrated,” replied Paul, stoutly ; “we want to be sent home.”

“Don’t interrupt me,” said Abram, making a supple-jack which he carried—whistle over Paul’s head ; “I was thinking of bringing you out as the Boneless Brothers, but the part requires study, and you’re hardly strong enough for Young Gorillas ; so I’ve determined you shall make your appearance as the Siamese Twins from the coast of Africa, with a little flare-up of swallowing fire, to finish the performance.”

“Siamese Twins !” exclaimed Fred.

“Swallowing Fire !” cried Paul.

“Well, what have you to say agin Siamese Twins ?” growled the manager ; “it’s one o’ the genteelest dodges in the profession for two chaps like you ; and as for Swallowing Fire, why it’s only champing up a handful of blazing tow steeped in spirits of wine ; I’ll teach you how ’tis done in five minutes.”

“But we never were twins,” remonstrated Paul.

“That’s a mistake of Nature, which I’ll undertake to correct,” rejoined the manager, twisting the supple-jack viciously between his fingers.

Paul was about to reply indignantly, but was restrained by a warning gesture from the clown, who, while pretending to paint his face with red-lead and chalk, had been listening attentively to all that passed.

“It’s one of the rules of this establishment,” continued Skearsley, “that my apprentices shall be obedient and industerous.”

“We’re not your apprentices,” interrupted Paul, disregarding the telegraphic signals of the clown.

A sharp cut of the supple-jack on the imprudent speaker’s shoulders made him wince with pain, and caused the tears to start to his eyes, though he forbore to cry out.

“It’s one of the rules of this establishment,” said Skearsley,

severely, "that I'm not to be contradicted. Another rule is, that every body in the company must do something, according to his talents, for the support of the 'Temple;' which being perfectly understood, I'll go and inform the Signora that you're ready to be made up as the Siamese Twins."

Seizing the opportunity of Skearsley going to the back of the booth, the clown, who was practising the Frog's Hornpipe, hopped close to the boys, and in a whisper said:

"Do whatever he tells you; don't resist; it's no use; there's help a-coming;" and away he hopped with a mysterious wink.

The Signora Sacchi Saccharini now made her appearance with a curious apparatus, upon which she had been employed all the morning. It consisted of an elastic band, or roll, about two feet in length, formed out of a pair of India-rubber goloshes, securely attached at either end to a stout leathern belt. This ingenious contrivance was intended as a substitute for the natural ligature by which the once famous Siamese Twins had been united. The connecting band being painted a dirty flesh-colour, and the leather belts, which were firmly fastened round the boys' waists, being concealed by loose tunics and trousers, it would not be easy to detect the imposture at a short distance. The Signora completed their toilette by staining their faces and hands with a greasy chocolate-coloured compound, and, placing on their heads a couple of huge turbans, surmounted by tall plumes of feathers. Finally she taught them a sentence or two of unintelligible jargon, and ordered them to take their places on a table behind a barrier which had been placed across the booth to prevent the curious public from too close an investigation of the wonderful twins.

During a brief pause in the hurly-burly outside, Paul and Fred heard the stentorian voice of their jailor, inviting the intelligent public to patronize the "Temple."

"Walk up! walk up! ladies and gentlemen—walk up! This is the only show in the fair! Here you shall see the real live Tiger from the Eastern Hinges; the Larfing High-eaner from the Sandy Desert; and the Weeping Crocodile from the banks of the Mississippi, which his nature is so kind that he sheds tears over his wictims while he humanely devours them. Here you shall see, also, the most wonderful and surprising novelty, just arrived in this country by her Majesty's command from the wilds of Tartary, which is the celebrated Siamese Twins ————" A fresh burst of drums, trumpets, and gongs drowned the remainder of his speech, but the effect it produced was immense; and the booth was speedily

filled with curious spectators, who gazed open-mouthed at the strangely-united boys, without suspecting the imposture.

During the day, our two heroes were only required to answer any person who addressed them by a few words of the jargon they had learnt, and the success of their performance was admitted by applauding crowds.

But the grand performance of swallowing fire had been reserved for the night, when the "Temple" was brilliantly illuminated outside with flaming grease-pots, and within by a number of candles stuck round wooden hoops suspended from the roof. The crowd of spectators was enormous, and the manager, in high glee with the success of his swindle, had taken some pains to instruct his victims in the polite art of eating blazing tow without danger. When the moment arrived for the grand *coup*, he led them forward trembling in every limb, and, after a variety of preparatory flourishes, applied a lighted candle to a quantity of tow with which he had stuffed their mouths. There was tremendous applause from the audience as the inflammable substance rose suddenly in a curtain of flame before the faces of the performers, who, forgetting the cautions and instructions they had received, snatched the blazing mass from their mouths, and, flinging it from them, leaped headlong with a wild shriek from the table to the ground, where—bound as they were—they lay unable to rise.

Meanwhile, the flames of the burning tow had communicated rapidly with a quantity of loose straw, which speedily set fire to the wood and canvas of the "Temple," and in an incredibly short time the whole structure was enveloped in flames. The audience, on the first alarm, burst through the boarded sides of the booth, and made their escape that way; the artistes, too, rushed pell-mell from the scene of devastation—foremost amongst the fugitives being the Melodious Mermaid, borne triumphantly in the arms of the Wild Man of Bohemia, followed by the Moldavian Giantess carrying the Mexican Dwarf on her ample shoulders.

What became of the ill-fated authors of the calamity?

Struggling helplessly—tottering—stumbling—choking amidst the thick smoke, and scorched by the fierce flames, that, like hungry monsters, leaped, roared, and shot forth their fiery tongues on every side for their prey, the luckless poor boys had nearly become insensible, when they felt themselves seized in a vigorous grasp, and dragged into the open air from the "Temple," which was now one mass of fire. It was some moments before the unnatural bond by which they had been connected could be severed, and

their senses sufficiently collected to recognize the friends by whom they were surrounded.

All they had suffered during two wretched days amongst the show-folks was forgotten in the joy of that meeting. They tried to speak, but sobs choked their utterance; and they could only weep and laugh by turns on the bosoms to which they were fondly pressed. Mr. Kilwick blubbered outright, while he embraced his son and nephew; even Mr. Fink, who piqued himself upon the firmness with which he could witness the most pathetic scenes in a sensation drama, was compelled to apply his handkerchief to his eyes: while the Clown, who had so courageously rescued the boys from the burning booth, stood by with tears of joy guttering through the red-lead and chalk upon his cheeks.

* * * * *

"Who do you think, my dear," said Mr. Kilwick to his wife, on the following evening, when the same "jolly party" to whom I introduced my readers at the pic-nic under the High Beeches at the commencement of this eventful history; "who do you think saved Paul and Fred? Why, 'twas that boy, Jim Chiffney, whom you remember we took out of a charity-school ten years ago. I meant to have kept him in the warehouse, but he was a curious sort of chap, who preferred walking on his hands to his feet, and at last ran away to join a troupe of these show people. He fancied he remembered Paul's features, and, on questioning him, discovered that he was the son of his former master. The honest fellow immediately found means to communicate with me; and, as you know, we followed Skearsley to Cricklewell, where we arrived in time only to find the booth in flames, and Jim Chiffney dragging the poor boys out of the fire."

"Jim Chiffney is a hero," observed Mr. Fink.

"He shall never want a shilling while I have one to share," added Mr. Kilwick.

"And we will sometimes," said Paul, "remind him of our adventures 'Amongst the Show-Folks.'"

HOCKEY.

BY GEORGE FORREST.

IN all the general principles, hockey bears a great resemblance to football, the game consisting in driving a ball through a goal. The ball, however, is of much smaller dimensions, even where a ball, and not a bung, is used, and it is impelled, not by the foot, but by certain sticks, or clubs, called hockeys, or hookeys, because the end with which the ball is struck is more or less hooked.

The shape and dimensions of the hockey-stick are entirely arbitrary, being left to the peculiar taste of the owners. Some like their hockeys to be sharply hooked, while others prefer them merely bent over at the end. Some players like a very thick, heavy stick, which can be put down in front of the ball in order to neutralize the blows of the opposite side, while others can play best with a slight and springy weapon, that can be used with one hand, and is employed to tap the ball away just as an opponent is about to strike, and to coax it, as it were, towards the goal through the mass of adverse sticks.

The four sticks shown in the engraving are very good samples of the forms best adapted for use. Fig. 1 is much in favour with some players, and is therefore given; but for my own part I never could play to my own satisfaction with it, the large and deep curve deceiving the eye and causing the player to let the ball pass through the hook, besides running the risk of entanglement in the opponent's stick.

Fig. 2 is usually a favourite, but the angle of the head with the handle is arranged according to the fancy of the player. Some like the head to be made of horn, backed with lead like a golf-stick; but this formation is hardly necessary, costing a rather large sum, and not

conveying correspondent advantages.

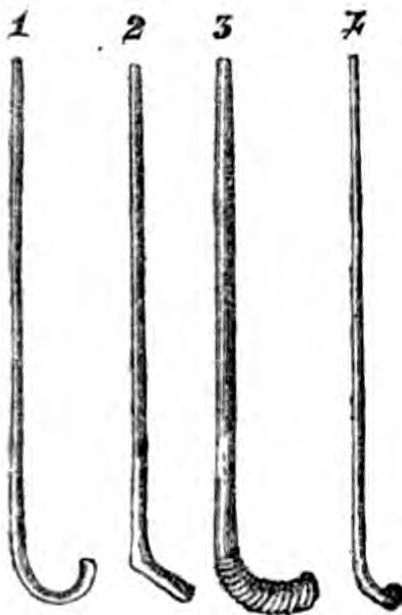
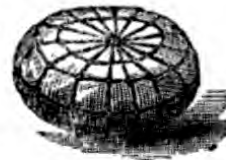


Fig. 3 is a queer and eccentric form, which is not suitable to every player on account of its weight and generally large proportions. I have, however, seen it employed with extraordinary effect by a player who was accustomed to drive his opponents into a state of considerable excitement by his faculty of stopping the ball with this overgrown weapon, and then planting it so firmly that all the opposing sticks could not get at the ball in spite of their battering. In this way he would save many a game that had well-nigh been given up as hopeless, and by thus checking the ball on its way to the goal, would give time for his own side to come up and turn the tables. The great hooked end of this club was bound with very strong iron wire.

The same player was equally successful with a stick the exact reverse of the preceding, and represented as fig. 4. This was a very slight ashen stick, with a small, but rather heavy head, so that when shaken it would bend and spring like whalebone. This little stick was used for darting among the struggles and clatter of contending weapons, and giving the ball just a wee pat now and then at critical moments, so as to edge it a little nearer the goal, and at the same time to knock it away just as the blow of the opponent descended.

The ball used for this game is sometimes an ordinary cask bung. As this would speedily be knocked to pieces, it is generally quilted with string, as shown in the illustration, for the better preserving its integrity. Sooner or later, however, it goes to pieces, for the string is sure to be cut or worn through, and the cork soon gives way. Balls, too, are apt to get their jackets knocked off, and, if struck hard, will sometimes fly in the face of a player, who cannot avoid it at so short a distance, and do no small damage. A hollow india-rubber ball is very good; but the best that I have yet seen, was a common globular india-rubber bottle, such as can be procured at any stationers, with the neck cut off, and partly filled up by leaving a strip of the neck and securing it by the proper varnish.



It made a capital ball. Nothing could hurt it and it could hurt no one. I have had it driven into my face at two yards' distance, and felt little the worse for it five minutes afterwards. It would not roll very far by itself, but required to be edged carefully by the sticks; it never could get cut against flints, or spoiled by thorns or splinters; it was big enough to be easily seen if knocked into a ditch or over a hedge, and if struck into water it would not

sink but come to the surface at once, bobbing about as if to draw attention to its presence. It remained in constant action for two years to my knowledge, had been employed for several seasons before I made its acquaintance, and for aught I know may be in use now. In fact, if it were only kept out of the way of a fire or an ostrich, I know nothing that would hurt the ball except burning or swallowing. Even in the latter case I fancy that the ostrich would be the sufferer rather than the ball.

Having now described the instruments, we will proceed to the method of playing the game.

As has already been mentioned, this game is in principle similar to football. Two goals are set up, at a convenient distance from and exactly opposite to each other, as in football. The same goals indeed will answer as for that game, only the cross pole should be lashed to the uprights at a much lower elevation, say three feet six inches or four feet from the ground, and the uprights should be within six feet of each other. Very good and simple goals can be made by taking long osiers, willow branches or brambles, pointing the two ends, bending them over and sticking the pointed extremities into the earth, so as to make an arch. A peg is driven exactly half-way between the goals, goal-lines are drawn as at football, and the ground is then laid out.

The players, having previously chosen their sides, arrange themselves between the goals, facing each other, and always having their left sides towards the enemy's goal and their right towards their own. The ball is then thrown in the air, so as to fall on or near the wooden peg, and each party try with their sticks to drive it through the goal of the enemy.

The rules of this fine game are few and simple.

1. The game is won by the ball passing through the enemy's goal.

2. The ball must be struck through the goal with the stick, not thrown or kicked.

3. Each player shall strike from right to left, and any player infringing this rule is liable to the penalty of a blow on the shins from any of the opposite side.

4. Each player shall remain on his own side, and if he crosses to that of the opponents is liable to the same penalty.

5. No player shall raise the head of his stick higher than his shoulder, on pain of the same penalty.

6. The ball may be stopped with the stick or with any part of the person, provided that the intervening player is on his own side.

7. If the ball be kicked or thrown through the goal, or if struck beyond the goal-lines, it is to be fetched by the junior player of the side who struck the last blow, and gently thrown towards the centre peg.

8. Any player wilfully striking another, except when inflicting the penalty contained in rules 3, 4, and 5, is immediately to be excluded from the game.

By means of these rules, the game of hockey is shorn of the danger consequent on the loose and unrestrained play that is sometimes seen, the sticks brandished in all directions, and the two sides so intermixed that it is hardly possible to discriminate between them. Many a person has been seriously damaged by such undisciplined play, and teeth have been struck out, or even eyes lost in the contest. By strict adherence, however, to the above rules, there is no fear of incurring any injuries, and this really fine game is rendered as safe as it is exciting.

As a general rule, a good player seldom if ever strikes the ball with any violence, but keeps it well in hand, trundling it along rather than knocking it forcibly, and endeavouring, if he finds it likely to pass out of his control, to strike it gently towards another of his own side, who may keep it in its course towards the enemy's goal.

A bad player, on the contrary, rushes about without any definite purpose, shouts continually at the top of his voice, brandishes his stick to the danger of other persons' eyes and the detriment of his own hands which are sure to be painfully blistered in half an hour, and exhausts his strength and breath so early in the game that he fails just at the critical moment, and sees the ball driven past him without being able to check it.

As a parting word of advice, let me recommend to my readers to play this game as quietly as they can contrive to do, and as a golden rule, always to keep the head of the hockey-stick close to the ground.

Above all, keep your temper intact, and don't lose it even if one of your own side should make some stupid mistake, and lose you a winning game. Take especial care to keep strictly to the rules, and if your opponent should break them and render himself liable to the penalty, be merciful to his shins, and inflict the punishment as a warning to deter from future transgression, and not as a spiteful opportunity for giving a blow which cannot be returned.



THE ADVENTURES OF CLEVER JACK.

BY ANNE BOWMAN.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST VOYAGE OF JACK; AND HOW IT ENDED.

At the sight of his enemies, Jack, pale and trembling, crouched behind a pile of bales, all his confidence and presumption crushed; he felt sure their eyes were upon him, and it was not in his own wisdom, but in God's mercy, he must now trust.

"Now, what's the row, lad," said Jem; "sure, you're never

skulking so soon on. Heave away, and let us lower these here bales, or I guess the captain will sing out."

Jack assisted him, scarcely conscious of the act, and said in a hollow whisper, "Where did those three men come from?"

"Came aboard last night, I reckon. What d'ye know on 'em?" answered Jem.

"They're wicked men, Jem," said the boy, "and I shall be miserable to sail with them."

"That's little odds to our captain, I consate," replied Jem; "you've nought to do with his passengers."

"Passengers! villains like them!" said Jack. "Tell me, Jem, where are we bound?"

"Avast! comrade, but you are a green hand," answered Jem, "never to ask where bound afore you come aboard. Lima and Californy he says, and I reckon yon fellows are diggers."

But Jack, in his heart, believed that they had come on board for no other purpose but to kill him, and night and day this terror haunted him as he shrank out of sight to work in the hold or the galley, or started from his sleep believing they were bending over him.

After some days, though such an arrangement was not usual with one so young, he had to share the watch; but this was less unpleasant, for Jem contrived that he should be his companion.

"You see," said the kind youth, one night in the mid-watch, "I thought you'd fancy me for a consort better than them swearing old salts, so I got you rated with me; they're desperate short of hands, or they'd let a lad like you be."

Jem then told his companion that he was only a parish apprentice, and had been four years at sea, though now only eighteen. His last master had lost his ship off Charleston, and the youth had been glad to accept the first service offered.

"But he's not the man my old captain was," continued Jem. "Bless you, he could be as stiff as the mainmast when he ordered a thing; but there was sense in him, and all went on like clock-work in that there ship. We're always in a gale with this chap; but what odds? We'se make port somehow. There's One over all as guides the helm."

"I'm so glad, Jem, that there's one good fellow among these ruffians," said Jack; "and now that we're safe, I'll tell you every thing; but mind, never to repeat what I say, or you'll just get among the breakers, like me."

Then Jack told his story ; the secret flight, the murder on the mountains, the unlucky encounter at the inn at Charleston, and his conviction that the men had followed him on board to silence him.

"Nay, nay, my lad," answered Jem, "they'll do no murder here among so many witnesses ; but depend on't, Swinney and that landlord and them, they're just of a gang ; the fellow sent you to his comrade to get you out of the way : and these rogues, with God knows what black deeds on their heads, come here to be safe. I'se not over fond of my berth, but we'se get through. Niver you ettle as how you and me's thick, and keep off them bulwarks, hear ye : them thieves might give ye an odd shove, and no notice be taken ; but I'se keep an eye on 'em."

Jack did not like advice, but this time he did accept it thankfully, very glad to have found a friend to whom he could talk ; and never sorry to be summoned to the watch from his comfortless bed. The three passengers messed with the captain, and spent a good deal of time in his cabin, to Jack's great relief ; but he was sometimes sent there with messages by the mate or cook,—a terrible trial to him, for he could not but mark the vindictive looks thrown on him by the men, who were usually drinking and playing at cards. One day, as his eye rested on that detestable gambling table, one of the men called out, with an oath, "Now, dog, hast thee learned to read these here books ?"

"No," replied Jack, boldly ; "I don't want to read such wicked books."

"Get out, you infernal rascal," cried Swinney, flinging an empty bottle at the lad, who saved himself by stooping down, and the bottle struck and shattered a mirror in the side of the cabin, on which the wrath of the skipper rose so high, that Jack was glad to fly to the galley, and report to the old black cook the result of his unlucky mission.

Cæsar groaned as he said, "Him cappin, him boil up, bubble ! bubble ! Let him be cool down. Nebber mind pea-soup. Den him swear at Cæsar, dreadful. Nebber mind dat. Make him hot currie ; dat good, berry much. Boy, keep away."

The boy was only too glad to keep away, repenting that he had been so imprudent as to engage himself to a stranger.

"I never meant my first voyage to be half round the world, Jem," said he, "and I see that dastardly captain is set against me."

"You're in for it, and no mistake," answered Jem ; "You go no more cook's errands, if you want to keep a whole skin, bide out of his sight, for he's a heavy hand."

Soon they began to experience the sharp and bitter blasts, the heavy seas, and the mingled sleet and snow of the dismal regions off the coasts of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, and to contend with the tempests that for ever congregate round Cape Horn.

Long days they fought against these storms, surrounded by boiling waves, and the sea-monsters, the grampus and the whale; while the ill-omened stormy petrel and the huge albatross circled round them. The terrible captain and his vile companions, in the hour of danger, blasphemed and swore at the crew, and at each other; and the unfortunate Jack, who was unavoidably brought forward to assist in reefing and hauling, in lashing everything that was loose, or in clearing away the wreck of the storm, was kicked, beaten with heavy blows, and threatened so vindictively, that Jem suspected that only the necessity of his labour, at this important crisis, prevented them from making an end of the poor lad; and when, finally, with rent sails and broken masts, the disabled vessel doubled the cape of terrors, he expected the boy would be ordered into confinement. But more work was required from him; ropes and sails had to be replaced and repaired, and order to be restored amidst the confused freightage. Then scrubbing, swabbing, and slushing succeeded, and Jack was harassed body and mind; he was continually watched and followed by his tormentors, who provoked him to rash words, and then attacked him with violent blows; and by Jem's orders they never spoke to each other except on the watch.

"If they jealous as how we're colloquing," said the youth, "and that you've telled me aught, we'se both be in the same boat, and won't they swamp it? Tread cannily, lad, and we'll try make a run for it at Lima. A fig for wages; better beg nor stop with such born rogues."

"Jem," said the boy, solemnly, "I have a heap of money, and you'd better take care of it, for if they put me in limbo, they'll be sure to strip and rob me."

Jem undertook the charge of the ten dollars, but recommended his friend to retain those concealed in his cap, lest they should be separated.

"But if we can make off together," continued he, "we'se be set up, for I have a snug bag, too; and we'll never land at Californy if we can help it, for they say they're all rogues alike there. And he has some jugglery in his head, I misdoubt me, for we're farther nor needs run out west of the chart set down for Lima."

They had passed in sight of Juan Fernandez, the island so interesting to Jack as the scene of Robinson Crusoe's adventures, and had stretched out north-west so far that they came in sight of some of the thousand isles of the Pacific; when the crew began to cry out for fresh water. To these clamours, the captain, for some days, turned a deaf ear, till one morning, during a dead calm, Jack, recollecting it was Sunday, which was never observed on board, stole into a snug nook, early in the morning, with his friend Jem, and, sheltered by some empty water-casks, commenced reading the service for the day with him. Suddenly, to their great annoyance, they saw one of the passengers before them, who said in a tone of derision,—

"What, be ye holding a conventicle here? I guess the skipper didn't calkerlate as how he'd parson chaps among his crew. Come, give us a snatch of your 'Good Lord, deliver us.'"

Jack turned very red, and repeated, "Good Lord, deliver us from robbers and murderers!"

"Who are ye aiming at, ye young rascal?" said the angry man, catching up a marlin-spike, and attempting to strike a blow which would have been fatal to the lad, if Jem had not arrested the arm of the savage.

"Let him kill me, Jem," said Jack, passionately, "it will be only one more; nothing to a villain like him."

"Will that cursed lad never be quiet?" said Swinney, striking him a blow that laid him prostrate; then seizing the prayer-book, he flung it overboard, adding, "I will have no canting and praying here, you'll get nothing by that. I'm master on the 'Rover.'"

"We know that, captain," said Jem; "but, please sir, God is master over all."

"I'll set ye to work, ye confounded loafers," said Swinney. "Put out a boat and make to yon island, to take in water; carry out guns, and bring in some game, do ye hear."

The mate and five more men, of whom Jem was one, were named to go out with the casks to fill; and Jack left to endure the cruelty of the captain, which was only interrupted by Cæsar requiring his services in the galley. The cook was not ill-natured; he had given Jack many a good meal when he was hungry, and much sage advice, for which, we must allow, he was not equally grateful. He now listened to the boy's tale of grievances, and then said,—

"What for you talkee, talkee, make cappin mad and bite like mad dog, den you cry out, 'he go kill me dead.' Bah! bah!"

fool, boy ! nebber talkee, only tinkee, and sing like Cæsar, ' Wait for de Waggon ! Wait for de Waggon ! ' ”

And the cook raised his voice, and made the galley resound with his song, to avert any suspicion from himself, while he slyly winked at his depressed companion.

After dinner, the captain and his guests usually caroused long and deeply ; and Jack ventured on deck to wait the return of the boat, which only came in at a late hour ; and when the men stepped on board, he saw with alarm that his friend was missing. He went up to the mate, and said,—

“ Please sir, where's Jem ? ”

“ What's that to thee, varmint ? ” replied the man. “ Is I called on to make my report to a dirty boy ? ”

Then the filled casks and a heap of game being brought on board, the mate went to the cabin with his report ; and Jack, in despair, tried to learn from the conversation of the men, what had been the fate of his only friend.

“ We'd a vast deal of trouble to slip him,” he heard one man say to those who had remained in the ship, “ and we sighted him after we'd pushed off, signalling and piping out after us ; but what then ? We were under orders. Auld Matt, he did grummell out, as how it were not fair play, but he'd safer mind his words : bulk-heads have ears in the Rover.”

Jack concluded at once that Jem had been despatched for his kindness to him ; and he gave way to despair, when he reflected that he was alone amidst a host of enemies. No sleep came to comfort him, and when called to the watch, it was not to the cheerful conversation of Jem ; but he found his consort was surly old Matt. He stood some time looking out on the dead calm which still prevailed, and then ventured to ask the fate of Jem.

“ Thee'd better keep thy mouth shut, lad,” answered Matt, “ else thou may be put down next in a worse berth nor he.”

“ He was all the friend I had, Matt,” sobbed out the boy.

“ Worse luck for thee,” grumbled the man, “ but keep up, lad, he's nane so badly off. There's birds and water, and he has his gun, and I handed him powder and shot, private like. He'll do, and I wish thou wast aside him.”

“ I'd be glad if I was, Matt,” replied Jack, “ for there's nothing but wickedness and murder here. Do you think they will send me off soon ? ”

“ My mouth's shut, boy,” said he ; “ but I may say as how boats are off again to-morrow, and likely thou may be shoved in. Put

these caps in thy pocket, they may come in handy; and if thou be named to go out, see if Cæsar will fill thy pockets with bread fixin's and such like."

Jack had always looked on this man as a true son of the "Rover," harsh and unprincipled; and, affected by his unexpected compassion, he was proceeding to ask more, when he saw a lantern on the quarter-deck, and heard the voice of the captain calling Matt to him. Curious and agitated, Jack cautiously followed the man, and, concealed behind a bulkhead, heard Swinney, in a low tone, say,—

"They will have him made an end on; they say his tales will spoil their trade yonder at California. So now you hear: pitch him overboard."

Matt grumbled out, "I'se not yer man, captain, I'se not up to cauld blood work. A fair fight, and I'll cut any man down; but he's messed along with us, and trusted us. Ye'll hae to do't yersel', captain."

The captain's oaths were so terrible, that Jack shrank back, believing his hour was come, and caught up a marlin-spike as a weak defence. When he came within hearing again, Swinney was saying,—

"Do as you will, but they must think he's overboard, so get him off afore they're astir; and mark me, yon island, nor'-west. I'll stand no colloquing. Keep the varmint apart."

Jack returned to his post in dismay; the desert island adventure he had always longed for seemed very terrible when it became a reality, unless he could prevail on Matt to land him on the same island, still in sight, that contained his friend Jem. But he was prevented from saying more to him, as the watch was just then relieved, and he was driven to his dismal corner in the steerage, though not to sleep or rest. He put on at once the whole of his scanty wardrobe, secured his knife, his tin flask and cup, and then crept to the galley, woke up Cæsar, who had his berth there, and telling him his sad prospect, asked for his help.

"Me berry sorry, poor boy!" said the cook. "Go, take pea-jacket as Jem was wear off de cold Cape; den me fill big pocket, gib him bread, meat, pea, tato. Put jacket on. Nobody know."

Jem's chest, which yet remained unransacked, stood close to Jack's berth, and he did not hesitate to open and put on the large pea-jacket; he looked, with desire, on a small chest of tools, but it was too heavy to take away, so he contented himself with a handful of large nails, and a small axe, which he slung over his

back beneath the jacket; then he knelt down to his prayers, and had not risen when Matt looked in and said,—

"Come away, boy; I guess you'll have plenty of time for that there work after a bit; not that there's much harm in such doings, specially for young 'uns; but it doesn't fall in with the 'Rover's' ways, and them as is rated in her books has to shove praying overboard."

Jack followed him to the boat in which another man was seated, then Matt took the helm, and the others rowed off; the day not having yet broken, and the sea being as smooth as glass, unrippled by the lightest breeze.

"Please Matt," said the boy, "will you leave me with Jem, if I am to be cast off?"

"I'se mind orders," answered he. "Pull away, and keep quiet, or we'se ha'e to drop ye where ye'll tell no more tales."

Jack shuddered at the frightful thought of being hurled into that dark, deep sea; and he considered that he had the oar in his hand and the axe at his side, might he not stun the men with the oar and despatch them with the axe? But, though he did not doubt his own power to overcome the two men, he was merciful; he could not think of such base ingratitude to Matt who had saved his life. As day dawned, he turned his eye on the speck which he knew was Jem's island, and thought he might be able to join him; but where were the means? Even in his most sanguine plans he could not presume to build a boat. He had read of rafts, and a raft it must be; he had an axe and nails, trees he hoped to find; and savages he trusted there would be none. They were now close to their destination, an island guarded by high, bare, and apparently inaccessible rocks.

"An ugly shore to be driven on in a gale, Matt," observed his comrade. "I guess, youngster, perched atop on yon rocks, you'll not oft sight a sail. Few ships 'll choose to come nigh this."

Jack's heart sank, and he cried, "The sun will scorch me to death; pity me, Matt."

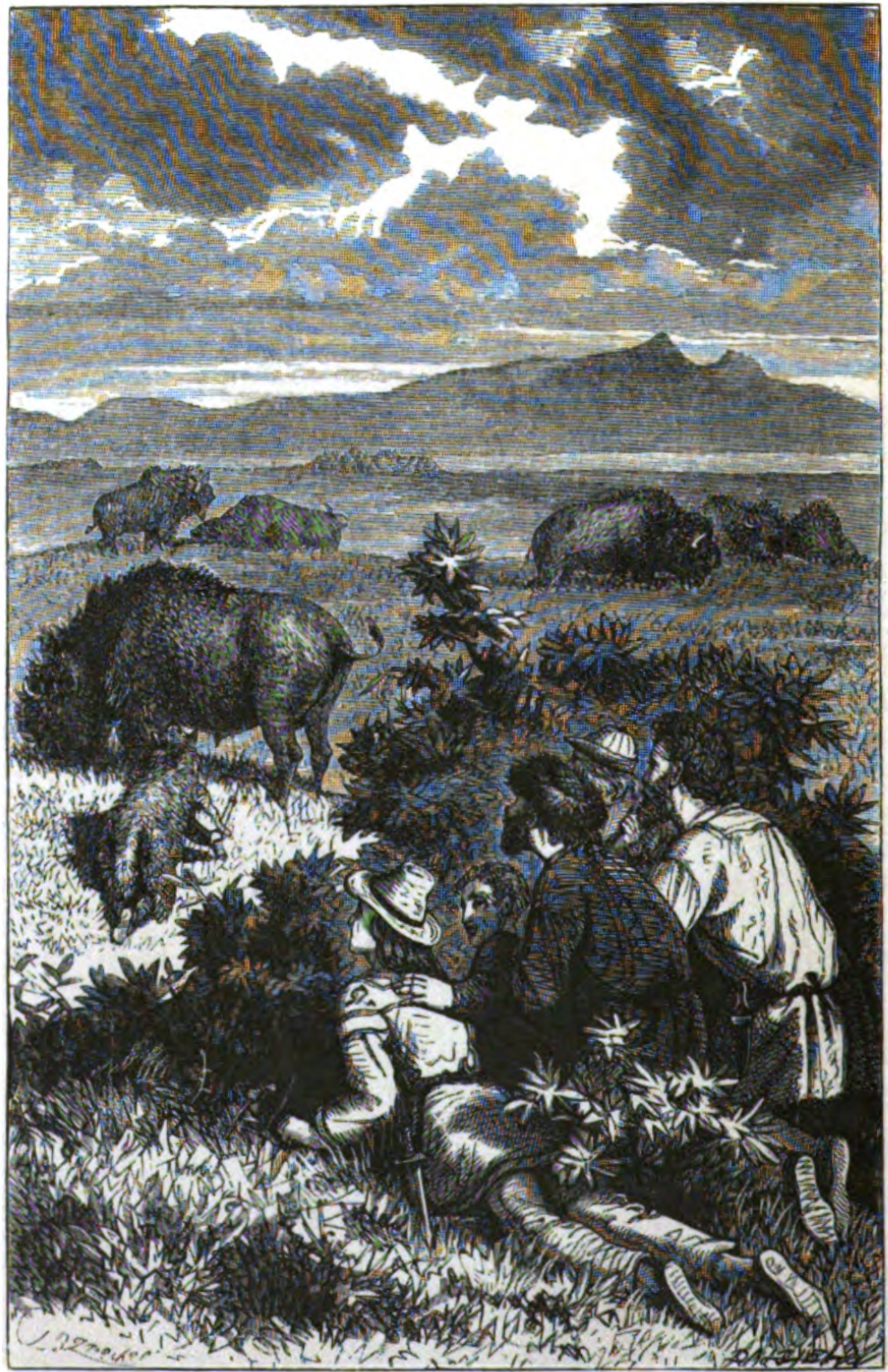
They had pulled into a narrow creek, the mouth of a rapid river enclosed by lofty walls of rock, and Jack was ordered to land on the narrow ledge of rock, left bare at low tide; then Matt, flinging to him his oars and a spare sail, said,—

"Get up a tent to keep the sun off, lad; there's a lot of biscuit and a jar of water for thee: we'd get it if he knew we'd done this. Now, then, good luck to thee."



And before the bewildered boy could answer they had pulled off, and left him a prey to a host of terrors in that bare and dreary solitude.

(To be continued.)



The Wolf and the Buffaloes.

THE WILD MAN OF THE WEST:

A Tale of the Rocky Mountains.

By R. M. BALLANTYNE.

CHAPTER VII.

A wolfish way of killing buffalo described—Bounce becomes metaphysical on the fine arts—Butchering enlarged on—A glorious feast, and sketching under difficulties.

ONE of the ancient poets has said that wandering through the wild woods is a pleasant thing. At least, if one of them has not said that, he ought to have said it, and, certainly, many of them must have thought it, whether they said it or no. Undoubtedly, if future historians record faithfully all that has been said and written from the commencement of time to the period in which they flourish, they will embalm the fact that at least one prose writer of the present day has enunciated that incontrovertible proposition.

But we go a step farther. We assert positively that wandering through the wild woods is a healthy as well as a pleasant sort of thing. The free air of the mountains and prairies is renovating, the perfumes of the forests are salubrious; while the constantly recurring necessity for leaping and scrambling is good for the muscles, and the occasional tripping over roots, tumbling into holes, scratching one's face and banging one's shins and toes against stumps, is good for—though somewhat trying to—the temper.

Further still—we affirm that wandering through the wild woods is a funny thing. Any one who had observed our friends March Marston, and Redhand, and Bounce, and Big Waller, and Black Gibault, the trappers, and Bertram the artist, and Hawkswing the Indian, one beautiful afternoon, not long after the day on which they lost their canoe, would have admitted, without hesitation, that wandering through the wild woods was, among other things, a funny thing.

On the beautiful afternoon referred to, the first six individuals above-named were huddled together in a promiscuous heap, behind a small bush, in such a confused way that an ignorant spectator might have supposed that Bounce's head belonged to Big Waller's body, and the artist's shoulders to Redhand's head, and their respective legs and arms to no one individually, but to all collectively in a miscellaneous sort of way. The fact was that the bush behind which they were huddled, was almost too small to conceal them all, and, being a solitary bush in the midst of a little plain of about a half a mile in extent, they had to make the most of it and the least of themselves. It would have been a refreshing sight for a moralist to have witnessed this instance of man—whose natural tendency is to try to look big—thus voluntarily endeavouring to look as small as possible!

This bundle of humanity was staring through the bush, with, as the saying is, all its eyes, that is, with six pairs of—or twelve individual—eyes; and they were staring at a wolf—an enormous wolf—that was slowly walking away from the bush behind which they were ensconced! It was a very singular wolf indeed—one that was well calculated to excite surprise in the breast even of trappers. There was something radically wrong with that wolf, especially about the legs. Its ears and head were all right, and it had a tail, a very good tail for a wolf; but there was a strange unaccountable lump under its neck, and its fore legs bent the wrong way at the knees, and it seemed to have long feet trailing behind its hind legs, besides being otherwise misshapen. The mystery is explained when we state that this wolf was none other than Hawkswing, down on his hands and knees, with a wolf-skin over his back, and Bertram's blunderbuss-pistol in his hand. He was creeping cautiously towards a herd of six or seven buffaloes that chanced to be feeding quietly there, quite unconscious of the near proximity of so dangerous an enemy.

"I hope the old pistol won't miss fire," whispered Redhand, as he observed that the wolf paused, evidently for the purpose of examining the priming.

"I hope," added Bounce, "that the Injun won't miss his aim. He be'nt used to pistols."

"Never fear," said March, with a quiet grin. "If he aims within a yard o' the brute he's sure to hit, for I loaded the old blunderbuss myself, an' it's crammed nigh to the muzzle with all sorts o' things, includin' stones."

At this Big Waller stared, and said, emphatically, "it'll

bust!" Bertram felt and looked uneasy, but Bounce shook his head.

"Them old things," said he, "never bust. I've been forty years, off an' on, in these parts, an' I've always observed that old irons o' that sort *don't* bust; cause why? they'd ha' busted w'en they wos new if they'd bin goin' to bust at all. The fact is they *can't* bust. They're too useless even for that."

"How comes it," inquired Bertram, "that the buffaloes are not afraid of a wolf? I have been led to understand that wolves are the inveterate enemies of buffaloes, and that they often attack them."

To this question March, whose head was in close proximity to that of the artist, replied—

"Ay, the sneakin' brutes will attack a single wounded or worn out old buffalo, when it falls behind the herd, and when there are lots o' their low-minded comrades along with 'em; but the buffaloes don't care a straw for a single wolf, as ye may see now if ye pay attention to what Hawkswing's doin'."

Bertram became silent on observing that the Indian had approached to within about pistol-range of the buffalo, without attracting particular attention, and that he was in the act of taking aim at its shoulder. Immediately a sharp click caused the buffalo to look up and apprised the on-lookers that the faithless weapon had missed fire; again Hawkswing pulled the trigger and with a like result. By this time the buffalo, having become alarmed, started off at a run. Once more the click was heard; then the wolf, rising on its hind legs, coolly walked back to its comrades behind the bush, while the herd of buffaloes galloped furiously away.

The Indian stalked solemnly up to Bertram and presented the pistol to him with such an expression of grave contempt on his countenance that March Marston burst into an irresistible fit of laughter; thereby relieving his own feelings and giving, as it were, direction to those of the others, most of whom were in the unpleasant condition of being undecided whether to laugh or cry.

To miss a buffalo was not indeed a new, or in ordinary circumstances, a severe misfortune; but to miss one after having been three days without food, with the exception of a little unpalatable wolf's flesh, was not an agreeable, much less an amusing, incident.

"I'll tell ye wot it is," said Bounce, slapping his thigh violently and emphasizing his words as if to imply that nobody had ever

told anybody "wot" anything "wos" since the world began up to that time, "I'll tell ye wot it is, I won't stand this sort o' thing no longer."

"It is most unfortunate," sighed poor Bertram, who thoroughly identified himself with his pistol, and felt as much ashamed of it as if the fault had been his own.

"Wall, lads," observed Big Waller, drawing forth his pipe as the only source of comfort in these trying circumstances, and filling it with scrupulous care, "it aint of no use gittin' growowly about it, I guess. There air more buffaloes than them wot's gone; mayhap we'll spliflicate one before we gits more waspisher."

It may, perhaps, be necessary to explain that Waller's last word referred to the unusually small waists of the party, the result of a pretty long fast.

"I'll tell ye what it is," said March, advancing towards Bounce with a swagger and drawing his hunting-knife, "I quite agree with Waller's sentiments. I don't mean to allow myself to get any more waspisher, so I vote that we cut Bounce up and have a feed. What say you, comrades?"

"All right," replied Bounce, laying bare his broad chest as if to receive the knife, "only, p'raps, ye'll allow me to eat the first slice off myself afore ye begin, cause I couldn't well have my share arterwards, d'ye see? But, now I think on't, I'd be rather a tough morsel. Young meat's gin'rally thought the tenderest. Wot say ye to cuttin' up March first, an' tryin' me nixt?"

"If you'll only wait, lads," said Redhand, "till Mr. Bertram gits a new flint into his pistol, we'll shoot the victim, instead o' cuttin' him up. It'll be quicker, you know."

"Hah! non," cried Gibault, leaping a few inches off the ground, under the impulse of a new idea, "I vill shew to you vat ve vill do. Ve vill each cot hoff von finger. Redhand, he vill begin vid de thomb, et so on till it come to me, and I vill cot hoff mine leet finger. Each vill devour de finger of de oder, an' so ve shall have von dinner vidout committing morder—ha! vat say you?"

As Bertram had by this time arranged the lock of his pistol and reprimed it, the hungry travellers resumed their weary march without coming to a decision upon this delicate point.

It had happened that during the last few days, the land over which they travelled being somewhat barren, small game had become scarce, and the large game could not be approached near enough to be shot with such weapons as the artist's antiquated pistols; and as the party possessed nothing better in the shape

of a projectile they had failed to procure supplies. They had now, however, again reached a rich country, and had succeeded in trapping a large wolf, under the skin of which Hawkswing had made, as we have seen, an unsuccessful effort to shoot a buffalo. Soon after this failure the party came to a ridge of gravelly soil that stretched across the plain like a wave.

The plain, or small prairie, to which we refer was in the midst of a most lovely scene. The earth was carpetted with rich green grass, in which the wild flowers nestled like gems. The ground was undulating, yet so varied in its formations that the waves and mounds did not prevent the eyes of the travellers ranging over a vast tract of country, even when they were down among the hollows; and, when they had ascended the backs of the ridges, they could cast a wide glance over a scene of mingled plain and wood, lake and river, such as is never seen except in earth's remotest wilds, where man has not attempted to adorn the face of Nature with the exuberances of his own wonderful invention.

Far away on the horizon the jagged forms and snowy peaks of the Rocky Mountains rose clear and sharp against the sky. For some days past the trappers had sighted this stupendous "backbone" of the far west, yet so slowly did they draw near that March Marston and Bertram, in their impatience, almost believed they were a range of phantom hills, which ever receded from them as they advanced.

On reaching the summit of the gravelly ridge, Redhand looked along it with an earnest gaze. "Wot's ado now?" enquired Bounce.

"There ought to be prairie-hens here," replied the other.

"Oh! do stand still, just as you are, men," cried Bertram, enthusiastically, flopping down on a stone and drawing forth his sketch-book, "you'll make such a capital foreground."

The trappers smiled and took out their pipes, having now learned from experience that smoking was not detrimental to a sketch—rather the reverse.

"Cut away, Gibault," said Bounce, "an' take a look at the edge o' yon bluff o' poplars and willows. I've obsarved that prairie-hens is fond o' sich places. You'll not be missed out o' the pictur', bein' only a small object, d'ye see, besides an ogly one."

The jovial Canadian acknowledged the compliment with a smile and obeyed the command, leaving his companions to smoke their pipes and gaze with quiet complacency upon the magnificent scene. Doubtless much of their satisfaction resulted from the soothing influence of tobacco on their empty stomachs.

"I say," whispered Waller, removing his pipe and puffing from his lips a large cloud of smoke, which rolled upwards in the form of a white ring, "I say, Bounce, I guess it's past my comprehension what he means by a foreground. How does *we* make a capital foreground?"

Bounce looked at his companion in silence for a few seconds; then he removed his pipe, pursed his lips, frowned heavily, looked at the ground, and repeated slowly, "How does *we* make a capital foreground?"

Waller nodded. "Ay, that's it." Bounce resumed his pipe for a few seconds, and then said with an air of the utmost profundity,

"Don't you know?"

"No, I don't."

"Wot? Nothin' about it wotiver?"

"Nothin' wotsomediver."

"Hm, that's okard," said Bounce, once more applying to his pipe; "'cause, d'ye see, its most 'orrible difficult to explain a thing to a feller as don't know nothin' wotiver about it. If ye only had the smallest guess o' ———"

"Wall, come, I does know *somethin'* about it," interrupted Waller.

"Wot's that?" enquired Bounce, brightening up.

"I calc'late that I knows for certain it 'aint got no place wot-ever in my onderstandin'."

"Hah!" exclaimed Bounce; "Come, then, I'll do my best for to explain it t'ye. Here's wot it is. D'ye see Mr. Bertram, there?"

"Yes I does."

"An' d'ye see yerself?"

"Wall, I does," replied Waller, looking complacently down at his huge limbs.

"Good; then d'ye see the ground over there?" continued Bounce, pointing with his pipe to the Rocky Mountains.

Waller nodded.

"Now then," said Bounce, in those deep earnest tones with which men usually attempt to probe the marrow of some desperately knotty question; "Now, then, when Mr. Bertram's a drawin' of, an' tries to look at the ground over there, you an' me comes *before* the ground, d'ye see; an' so we're, as ye may say, *before-grounds*. But men wot studies human natur' an' langwidges, d'ye see, comes for to know that words is always gittin' onnecessary bits chopped off 'em—sometimes at one end, some-

times at t'other. So they tuck off the B, d'ye see, an' made it foreground, and that's how we come to be fore-grounds."

"Oh!" said Waller, with the vacant air of a man who feels himself as wise at the termination as he was at the beginning of an explanation.

"Yes," resumed Bounce, "that's how it is. I must confess, for my part, that I don't 'xactly see the advantage o' us in that light. I should ha' thought it would ha' bin better to make us stand to one side, d'ye see, and let him see how the land lies. But there's no accountin' for taste in this wurld—I've obsarved that, iver since I was three fut two."

Having delivered himself of this graphic exposition of an abstruse subject, Bounce relapsed into silence, and the whole party continued for some minutes in a profound reverie. From this felicitous condition they were awakened by the sudden appearance of Black Gibault, who darted out of the poplar bluff and made towards them at the top of his speed. He uttered no cry, but, on coming near enough to permit of his features being clearly seen, it was observed that his eyes were eagerly wide open, and that his mouth was engaged in the formation of words. A second or two more, and he was near enough to be heard uttering the word "buffaloes" in a hoarse whisper.

"Ho! boy, wot is't?" cried Bounce, in an equally hoarse whisper.

"Ba—buffaloes, hah! buffaloes," cried Gibault, panting violently as he came up; "Where be de leet gun? Ho! Monsieur Bertram, out vid it."

"Where saw ye them?" asked Redhand, seizing the two pistols, and examining the priming.

"Jist oder side of de bluff. Ver' close to de bushes. Queek! queek! vite! mon garçon, you is so drefful slow."

The latter part of this sentence was addressed to Hawkswing, who was quietly putting on his wolf-skin. Although too slow for the hasty spirit of Gibault, the Indian was quick enough for all useful purposes. In three minutes he was in the clump of poplar trees behind which the buffaloes were reported to be feeding, and in another minute he was out upon the plain creeping towards his victims, while the rest of the party were again huddled together behind a bush, looking on with deep interest and breathless attention.

Gradually and slowly the Indian crept towards the buffaloes, pausing and snuffing about from time to time as if he were a veri-

table wolf in search of something to eat. At last he had approached near enough to the herd to attract their attention, but scarcely near enough to make sure of bringing one down. The huge unwieldy creatures looked up enquiringly for a moment, but, seeing only a solitary enemy, they scorned to take further notice of him, and went on feeding.

Hawkswing paused within a few yards of the side of a fat sleek animal, and slowly raised his pistol. The trappers held their breath, and Bertram uttered a low groan of anxiety. One moment more and a white puff was followed by a loud crack, and a bellow, as the horror-stricken buffaloes tossed up their heels and fled wildly from the spot, leaving one of their number in the agonies of death upon the plain.

The knife of the Indian hastened its end, and with a rush and a yell of delight the whole party fell upon the luckless animal.

It was a wonderful sight to see, the way in which these experienced men flayed and cut up that buffalo! Hawkswing, without taking time to remove his wolf-skin covering, commenced upon the head and speedily cut out the tongue—a more difficult operation than inexperienced persons would suppose. Redhand and Bounce began at the shoulders, and Big Waller and Gibault fell to work upon the flanks. March Marston seized his axe, and hastening into the bluff felled a dead pine and kindled a fire. As for Bertram, he sat down to sketch the whole with a degree of prompt facility and gusto, that showed the habit had become second nature to him.

The way in which these men wielded their bloody knives, flayed and sliced, dismembered and divided that buffalo, is past belief—almost beyond description. Each man threw off his capote and tucked up his shirt sleeves to the elbows, and very soon each had on a pair of bright red gauntlets. And the bloody appearance of Hawkswing's mouth proved that he had been anticipating the feast with a few tit-bits raw. The others were more patient.

In very nearly as short a time as it takes to tell, the buffalo was converted into a mass of fragments that were powerfully suggestive of a butcher's shop, and the trappers adjourned to a neighbouring rivulet to wash their hands and arms.

"Now, I'll tell ye wot it is," observed Bounce, while thus engaged; "I means for to have a most awful blow out, and then go to sleep for four and twenty hours on end."

"Ditto," remarked Big Waller with a nod; to which old Redhand replied with a chuckle.

"An' who be go to vatch, tink you?" enquired Gibault, as they all returned to the camp. "Prehaps de Injuns look out for us—vat den?"

"Ah ye may well ask that, Gibault," said Redhand; "the fact is I've been thinkin' that now we're drawin' near to enemies we must begin to keep better watch at night, and to burn small fires o' dry wood lest the smoke should tell a tale upon us."

"Oh don't talk bam, old feller," said Waller; "I guess we'll have watchin' enough w'en we gits into the mountains. Let's take it easy here."

"We'll have one good blow out to-night, anyhow," cried March Marston, heaving a fresh pile of logs on the already roaring fire. "Now Mr. Bertram *do* give up your scratchin' to-night, and let's see what you can do in the eatin' way. I'm sure you've fasted long enough, at least for the good o' your health."

The poor artist had indeed fasted long enough to give to his naturally thin and lank figure a thread-papery appearance that might have suggested the idea that he was evaporating. He smiled good-humouredly when March Marston, who had now become rather familiar with him, shut up his sketch-book and set him forcibly down before the fire, all round which steaks and hunks of meat were roasting and grilling, and sending forth an odour that would have rendered less hungry men impatient of delay. But they had not to wait long. Each man sat before his respective steak or hunk, gazing eagerly, as, skewered on the end of a splinter of wood, his supper roasted hissingly. When the side next the fire was partially cooked he turned it round and fell to work upon that while the other side was roasting—thus the cooking and the eating went on together.

After a considerable time symptoms of satiety began to appear, in the shape of an occasional remark. Soon Bounce uttered a deep sigh, and announced his belief that, having taken the edge off his appetite, it was time to begin with the marrow-bones. Thereupon, with the marrow-bones he began, and his example was quickly followed by his companions. There was a business-like steadiness of purpose in the way in which that meal was eaten, and in the whole of the procedure connected with it, that would have been highly diverting to a disinterested spectator.

When the feast was concluded, the pipes made their appearance as a matter of course; and when these were lighted, and in full blast, the trappers found leisure to look round upon each other's faces with expressions of benignity.

"Dat be a monstrobolly goot supper," remarked Gibault Noir. Gibault spoke with an effort. It was quite plain that moderation was a virtue that he did not possess in a high degree—at least, not on the present occasion.

"You'll need a 'monstrobolly' good sleep arter it," observed Bounce, quietly.

"You will, jist," said Waller; "an' so will this coon, I cal—"

Big Waller was going to have "calculated," according to custom; but sleepiness overpowered him at the moment, and he terminated the word with a yawn of such ferocity that it drew from Redhead a remark of doubt as to whether his jaws could stand such treatment long.

Every member of that party seemed to be quite contented and amiable, but no one showed much inclination to talk, and ere many minutes had passed half their number were under their blankets, their heads pillowed on their bundles and their eyes sealed in sleep. A few minutes later, and Big Waller, sinking into a very sprawling and reckless posture, with his back against the stem of a large cotton tree, dropped into a state of slumber with his pipe hanging gracefully from his lips.

This seemed so picturesque to Theodore Bertram, who sat immediately opposite to the Yankee, on the other side of the fire, that he pulled out his sketch-book and began enthusiastically to sketch by the flickering light. While he was thus occupied, the others lay down, one by one, and he was left, at last, the only waking member of the camp.

But Theodore Bertram was human, and this is tantamount to saying that he was not capable of ignoring the somnolent influences of human nature. To his own extreme surprise his head fell forward with an abrupt nod while he was engaged in the act of depicting Big Waller's nose, and he found, on resuming work with an imbecile smile at what he deemed his weakness, that that member of the Yankee's face was at least two feet long, and was formed after the pattern of a somewhat irregular Boulogna sausage. India-rubber quickly put this to rights, however, and he set to again with renewed zeal. Throwing back his head, and looking up as if for inspiration, his wide-awake fell off, and it required a sudden and powerful effort to prevent his head and shoulders falling in the same direction.

Having replaced his hat and shaken himself a little, the persevering man once more applied himself to his task of finishing the Yankee's portrait, which, to say truth, now presented a

variety of jagged and picturesque outlines, that savoured more of caricature than anything Bertram had ever yet accomplished. For some time the pencil moved upon the paper pretty steadily, and the artist was beginning to congratulate himself on his success when, to his horror, he observed that the tree against which the Yankee leaned was in the act of falling over to the right. The same instant he received a shock upon the left side, and awoke to find that he had fallen heavily upon poor Gibault's breast, and that Waller and his tree were in *statu quo*. But Gibault cared not; he was too deeply intent upon sleeping to mind such trifles.

Bertram smiled meekly as he resumed his sitting posture; but the smile faded and was replaced by a gaze of mute astonishment as he observed that he had depicted Waller's right eye upon his chin, close beneath his nose! There seemed to be some sort of magic here, and he felt disposed to regard the thing in the light of some serious optical illusion, when, on closer inspection, he discovered Waller's mouth drawn altogether beyond the circle of his countenance, a foot or so above his head, on the stem of the tree against which he leaned. This changed the current of his thoughts and led him to believe that he must be dreaming, under which impression he fell back and went to sleep.

Of course Bertram recollected nothing after that; but when Gibault awoke next morning, he found him lying on his back, with his feet in the ashes of the extinct fire, his tall brigandish wide-awake perfectly flat beneath his shoulders, and his sketch-book lying open across his face.

CHAPTER VIII.

A cache discovered—Bertram becomes valorous—failure follows, and a brief skirmish, flight and separation are the results.

THE sun was high, scattering the golden clouds in the bright sky, gilding the hill tops, flooding the plains, vivifying vegetable life, and gladdening the whole animal creation, when, on the following morning, our wearied trappers raised their heads and began to think of breakfast.

To do these trappers justice, however, we must add that their looks, when they became wide enough awake to take full cognizance of the scenery, indicated the presence of thoughts and emotions of a more elevated character, though, from the nature of

their training from infancy, they wanted words to express their feelings.

It was otherwise with Bertram and March Marston. Their exclamations, the instant they arose, showed that both their hearts were keenly alive to the good and the beautiful which surrounded them—and their tongues were not altogether incapable of uttering the praise of Him who clothes so gorgeously the lovely earth and peoples it with millions of happy creatures—yes, happy creatures, for, despite the existence of death, and sin, and sorrow everywhere, and the croaking of misanthropes, there *is* much, very much, of pure, overflowing happiness here below.

"Come, March—Mr. Bertram, time presses," said Redhand, interrupting the two friends in the midst of an earnest conversation; "we've got a long day before us, and, mayhap, a fight with Redskins at the end o't, so it behoves us to make a good breakfast and set off as soon as we can. We're late enough already."

"Ah, Redhand!" exclaimed March, "you're a terrible fellow for duty an' business, an' all that sort o' thing. It's always 'time to be off,' or 'time to think o' this or that,' or 'we mustn't put off'; with you. Why won't ye let us take a breathin' spell once in a way to enjoy ourselves, eh?"

The old man pointed to the sun—"You've enjoyed yourself late enough to-day, han't ye?"

"Come, March, you're in a fault-finding humour this morning," said Bertram, as they walked towards the camp. "Let's enjoy ourselves in spite of circumstances. Do you know, I hold it to be exceeding wise as well as philosophical, to make the best of things at all times."

"Do you?" exclaimed March, in a tone of affected surprise; "now that's odd. You must be a real clever fellow to have made up your mind on that point. But somehow or other I'm inclined to think that most o' the trappers hereabouts are as wise as yourself on it, though, mayhap, they don't say it just in the same words. There's Waller, now, as 'll tell ye that when he 'can't help it he guesses he'll jist grin an' bear it.' And there's an old Irish trapper that's bin in the mountains nigh forty years now, an' who's alive at this day—if he beant dead—that used to say to himself when ill luck came upon him—'Now, Terence, be aisy, boy, an' av ye can't be aisy, be as aisy as ye can.' So you see, Mr. Bertram, we have got a few sparks of wisdom in these diggin's."

"Now, then, stop yer feelosophy," cried Bounce, hitching his

shoulders so as to induce his light load to take up a more accommodating position. "Ye didn't use to be a slow feller, March; wot's to do? Ye ain't a goin' to cave in 'cause we're gettin' nigh the Redskins, are ye?"

To this March deigned no reply, but, swinging his bundle over his shoulder, set off at a pace that speedily left his laughing comrades far behind. When, in the course of an hour after, they overtook him, he was discovered lying flat on his back, with his head resting on his bundle, and smoking his pipe with an air of perfect satisfaction.

During the course of that day the trappers walked about thirty miles. Towards the afternoon they came to a large river, along the banks of which they pursued their way, led by Redhand, who seemed as familiar with the country as if he had dwelt there from infancy. The old trapper's kindly visage was lighted up with a smile of recognition, ever and anon, when some new and striking feature of the landscape opened up to view, as if he had met with and were greeting some personal friend. He spoke occasionally in a low tone to March, who kept usually close to his side, and pointed to spots which were associated in his memory with adventures of various kinds. But Redhand's observations were few. He preferred to listen to the conversation of his comrades, as they plodded steadily along, enlivening their march with many an anecdote and legend.

At last Redhand called a halt, and gazed enquiringly around him, as if in search of some object.

"Wot's up?" enquired Bounce, earnestly.

"It was hereabouts, somewhere," muttered Redhand, to himself rather than to his friend; then added quickly, as he threw down his pack, "Ay, there it is—never touched. Now that's what I call luck."

"Wots luck?" enquired Waller.

"Ah, dat is de keevestion," added Gibault with a look of surprise.

"You must know, lads," said Redhand, turning to his comrades who observed his movements with considerable astonishment; "you must know, lads, there was an old chap who once trapped beavers up in them parts——"

"Oh! it's a hanikdot," interrupted Big Waller; "then I guess we'd as well sot down." So saying, he seated himself on his bundle and, as a matter of course, proceeded to fill his pipe. The others followed his example, with the exception of Redhand, who

remained standing, and of Bertram, who quickly opened his sketch-book, that being the first opportunity he had enjoyed during the day of making an entry therein.

"Right," exclaimed Bounce. "It's allers more feelosophical to sot than to stand—also more ekonomical, 'cause it saves yer moccassins. Go on with yer story, old man."

"It aint a story," said Redhand; "nor I don't think it can even be called an anecdote. Well, this old chap that once trapped beaver in them parts came down to Pine Point settlement one year with a load o' furs, sold 'em all off, took a ragin' fever, an' died." Redhand paused, and gazed dreamily at the ground.

"I say," observed Bounce seriously, "aint that wot ye may call raither a short hanikdot—not much in it, eh?"

"But before he died," resumed Redhand without noticing the interruption, "he sent for me an' said—'Redhand, I'm goin' onder, an' I've got some property as I don't want lost. Ye know Beaver Creek?' 'Yes,' says I, 'every fut of it.' 'Well, then,' says he, 'there's a spot there with three mounds on the right side o' the Creek and a tall poplar in front of 'em.' 'I know it,' says I. 'Well, w'en I last come from that part,' says he, 'I made a *cache* at the foot o' that poplar, an' put one or two things in, which it 'ud be a pity to lose—so I give 'em to you, Redhand. I was chased by Injuns at the place, so I couldn't stop to bring 'em away, d'ye see?' 'An' what were the things ye put there?' said I. But he gave me no answer; his mind began to wander, and he never spoke sense again. Now, lads, this is Beaver Creek, and there stands the poplar in front o' the three mounds."

Redhand pointed to the tree as he spoke, and the others started up with alacrity, for the little touch of romance connected with the incident, combined with their comparatively destitute condition and their ignorance of what the concealed treasure might be, powerfully stirred their curiosity.

Arming themselves with strong staves, they began to dig away the earth at the roots of the poplar.

After a few minutes' hard work, Bounce rose to wipe the perspiration from his brow, and said—

"Wot for didn't ye tell us o' this before, Redhand?"

"Because I wasn't sure the *cache* might not have bin discovered long ago, and I didn't want to risk disappointin' ye."

"Hallo! here's *someethin'*," exclaimed Big Waller, as the point of the stake with which he tore up the earth struck against some hard substance.

"Have a care, boy," cried Bounce, stooping down and clearing away the earth with his hands. "P'raps it's easy broken. No—why—it's a keg!"

"So it am," cried Gibault; "p'raps it am poodre."

At this moment Big Waller and Bounce gave the keg a violent tug and disentombed it, an operation which proved Gibault's surmise to be wrong, for the shake showed that the contents were liquid. In a moment the plug was driven in, and Bounce, putting his nose to the hole, inhaled the result. He drew back with a look of surprise, and said—

"Brandy!"

"Ha! here is one oder ting," cried Gibault, laying hold of a bundle and dragging it to light. "Vat can dis be?"

The question was soon answered; the string was cut, the leathern cover unrolled, and a considerable quantity of tobacco was disclosed to the view of the trappers, whose looks showed pretty clearly that this latter discovery was much more agreeable than the former.

After digging deep all round the tree, they came to the conclusion that this was all that the *cache* contained.

"Now," said Bounce, after some talk in reference to their newly-found treasure, "wot's to be done with this here keg o' brandy? As for the baccy, we'll carry that along with us, of course, an' if Master Redhand's a liberal feller, we'll help him to smoke it. But the brandy-keg's heavy, an', to say truth, I'm not much inclined for it. I never wos fond o' fire-water."

"If you will allow me, friends, to suggest," said Bertram, whose experience among trappers in other regions had convinced him that spirits was a most undesirable commodity, "I would recommend that you should throw this brandy away. I never saw good come of it. We do not require it for health, neither do we for sickness. Let us throw it away, my friends; it is a dangerous and deceitful foe."

"Mais, Monsieur," interposed Gibault with a rueful countenance; "you speak de trooth; but though hims be dangereux an' ver' bad for drink oftin, yet ven it be cold vedder, it *doo* varm de cokils of de hart!"

Big Waller laughed vociferously at this. "I guess Gibault's right," said he, "it 'ud be a powerful shame to flog it away."

"Well, lads," said Redhand, "it's evident that we can't drink it just now, for it would unsteady our hands for the work we have to do this night. It's also clear we can't carry it with us on a

war expedition, so I propose that we should put it where we found it an' come back for it when we've done wi' the Red-skins."

This plan was finally agreed to; the keg was re-buried at the foot of the poplar, and the party continued their journey, carrying the much-prized tobacco along with them.

The sun was still blazing above the mountains in the west, tinging their snowy spires with rosy red, when the trappers came upon the first indication of the neighbourhood of Indians in the shape of recent foot-prints and cuttings in the woods. A large canoe was also found lying bottom-up on the bank of the creek. This Redhand examined, and found it to be in good condition, although, from the marks in the vicinity, it was evident that it had not been recently used.

Men who spend their lives in the backwoods of America are celebrated for the closeness with which they observe every object and circumstance which happens to pass within the range of their perceptions. This habit and acuteness of observation is the result of necessity. The trapper and the Red Indian are alike dependent very much on this faculty for their sustenance and for their safety. Surrounded as they are by perils of every kind, their eyes and ears are constantly on the alert, as they pass through the pathless wilderness on the hunt or on the war-trail. No object within the range of vision is passed with indifference. Everything is carefully yet quickly noted—the breaking of a twig, the crushing of a blade of grass, or the foot-print of man or beast. Hence the backwoodsman acquires the habit of turning all things in his path to account, or notes them in case they should, by any possibility, be required by him at a future time.

Redhand had no definite object in view when, with the assistance of March Marston, he lifted the canoe and placed it in the stream to ascertain that it was water-tight, and then replaced it on the bank with the paddles close beside it. But he had a general idea, founded on experience, that a good canoe was a useful thing in many supposable circumstances, and that it was as well to know where such an article was to be found.

"We shall have to go cautiously now," said he, before resuming the march. "The Injuns are not far off, as ye may see by yonder thin line o' smoke that rises above the trees on the mountain side. If they are the men we seek, they're sharp as foxes, so we'll have to step like the painter."

Bertram looked up quickly at the last word—then he smiled

the next moment as he remembered that the panther was thus styled by trappers.

Proceeding cautiously forward in single file, they at length gained a spot beyond which they could not advance without running the risk of being discovered. Here another halt was made, and here it was agreed that Redhand should advance alone, near enough to ascertain whether the Indians, whose camp they were approaching, were actually the scamps who had robbed Bertram of his horses. The old trapper was about to set forward when Bertram stopped him.

"Methinks, old man," said he, "it were well that I should accompany you on this expedition, which I foresee is one of no little danger; and as the danger is encountered chiefly on my account, it seems to me right and fitting that I should share it along with you. Besides, two are better than one in a struggle, whether mental or physical."

Redhand looked a little perplexed. He did not like to tell the poor artist that he was totally unfit to make a stealthy approach to an Indian camp, yet he felt that the danger of failure would be increased tenfold if he allowed him to make the attempt; but Bertram pleaded so earnestly, and, withal, so resolutely, that he at length consented, on condition of his doing nothing but what he was desired to do, and keeping as quiet as a mouse. This the artist promised to do, and the two accordingly set forth, armed with their knives and the two pistols. Bertram also carried his sword. The rest of the party were to remain in ambush until the return of the others.

During the first part of their advance through the wood Bertram trod as softly and carefully as an Indian, and watched every motion of his companion, who led him down into a ravine which conducted them to within a few hundred yards of the camp. From the absence of such noises as the barking of dogs and shouts of children, the old trapper conjectured that this must be either a party of trappers or a war party of Indians. A few minutes' creeping on hands and knees through the underwood brought them to a spot whence the camp could be seen, and showed that in the latter conjecture he was right. The Red warriors, forty in number, were seated in a circle round their watch-fire smoking their tomahawks in moody silence.

To the eye of Bertram they all seemed to be lost in dreamy reverie, but Redhand observed, with a feeling of anxiety, that he who seemed to be their chief sat in that peculiar attitude which

indicates intense attention. Laying his hand on Bertram's shoulder, the old man said, in the faintest possible whisper—

"Yonder sits the thief, an't he?"

Bertram at once recognized in the chief of the band before him Big Snake, the Indian who had stolen his horses and property; so he nodded his head violently, and looked excited, but wisely refrained from speech, lest his voice should be overheard.

Redhand shook his head. "The thief," said he, in a tone that was scarcely audible, "has heard us: I see by his face that he suspects he has heard *something*, and he knows that it was not the falling of a leaf. If we break a twig now we're done for."

Redhand meant this to be a salutary caution to his companion, which would ensure a noiseless retreat. To men of his own stamp it would have been useful, but he little knew the peculiar temperament of his friend; the mere idea of the success of the whole expedition depending upon his extreme care, unhinged the nerves of the poor artist, who, although absolutely a brave man, in the true sense of the term, could no more control his nervous system than he could perform an Indian war-dance. He could have rushed single-handed on the whole body of warriors with ease, but he could not creep among the dry twigs that strewed the ground without trembling like an aspen-leaf lest he should break one.

It is wonderful, however, what necessity will enable men to do. Bertram did creep after his friend, back towards the spot where the rest of his party lay, as softly and noiselessly as if he had been bred to the work from infancy. On regaining the edge of the ravine, they rose and advanced in a crouching posture. Then Bertram sighed, and felt that imminent danger was over. Alas! that feeling of partial security cost him dear. The step that succeeded the sigh was a careless one. His foot caught in a projecting root, and next moment he went headforemost into the centre of a decayed bush with a crackling crash that was absolutely appalling in the circumstances.

Redhand cast upon the luckless man one glance of horror, and, uttering the words, "Run for your life!" dashed down the bank, and coursed along the bottom like a hare. At the same moment that terrific yell, which has so often chilled the heart's blood of men and women in those western wilds, rang through the forest, telling that they were discovered, and that the Indians were in pursuit.

Bertram kept close to the heels of the old trapper at first, but

before he had run fifty yards he tripped and fell again. On attempting to rise he was seized and thrown violently to the ground by an Indian warrior. Looking back and observing this, Redhand turned at once, like a hare doubling on its course, and rushed to the rescue; but before he reached his friend he was surrounded by a dozen yelling Indians. At the foremost of these he levelled his pistol, but the faithless weapon missed fire, and he was in the act of hurling it at his adversary, when a blow from behind felled him to the ground.

While this was going on, the trappers were bounding to the succour of their comrades. When they came to the field of action and saw neither of their friends (for they had been borne swiftly away), and beheld an overwhelming band of armed savages rushing towards them, they at once perceived that strength or courage could avail them nothing in such an unequal conflict, so they turned and fled, scattering themselves among the bushes so as to divert pursuit as much as possible.

Bounce and Gibault were the only two who kept together. These made for the spot where the canoe had been left, but the latter outran the former so quickly that he was soon lost to view ahead of him. In a few minutes Bounce gained the bank of the stream, and seized the end of the canoe. To his amazement Gibault was nowhere to be seen. But he had no time for thought, for at that moment he was discovered by two Indians who ran towards him. The canoe was launched, and a paddle seized in an instant, but the trusty trapper was loath, even in his extremity, to push off while his comrade might be in danger.

"Ho! Gibault! Gibault Noir!" he shouted. "Quick, lad; yer too late a'most, ho!"

Grinding his teeth in an agony of anxiety, he made a sudden dart at the foremost Indian, who little dreamed of such an attack, and hit him with the paddle with all his force. The savage dropped like a stone, and the paddle flew into a dozen splinters. This was a foolish act on the part of Bounce, for the second Indian was now close upon him, and, seeing the fate of his companion, he stopped short, and hastily fitted an arrow to his bow. Just then several of the savages burst from the wood with fierce cries. There was no time to lose. Bounce turned, pushed off the canoe, and leaped in as an arrow grazed his neck.

The bold trapper's condition seemed hopeless; for, having broken the paddle to pieces, he could not propel his little bark out of danger. The stream was broad and rapid at that place, and

swept him away swiftly. Immediately a shower of arrows fell around him, some grazing his person and piercing his clothes and the canoe, but fortunately not wounding him.

Meanwhile three of the Indians darted down stream, and, throwing themselves into the current, swam out so as to intercept the canoe as it passed. Bounce, having laid down at full length in the bottom of his tiny bark to avoid the arrows which were discharged at him, did not observe these men, and the first intimation he had of what was taking place was the canoe being nearly upset, as a powerful savage laid hold of the side of it.

To draw his knife and pass it round the wrist of the Indian, so as to sever the tendons, was the work of a moment. The savage fell back with a yell of mingled rage and pain. The others seeing what had occurred, wisely turned and made for the shore. This incident was the means of saving the trapper, for the Indians, fearful of wounding their comrade, had ceased to discharge their arrows, and when they again ventured to do so, a tumultuous rapid had caught the canoe, and whirled it nearly over to the opposite shore.

Bounce watched his opportunity. As he swept near to a rocky point, he sprang towards it with all his might. He fell short, but happily the water did not reach above his knees. Next moment he sprang up the bank and stood on the edge of the underwood, where he paused, and, turning round, shook his clenched fist at his enemies, and uttered a shout of defiance.

The disappointed Indians gave vent to a fiendish howl, and discharged a cloud of arrows, most of which fell short of their mark. Ere the last shaft had fallen harmless to the ground, Bounce had entered the forest and was gone.

(To be continued.)

OUR DOMESTIC PETS—THE RABBIT.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD.

OF all domesticated animals dear to the British school-boy's heart, the RABBIT is, perhaps, the most general favourite.

Rabbits may be kept simply as pets, or curiosities, or as a commercial speculation, and in either or all of these conditions they are sure to answer the expectations of the owner, provided only that ordinary pains be taken with them. As pets, they can be made tame, affectionate, and playful; as curiosities, they can be modified, by careful breeding, into the oddest shapes and most eccentric colouring; while, as a commercial speculation, they can, with proper care and forethought, be rendered extremely profitable, and will pay a heavy percentage on the original outlay.

As an example of this fact, I may mention a case within my personal experience. I once knew a young carpenter, one of those steady, hardworking, intelligent men who are sure to get on in the world, simply because they keep their eyes open to all that passes, always watch for opportunities, and always seize them when found.

This man used to make a considerable addition to his income by his rabbits, fattening and selling a considerable number annually, besides steadily increasing his stock. He was ever watchful on their account, and never went to a house where he was employed in his trade without asking for the waste potatoes, crusts of bread, and similar substances, which he used to take home and convert, by judicious mixture, into nutritive diet for the rabbits.

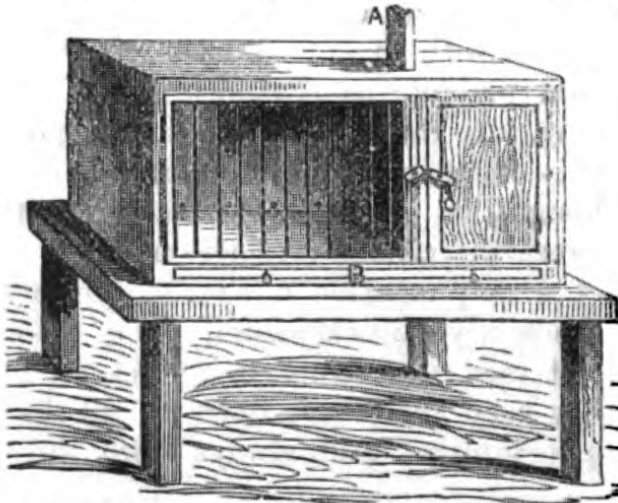
As, however, there are but few boys who keep rabbits for the purpose of making money by them, we will treat at greater length on their general management than on the method of feeding them at the least cost and selling them at the highest price.

Before rabbit-keeping is attempted, it is necessary to prepare, very carefully, a habitation for the future pet, and in the following pages will be found full instructions for that task. It is hardly

possible to take too much trouble about the rabbit-houses, and any abatement in this respect is sure to prove the truth of the old proverb, that penny wisdom is pound foolishness.

Two elements are involved in this matter, the first and most important being the comfort and happiness of the creature who is intended to live in the house; and the second being the waste of time, money, and patience, which the constant sickness and ultimate death of the rabbit is sure to inflict upon a neglectful owner. So let me advise the intending rabbit-keeper to expend plenty of trouble upon his house or hutch, and assure him that the healthy and thriving condition of his pets will more than repay the trouble, and their rapidly increasing numbers more than defray the expenses originally incurred.

Should a single rabbit be at first kept—a good method, by the



way, of experimenting before undertaking the more arduous and responsible task of setting up a regular establishment—a house or hutch like that which is represented in the accompanying illustration will be all that is needed.

Such a hutch as this may be easily made by any boy of ordinary ingenuity, as no great neatness in joints is needed, and the only requisites are strength and compactness. Should not the young carpenter possess the wood and tools needed for the entire construction of the hutch, his best plan will be to purchase an old tea-chest or egg-box from the grocer's, and modify it into the necessary form. The box will cost about fourpence, or sixpence at the most; the wire will cost a penny, and the nails another penny.

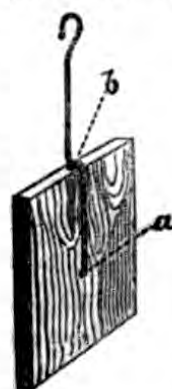
If no tools can be borrowed, a boy can set himself up for ordinary work at a very cheap rate, the following being all that are really needed:—

Saw, one shilling; hammer, eightpence; half-inch chisel, with handle, sixpence; small three-cornered file, twopence; two brad-awls, one large, and the other rather small, twopence,—these will be without handles, and the best way is to drive the “tang” of the bradawl into the end of a stick of firewood, then cut the stick

into a handle, shape it with a knife, and bind the end with string or wire to prevent it from splitting. These handles are just as useful as those which are purchased, and have the advantage of costing nothing but a few minutes' labour. The whole set of tools need not cost more than half-a-crown, or at the most three shillings.

As will be seen from the illustration, the hutch is divided into two portions, that on the left hand being much the larger, and employed by the rabbit as a day-room. That on the right is small, and is used as a sleeping apartment. These two chambers are separated by a partition of board, in which is cut a hole through which the inmate can pass backwards and forwards.

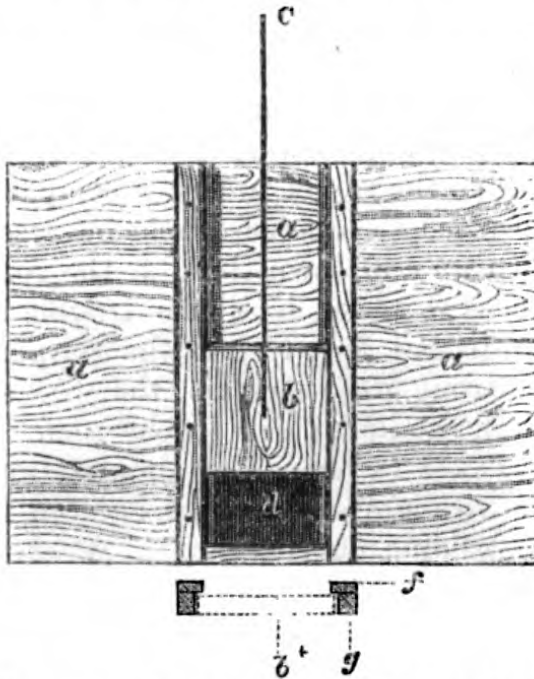
As it is often necessary to confine the rabbit in either compartment while the other is being cleansed, the aperture must be closed by means of a sliding door drawn up and down through the roof, as seen at A. In my own hutches I never took the trouble to make the arrangement so elaborate, but found that the purpose was answered by substituting a strong iron wire for the wooden handle, and letting it pass through the hole bored in the roof. I mention this, because it is always best to know the simplest and easiest plan of proceeding. The wire is firmly secured, as seen in the engraving. After cutting the sliding door to the proper shape, bore a hole at *a* with the little bradawl. Sharpen one end of an iron wire (the same as that of which the open front is made) and push it firmly into the hole. Now bend the wire upwards until it lies flat upon the wood, and then bend it over the edge as seen at *b*. Cut off an inch of wire, sharpen both ends, bend them so as to form a staple, and drive the staple over the wire at *b*, so as to hold it firmly in its place. Two small holes should be made with the little bradawl, in the proper direction, and the hammer must do the rest. Bend up the wire again, cut it off to the proper length, and all is ready for fixing, which is done as follows:—



Take the board which is to form the partition, and which is easiest made from the lid of the box, and cut out a round, arched, or square hole near the bottom, the hole being about an inch narrower every way than the sliding door. Lay the door over the hole, and place on each side of it a strip of wood a trifle thicker than the door. These slips are technically called guides, because they guide the door in the right direction: try whether the door will slide easily up and down them, and if so, nail them firmly in

their places. Then get a second pair of wooden slips, not so thick, but about half an inch wider than the first pair; lay them on the guides so that they overlap the door, and then nail them down. The door will then slide up and down when pulled or pushed by the wire.

To make this part of the proceedings quite clear, a section of the door and slide is given below: *g* represents the guides; *f* the



board and their slips which overlap the door; and the door itself is shown by the dotted lines *b**. When fitted together the partition-board, with its door and slides, is shown in the engraving. *a, a, a* represents the board itself; *b* is the sliding door, and *c* the wire by which it is worked; *d* is the hole of communication, which is opened or closed as the door is moved up or down; which is here shown as half closed.

The dividing board being thus completed, mark the place where the wire *c* is

to come through the roof, and bore a hole about half as large again as the wire, so as to allow it to play freely. By the simple plan of making a large nail or waste bit of wire red hot, and charring this hole, the swelling by damp and consequent sticking of the wire will be prevented.

All being ready, slip the dividing board into the box, taking care to insinuate the wire into its proper place, get it quite upright and square, make sure that the sliding door plays without hitching, and then nail it all tight. Bend the top of the wire into a loop, and the most troublesome part of the business is over. The young carpenter must remember that the dividing board, with its sliding door, must be made and fixed before anything else is done, as it not only strengthens the box and keeps it in shape, but would demand twice as much trouble after the door and front have been made.

We now come to an easier and more ornamental part of the work.

In the engraving, both doors open from the front, the one being

wired and the other plain wood, but I always prefer to have the larger door open from behind, as the wire-work is then twice as strong, and all the trouble of making a hinged frame is dispensed with.

Put the box on the ground, and draw a line from one end to the other, just half an inch from the edge. Mark the line off in half-inches, and bore holes quite through the wood, one hole coming at every half-inch. Repeat the same process immediately below, but be careful only to bore the holes half through the wood, or the wire will of course fall through.

Then cut your wire into lengths, measuring them by the depth of the box, and cutting them about one-third of an inch shorter than the total depth. Laying them against the end is a simple method of getting the precise length. Sharpen one end of each piece of wire, push the sharpened end through the hole at the top, draw the wire down, insinuate the point into the hole below, and then, holding the middle of the wire with the fingers of the left hand, in order to keep it from bending, drive it down with the hammer until quite level with the top of the box. When all the wires are thus driven home, nail a strip of wood over them at the top, and they can never come out again.

It will be better to strengthen it further by passing a similar wire horizontally across the others, driving each end into the wood, and binding all together with fine wire. This will be a protection through which not even a rat could crawl, and which no cat could tear away with her hooked claws.

The door of the sleeping-apartment is easily made of a single piece of board, cut to the requisite shape, affixed by leathern or metal hinges, and fastened by a simple hasp. The door of the day-room is made in a similar manner, but opens from behind. A row of deep notches should be cut at the bottom of this door, and corresponding holes bored through the back of the sleeping-room floor, in order to let all wet drain away and keep the rabbit dry. The hutch should be made to slant a little backwards so as to aid in the drainage.

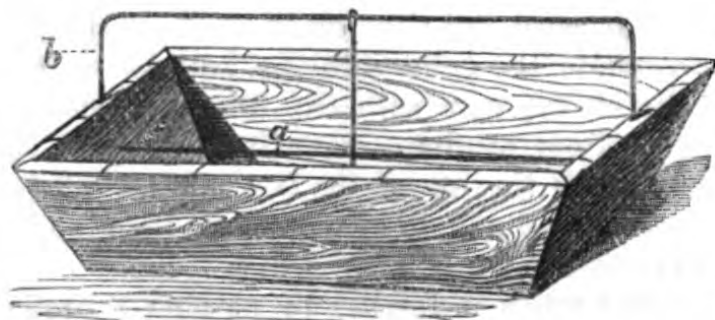
Slate floors have been suggested, in order to prevent the ill-drained moisture from soaking into the substance, a result which is sure to take place, sooner or later, with a wooden floor. Slate, however, is rather expensive, but it is easily cleaned, and can be thoroughly washed, so that the suggestion is worthy of notice.

Having completed the hutch, we must next see about a feeding-trough. The ordinary troughs are nothing more than long wooden

boxes; those who use them generally find that the food is much wasted by being scraped out with the fore feet, and that the rabbit contracts a habit of sitting in the trough, which, in course of time, renders it very offensive, and makes the food unwholesome. But by a little exercise of ingenuity both these annoyances can be prevented.

To check the scratching out of the food, run a strong wire from one end of the trough to the other, about half an inch below the edge, and one inch from the side. When the rabbit begins to scratch, the paws come against the wire, and get so jarred that the creature soon relinquishes the bad habit.

The habit of squatting in the trough is easily prevented by a very simple plan. A strong wire, about three or four inches long,



according to the depth of the trough, is set upright in the centre. Another wire is arranged as seen in the illustration, the ends being driven firmly into the wood of the trough, and the middle passing

through a loop at the end of the central wire. In the engraving, *a* represents the wire which prevents the animal from scratching, and *b* that which keeps it from getting into the trough. The edges, whether of the trough, the sliding door, or the guides, must be either bound with tin or edged with zinc wire, the latter being rather preferable.

The reader will observe that in the engraving of the hutch, it is shown standing on a table, the top of which projects far beyond the legs. The object of this precaution is to keep off rats, which are the bane of all rabbit-owners, and can climb up almost anything. They cannot, however, walk like a fly, in a reversed position, on a flat surface, and in consequence, a projecting board of five or six inches in width is an effectual protection against these pests.

The hutch is easily kept clean by attending to each apartment separately. First, close the sliding door so as to confine the rabbit in the apartment in which it happens to be, and with a hoe or similar implement, scrape the floor quite clean, afterwards rubbing it with a wisp of straw. Take care that every scrap of

refuse food has been removed. Then close the outer door, open the slide, drive the rabbit into the clean apartment, close the slide, and scrape and rub the second chamber.

The trough should be removed when the day-room is cleaned, and carefully examined before it is replaced. The hutch being clean, the slide may be opened, and the animal allowed to run about. The hutch should be cleansed at least every day, and if a second cleaning be added it will not be amiss. This continual cleaning will cost some trouble, but no one ought to keep a rabbit who neglects this essential duty, or to undertake the charge of an animal unless he intends to make it as happy as it can be in a state of imprisonment. A supply of straw should be placed in the sleeping-room for a bed, and should be changed daily.

If possible, the rabbit should be allowed to take a half hour's run every day, but precautions must be taken against its burrowing habits, and the chance of finding and eating something poisonous. In the wild state, a rabbit never eats anything that is injurious, but when domesticated, many of its instincts are in abeyance, and it will eat many substances which it would reject when wild.

The best defence against burrowing is to have a brick floor for the animal to run about on. There is also a substance called, I believe, Parker's cement, which, when laid down, becomes rapidly dry, and is so hard that not even the teeth of a rat, much less the claws of a rabbit, can work their way through it. This cement is mixed with water and sand to the consistency of thick cream, and while setting is "flatted" with boards, and makes an admirable level flooring, easily washed and as hard as stone. On this substance the rabbit can be allowed to amuse itself without danger, and when its time of recreation has expired it should be caught and replaced in its hutch.

I may here mention that the proper method of taking up a rabbit is to hold it by the ears with the right hand, and to support the body by placing the left hand under it.

Should a number of rabbits be kept, it is as well to allow each family to have a run in succession. At one time I had between thirty and forty rabbits, and used to allow them to scamper about in a disused stable. It was very pretty to see the playful antics of the young rabbits, the races they used to run with each other, the scufflings they used to have in the corners, and the staid manner in which the mother would sit and look on, and when they became too noisy, silence them by a stamp of her foot.

This gesture is used either as a signal of alarm or defiance, and the force of the rabbit's hind foot is really astonishing. I have known a buck rabbit vanquish a large cat in a fair fight, simply by jumping over her back and kicking fiercely as he passed. He struck out whole bunches of pussy's fur, and the cat, unaccustomed to such treatment, ran away and left her antagonist victorious and triumphant.

It is necessary to separate the rabbits in their exercise, and not to permit two families to occupy the same ground at the same time, as they are very quarrelsome animals, and will fight desperately among themselves. In any case, the buck rabbits should not be allowed to mix with the others, for they are terrible bullies, and will assault and kill even their own children, without the least remorse.

When properly tended, the rabbit becomes quite tame and familiar, and will come to its owner at the sound of its name. Many of my own rabbits were wonderfully tame, and there was one in particular, named "Beauty," in contradistinction to a rather ugly rabbit who was called "The Beast," who was as affectionate as a kitten and no less playful. I found that character ran much in families, the offspring of one rabbit being always more quiet and easier tamed than those of another. The Snow-drop family, of which Beauty was a member, was very conspicuous in this respect; while the Bluey family was just the reverse.

The food of rabbits is easily obtained, and consists of bran, pollard, grain, and various vegetables. Parsley is an especial favourite, but cabbage leaves should be avoided as far as possible, as they are apt to have a bloating and puffy effect, and are often injurious, especially to young rabbits, giving them the disorder that is well known under the expressive term of "potbelly."

The following is a list of vegetables which rabbits can always eat in safety :—

Grasses of the finer sorts—the coarse, large-bladed grasses are not to a rabbit's taste,—lettuce, parsley, carrots and their green tops, turnip-tops, green ears of corn, sow or milk thistles, clover, tares, vetches, beet-root and leaves, vine leaves occasionally, green furze tops, potatoes, and Jerusalem artichokes. Cow-parsley, as it is popularly called (*Myrrhis temulenta*), is a very favourite vegetable with the rabbit, but unless the gatherer is perfectly acquainted with its form and leafage, he will be wise to leave it standing; for it marvellously resembles the common hemlock

(*Conium maculatum*), which is extremely poisonous; and unless the two plants be thoroughly known, the rabbit may be poisoned through the mistaken kindness of the owner.

As this plant is a really valuable one, I will give a few simple and plain directions for distinguishing it from hemlock.

Cow-parsley is about three feet in height, the leaves are greatly branched, and the stem is ribbed, spotted with purple, and covered with numerous short hairs slightly bent downwards. The hemlock in general shape resembles the cow-parsley, but it may be known by the smooth reddish purple spots, and its unpleasant smell when the leaves are grasped in the hand.

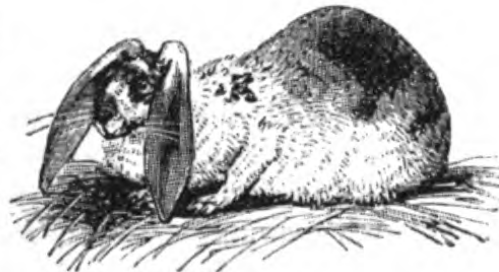
Various dry grains, such as barley, oats, and Indian corn, are useful to the rabbit; and dry peas are also beneficial if sparingly given when the creature has been partaking largely of green food. Very little water is needed, but it is better to put into the hutch a small pan with a few spoonfuls of water in it. A very little oil-cake is useful in the winter. At first the rabbits do not like it, but they soon become accustomed to its taste, and are then very fond of it.

Before proceeding to the mode of breeding rabbits, we will glance at the varieties into which these creatures are modified by careful management.

The three chief points in a "fancy" rabbit are the ears, the dewlap, and the curve of the back.

The ears must in every case be exceedingly long, and must never stand upright, as in the common rabbit of the warren. The most perfect and valuable form is the Full, Flat, or Perfect Lop. In this variety, the ears lie as if hinged to the head at their bases, and bent downward, so that when the animal is reposing the tips should quite or nearly touch the ground. The convex part of the ear must be upwards, or the value of the creature is deteriorated.

The next valuable variety is termed the Oar-Lop, because the ears spread horizontally from the head, like the oars of a waterman's boat. A really good Oar-Lop rabbit is seldom seen, and



PERFECT-LOP RABBIT.



OAR-LOP RABBIT.

when found is thought by some to be equal to the Perfect Lop, of which, indeed, it seems to be the preliminary stage. In all cases the measurement across the ears from tip to tip ought never to be less than sixteen inches; the more they exceed that measurement, the more valuable is the animal.



HORN-LOP RABBIT.

The Horn-Lop is another very curious variety, deriving its name from the position of the ears, which fall completely over the face, with their points directed to the front. In some specimens, they fall so completely over the face that the edges pass over the eyes, and must act as a partial barrier to perfect sight, like the leather blinkers that are so absurdly attached to draught

horses.

The lopped ears do not show themselves when the rabbit is young, and for the first month or two it is not easy to decide whether the little creatures belong to the straight or the lop-eared variety. Moreover, it often happens that one or two of each family retain the upright ears throughout their whole existence; and it is of not unfrequent occurrence that the "lop" is delayed for a very long time, and ~~then~~ suddenly makes its appearance. Sometimes, one ear will exhibit the lop most perfectly, while the other remains upright, or very slightly bent. Some fanciers attach a piece of lead to the recusant ear, in order to make it coincide with the other, but I do not agree with the practice. The ear never looks quite natural, and as the rabbit will have—or as the phrase is—throw young ones with perfect lops, it may be kept for breeding if a doe, or if a buck, be fattened for the table.

The second point of interest is the dewlap, the large double pouch which is seen under the chin and throat, and which is peculiar to the fancy rabbit. If the dewlap be not large and full, with its two lobes well developed, and sufficiently firm to form a cushion for the head while the animal reclines, the rabbit will be thought worthless by fanciers.

The shape of the fancy rabbit is very different from that of the common variety. It is altogether on a larger scale, and the back rises so much, that its summit ought to be two inches higher than the top of the head.

The colour, again, is very important. It may be white, black, mottled, tortoiseshell, blue, and in fact any colour except the

plain grey. Whatever be the colours, they must be arranged after a special position. On each side of the nose must be a patch of the darker colour of the body, forming what is called the "butterfly smut." A large patch on the back is called the "saddle," and a row of spots termed the "chain" is drawn in front of the body and seems to hang over the shoulder. The legs must be white, and the tail and snout of the same colour.

Very few rabbits possess all these qualities, but even the combined excellences of smut, chain, and saddle will fail to gain a high rank for any rabbit which does not possess a good "carriage," *i. e.*, whose back is not at least two inches above its head, and whose nose and ear-tips do not nearly touch the ground. Some writers say that the fancy rabbits are more delicate of health and less easy to rear than the common variety; but I have bred many families of them, and never found any difficulty in rearing them. Their superior size renders them valuable for culinary purposes, and, as out of every family the greater number are deficient in the requisite marks of a fancy rabbit, the table can be well supplied with these fat and well-flavoured creatures.

The last variety we shall mention is the beautiful Angola rabbit, remarkable for its long silken hair. I have a great affection for these rabbits, as the first I ever possessed was an Angola rabbit, pure white, with pink eyes, the very semblance of which may be seen in Landseer's wonderful picture of Titania.

We will now devote a few words to the breeding of rabbits.

The rabbit will breed at a very early age, *i. e.*, from eight months upwards; but those who want healthy young ought not to allow the rabbits to breed before they are one year old, or after they have completed their fourth year. The buck and doe should be always kept in different hutches out of each other's sight, and only allowed to remain together for a very short time. Generally, the rabbit breeds four times in the year, or even oftener; but as a general rule it is not advisable to allow more than three breeds in the year.

When the doe rabbit feels the time approaching when her young are to be born, she begins to bite in little pieces the hay of her bed, and when she does so, a supply of very fine soft hay should be placed within her reach. She then pulls this together in her sleeping-chamber, and mixes it with downy fur plucked from her own body, ready for the reception of the expected family.

It is as well to put a pan of water within reach, as the animal generally thirsts after the young are born, and unless she can get

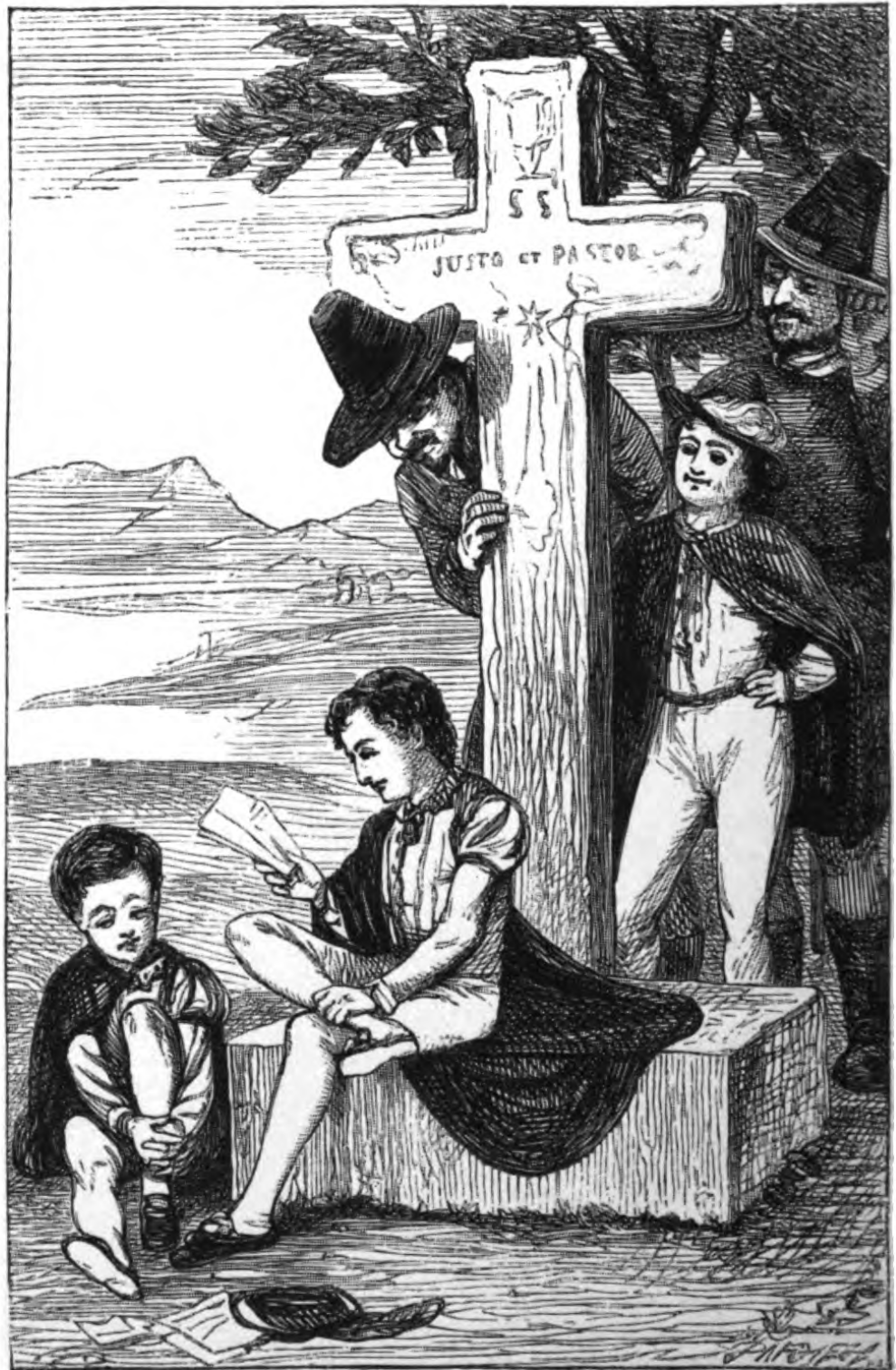
at water, is apt to eat the young merely on account of the moisture. One of my own rabbits acted in a very odd manner. She called to one of her family, telling it to come to her. The disobedient child refused, and the mother accordingly seized it by one ear and dragged it along. Unfortunately, she pulled so hard in one direction, and the young one pulled so hard in the other, that the ear was fairly dragged from the head. The mother treated the matter very easily, ate the severed ear, caught hold of the other, and succeeded in reducing her offspring to obedience.

While engaged in maturing her young, the mother requires a very ample supply of food, eating nearly twice as much as at other times. She must have plenty of green food, and a mash of barley meal and milk will be found beneficial. For the first week or ten days the door of the sleeping-room should not be opened, as the mother-rabbit is very jealous of her young, and if they are handled, or even looked at, will sometimes eat them. This is a terrible habit, and if a rabbit once act in that manner, provided that she is well supplied with food and drink, the best plan is to fatten her for the table.

The young are suckled for about five weeks, when the mother weans them, and they learn to eat tender grass-blades and other green food. If the family be very large, there is sure to be at least one small and weakly among the number. This should be removed and destroyed, so as to ensure that only the strong and healthy are reared.

There are several diseases to which domestic rabbits are liable, but these ailments are nearly all caused through negligence; and in a really well-appointed and carefully-tended rabbitry a sickly animal is hardly ever seen.

Except in the case of valuable fancy animals, the trouble and expense of attempting the cure of a diseased rabbit are so great, that few will find themselves repaid, even by the recovery of the invalid. Recovery, however, is so very dubious, that in almost every case, it is cheaper and more humane to kill the animal at once, which is performed instantaneously and painlessly by holding the creature up by the hind legs, and with the edge of the right hand striking it a sharp blow behind the ears. Let the young rabbit-keeper rest assured, that if one of his pets should fall ill, the sickness will in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred be chargeable to some negligence of his own.



Cervantes reading his first Romance.

THE STORY OF CERVANTES;*

WHO WAS A SCHOLAR, A POET, A TRAVELLER, A SOLDIER, A SLAVE AMONG
THE MOORS, AND THE AUTHOR OF DON QUIXOTE.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Our First Great Sea Fight," &c. &c.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.—Our hero is born and christened.

THERE were rejoicings in the house of Senor Rodrigo Cervantes de Saavedra.

It was on the ninth of October, Anno Domini 1547, just three hundred and fifteen years ago, and Senor Rodrigo de Cervantes and his family rejoiced on the birth of a second son. Boys are often more warmly welcomed into the world than girls, especially in Spain; and Senor Rodrigo, whose pedigree was long, but whose purse was short, rejoiced all the more because he was already the father of two daughters and only one elder boy.

"As for girls," said the good hidalgo, "one must make wives or nuns of them, and neither the husbands nor the convents will take them without a dowry; but boys are made for the world, and the world for them. Give them a little schooling and a good deal of the rod, and they are sure to fight their way somehow."

So he called for a stoop of wine, and gave the nurse a rial for her good news, and put on his best cloak and his hat with the red feather, which he only wore on Sundays and festivals, and went out to invite his friends to the christening-supper. First of all he called on the priest, and made arrangements for the ceremony. Then he went to the house of his rich, miserly cousin, Miguel de Correa, and invited him to be godfather.

"I shall be expected to give the baby a silver cup," thought the rich cousin to himself, and hesitated.

"We shall call him by your name, dear cousin Miguel," said the father, persuasively.

* Founded on facts.

"Perhaps a plated one will do," thought the miser; and consented.

Then Senor Rodrigo went round by the Plaza de Toros, and called on his old maiden aunt, Donna Juanna; and then on his married nephew, Doctor Gil Perez, who was a physician, and lived in the market-place; and then on his old friend Garcia, the notary-public; and then on some ten or a dozen more cousins of both sexes; and they all promised to come, if not in time for church, at least in time for supper.

Ah me! what a busy day it was in the household of Senor Rodrigo! The children were locked up in the nursery. The housemaid polished the furniture and dusted the family pictures. The kitchen chimney smoked like a furnace. The cook toiled all day over her stewpans and her pasties; and every shop in Alcala de Henares (which, by the way, was the name of the town where these events took place) was ransacked for spices and preserves, and delicacies of every description. At length, towards five or six o'clock in the evening, the friends assembled; and Senor Rodrigo gave his arm to his maiden aunt, and the rich cousin walked beside the nurse, who carried the baby; and they all went to the Church of Saint Mary the Greater, where the little Miguel was duly christened, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic faith; and objected to those rites as lustily as most little Christians do on similar occasions. After this, they went back to supper, priest and all, and sat down to such a feast as I will not venture to describe. For how could I hope, at this distance of time, to do justice to the flavour of the stewed quails, the pigeons stuffed with olives, the roasted venison, the preserved quinces, the larded pheasants, the savoury ollas, the veal with tomatas, the pomegranate salads, the green figs, the golden melons, the purple grapes, the skins of rich red Valdepenas wine, and amber sherry? Enough that everybody enjoyed everything, drank the health of Senor Rodrigo and his wife Donna Leonora, and pronounced the little Miguel to be the most beautiful baby that ever was seen.—Though, to be sure, he was very small, very red, very cross, and only one day old.

CHAPTER II.—The great mystery of the paper.

THE little university-town of Alcala de Henares lies about twenty miles to the eastward of Madrid. All around it stretch barren wastes, and in the farthest distance may be seen long

chains of sultry mountains. The house of Senor Rodrigo stood on the outskirts of the town. It was built of cream-coloured stone, and approached by a paved yard, with the family-arms carved over the gateway. In this yard, on the sunny side of the wall, there used to hang long festoons of grapes and herbs to dry for winter use; and under the porch there generally stood six or eight red earthen jars of wine. Within, there were a great many rooms somewhat scantily furnished, including a parlour, the walls of which were covered with grim old family portraits, and a library hung with tapestries of painted serge, representing the siege of Troy. The windows at the back looked over a dreary little river half choked with stones, and skirted by a few tawny meadows; while from the front might be seen the town-walls, the spires of the churches, the steep roofs of the old houses, and the towers of the university. The university of Alcala de Henares was then a flourishing institution, crowded with students from all parts of Spain, and famous for its learning; but now only the empty halls and corridors remain. The college is removed to Madrid, and the spirit of learning is gone with it.

Such, then, was the home, and such the neighbourhood, in which our little Miguel Cervantes was born and bred.

Time went on. The good hidalgo had no more children, and Miguel became both the pet and the torment of his elder brother Rodrigo, and his two sisters, Andrea and Louisa. A strange boy was he, beyond doubt—a boy both playful and thoughtful, mischievous and serious, gentle at times, ungovernable at times, and precocious beyond his years. If the curé's orchard was robbed of its summer apples—if the servants were frightened to death by a ghost in white robes peeping in at the pantry window—if the bust of Homer in the hall was found to be painted in red and blue stripes like an Indian warrior, Miguel was sure to be at the bottom of the matter. Sometimes he had fits of study, when he could scarcely be induced to lay his books aside even during meals. Sometimes he had fits of idleness, when neither his father nor his teachers could do anything with him—when he would escape to the fields and wander away for hours, no one knew whither, and come back at dusk with his clothes all torn by brambles, and his face hardly recognizable for dust. But one of his greatest delights was to ransack the old carved bookcase behind the library-door, and curl himself up in a corner of the bay-window, with some worm-eaten folio almost as big as himself. Senor Rodrigo had been in his younger days an enthusiastic reader of chivalrous

romances, and had inherited a vast number of them from his father and grandfather, all bound in old black leather with metal clasps, and now mouldy and worm-eaten enough from lying by upon his neglected bookshelves. Here were the adventures of Amadis de Gaul, the achievements of Orlando, Florismarte of Hircania, the Mirror of Chivalry, the Knight of the Cross, the Palmerin of England, the history of Tirante the White, and some two or three dozen more, all about knights and giants, and enchanted castles, and cruel magicians, and beautiful princesses with eyes like stars, and a great deal more nonsense of the same kind. Besides these, there were several volumes of plays and pastorals, and a few books of old Spanish ballads, all of which the boy devoured with a relish that was never blunted, and a patience that never tired. As for his parents, they asked nothing better than to find him any employment that might keep him out of mischief, and so allowed him to read to his heart's content.

By and by, however, he was observed to grow more thoughtful, and more unsociable than of old. Instead of curling himself up in the library window, he used now to steal away with his book to the unoccupied rooms at the top of the house, or to the shade of the alder bushes by the river-side. He also showed a strange covetousness for paper. If he saw a little scrap lying in the streets, he would pick it up and put it in his pocket. The back of an old letter, a torn fly-leaf, even a crumpled morsel of paper-wrapper, became a treasure for seizure and concealment. This was very mysterious. His brother and sisters tormented him with questions. Why did he want those scraps of paper? What did he do with them? Where did he hide them? But he turned a deaf ear to their inquiries, and steadily refused to reply to one of them.

But Miguel had a friend of his own age, called Manuel, who was the son of a neighbouring hidalgo. He was a quiet, good-natured boy, and he admired and loved young Cervantes with all his honest heart. So Miguel loved him in return, and kept no secrets from him.

"If thou wilt come with me, Manuel," said he, one afternoon, "I will tell thee wherefore I prize the pieces of paper. I have them here."

And, opening the breast of his doublet, he showed a bundle of scraps tied together with a piece of red tape.

Manuel's eyes sparkled. Though he had never tormented Cervantes like the rest, he had been just as curious.

"The truth is," said Cervantes, hesitating a little, as they walked along, "I—I am writing a romance."

"A romance!" echoed Manuel.

Cervantes nodded.

"And its name?"

"The Surprising Adventures of Don Florianus, the Knight of the Marine Armour."

"What a beautiful title!" exclaimed Manuel, admiringly.

"How clever thou art, Miguel!"

At which Miguel shook his head, and said, "Nonsense!" but looked pleased nevertheless. Presently they came to a stone wall, about a mile beyond the town, where there was a group of shady cork-trees, and a little cross erected to the memory of two infant saints named Justo and Pastor, who, being supposed to have suffered martyrdom at that spot about twelve hundred and fifty years before, were the patron saints of Alcala de Henares. Having pulled off their caps, and said a Pater and Ave, the two boys sat down among the trees at the foot of the Cross, and Miguel brought out his manuscript.

"Will it be printed?" asked Manuel, while his friend was sorting the pages.

"Printed!" laughed Cervantes. "Nay, who would print a romance written by a boy? No one, Manuel. It is not worth it."

"I'm sure it's worth it," said Manuel, warmly.

"How canst tell, before hearing it? Listen." And so, having disposed his very unprofessional-looking manuscript before him as best he could, Cervantes began the first chapter of his first romance.

CHAPTER III.—The surprising adventures of Don Florianus,
the Knight of the Marine Armour.

"ONCE upon a time there lived a valiant knight called Don Florianus. He was a direct male descendant of the famous Amadis de Gaul, and lived in a splendid castle on the top of a mountain in Andalusia, the walls of which were of solid ivory, the gates of massive gold, and the windows paned with plates of pure diamond. Don Florianus was the handsomest man that ever was seen, and the most accomplished knight in Christendom. He knew every language that was spoken on this side of the equator. He played upon the lute to perfection. He sang so divinely, that wherever he went the birds left off carolling upon

the boughs to listen to him. In short, there were five hundred beautiful princesses all over the world who were dying for love of Don Florianus, and yet Don Florianus was not happy. He cared, indeed, for nothing but fighting, and as Spain was just then at peace with her neighbours, he had no one to fight with. This being the case, he wearied of his lute, and his books, and even of the love letters of the beautiful princesses; and sat all day long in his castle hall, brightening his ruby-hilted sword, and looking at his armour. And his armour, I should tell you, was the most wonderful armour ever seen; for it was made entirely of the shells of marine monsters (which are a kind of natural armour, as we all know), and, being beautifully joined and highly polished, gleamed with all kinds of purple, and pearly, and crimson hues, such as we see in the mussel and the crab, and the lining of the oyster-shell.

"At length a war was proclaimed with Barbary, and Don Florianus called for his black war-horse, and rode straight to the king's palace, where he was received with great honour.

"'Most valiant Don,' said the king, 'to you and such other knights as may choose to assemble their vassals and lead them against my enemies, I promise the following rewards. For every Moor's head that you bring back you shall receive its full weight in good Asturian cheese; for each of its eyes, a blue turquoise; for every hair on its head, a small pearl; for its nose, a bottle of otto of roses; for its mouth, a skin of Malaga wine; for every tooth in its jaws, a Barcelona nut; for its beard, a measure of olive oil; and for each ear a ring of pure Mexican gold. But to that knight who brings me the head of the Emperor of Morocco, I promise the hand of my daughter, the Princess Bellissima, with the whole province of Galicia for her dowry.'

"Then Don Florianus, kissing the ruby hilt of his sword, swore solemnly to bring back the head of the Emperor of Morocco, or perish in the attempt; but asked the king's permission to dispose of the Moor's heads, and the rewards belonging thereto, according to his own pleasure.

"To which the king replied, 'Surely, Don Florianus; but be pleased to tell me what you mean to do with them.'

"'I shall gibbet the heads of your majesty's enemies on the gates of every town throughout Spain,' replied the Don; 'and I shall, with your majesty's permission, give the wine and cheese to my soldiers; the turquoises and the gold rings to the five hundred beautiful princesses whose hearts will be broken for love of me

when I wed the incomparable Bellissima ; the oil I will present to our holy churches and convents, for the lighting up of their altars on my wedding day, and the frying of fish on Fridays and Fast-days ; the pearls I will bestow on all unmarried maidens between fifteen and twenty, to adorn their bridal garments ; the otto of roses shall be poured into the great fountain in the market-place of Madrid, for the delight of the people on your majesty's birthday ; and the nuts I will fling to the little boys and girls along the roads, wherever I journey.'

" Having thus replied, Don Florianus made a profound obeisance, and"

Here a loud peal of laughter interrupted the young author, and, starting to his feet, he saw a group of three persons standing close behind him, in the shade of the cork-trees. One was a boy somewhat taller than himself, with a student's gown thrown over his velvet doublet ; the other two were servants in rich liveries ; and a few paces farther back, nibbling the grass by the wayside, stood a pony with scarlet housings.

" Who are you, and what business have you to listen at other people's elbows ?" stammered Cervantes, flushed with anger and confusion.

" Oh ! I beg your high mightiness's pardon," sneered the boy in the student's gown, taking off his cap with an air of mock humility. " Your highness is an author. May I inquire your excellency's name ? "

" You are an insolent spy !" shouted Cervantes.

In an instant the student's face had turned white, even to the lips, and his riding-whip had flashed across Cervantes' cheek, leaving a red scar. Cervantes rushed at him, but the servants forced him back.

" Mount, my lord Count !" they cried. " It becomes you not to enter thus upon a broil in the high road ! Mount, mount, we beseech you ! "

" Coward !" gasped Miguel, scarce able to articulate for passion ; " How dare you strike a gentleman of Spain ? Stay and fight me, if you have the blood of a true race in your veins ! "

But the Count only sprung into his saddle, laughed aloud (still looking very white), and rode off at a hand-gallop down the road. When he was at a safe distance, the servants released their prisoner, and followed him.

" Cowards ! cowards ! cowards !" cried Cervantes, panting and shaking his fists at the retreating figures.

"I know him," said Manuel. "He is the young Count of Guadalajara. He is a day student at the University."

"The Count of Guadalajara," repeated Cervantes, moodily.

Then his face flushed again—his lip quivered—he turned his head aside, and burst into tears.

"Oh, Manuel," he said, brokenly, "the blow!"

"Does thy cheek pain thee?" asked Manuel.

"Pain! Think'st thou I care for the pain?" cried Miguel, dashing the tears away, and lifting his head like a young lion.

"'Tis the shame of it, Manuel! the shame of it!"

Then, pausing for a moment, he added, in an undertone:—

"But he shall either fight or ask my pardon, before he is many days older!"

"How will you make him fight?" asked Manuel.

To which Miguel only replied—"You will see."

And the romance?

Alas! the poor romance had been sadly kicked about in the struggle, and some of the most remarkable adventures of Don Florianus were lost for ever!

CHAPTER IV.—The Encounter.

THE boy Miguel Cervantes was at least a true Spaniard of the old heroic stock. The remembrance of that blow rankled in his fiery Castilian blood, and the scar of it burned on his brain long after it had faded from his cheek. Proud, brave, and naturally hot-tempered as he was, his pride and his temper were both exasperated to fever-heat. He went home with such a pain at his heart as he had never known before. It was so hard to bear this load of anger and wounded pride all silently—to go to bed with it—to rise up with it—to carry it about from night till morning, and from morning again till night, and seek no sympathy! For all this, he felt he could not endure to tell it, even to his mother. What! tell that he had received a blow? His cheek glowed at the thought. He would die first.

Now, in all this there was, no doubt, a vast deal of romance, and no small proportion of nonsense; but it was a noble kind of folly, after all. Here were the elements of that indomitable spirit that built up the mediæval glories of Spain; that expelled the Moors, foot by foot, from the soil of Granada; and conquered the New World; and covered the western seas with ships of trade and war. Our young Cervantes had, perhaps, an exaggerated notion

of honour ; but that reverence for true honour, and that pride of true courage without which no man ever yet deserved the name of Gentleman, were rooted deeply in his heart, by and by to flourish and bear fruit.

The Count should fight, or ask his pardon—Cervantes had said it, and Cervantes was determined that it should be so. He knew that either must be impossible, so long as the Count's two servants were at his heels ; but Manuel remembered to have seen him sometimes accompanied by only one man, and sometimes quite unattended, so Cervantes made up his mind to await a favourable opportunity.

In the mean time his romantic imagination was all on fire. He had read, and dreamed, and written chivalry till he longed to achieve some startling deed of arms ; and now that he had a real wrong to redress, he could not be satisfied unless he avenged himself with actual weapons of war. So he stole up to a lumber-closet at the top of the house, and there, amidst piles of old furniture, armour, record-chests, and rubbish of all kinds, searched out two rusty rapiers, almost as long as himself. These he concealed in a shed at the end of the garden, and with them stowed away a good stout cudgel of about two feet and a half in length. These preparations completed, he desired Manuel to meet him every morning at the cross-roads, and there, hidden among the cork-trees, with his weapons under his arm, he waited day after day, till the Count rode by on his way to the University. For the first three mornings he came attended by his two servants ; on the fourth morning he came with only one ; on the fifth with two ; and on the sixth with one again. Miguel grew impatient. It made his blood boil to see the boy, day after day, unpunished and unconscious as ever. Once, the servants pointed to the spot, and laughed together heartily as they rode past ; and Miguel wished he were a man that he might teach them how to laugh at him in future !

The seventh day was Sunday, so he had to go to mass, and wait a whole day longer.

On the eighth morning he was at the cross-roads again, with his faithful little friend beside him, when they saw the Count riding slowly towards them, a long way up the road. For the first time, he was alone ! Cervantes uttered a cry of triumph. The Count came jogging leisurely on, reading as he rode—for there was an examination that day at the University—and never looked up till he found a hand upon his bridle, and Cervantes standing before him in the road.

"Halt there!" The Count dropped his book, and uttered a faint cry of terror.

"Who are you?" stammered he. "What do you want?"

"You struck me the other day," said Cervantes. "Now dismount and fight me, or ask my pardon."

"Fight you—ask your pardon," faltered the other, looking round for help. "I don't know you! I" . . .

"You do know me," retorted Cervantes. "Are you a liar as well as a spy? Come, let it be yes or no. Will you fight?"

The Count flushed, and turned pale, and flushed again. His pride and his cowardice had a hard struggle, and he trembled from head to foot.

"I can't fight," said he, looking askance at the rapiers. "I have not learned to fence."

"Neither have I," replied Cervantes; "so we fight fairly."

"Let go my rein, then," said the Count, his teeth chattering as he spoke. "I will fight you as well as I can."

Cervantes let go, and the Count instantly struck his spurs into his pony and dashed off towards the town. But our Miguel could run as fast as most boys, or ponies either, and anger seemed to lend him wings. He dropped the rapiers, snatched up his cudgel, and sped along like an arrow, with Manuel after him. In another minute he was up with the fugitive, had caught the rein again, dragged the pony almost on his haunches, and dealt the Count a smart cut across the shoulders.

What was his amazement to see him reel over at the first blow, slip from his saddle, and lie motionless in the dust!

Manuel came up, pale with terror.

"Oh, Miguel! thou hast killed him!"

"Impossible!"

"No, no! See how pale he is! Save thyself, my poor Miguel, while there is yet time."

Miguel hesitated; Manuel implored; a muleteer made his appearance at a turn of the road about a quarter of a mile away; the Count still lay rigid and breathless.

Manuel began to cry. "They will imprison us both, Miguel, if they find us here; and they will hang thee!" whimpered he.

"Will they?" said Cervantes; "not if I can help it! God bless thee, Manuel. Farewell!"

So the boys grasped each other's hands for a moment, and fled in different directions—Manuel by a circuitous route, back to the

town and to his father's house; Cervantes across a saffron-field, and out towards the open country.

On he went for a long way, still running, till his breath failed him, and he was forced to pause for a minute. Then he looked round, found himself still unpursued, and made for a belt of dark trees lying to the right of a small village, the roofs of which peeped above the ridge of a low hill, about half a mile away. Having skirted this plantation and avoided the village, he came to four cross-roads, with a direction-post in the midst. On the four sides of this post were painted SEGOVIA—ALCALA DE HENARES—GUADALAJARA—MADRID. Cervantes chose Segovia, and followed the highroad for two or three more miles, meeting only a few carters and goatherds on the way; till, by and by, being very hot and weary, he turned aside into some meadows that bordered a brook, and lay down under a chestnut-tree to rest; and there the loneliness of his position came upon him all at once, and he thought of his father, and his mother, and of all the grief there would be that night in his dear home; and then he wondered if the Count was still lying in the road—if he were really dead—if he, too, had a mother who would break her heart to lose him; and then—and then, quite broken down by remorse and fatigue, the boy covered his face with his hands, and lay in the long grass, and sobbed till he fell asleep.

He would not have been quite so unhappy if he could only have known that as soon as he and Manuel were out of sight, the Count jumped up, mounted his pony, and galloped off to the University, as much alive as he had ever been since he came into the world.

(To be continued.)

THE MONTHS.

MAY.

EVERY month has its attractions, its peculiarities, its pleasant recreations; but of all months in the year May has been the greatest favourite with the poets; for it is the flower-month, and the real beginning of summer in our climate. Take up any old book, and you will read about May-day sports: how lads and lasses, in the "good old times," met on the green, and danced round the Maypole at dawn of the first day in the month: how Queen Elizabeth and her maidens were wont to go forth into the woods on May-day to gather hawthorn blossoms—the real "May"-flowers of the people, now as then: how the woodlands echoed to the sound of music and the light laughter of youth: how, in fact, the month was always Merry May. If, in these times, we do not quite realize all the force of the poets' descriptions, and fancy that rising to dance in the woods at dawn on May-day was rather a chilly operation, we must remember that with our forefathers the seasons were twelve days later than now—the alteration in the style, more than a hundred years since, having sent all modern dates back, and made no end of confusion in our associations, poetical, historical, and domestic.

Nearly all the customs that distinguished the May-day of Queen Elizabeth's time have disappeared. We no longer go into the woods to dance, and even the milkmaids' procession and the chimney-sweeps' holiday, with Jack-in-the-green and "my lord and lady," have degenerated, and become sadly vulgar. The last Maypole erected in London stood on the site of the church of St. Mary-le-Strand. It was set up in great state in 1661, with ribbons flying, and a crown and vane at its top, and King Charles the Second's arms richly gilt about its centre. In 1718 it was taken down, and all that remained of its ancient strength went to support a telescope for the use of Sir Isaac Newton, in the park

of Sir Richard Child, at Wanstead, in Essex. Pope, in the *Dunciad*, alludes to this Maypole:—

“Amid that area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall Maypole once o'erlook'd the Strand,
But now (so Anne and piety ordain)
A church collects the saints of Drury Lane.”

But if some of the customs peculiar to the “merry month of May” seem to have been forgotten and lost in these busy times, the flowers at least bloom as of yore, and Nature puts on her gayest garment. The trees are in their greenest; the apple and pear blossom their fullest; the lilac throws its sweet scent into the air; and the laburnum, the horse-chestnut, the fresh-leaved cherry, and many other of our park and garden favourites, hang out their brightest chaplets in the sun. The woods, and the fields, and the gardens—even the little smoke-filled inclosures that in cities and great towns are called gardens—revel in freshness, and seem to delight in looking gay and beautiful. In the streets we hear the not unwelcome and not always unmusical voice of the costermonger, with his “Bowpots, all a-growin’ and a-blowin’;” in the markets, flowers fresh from country gardens are newly potted for sale; and our windows soon look gay with green leaves and many-hued blossoms. The earth in May is, indeed, one magnificent garden, filled with soft breezes and sweet odours, refreshed with running streams, made vocal by the songs of birds, and beautiful with skies of blue and dappled white.

The swallow and the nightingale, the cuckoo and the pigeon, with scores of other feathered friends, revisit our shores, and flit and flutter among the trees and about our houses. Myriads of insects wake into fresh activity, and all the tribe of butterflies and moths—day-fliers and night-fliers—are presently skimming and darting and pirouetting and courting in the sunny air.

May, the fifth month of the year with us, but the third with the Romans, is said to have derived its name from *Maia*, the mother of Mercury, and the brightest star of the Pleiades. But the origin of the word is also stated to have come from the Majores, Roman senators and nobles to whom Romulus dedicated the month. Its zodiacal sign is Gemini, the Twins. The Saxons called it *Trimilchi*, from their custom of milking their cattle, in this month, three times a day. In the Shepherd’s Calendar we have May described in glowing terms:—

“Of all the monthes of the yere I’m kinge,
Flourishing in beauty excellentlie;

For in my tyme, in vertue is all thinge ;
 Fieldes and meades spread most beauteously,
 And byrdes singe with right sweete harmony ;
 Rejoicing lovers with hot love all endewed,
 With fragrant flowers all about renewed."

On May-day, in this year of grace eighteen hundred and sixty-two, the Great International Exhibition opens in state, and a real world's fair—a very festival of labour—is inaugurated at Kensington. Eleven years since, the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park was similarly opened by our beloved Queen and her royal consort, Albert the good and great. On May-day in the year 304, Dioclesian, the Roman emperor, who had risen from the rank of a common soldier, retired from the cares of state. On the same day, in 1700, died one of the most eminent of our English poets,—John Dryden. On the 12th day of the month, 1641, the Earl of Strafford, prime minister to Charles the First, was beheaded; on the 14th, in 1610, Henry of Navarre, king of France, surnamed the "Great," was assassinated by the miscreant Ravallac; the 24th, in 1819, our gracious Queen first saw the light, and on the same day, in 1837, she was declared, by act of Parliament, to have attained her majority; the 29th is the anniversary of the restoration of Charles the Second, the "merry" and not too moral son of "Charles the Martyr." This day is still celebrated in some parts of the country by the carrying of oak boughs, in commemoration of his concealment in the oak; but this, like the custom of decorating the Maypole, has almost fallen into disuse. On the 31st, in 1847, died Dr. Thomas Chalmers, one of the most learned men of his time—chemist, astronomer, mathematician, politician, and philosopher.

In the boy's garden we have in May a multitude of flowers—heart's-ease, foxglove, tulips, early roses, polyanthus, primroses, lilies, columbine, and many others.

The sports of the month, as every boy knows, are kite-flying, top-spinning, skipping-rope, and various games with the ball. The cricket season has begun, and angling and boating are getting popular. The top is a very ancient toy. It is mentioned by Virgil in the seventh *Æneid* :—

"The wooden engine flies and whirls about,
 Admired with clamour by the beardless rout ;
 They lash aloud, each other they provoke,
 And lend their little souls to every stroke."

In the May of the present year the legal term of Easter

ends and Trinity term begins ; the Church festivals to St. Philip and St. James, St. John and St. Dunstan, take place. Rogation Sunday—from the Latin *rogare*, to ask or beseech—is the 25th ; and Ascension-day—Holy Thursday—the day on which the ascension of Our Saviour is celebrated, occurs on the 29th. On this day, in most of the parishes of England, it is the established custom for the rector or vicar, attended by his churchwardens, overseers, and other officers, with the children of the parochial schools, to “beat the bounds,” an old-fashioned but very efficient way of keeping up the old boundaries of each ecclesiastical district. The boys carry willow wands, the leaders of the procession wear flowers and ribbons in their buttonholes, and generally the ceremony is made a sort of holiday by the poor, especially in rural neighbourhoods.

The sun is bright and warm in May ; and even as the birds and the flowers seem to make festival, so we may throw away care and rejoice in the advent of summer.

G. F. P.



CHARADE.

MORE beautiful and bright
Than all the stars of light
My first is found :
Indeed, 'tis so sublime,
'Twas ador'd in olden time,
On English ground.
A little point of space
Will give my next a place,
O'er which my first
Doth rule with kingly power,
Making both bud and flower
In praises burst.
My whole to man is given
By the kind God of heaven,
To wean the heart
From worldly hopes and toys,
Those vain, delusive joys,
That soon depart.

THE ADVENTURES OF CLEVER JACK.

BY ANNE BOWMAN.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

JACK DISCOVERS THAT HIS OWN WAY IS NOT ALWAYS THE BEST.

JACK threw himself down on the rocky ground, sobbing and crying aloud, "Oh, Will! brother Will! you little know what has come to me, and all my own fault. What a fool I was to think I knew better than anybody else! Surely God will help me if I pray with my whole heart, and resolve never to be so wilful and passionate again."

He did pray earnestly; and then, half in hope—half in fear, he looked round him at the doleful prospect. The perpendicular walls of rock were covered with luxuriant vegetation, and noisy with the notes of thousands of birds; the river flowed below him, and at his side lay the bag of biscuit, invaluable to him, though he knew it to be mouldy and full of insects. The jar of water he thought unnecessary till he tasted that of the river and discovered it to be brackish.

His idea now was to penetrate into the island; but he first discarded the heavy jacket and his extra garments, stowing all into a niche of rock above the reach of the tide; then he proceeded along the side of the river, gradually ascending till the river rolled far below him, and at length he came to a splendid cascade the waters of which foamed and glittered in the sun, while above this the river spread broad on the table-land, and here Jack was able to survey his domain. He saw that thick jungle covered the ground near the river; beyond were thickets of fern and thorny shrubs, mingled with tall trees, bound together by brilliant flowering creepers. "I'd rather have seen apple-trees," thought Jack. "And it's very vexatious, this is not a bit like Robinson Crusoe's island: there does not seem to be a goat; and I don't think I can find a clear spot to pitch my tent or to sow my peas and potatoes. Then, again, I have no spade!"

He selected, at last, a place beneath two willows, nearly close

together, which overhung the river. He cleared the ground with



(See page 243.)

his axe, contrived to carry the broad sail over the lower boughs, from whence it descended to the ground on each side, while the

front was supported by the oars driven into the ground, leaving an opening to the water. It was a pleasant shelter, but certainly not a fortress in case of invasion; but this Jack would not think on; and so far from the mainland, he had no fear of wild beasts. He pegged down the sides with twigs that it might not be blown over, and then gazing at his work, his sadness began to give way to a little pride and exultation.

He was now, as he had ever wished, the ruler of a desert island, and, like Selkirk, monarch of all he surveyed. He brought up his possessions, and filling his jar with water, at this height really fresh, he unpacked the pockets of the jacket. The contents were a good-sized piece of boiled beef, a small bag of rice, some peas and potatoes, and—what were very great treasures—a tin saucepan, and tin plate and cup. He pulled out his knife, cut a huge slice of beef, and, with a musty biscuit, made a hearty breakfast. Then he hung up the bags and the meat on the willow, spread the thick jacket on the ground to be his seat and bed, and, overcome with weariness, lay down and slept. When he awoke the heat of the day was past, and he set out to ramble over his territory. Continuing on the banks of the river, he saw with pleasure multitudes of fish, and began to contrive means to take them; and when he came to a thick wood of forest trees, he made up his mind to transfer his tent to this shady spot the very next day, especially as the banks were covered with ripe strawberries, on which he feasted gloriously.

"Yes, yes," said he, "I shall certainly settle here. I want nothing now but somebody to talk to; it is very dull to hear no voice but your own."

For, rather than be silent, Jack discussed all his plans aloud to the rustling trees and murmuring water, and, returning to his tent, prayed hopefully, and slept soundly on the pea-jacket.

Early next morning, anxious to be farther removed from the place where he had been landed, lest his enemies should come to complete his destruction, he pulled down his tent, and, laden with all his possessions, left his first station to take up his abode in the secluded wood. He plunged through the underwood to seek a convenient place in the depths of the wood where he might not be discovered. But suddenly he came to the edge of a precipice; he looked over it upon the mouth of another river, on the banks of which, to his great dismay, were eight or ten naked savages, some lying down, twisting ropes or making nets, others cooking

over a fire some meat which, to his excited fancy, seemed to be human flesh.

"What will become of me?" murmured he, shrinking behind the bushes; "they may come this way, and there is no cave here to conceal me. Oh, that they would take to the boat I see moored in the river!" But their meat, which now appeared to be only some small animals, hares or squirrels, being ready, they sat down and devoured it voraciously, while the boy, as if spell-struck, watched them. He was near enough to hear their unintelligible words, and, after their repast, to see them take up their huge clubs and set out up the river, into the island.

Then he turned his eyes on the boat, and with his usual impetuosity determined to seize it, if possible, and to transfer to it all his property. He, therefore, resumed the useful jacket and stowed the pockets; the oars, sail, and biscuit-bag he flung down the precipice, and they luckily fell clear of the shrubs, springing from the rocks. Then, swinging the empty water-jar over his shoulder, he let himself down the face of the cliffs, hurried to the boat, flung in his things, and cutting the rope that moored it, pulled out to sea.

He had learnt to use the oars tolerably well, and soon rowed out of danger from the savages. He looked with some contempt at the paddles in the boat, though, in fact, he did not know how to use them, and said to himself: "Now, how lucky it is that I have the oars, and, I fancy, Clever Jack is no mean hand at using them. I should like to have seen Jem so sharp in getting out of a trap; poor fellow, I must make to his island, for two are better than one,—my head and his hands will work well together."

From these plans he was disturbed by the sight of the *Rover*, still lying off, at no great distance, becalmed; and he could hardly satisfy himself that his little bark must be unseen at that distance. He rowed vigorously, but he made way slowly; his pride began to give way, and the fear of losing his strength on that wide ocean dismayed him; bread he certainly had, but his water-jar was empty, and the island was still far from him; and, to add to his fear, he observed a lurid line in the sky; and though the air was still and sultry, there was an increase of sound and motion in the waves.

"What will become of me, if the storm arises," said he; "Oh, God, help me; I have been proud and self-relying, and I am not fit to die!"

Now he could see the tall palm-trees on the island, and even a

form on the cliff. Was it Jem, or some savage who had murdered him? But the gale!—he could now hear it; there was a white ripple on the waves, and he saw with terror the breakers foaming over the reefs that guarded the island, and which he knew not how to avoid. But Jem had seen him; and was signalling him to pull to the north of the island, which he made a last effort to accomplish. He had nearly worked round when the gale came in earnest, roaring and sweeping over the disturbed ocean, lifting the frail bark over a huge wave to plunge it into the trough, leaving Jack stretched at the bottom, half senseless, yet clinging to the boat desperately. Over and over it rolled, and Jack knew no more till he opened his eyes to see Jem leaning over him with an anxious face, and to feel that he was bruised, and sore, and helpless. "Is all lost?" asked the boy, thinking of his freight. "Look out, my lad," answered Jem, supporting him to a niche in the rock, to shelter him from the blast. From thence Jack saw the sea running mountains high; he heard the thunder roaring louder than the wind, while the black sky was fitfully lighted with the fires of heaven, which showed the *Rover*, mastless and ungovernable, drifting rapidly upon the reefs.

"Oh, Jem, let us hide ourselves! they will come and murder us," cried Jack.

"I'se not stir," replied Jem, "It's little they're heeding us, poor rogues! and them running on reefs as will cut 'em to shivers. Nay, we'se stop, and meb-be, please God, help 'em."

Jack blushed to hear his friend's simple code of morals, and said, "And I owe my life to you, Jem."

"Ay, ay, I saw as how that bit shell 'd stand nought, and had my clothes off to be ready, and a bonny fight I had to pull ye through; I'd not like to try it again. How did ye leet on that craft?"

Jack told his tale, and Jem whistled as he replied, "No wonder it had no luck; I can't see as how ye'd ony reet to make off with other folk's boat, if they were dark skinned. Reet's reet, all the world through, and ye've gotten yer dues in yer black bruises and bloody cuts, ye have."

Jack did not like to be reprov'd, but just now all attention was absorbed in the fate of the ship, which was breaking up fast against the reefs.

"They'd be glad of another hand now," muttered Jem; "God spare them, but they're a bad set, barring Cæsar, and auld Matt as isn't without natur'; I'd been ill off but for what he left me;

not but it's a fair canny spot, and not a soul to meddle with ye, as far as I can make out. But, Lord bless us, lad, look out!"

They had launched a boat from the wreck, with the captain, his passengers, and two more men; but it had not made much way before a huge wave caught it, whirled it round, and engulfed it. The cries of the drowning men were heard; but soon all was still. The old ship stood the waves and rocks a few minutes longer; then it split and disappeared.

"How terrible for those unrepentant murderers!" cried Jack.

"Ay, ay," said Jem, "there's few ready when death pipes to quarters. God have mercy on 'em! But look out, some may come ashore."

Barrels and timbers were driven over the reefs; and, at last, an object that attracted Jem, who, ready for action, with a rope round him, gave the end to Jack and plunged in, telling the boy to haul when he heard him cry out. How anxiously Jack watched his brave companion buffet the wild waves, till he heard the signal-cry; then, with all his strength he hauled, aided by the rising tide, till, at last, Jem was landed, drawing after him the almost senseless body of Matt, who, however, recovered speedily by the application of brandy, of which Jem, fortunately, had a flask.

"Halloo! Jem," cried Jack, "I see another, but if it should be one of the murderers!"

"Hardly, I reckon," answered Jem, "it's my thought as all are gone to trial. Yon's Cæsar, lashed to his hen-coop. We'll have to lend him a hand, and welcome too."

Amongst them, they succeeded in drawing the hen-coop to land, and Cæsar was soon revived by their care.

"Him all right," said he: "berry glad find ole Matt—nebber mind no more; right serve—let 'em be."

They watched, however, till hope was vain. Then, amidst pouring rain, Jem conducted his friends up the rugged cliff to a ledge about half way from the summit, and ushered them into the regal palace—a spacious, dry cave, where his stores—a bag of biscuit, a small cask of water, and his gun—were arranged.

"You little thought, Matt," said Jem, "when you supplied me with food against orders, that it was again your own hour of need. It's the Lord as orders such deeds, man."

"I'd a'most think it is," replied Matt, "cause I were somehow egged on to help thee, I guess."

When they had dried their clothes and eaten some biscuit, it was

time to think how they were to live. Cæsar said he had lashed a lot of useful things to the coop, but he feared all were lost; upon which Jack, heedless of the rain, swung himself down the cliff in time to save the hen-coop from the tide, and to rescue a bag containing a large piece of bacon and some potatoes, and a tin kettle, which were still left lashed to it. He was soon back to the cave, to the great joy of Cæsar, who immediately set to work to cook bacon and potatoes in his kettle.

"Leave some potatoes to plant," said Jack; "we must have a potato-ground."

The men stared, and Matt said, "Steer by yer own chart, young un; I'se not he as thinks to come to anchor here."

"I say, Jack, ye'll be after them trade-wind story-books," said Jem; "but we're young yet, my lad, to lay up in dock; there's better work to mind."

"Berry good, Jem," said Cæsar. "What for lib here?—berry dull—all same—no good; him all sing, 'Go to sea again.'"

"But how can we go to sea?" asked Jack, unwilling to give up his romance. "Which of us can build a boat?"

To silence this depressing thought, they set out, after the rain had ceased, to look over Jem's kingdom, which he had not himself explored farther than to provide for his wants. They found it fair indeed to the eye: brilliant flowers covered the earth; fruit-trees were noisy with musical birds and the chattering parrot; a clear, tiny lake was covered with water-fowl;—all was a peaceful solitude, lovely as in the first days of creation.

"And never a man to cross ye, as I can see," said Jem, in exultation. "They might have done worse nor put me here, though it were a bit lonesome afore I got company."

Jem had been afraid to eat the unknown fruit; but the reading of Jack, and the practical experience of Matt and Cæsar, pointed out the precious banana, the luscious plantain, and the invaluable cocoa-nut, which appeared, however, to be difficult of attainment; but one nut blown off by the recent gale, divided by the axe, afforded them two useful bowls and the delicious refreshment of the milk. They proceeded then to cut long grass for their beds, and, returning to the cave, the thoughtful Jem requested all to offer a prayer of thanksgiving before they lay down to sleep.

The morning revealed to them the terrible traces of the storm: the bodies of the dead, amongst which they recognized the captain and one of the cruel murderers, with broken limbs and disfigured face; casks, timbers, chests, and sails—a vast pile of wreck.

Amidst this mass they found a spade; and, drawing the bodies out of the reach of the waves, they buried them in one grave; and, saddened by the sight, they loaded themselves with light articles, and returned to breakfast on the broiled bacon Cæsar had cooked for them. To him they consigned the care of some cases of preserved meats they had brought up, and then returned to secure anything that might be useful to them. They walked towards a headland jutting out into the sea, removing everything of value above the reach of the tide as they went on. The body of another of the murderers had been thrown ashore close to the promontory, and near it was the ship's boat, but drawn up so far that it was plain the hand of man had been here, and they could not but conclude that some of the crew had escaped. The boat appeared uninjured, and Matt gave a cry of joy at the sight; but Jack trembled, for might not one of his enemies be near him?

As there was no place of concealment in these rocks, it was certain that the men who drew out the boat must have ascended the cliff, and Matt proposed that while he and Cæsar put the boat in order, and collected some *fixins for her*, as he said, the two young lads should climb the cliff to "take a sight." This was not a difficult feat; they found the summit crowned with a thick wood, through which they penetrated till they fell on the trail, the trampled underwood and broken branches guiding them across the narrow headland, till they again reached the edge of the cliff, and looking, beheld a startling scene below. A man, whom they both recognized as the third villain, was bound to a tree, surrounded by naked savages, his own clothes stripped from him; he was crying out as if in agony, and they saw he was bleeding from many wounds, while amidst his groans he was pointing out to his tormentors, by significant gestures, the interior of the island.

"He wants to sell me!" said Jem, "let's be off, lad, for we cannot help him; Lord have mercy on him, they're going to roast him alive, and Matt has my gun, or I'd have had a shy at them."

They had piled driftwood round the wretched man, and were about to fire it, when the youths, unable to witness the dreadful tragedy, fled in dismay, his shrieks making their blood run cold, before they rejoined their companions to relate their tale.

"There's no time to lose," said Matt. "Lucky we've fitted her up. We'll try her over the reefs this full tide."

They had stored the boat from the wreck with some half-spoiled meat, a tin case of biscuit, a cask of water, the gun and ammunition, and oars. Reluctantly the boys thought of leaving the fruits

of the island and all the treasures it contained, but Matt said, angrily,

"A fig for yer berry fixins ! are ye for being roasted ? Shove her off, boys."

The tide and wind were favourable ; they launched the boat, and, chiefly by the skill and experience of Matt, worked it through the dangerous reefs, and, once in deep water, hoisted the sail ; and, for the first time, ventured to look back at the island.

"Ay, ay, lads," said Matt, "I guess my head's longer nor yours ; where had ye been, had ye run off after them sweeties ?"

A number of small canoes were passing round the headland, probably in search of the boat in which their wretched victim had landed. They soon discovered the fugitives, and skimmed after them ; but the trial of speed did not suit them apparently, for at length they returned to land, and the weary rowers ventured to rest and eat some uncooked bacon and biscuit, and Cæsar measured to each a small supply of water ; then, after due discussion, proposed to make towards the mainland, hoping to fall into the course of some ship.

For two days they pursued their toilsome way, under the dull sky or the scorching sun, weary of the sameness around them. Too soon came a change !—a tropical storm had burst over them ; their sail and mast were rent away before they could lower them, and the waves filled the little boat till they were fully employed in baling. Then the devoted boat was lifted stern uppermost ; the men clung firmly to her till she righted, but all else was swept into the sea, and they were abandoned to the furious gale for some hours, only to find when it abated, that they were utterly destitute, without food or water, and so feeble that they could scarcely bale out the water which half filled the boat. Matt alone retained his oars firmly ; but it was only by turns they could use them, and though the sea was now calm, they made slow progress, and looked round in vain for help.

"I guess we're in a fix," said Matt ; "likely the strong 'll have to feed on the wake."

"They will eat us, Jem," whispered Jack.

"We'll haud together, lad, while we can," replied Jem. "The Lord is visiting us for our sins ; can ye call to mind a bit prayer, Jack, ye talk of knowing everything ?"

"Oh Jem !" said the boy, "this is a judgment on me for my pride."

"Ay, ay," said Matt, "I guess ye're not far wrong, ye were

eaten up with consate; but Cæsar and me, we were consorting with rogues; I misdoubt me we were a'most as bad as they."

"Him speak for himself," said Cæsar, indignantly. "Why him want mend de hole in oder man's coat, not him own? What for him say Cæsar rogue?"

"Don't let us judge one another," said Jem; "we are all in our sins, and need His marcy."

"I will repeat a psalm my mother liked to hear," said Jack; "'Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord! Lord, hear my voice.'"

Jack repeated the whole of the beautiful psalm, and the hard sailors in that sad hour repented and prayed.

One after another they sunk under fatigue and famine: Cæsar first, who groaned heavily; Jack, young and feeble, next gave way; the other two, though pale and haggard, still worked feebly. Poor Jack, in half delirium, talked of roast beef and cider-cup, till Matt, with a growl, threw down the oars and said,

"I guess I'll not bide that long; cut down that lad as riles a man that way; what for are we all to die?"

"Ay, ay," groaned Cæsar, "cut him, boy, gib Cæsar good steak; man flesh berry nice."

Starting back in terror, Jack fell against the side of the boat and felt a hard substance press against his side; he put his hand into the deep pocket of the jacket, and brought out a large slice of cheese, the remains of Cæsar's bounty, which he had overlooked. With a cry of joy he was carrying it to his mouth, when the thought of his selfishness arrested him, and he divided the treasure into four, saying, "Cæsar's is the largest piece, for it is owing to his charity."

"Big bit for Cæsar," cried the man, greedily; "all for him; all him shease."

"Let be, thou mean dog," said Matt; "I guess the lad's good stuff; sham' on us all."

After the cheese, they were somewhat refreshed; but thirst came on worse than ever, and, exhausted by the midday heat, their dry tongues hanging out, they sunk back to die. Silently and miserably an hour passed; then Jack, in a weak voice, muttered "Signal!" and Jem roused himself to tie a tatter of his dress to the end of an oar, and with the help of Matt raised it, a hoarse cry from Jack directing them to look north, from whence they now all saw a vessel approaching. Their weak voices were raised to aid the signal, and slowly—oh, how slowly!—the proud

ship gained on them; then they saw a boat put out; but before it reached them, Jem alone was able to answer the inquiries of their preservers.

They knew little more till they found themselves carefully tended, and the food they craved discreetly given them. Then they slept, and woke to eat and sleep and sleep again, and twenty-four hours had elapsed before the kind captain heard the story of their sufferings.

"But how in the world did it happen that a smart lad like you," said the captain, "should be cabin-boy to a fellow like Swinney?"

Jack, much ashamed, said he had run away from his friends, and was glad to enter the first ship that he met with.

The captain asked his name, and when he heard it, said, "Then you are that lost brother of Mr. William Armstrong. I saw him at Charleston, to which place he had traced you; but all inquiries were vain, no one seemed to have seen you there."

"If you'll only take me back there," said Jack, "I'll make my way home, and never leave Will again."

"If he'll keep you, young graceless," said the good captain; "but it's to be hoped your trials may have done you good. And mind, as soon as you're all strong, I must have you to work for your passage."

And they did work in earnest; Matt's services were in demand, and Caesar found employment in the galley. Jem might have had a permanent rating in the ship to which he had made himself so useful, but he had agreed to follow the fortunes of his friend Jack, who, well treated and wisely disciplined on the voyage, took leave of his good friends at Charleston, no longer daring to boast of the name of Clever Jack.

Jem and he set out on an economical journey to the home the boy had so rashly quitted, to be welcomed by the good brother warmly and indulgently. And Jack had learnt to obey, to be content, and to bless God for the lessons of humility and faith he had acquired in his bitter experience during the grand attempt to have his own way.

HINTS ON CRICKET.

By the Author of "The Cricket Field."

FROM an early age Cricket was my favourite game. Well do I remember that as soon as I could escape from school on the Wednesday or the Saturday, our customary half-holidays, I used to tear away to the old Lansdown Cricket-ground, three miles off, and two miles dead against the collar—the hill being eight hundred feet high. This distance I used to accomplish with old Tom Forte, so sanguine was the heart within us, in three-quarters of an hour. I was rarely out of wind in those days and rarely tired; though some middle-aged gentleman in the club was sure to take advantage of the willing animal, and let me do some of his fagging-out too. My master, luckily, was as fond of Cricket as his boys, and used sometimes to start—going out the back way, for fear the neighbours should make remarks—a full hour before the usual time, and would make a pretence of hearing my "Horace" lesson under the hedge, at the steepest part of the ground, at old Collier's lane.

In those days there had only been about three Cricket Clubs in the west of England—one at Bath, one at Clifton, and one at Teignbridge in South Devon. These three were, at the time of which I am speaking, reduced to two; for the Bathonians had died of a surfeit, having spent all their substance on one grand dinner,—and though there was no doubt who ate the said dinner, there was a general attempt at repudiation as to who ordered it and should pay for it. Something very like a national bankruptcy took place, the club was broken up, and the field became all docks and thistles.

In this state of things, our school had the honour of originating the celebrated Lansdown Club, now of nearly forty years' standing. For, our school club, joined by W. C. Keating, Esq., and his friends, afforded such excellent fun all the summer quarter, that these gentlemen resolved to carry on the meetings in the holidays, and thus formed, from our school club as a nucleus, the

identical club which, for many years, played on Lansdown, and which now plays at Sydenham field, near the Railway Station, at Bath.

Since that time I have gradually subsided into an umpire, or looker-on, and have been allowed to be as good as ever in my theory, though want of wind militates against my practice. The last match I played was at Purton, near Swindon, and having the luck to be lamed by a sprain, I was allowed a runner. With his help I got on famously, and scored forty and not out; but the men vowed I should never have my running done by proxy again. I forgot to say I wrote to Tom Forte to come and revive old recollections, and play in the same match; but I little thought of the damage done by time. He replied, as full of fun as ever, that he was sorry he could not play, having an appointment on that very day to be—tapped for the dropsy.

Not long since, living near a school which we will here call Westfield, I was consulted about several points of practice, while my young friends were training for their annual match. Some players of my own standing were frequently near, and used—to say the truth—to quiz and chaff me for my enthusiasm; for, really, as the day drew near, and my precepts were taking the form of action, I positively did grow so delighted and so sanguine that I was as much a boy as any one of the whole school eleven. However, at last they paid me the compliment to say that my instructions were too good to be “whistled down the wind,” and ought to be published for the benefit of the rising generation. After much discussion, and the general number of opinions on both sides, the ayes carried the question—I took up my pen, cried, “Here goes,” and imagining my favourite pupils near me, addressed them as follows:—

One great advantage you possess, if you will only avail yourselves of it, is in being within an easy distance of the London ground. At Lord's or the Oval you may see the best of play. No slight advantage, I call it, because almost all things are learnt by the eye—by a principle of imitation. However unconscious you may be that anything is running in your head, still, new ideas will run there and form your ways and doings in Cricket, as in other things, according to the company you keep. No cricketer—least of all can the imitative nature of youth—can play among the finest models without learning their movements and adopting more or less of their style and carriage. For instance, the Wykehamist

fielding used to be something by itself—a style of its own and like no other fielding. To start before the ball was hit, to scoop it up and throw it in to the top of the stumps, all in one action,—this the Wykehamists used to do like no one else. I am speaking of my Oxford days, from 1832 to 1836; when the University had always eleven Wykehamists who could play any eleven picked from the whole University. Their batting also was free, forcible, and manly; and in this also they all played alike. This tends to convince me that there is something very catching in good play, and you can't see too much of it. I say, therefore, as rule the first—

Study the best models and endeavour to imitate the action and the movements of the finest players.

A really fine player must be free and elegant in his style. I am well aware that some of the most unsightly deformities—with shoulders up to their ears, all in a heap, with knees bent and elbows glued to their sides, as bad as anything in *Punch*, or the picture of the “All Muggleton” match—do make runs: but, if so, all I have to say is, that the same men would make many more in a sensible way. Men do write well with their toes or noses, still, this forms no valid argument against a partiality for using fingers.

Now for a few simple rules about batting.

1. *Never use too heavy a bat.* About 2 lb. to 2 lb. 2 oz. is enough for any school-boy. But I am not so well convinced that a 2 lb. bat is best for a powerful man. I remember James Dean once remarked to me very sagaciously, that one reason that the *slows* were not punished as they used to be was, that the old-fashioned bat had disappeared; 2 lb. 10 oz. used to be only a moderate weight in the days of *slows* and underhand bowling, before the round-arm bowling taught a new generation to despise what indeed they had never learnt to play. The old bat used to be heavy at the point—very requisite for picking up a “grounders,” or chopping upon a “sneak.” Mr. Budd's famous hits, which drove back the ring repeatedly further and further, on the Woolwich ground, were made with a bat three pounds in weight. One of the best of the amateurs ever known in modern days never used one of the lightest bats; but his bat, he said, always felt light in a match, because he always used one rather heavier in practice.

2. *Practise against underhand bowling as well as against round-arm bowling; first, because this is a game of itself; and, secondly,*

because it necessitates the strongest defence and the most upright kind of play. Believe me, that underhand bowling is not to be despised: it is commonly so very true upon the wicket: and, you must never treat too lightly any ball that is straight. Add to this, it jumps and bounds about so much that without a bat quite upright you cannot play it.

Only last year, at Lord's, at the Players' match, two of the best judges said, "We could name a bowler of the old-fashioned kind who could have done good service here to-day." Fuller Pilch, we allow, did once say, "With underhand bowling put me in on Monday morning and perhaps you will have me out by Saturday night;" but Pilch was formed on underhand bowling: otherwise, we suspect that he would not have played as upright and straight as he was especially famed for playing.

I have had much experience with under-hand bowling. I began to play just as the new style was coming in, but the old style of bowling had not quite gone out. At a later period, for some years, in North Devon, I headed a side with underhand against round-arm bowling. The Teignbridge were our opponents, and once they played us with the strongest party they ever took from home; yet, an average of twenty-three an innings (about two each) was all that their eleven could average in two matches! All they wanted was the use of the upright bat, a thing more and more rare in these days. Wisden is the only "pendulum player"—the only man perfectly upright: and if so, since a man can be no more than upright, those not as upright as he is cannot be upright at all. In the All-England elevens, among upright players we may reckon Parr, Hayward, and Hearne. Still, though nearly as good in this respect, they are not quite equal in form to Wisden. The rest are efficient about in proportion to the uprightness of their play. I say, therefore, "keep the left elbow well up" (this was the old rule), and practise straight and upright play. If you play correctly, the bat will be as upright as the stumps, and whether you are hitting or stopping, the bowler will always complain that your bat covers a fair bat's breadth and height of the wicket. This alone is no slight defence: only, suppose that you fixed your bat upright in the ground, and that the bowler had to get the ball past that bat before he could hit the wicket; surely, he would find it no easy matter. Mr. Ward's bat was always covering his wicket in this way, and therefore he was an awkward customer to the last; whereas, many a young man, as quick as possible in hand and

eye, can never be depended upon to make as good a score as that celebrated old player, even at sixty years of age.

As to gloves and pads, my advice is never to play without a cricket-glove on the right-hand, at least. I cannot forget, that once at Oxford, a friend jumped off his horse just to bowl me a dozen balls. He proved, unknown to me, to be a terrifically fast bowler; and as I met one of his fast long-hops rather hard, and thus doubled the force of the ball, my two fingers were violently squeezed and bruised against the bat, even through a thick padded glove. Had my hand been gloveless, I have no doubt but the fingers must have been smashed.

This was done by an under-hand bowler, and this kind is often the swiftest of all bowling. The round-armed bowling flies about more, and is less to be calculated on than under-hand, and so far it is dangerous; but Messrs. Osbaldiston, Brown of Brighton, and Kirwan, all bowled under-hand, and they were the most frightful men you could encounter, in point of pace, and if the ground was not true it was anything but sport to play against them.

As to padding the legs, a pad on the right ankle is all you ought to require. It is true that professional players pad both legs, but they cannot afford to lie by in case of accident, and they play so many matches that it would endanger one bruise on the top of another if they played without pads. Amateurs who do not play so much, ought not to require so many pads. I could name some good players who have always played without any. I never in my life used any but a pad to one ankle.

Another rule in batting is *always to stand as near the blockhole as you can without being before the wicket*. In this case your eye will be over the middle stump, and you can judge the straightness of the bowling to a nicety. Also, this only will enable you to cover your off-stump with an upright bat and avoid the common failing of giving catches to the slips.

Of course, it is no use to stand near the block-hole, if, directly the ball is coming, you shrink away, as many young players do. What then becomes of "guard?" The only use of taking guard is to know where your wicket is, and how you stand as regards the wicket and the bowler.—Once shift your foot, and this guard and sense of your true position is lost.

This shifting the foot and shrinking away is difficult for young players to avoid. The only thing I can advise is to attend to your foot, and see that it is at the same spot after you have played the

ball as it was before. Also ask any friend to watch and tell you if you shrink or shift away from your wicket. For this purpose, if you employ a professional bowler, never let him bowl fast at first. Let him begin slowly, and increase his pace as you gain confidence.

And does a good player never move his right foot? Never without a reason. One reason is, when the ball is much to the off, and he moves his foot to cut. The other reason is, when the ball being pitched too far up, he steps in to make the most of his hit. Some players also step back with the right foot in back-play, to gain a better sight—but this is not indispensable.

Look at that man: you see many such among bad players—he is like a bear on hot iron. He totters from one foot to the other, and takes as many steps as the bowler does, while the ball is being delivered: and he has hardly the strength of a woman in hitting, after all.

Look again at Hayward, or Parr, or any other good player. He stands firm as a rock, calm, and composed; he throws himself with unhesitating decision into the attitude suitable to command each length or kind of ball, and when he hits, he hits with a will, and most determined manner; he realizes the idea of a bold, *resolute hitter*, than which term none is more expressive of the most efficient style of play.

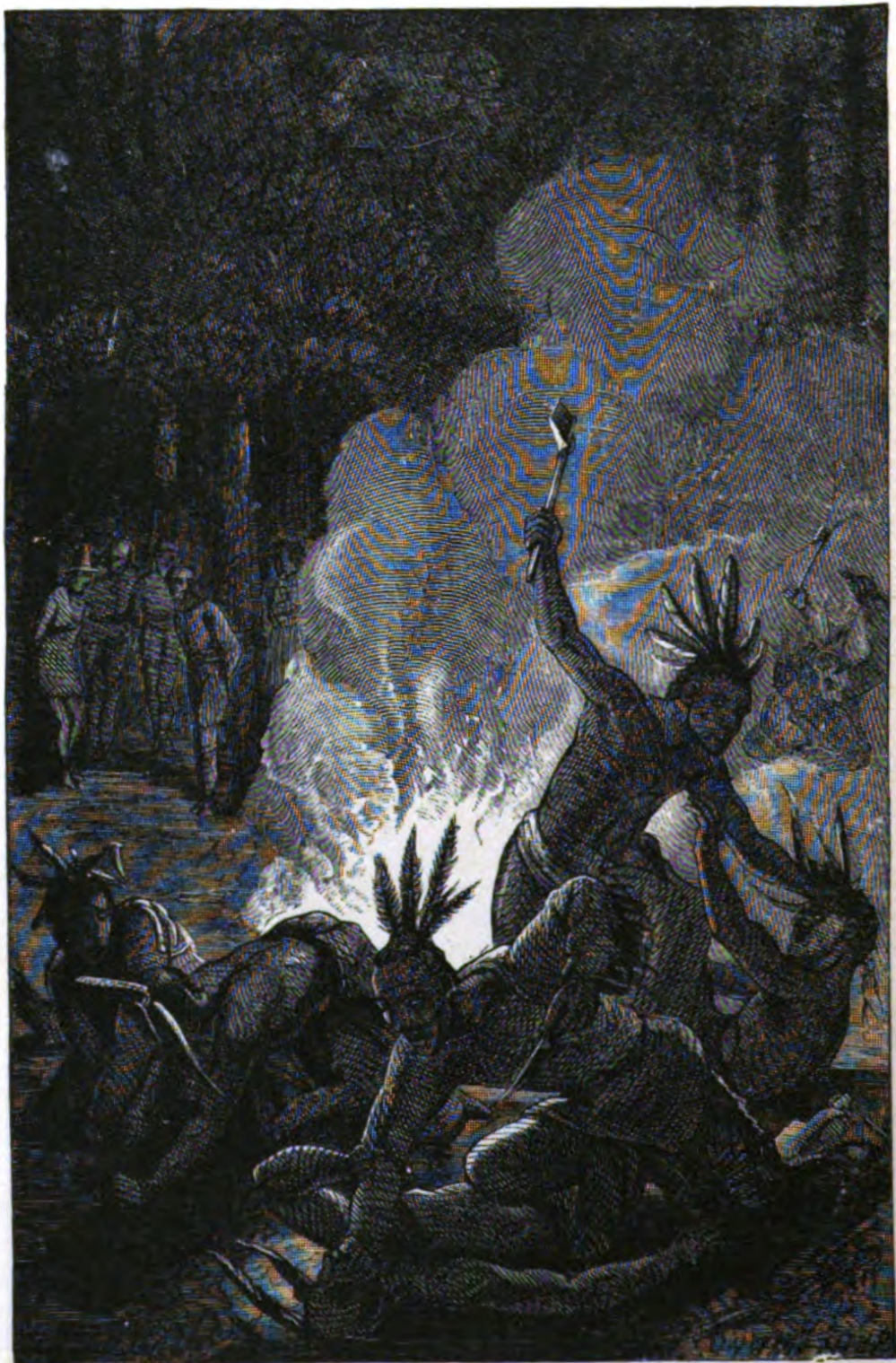
Once more, would you desire to have a good sight of the ball? If so, keep your head steady, at one height and one elevation, which steadiness the composed style above recommended alone can allow. For, where is the difference, whether you confuse your sight by intentionally bobbing your head up and down, or whether you do the same thing by tottering upon your feet? No man who does not stand quietly and composed can give his eyes fair play—neither can he look intently and fixedly, concentrating his mind as well as his vision upon the ball.

It appears, therefore, that a young player may positively require to be taught how to use his eyes—how to see! Who shall say how much cricket lies within the sphere of precept and common-sense instruction—especially as very few persons are at all aware of the fact that no player can see himself. Persons are hard to be convinced of how many silly things they do without intending it.

Therefore judicious professional assistance is very necessary; above all, for young beginners: because bad habits may easily be avoided at first, though they are very hard to correct afterwards.

(To be continued.)





The Drunken Brawl.

THE WILD MAN OF THE WEST:

A Tale of the Rocky Mountains.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE.

CHAPTER IX.

Bounce cogitates upon the embarrassing circumstances of his condition—
Discovery of Black Gibault—Terrible fate in store for their comrades—
A mode of rescue planned—Dreadful effects of fire-water—The rescue.

ABOUT ten minutes after making his escape from his Indian foes, Bounce seated himself on the trunk of a fallen tree and began to think upon "Number One."

A little red squirrel had been seated on the trunk of that tree just two minutes before his arrival. It was now seated on the topmost branch of a neighbouring pine, looking at the uncere-
monious intruder, with a pair of brilliant black eyes, indignantly.

Possibly the reader may think that it was selfish of Bounce, at such a time, to devote much attention to Number One. He had just escaped; he was in comparative safety; he was free; while there could be little or no doubt that his late companions were prisoners, if not killed, and that, in the ordinary course of things, they would eventually suffer death by torture. At such a time and in such circumstances it would be more natural, even in a selfish man, to think of any or of all the other numerals than number one.

But, reader, I need scarcely tell you that things are not always what they seem. Men are frequently not so bad as, at a first glance, they would appear to be.

Bounce always reasoned philosophically, and he often thought aloud. He did so on this occasion, to the immense edification of the little red squirrel, no doubt. At least, if we may judge from the way in which it glared and stared at the trapper—peeped at him round the trunk of the tree, and over the branches and under the twigs and through the leaves, jerking its body and quirking its head and whisking its tail—we have every reason to

conclude that it experienced very deep interest and intense excitement. Pleasure and excitement being, with many people, convertible terms, we have no reason for supposing that it is otherwise with squirrels, and, therefore, every reason for concluding that the squirrel in question enjoyed Bounce's visit greatly.

"Now this is wot it comes to," said Bounce, calmly filling his pipe, from the mere force of habit, for he had not at that time the most distant idea of enjoying a smoke. "This is wot it comes to. Savages is savages all the world over, and they always wos savages, and they always will be savages, an' they can't be nothin' else."

At this point Bounce recollected having seen an Indian missionary who had been taken when a boy from his father's wigwam and educated, and who had turned out as good and respectable a Christian gentleman as most white men, and better than many, so he checked himself and said:—

"Leastwise they can't be nothin' but savages so—so long as they is savages."

This argument, although exceedingly obvious, seemed even to his own mind to possess so little power, that he endeavoured to enforce it by slapping his thigh with such energy that the body of the red squirrel nearly jumped out at its own eyes. It clasped the tree-stem to its beating heart bravely, however, and, judging from its subsequent conduct, speedily recovered its self-possession.

"That's how it is," continued Bounce; "an' that bein' the case, savages always invariably thinks o' number one, before they thinks on nothin' else. Now, as men judges theirselves so they judges of others—that's a fact, as all feelosophy has preclaimed, an' all experience has pruvén. Wot then? Why, them savages 'll think I've cleared off—made tracks—thankful to git away with my own skin whole, and carin' no more for my comrades than if they wos so many stumps. Thinkin' that, of coorse they 'll think it's o' no use to try to cross the river and give chase, 'cause I've got a long start of 'em, an' so, d'ye see, they 'll give me up an' think no more about me. Good! very good! But p'raps it's jest poss'ble that feller whose paw I tickled *may* sometimes recall me to mind."

This last idea tickled the trapper so powerfully that he chuckled in a quiet way, and in doing so exposed such a double row of white teeth that the squirrel, which had remained for some time in an attitude of deep attention, began to show symptoms of uneasiness.

"Now I'll tell ye wot I'll do," continued Bounce, resuming his

look of grave anxiety, as the thought of his comrades recurred to him; "I'll go up the river till I comes to opposite the place where I shoved the canoe into the water. By the time I git there it'll be dark; then I'll swum accross an' foller the Redskins an' save my comrades if I can. If I can't, wot then? why I'll leave the scalp of Bob Ounce to dangle in the smoke of a Redskin's wigwam."

We have elsewhere hinted that when a Rocky-Mountain trapper makes up his mind to do a certain thing he usually does it at once. Having settled the plan of his future proceedings, Bounce did not waste more time in thought or speech. He thrust his unsmoked pipe into his bosom, leaped up from the trunk of the fallen tree, and darted from the spot with such sudden promptitude, that the horrified squirrel sprang wildly into empty space and vanished from the scene for ever!

For a quarter of an hour Bounce glided noiselessly through the forest, keeping a course parallel with the river. In the deepening gloom of evening he appeared more like a spectre than a human being—so quick and agile were his motions as he flitted past the tree-stems, yet so noiseless the tread of his moccasined foot. The bushes were thick and in places tangled, compelling him to stoop and twist and diverge right and left as he sped along, but, being unencumbered with weapons or weight of any kind, he advanced so rapidly that in the short space of time we have mentioned he stood opposite to that part of the bank where the attack had been made, and below which he had been swept for a great distance in the canoe by the rapid stream.

Here he spent some time in reconnoitring the opposite bank, but without gathering much information from his observations. No symptom of the presence of human beings could be discovered. No column of smoke rising above the trees to tell of the watch-fire of white man or red. The trapper listened intently, then he bethought him, for the first time, of giving the signal which, at setting out on their journey, they had agreed to use in all circumstances of danger. It was the low howl of a wolf followed immediately by the hoot of an owl. The reply to it was to be the hoot of the owl without the cry of the wolf when danger should be imminent and extreme caution necessary, or the howl of the wolf alone if danger should have passed away.

To the first utterance of the signal no reply was made. After waiting a few seconds, Bounce gave it forth again. Immediately after, the low howl of a wolf was heard on the opposite bank, and a figure appeared at the edge of the river. Darkness prevented

the trapper ascertaining who it was, but a repetition of the cry convinced him that it could be none other than Black Gibault.

With a grunt of satisfaction, Bounce at once proceeded to make preparations for crossing the river. Cutting a large piece of bark from a neighbouring tree, he hastily formed it into a species of dish or flat boat; then, stripping off all his garments, he tied them up in a tight bundle, and placed them in this miniature canoe; after which he plunged boldly into the stream and made for the opposite shore, pushing his little ark before him. In five minutes he had crossed, and entered into a hasty conversation with Gibault, in low, eager tones, while pulling on his clothes.

"First of all, lad," said Bounce, laying his hand impressively on the other's shoulder, "are they all safe?—none killed?"

"Non; dey be all alive, for certain."

"I'm thankful for that—*very* thankful. Now go ahead, lad, and tell me what ye know, while I pull on my leggins."

"Vell, dey be alive, as I have say. Mais dey not live long."

Gibault said this with such a look of woe-begone despair that Bounce paused in the midst of his dressing and said with much anxiety—"Wot's wrong!—why not, lad?"

"'Cause dey vill be tortured to death demain, or de day après de morrow. Stay, I vill tell to you all I knows. You mus' know, ven I run away from you, I do so 'cause I know dat canoe ver' probablie git opturnéd, so I come to river bank before every von. Dere is von big tree dere, so op I go like von skvirrel. You know vat come to pass après dat. You smash de head of de Injun, aussi, you smash de paddil. Den you escape, an' de Injuns howl vid passion!

"Ver' soon after dat, dey all come to de bank of river—forty of 'em, I tink—draggin' our comerades vid dem, all tied by de wrist—Redhand, an' Big Valler, an' March, an' Hawksving, an' poor Monsieur Bertram.—Mais, dat Monsieur Bertram be most 'straordinary man! He terriblement frightened for every leetil ting, but him not fright von bit for big ting! Hims look at de savauge dat hold him as if him be a lion. I do tink, Monsieur Bertram vould fight vell if hims obleeged.

"After good deal of consultation an' disputerin', dey vas about for go away; so I sit ver' still, but I move my foot von leet' morsil, an' von small leef fall to de ground. It vas ver' small leaf, but Hawksving him see it. Ah! he be von cliver Injun. Ver' sharp in sight too! I tink him should be named Hawkseye. No von else notice it, but I see Hawksving visper to big Valler. Dat man

be sharp feller too. He turn hims back to de tree, nevair vonce looked up, but him burst into loud laugh, like von tondre-clap, an' cry out, 'Vell done, Gibault! Keep close, old feller; their village is one day off towards the sun.' An' den he laugh again. Ah! ho! how my heart him jomp ven he speak my name! But de Injuns tink hims yell out to some von cross de river, for him looks dat vay. Vell, off dey go, and I begin to breath more easy; but ven dey git far off, I hear the voice of Big Valler come back like far-away tondre, cryin' 'Dey're goin' to roast us alive to-morrow; look sharp!' Dat vas de last I hear. Den de darkness come, an' den you come, an', now, vat is to come nixt?"

Poor Gibault spoke fast, and perspired very much, and looked wild and haggard, for his nature was sensitive and sympathetic, and the idea of his comrades meeting with such a horrible fate was almost too much for him.

Bounce's honest face assumed an expression of deep anxiety, for, fertile though his resources usually were, he could not at that moment conceive how it was possible for two unarmed men, either by force or stratagem, to rescue five comrades who were securely bound, and guarded by forty armed warriors, all of whom were trained from infancy in the midst of alarms that made caution and intense watchfulness second nature to them.

"It looks bad," said Bounce, sitting down on a stone, clasping his hard hands together, and resting an elbow on each knee. "Sit ye down, Gibault. We'll think a bit, an' then go to work. That's wot we'll do—d'ye see?"

"Non, I don't see," groaned Gibault. "Vat can ve do? Two to forty! If it was only swords ve had to fight vid—Hah! But, alas! we have noting—dey have everyting."

"True, lad, force won't do," returned Bounce; "an' yit," he added, knitting his brows, "if nothin' else 'll do, we'll try at least *how much* force 'll do."

After a short pause, Bounce resumed,—“Wos they tied very tight, Gibault?"

"Oui. I see de cords deep in de wrists, an' poor Redhand seem to be ver' moch stunned; he valk as if hims be dronk."

"Drunk!" exclaimed Bounce, suddenly springing up as if he had received an electric shock, and seizing his companion by both shoulders, while, for a moment, he gazed eagerly into his eyes; then, pushing him violently away, he turned round and darted along the bank of the river, crying, as he went, "Come along, Gibault; I'll tell ye wot's up as we go!"

The astonished Canadian followed as fast as he could, and, in an exclamatory interjectional sort of way, his friend explained the plan of rescue which he had suddenly conceived, and which was as follows :—

First he proposed to go back to the *cache* at the foot of the tall tree, and dig up the keg of brandy, with which he resolved to proceed to the camp of the Indians, and, by some means or other, get the whole clan to drink until they should become intoxicated. Once in this condition, he felt assured they could be easily circumvented.

Gibault grasped at this wild plan as a drowning man is said to grasp at a straw, and lent his aid right willingly to disentomb and carry the brandy-keg. Neither he nor Bounce knew whether there was enough brandy to intoxicate the whole tribe, but they had no time to inquire minutely into probabilities.

Vigorously, perseveringly, without rest or halt, did these two trappers pursue their way that night, with the keg slung on a pole between them. The stars glimmered down through the trees upon their path, as if they wished them success in their enterprise. It was all-important that they should reach the Indian camp before daybreak; so, although footsore and weary from their late exertions after a long day's march, they nevertheless ran steadily on at a long swinging trot, which brought them, to their inexpressible joy, much sooner than they had anticipated to their journey's end.

It was two hours before dawn when they came suddenly upon the camp,—so suddenly that they had to crouch the instant they saw the watch-fires, in order to avoid being discovered.

"Now, Gibault," whispered Bounce, "you'll have to remain here. Get into a hiding-place as fast as ye can, and keep close. You're cliver enough to know what to do, and when to do it. Only, lad, come near and have your knife handy when the row is at the loudest, and see that ye don't let the squaws cut out our livers when we're tied up."

Gibault nodded significantly.

"It's a curious fact," continued Bounce, in a somewhat sad tone, "that I'm more afraid o' the squaws than o' the men. Hows'ever, it's got to be done!"

So saying, Bounce shouldered the keg, and, shaking his comrade by the hand, as if he felt that he might be parting with him for ever, he glided into the darkness of the forest, leaving Gibault to secrete himself on the side of a mound, from which he could witness all that went on in the camp.

From this point of observation the poor Canadian beheld what was not calculated to allay his fears. The camp lay in a hollow, surrounded by trees. On an open space were erected several leathern huts or tents, in the midst of which blazed a large camp-fire. Round this the forty warriors were seated, eating their supper, while a number of squaws were sitting in the entrances to their tents, variously engaged. Horses hobbled—that is, with the fore-feet tied together to prevent their running away—were cropping the grass close to the tents. Not far from them, and within the circle of light cast around by the fire, stood a group of small trees. To each of these was tied a man, and Gibault had no difficulty in making them out to be his unfortunate comrades.

Occasionally, as he gazed, one or two of the old Indian women went up to these helpless men, with a yell of execration, and, brandishing scalping-knives before their faces, appeared as if about to plunge them into their hearts; but their time had not yet come; the hags were only anticipating the feast of butchery that awaited them on the morrow.

While Gibault was gazing at this scene with mingled feelings of anxiety, rage, and horror, the whole band of Indians suddenly sprang to their feet and seized their weapons. Almost at the same moment Bounce strode into the circle of light and deposited his cask on the ground. Then, making signs of peace, he advanced towards one of the Indians, who, from his dress and appearance, seemed to be the chief, and presented him with a piece of tobacco. The chief accepted the gift in silence.

Bounce, who was well acquainted with many of the dialects of that region, had no difficulty in making himself understood. He stated that he was a trapper, that he had come to that country to trade, and asked whether his Indian friends had furs to dispose of. As he had anticipated, the savages were in no mood to treat with a solitary man who was entirely in their power. The chief, who evidently suspected that he was a friend of the prisoners, instead of replying, asked him sarcastically what he had in the keg.

“Fire-water,” replied Bounce, unhesitatingly.

At this the eyes of the savages sparkled with delight. Not deigning to waste more time with him, they seized the unfortunate trapper and confronted him with his companions, gazing earnestly in their faces the while to observe whether they betrayed any sign of recognition.

It said much for the self-control of these hardy men, that,

although their comrade was thus suddenly and unexpectedly placed before them, they did not permit a muscle of their countenances to change, but gazed on him and on his captors with that expression of defiant contempt with which Indians usually meet their fate, and in which they are equalled, sometimes even outdone, by the unfortunate white trappers who chance to fall into their cruel hands.

And well was it, for the success of the scheme, that Theodore Bertram's nerves had received such repeated and awful shocks that day, that they were now incapable of feeling. He had been so terribly and repeatedly struck with amazement that his features had assumed a settled expression of surprise that could not be increased, so that when he beheld Bounce a prisoner before him, although he certainly felt astonishment, he could by no means increase the expression of that sensation. The Indians, therefore, passed away from him with a howl of derision, and tied Bounce to a tree beside his comrades, concluding that, instead of a plotter, they had, in him, made another lucky capture. Anxiety to taste their beloved beverage had something to do with their haste in this matter no doubt.

No one who has not seen it can conceive of the intense passion the North-American Indian has for ardent spirits. He seems to have no power of restraint whatever when the opportunity of indulging that passion presents itself.

The head of the keg was quickly knocked in, and the eyes of the savages seemed positively to flash as they gazed upon the precious fluid. The chief advanced first with a little tin mug, such as was sold to them by traders, and drank a deep draught; he then handed the cup to another, but the impatience of the others could not be restrained; they crowded round with their mugs, and dipping them into the keg, drank eagerly, while the squaws, who loved the fire-water as much as did their masters, formed an outer circle, and, as patiently as they could, awaited their turn. They knew full well that it would soon come.

The Indians, being unaccustomed to frequent potations, were quickly maddened by the spirit, which mounted to their brains and rushed through their veins like wild-fire, causing every nerve in their strong frames to tingle. Their characteristic gravity and decorum vanished. They laughed, they danced, they sang, they yelled, like a troop of incarnate fiends! Then they rushed in a body towards their prisoners, and began a species of war-dance round them, flourishing their tomahawks and knives close to their

faces, as if they were about to slay them; shrieking and howling in the most unearthly manner, and using all those cruel devices that are practised by Red Indians to terrify those unfortunates whom they intend ultimately to kill.

Suddenly one of the warriors observed that the squaws were stealthily approaching the spirit-keg, and rushed towards them with a howl of fury, followed by his comrades, who drove the women away and recommenced drinking. And now a fiercer spirit seemed to seize upon the savages; old feuds and jealousies, that had long been cherished in silence, broke irresistibly forth. Angry words and fierce looks were followed by the drawing of knives. Suddenly a young man rushed upon a comrade and buried his knife in his heart. The piercing death-cry was followed by the vengeful yell of the relatives of the murdered man, as they sprang upon the murderer. Others flew to the rescue, and the drunken *mêlée* became general. Blood began to flow freely, and there is no doubt that many lives would have been sacrificed had not the combatants been too much intoxicated to fight with vigour. Many of them fell prostrate and helpless on attempting to rise. Others dealt their blows at random, staggering and falling one upon another, until they lay in a heap, shrieking, biting, tearing, and stabbing—a bloody struggling mass, which told more eloquently than tongue can tell, that, deep and low though savage human nature has fallen in sin and misery, there is a depth profounder still, to which even those who seem to be the lowest may be precipitated by the fatal power of strong drink.

And now Gibault Noir felt that it was time for him to draw near to the horrible scene, in order to be ready, when the moment should arrive, to release the prisoners, or to protect them in the event of any of the drunken crew being tempted to a premature slaughter.

The women were now actively interfering to prevent farther bloodshed. Most of the Indians were already dead drunk. Only a few, whose powers of endurance were greater than those of their comrades, continued to shout their war-songs. When these were down, the women rushed at the spirits like wolves. Even the little children came out from the tents and got their share. It was a terrible scene, such as has, alas! been often enacted before in the wilds of the Far West, and, doubtless, shall be enacted again, unless (so-called) Christian traders give up fire-water as an article of traffic.

In a very short space of time the women were as helpless as

their masters. Then Gibault cut the thongs that bound his comrades, and set them free!

"Thanks, thanks to the Almighty," said Bertram, earnestly, when his bonds were cut. "I had thought that my days were numbered; that it was to be my sad fate to fill a grave here in the wilderness. But His hand is indeed mighty to save. And thanks be to you, good Gibault. Under God we owe our lives to you."

Bertram attempted to seize Gibault's hand as he spoke, but his own hands refused obedience to his will. They had been so long and so tightly bound that they were utterly powerless.

"Rub 'em, rub 'em well," said Gibault, seizing the artist's hands and enforcing his own recommendation vigorously.

"Ay, that's it," said Redhand, who, with his companions, had, the instant he was loose, commenced to rub and chafe his own benumbed limbs into vitality, as if his life and theirs depended on their exertions—as indeed they did to no small extent, for, had they been called upon to fight or fly at that moment, they could have done neither.

"Now, lads," said Bounce, who, having been a prisoner for but a short time, was unhurt by his bonds, "while ye rub the life into yer limbs I'll tell ye wot we must do. Them scamps (pointing to the prostrate Indians) won't lie there long. Of course, bein' white men an' Christians, we don't mean to kill them or to lift their scalps——"

"I've know'd white men," interrupted Redhand, "who called themselves Christians, and didn't object to take scalps when they got the chance."

"So have I," returned Bounce, "an' more's the pity. It's sich-like blackguards as these that keeps honest trappers and fur-traders for iver in hot water here. Howsomediver, we're not agoin' to turn *ourselves* into brute beasts 'cause they've turned *themselves* into sich."

"I'm not so sure 'o that," broke in Big Waller, casting a scowling glance on the savages as he surveyed a wound in his left arm, which, although not serious, was, from want of dressing, sufficiently painful, "I calc'late it would serve them reptiles right if we was to whangskiver the whole on 'em as they lie."

"I don't b'lieve," retorted Bounce, "that '*whangskiver*' is either English, Injun, French, or Yankee; but if it means *killin'* you'll do nothin' o' the sort. Here's what we'll do. We'll ketch as many horses as wos took from Mr. Bertram's fellers, an' as many

guns too (the same ones if we can lay hands on 'em), an' as much powder an' shot an' other things as that keg o' brandy is worth, an' then we'll bid the Red Skins good-by without wakenin' of 'em up."

"Goot," ejaculated Gibault, pausing in his manipulation of the artist, "now you can do?"

"Capital; thanks, I feel quite strong again."

"I say, Gibault," observed March, ruefully, "They've almost sawed through the skin o' my ankle. I've no left foot at all, as far as feelin' goes."

"Hah! me boy, 'tis well you have foot left, though you not feel left foot! Let me see."

"That's it, Gibault, rub away; if your jokes were as good as your surgery you'd be too good, a long way, for the backwoods."

By dint of chafing and rubbing and leaping and stamping, the whole party were soon restored to a serviceable condition, after which they set about active preparations for departure.

First they ransacked the tents, where they discovered all the guns that had been taken from Bertram's party. These they tied up in a bundle, after each had secured one for his own use. Among them the artist found, to his intense delight, his own double-barrelled gun, the loss of which he had mourned most sincerely.

Next, they secured the horses, which, being hobbled, as we have said elsewhere, were easily caught. Then the powder-horns and shot-belts of Bertram's party were found, and, being full of ammunition, were slung across their shoulders forthwith. Among other things belonging to the same party were discovered a number of blankets, some tea and sugar, and a variety of other useful articles, besides several packs of furs: all of which were made up into portable bundles that could be easily carried at their saddle-bows. The supply of everything was so ample that it was not necessary to touch a single article belonging to the Indians.

This was a matter of much satisfaction to Redhand, who wished to show these unfortunate children of the wilderness that there were at least some white trappers who were actuated by different and kindlier feelings than many who sought their livelihood in those regions.

"Hullo! wot have we here?" cried Big Waller, who was poking inquisitively about among the tents, to the consternation of the poor Indian children who lay huddled up in their rabbit-skin blankets, trembling from head to foot, and expecting to be scalped

forthwith,—such of them, at least, as were old enough to expect anything. “Here’s your blunderbusses, I guess, mister.”

“What! my pistols,” cried Bertram, seizing his weapons with as much delight as if they had been really serviceable.

“Hah! ver’ goot for play vid,” observed Gibault contemptuously.

“I say, here’s something else,” said Bounce, picking up a rifle.

“Wah?” exclaimed Hawkswing, pointing to the weapon in surprise, and turning his eyes on Redhand.

“Wot! d’ye know who it b’long’d to?” inquired Bounce.

An expression of deep sorrow overspread Redhand’s countenance. “Ay,” said he, mournfully, “I know it well. It belonged to young Blake.” Glancing quickly up at a place where several scalps were hanging to a pole, he took one down, and, after gazing at it sadly for a few seconds, he added, in a tone of deep melancholy—“Poor, poor Blake! ye had a hearty spirit an’ a kindly heart. Your huntin’ days are soon, soon over!”

“Was he a friend of yours?” inquired Bertram, much affected by the old trapper’s look and tone.

“Ay, ay, he was, he was,” said Redhand, quickly, and with a sternness of manner that surprised his companions; “come, lads, mount! mount! The Red Skins won’t part with plunder without making an effort to get it back.”

“But, stop a bit, Redhand,” cried Bounce, detaining the old man, “ye didn’t use for to be so hot an’ hasty. Where are we to go to? That’s wot I want to know.”

“True,” observed Redhand, in his old gentle tones, “we’ve more horses than we need, and some furs to dispose of. There’s a tradin’ fort in the mountains, but it’s a good bit from this.”

“What o’ that?” said March Marston, somewhat impetuously, “are we not armed and well mounted, and strong, and have we not lots o’ time before us?”

“Well said,” cried Bounce.

“Ditto,” echoed Waller.

“Then we’ll do it!” cried Redhand, vaulting into the saddle with a spring that a young man might have envied.

The others followed his example, and in a few seconds they were picking their way carefully down the ravine in which the Indian camp was situated. Leaving this quickly behind, they trotted briskly along the more open banks of the river until they gained a level sweep of land which terminated in a belt of low bushes. Beyond this lay the great plains. Breaking into a gallop, they speedily cleared the underwood, and, just as the rosy

smile of morning beamed in the eastern sky, they dashed away, with light hearts and loose reins, out upon the springy turf of the open prairie.

CHAPTER X.

Short treatise on Horseflesh—Remarks on slang—Doings and sights on the Prairie—The Mountain Fort.

A HORSE is a wonderful thing—if we may presume to style so noble a creature a “thing!” And the associations connected in some minds with a horse are wonderful associations. No doubt a horse, to many people, is a common-place enough sort of thing; and the associations connected with horseflesh in general, in some minds, are decidedly low—having relation to tugging a cart, or tumbling along with a plough, or rattling with a cab, or prancing in a carriage, or being cut up into butcher’s-meat for cats and dogs. Nevertheless, a horse is a wonderful creature; and man’s associations in connection with him are, not unfrequently, of the most wonderful and romantic kind. Talk to the warrior of his steed, and he will speak of him as of his dearest friend. Talk to the Arab of his horse, and he will talk of his pet, his spoiled child! As it is with these, so is it with the trapper of the western prairies.

After a few weeks’ acquaintance, the trapper and his horse become one—part and parcel of each other, at least as far as it is possible for man and horse to amalgamate. On the one hand, the horse is tended, hobbled, patted, saddled, spoken to, watched over, and tenderly cared for by the man; on the other hand, the man is carried, respected, sometimes bitten (playfully), depended on, and loved by the horse. Day after day, and week after week, the limbs of the one and the ribs of the other are pressed against each other, until they become all but united, and the various play of muscles on the part of both becomes so delicately significant that the bridle, to a great extent, becomes unnecessary, and the rider feels when the horse is about to shy, just as quickly as the horse feels, by a gentle pressure on either side, how much the rider wishes him to diverge to the right or left.

Sometimes the horse breaks his hobbles and runs away, thus aggravating the spirits of, and causing infinite annoyance to, the man. Frequently the man, out of revenge for such or similar freaks, larrups and pains and worries the horse. But these little

asperities are the occasional landmarks that give point and piquancy to the even tenour of their loving career. Neither would, for a moment, think of allowing such incidents to rankle in his bosom. Both would repudiate with scorn the idea that they were a whit less useful, or in any degree less attached to each other on account of such trifling tiffs!

Day after day, our trappers mounted their steeds and traversed the great prairie—now at a rattling trot, now at a tearing gallop; frequently at a quiet foot-pace, when the nature of the ground rendered a more rapid progress dangerous, or when the exhaustion of horses and men rendered rest necessary, or when the beautiful nature of the scenery and the warm sunny condition of the atmosphere induced a contemplative frame of mind and a placid state of body.

Night after night the horses—having stuffed themselves, like greedy things as they were, with the greenest and tenderest herbage on the rich plains—returned to the camp-fire, round which the trappers were lying in deep slumber, and, each selecting his own master, would stand over him with drooping head and go to sleep, until dawn called them again to united action.

Thus day and night passed for the space of three weeks after the night of the surprise of the Indian camp, without anything particular occurring; and thus quadrupeds and bipeds came to be so familiar and well acquainted with each other—so thoroughly united in sympathetic action—as almost to become hexapeds, if we may be permitted the expression.

March Marston's quadruped was a beautiful little bay, whose tendency to bound over every little stick and stone, as if it were a five-barred gate, and to run away upon all and every occasion, admirably suited the tastes and inclinations of its mercurial rider.

There was one among the quadrupeds which was striking in appearance—not to say stunning. No; we won't say stunning, because that is a slang expression, and many persons object to slang expressions; therefore we will avoid that word; although we confess to being unable to see why, if it is allowable (as every one will admit it is) to assert that men may be mentally "struck," it is not equally proper to say that they may be stunned. But we bow to prejudice. We won't say that that horse was "stunning." While on this subject, we think it right to guard ourself, parenthetically, from the charge of being favourable to *all* kinds of slang. We are in favour of speech—yes, we assert that broadly and fearlessly, without reservation—but we are not in favour of *all*

speech. Coarse speech, for instance, we decidedly object to. So, we are in favour of slang, but not of *all* slang. There are some slang words which are used instead of oaths, and these, besides being wicked, are exceedingly contemptible. Tempting, however, they are—too apt to slip from the tongue and from the pen, and to cause regret afterwards.

But to return. Although we won't say that the quadruped in question was stunning, we will say again that it was striking—so powerfully striking that the force of the stroke was calculated almost to stun. It was uncommonly tall, remarkably short in the body, and had a piebald coat. Moreover, it had no tail—to speak of—as that member had, in some unguarded moment, got into the blaze of the camp-fire and been burnt off close to the stump. The stump, however, was pretty long, and, at the time when the trappers became possessed of the animal, that appendage was covered with a new growth of sparsely scattered and very stiff hair, about three inches long, so that it resembled a gigantic bottle-brush. Being a spirited animal, the horse had a lively bottle-brush, which was grotesque, if it was nothing else.

This quadruped's own particular biped was Theodore Bertram. He had a peculiar liking for it (as he had for everything picturesque), not only on account of its good qualities—which were, an easy gait and a tender mouth—but also because it was his own original animal, that of which he had been deprived by the Indians, and which he had recaptured with feelings akin to those of a mother who recovers a long-lost child.

We have said that the space of three weeks passed without anything particular occurring to our trappers. This remark, however, must be taken in a limited sense. Nothing particularly connected with the thread of this story occurred; though very many and particularly interesting things of a minor nature did occur during the course of that period.

It would require a work equal in size to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" to contain all the interesting things that were said and seen and done on those prairies by these trappers within that brief space of time. A conscientiously particular chronicler of events would have detailed the route of each day, the latitude and longitude of each resting-place, the very nature of the wood which composed the fuel of each fire. He would have recorded that March Marston's little bay ran away with him (not, in a general way, fifty or a hundred times, but) exactly so many times, specifying the concomitant circumstances of each separate time, and

the results of each particular race. He would have noted, with painful accuracy, the precise number of times in which Theodore Bertram (being a bad rider) fell off his horse, or was pitched off in consequence of that quadruped putting its foot inadvertently into badger-holes. He would have mentioned that on each occasion the unfortunate artist blackened his eye, or bled or skinned his nasal organ, and would have dilated anatomically on the peculiar colour of the disfigured orb and the exact amount of damage done to the bruised nose. He would have told not only the general fact that bears, and elks, and antelopes, and prairie-dogs, and wolves, and buffaloes, were seen in great numbers continually, and were shot in abundance, but he would have recorded that Bertram did, on one occasion, in the height of his enthusiastic daring, give a shout and draw one of his blunderbuss pistols, on observing a grisly bear at a short distance ahead of him; that he dashed his heels violently against the sides of his remarkable horse; that the said horse did toss his head, shake his bottle-brush, and rush full-tilt towards the bear until he caught sight of it, when he turned off at a sharp angle, leaving Bertram on the plain at the mercy of the bear; that Bruin, who was in no wise alarmed, observing his condition, came to see what was the matter with him; and that he, Mr. Bertram, would certainly have fallen a victim to his own headstrong courage on the one hand, and to the bear's known tendency to rend human beings on the other, had not March come up at that moment and shot it through the heart, while Redhand shot it through the brain.

And this supposed conscientious chronicler of events, had he been a naturalist, would have farther detailed, with graphic particularity, the rich, exuberant, and varied flora of the region—from the largest plant that waved and blossomed in the prairie-winds to the lowliest floweret that nestled among the tender and sweet-scented grasses on the prairie's breast. In regard to the *fauna* of those regions, he would have launched out upon the form, the colour, size, habits, peculiarities, &c., of every living thing, from the great buffalo (which he would have carefully explained was *not* the buffalo, but the *bison*) down to the sly, impudent, yet harmless little prairie-dog (which he would have also carefully noted was *not* the prairie-dog, but the *marmot*).

Had this supposed recorder of facts been of an erratic nature, given to wander from anecdote to description, and *vice versâ*, he would perhaps have told, in a parenthetical sort of way, how that, during these three weeks, the trappers enjoyed uninterrupted fine

weather; how the artist sketched so indefatigably that he at last filled his book to overflowing and had to turn it upside down, begin at the end, and sketch on the backs of his previous drawings; how Big Waller and Black Gibault became inseparable friends and sang duets together when at full gallop, the latter shrieking like a wild-cat, the former roaring like a buffalo bull; how March Marston became madder than ever, and infected his little steed with the same disease, so that the two together formed a species of insane compound that caused Redhand and Bounce to give vent to many a low chuckle and many a deep sagacious remark, and induced Hawkswing to gaze at it—the compound—in grave astonishment.

All this and a great deal more might be told, and, no doubt, might prove deeply interesting. But, as no man can do everything, so no man can record everything; therefore we won't attempt it, but shall at once, and without further delay, proceed to that part of our tale which bears more directly on the Rocky Mountains and the Wild Man of the West himself.

"It's a strong place," said Redhand, checking the pace of his horse and pointing to a small edifice or fort which stood on the summit of a little mound or hill about a quarter of a mile in advance of them—"a very strong place—such as would puzzle the Redskins to break into if defended by men of ordinary pluck."

"Men of pluck sometimes get careless and go to sleep, though," said March Marston, riding up to the old trapper; "I've heard o' such forts bein' taken by Redskins before now."

"So have I, lad, so have I," returned Redhand; "I've heard o' a fort bein' attacked by Injuns when the men were away huntin', an' bein' burnt down. But it ginerally turns out that the whites have had themselves to thank for't."

"Ay, that's true, observed Bounce; "some o' the whites in them parts is no better nor they should be. They treats the poor Injuns as if they wos dogs or varmints, an' then they're astonished if the Redskins murder them out o' revenge. I know'd one feller as told me that when he lived on the west side o' the mountains, where some o' the Injuns are a murderin' set o' thieves, he niver lost a chance o' killin' a Redskin. Of course the Redskins niver lost a chance o' killin' the whites; an' so they come to sich a state o' war, that they had to make peace by givin' them no end o' presents o' guns an' cloth an' beads—enough to buy up the furs o' a whole tribe."

"I guess they was powerful green to do anything o' the sort,"

said Big Waller; "I knowed a feller as was in command of a party o' whites, who got into much the same sort of fix with the Injuns—always fightin' and murderin'; so what does he do, think ye?"

"Shooted de chief and all hims peepil," suggested Gibault.

"Nothin' o' the sort," replied Waller. "He sends for the chief, an' gives him a grand present, an' says he wants to marry his darter. An' so he *did* marry his darter, right off, an' the whites an' Redskins was friends ever after that. The man what did that was a gentleman too—so they said; tho' for my part I don't know wot a gentleman is—no more do I b'lieve there aint sich a thing; but if there be, an' it means anything good, I calc'late that that man *was* a gentleman, for w'en he grew old he took his old squaw to Canada with him, 'spite the larfin' o' his comrades, who said he'd have to sot up a wigwam for her in his garden. But he says, 'No,' says he, 'I married the old ooman for better an' for worse, an' I'll stick by her to the last. There's too many o' you chaps as leaves yer wives behind ye when ye go home—I'm detarmined to sot ye a better example.'—An' so he did. He tuk her home an' put her in a grand house in some town in Canada—I don't well mind which,—but when he wasn't watchin' of her, the old ooman would squat down on the carpet in the drawin'-room, for, d'ye see, she hadn't bin used to chairs. His frinds used to advise him to put her away, an' the kindlier sort said he should give her a room to herself, and not bring her into company where she warn't at ease; but no, the old man said always, 'She's my lawful wedded wife, an' if she was a buffalo cow I'd stick by her to the last'—an' so he did."

"Vraiment he was von cur'ous creetur," observed Gibault.

"See, they have descried us!" exclaimed Bertram, pointing to the fort, which they were now approaching, and where a bustle among the inhabitants showed that their visitors were not always peacefully disposed, and that it behoved them to regard strangers with suspicion.

"Would it not be well to send one of our party on in advance with a white flag?" observed Bertram.

"No need for that," replied Redhand, "they're used to all kinds o' visitors—friends as well as foes. I fear, however, from the haste they show in closing their gate that they aint on good terms with the Injuns."

"The Redmen and the pale-faces are at war," said Hawkswing.

"Ay, you're used to the signs, no doubt," returned Redhand, "for you've lived here once upon a time, I b'lieve."

The Indian made no reply, but a dark frown overspread his countenance for a few minutes. When it passed, his features settled down into their usual state of quiet gravity.

"Have ye ever seed that fort before?" inquired Bounce, in the Indian tongue.

"I have," answered Hawkswing. "Many moons have passed since I was in this spot. My nation was strong then. It is weak now. Few braves are left. We sometimes carried our furs to that fort to trade with the pale-faces. It is called the Mountain Fort. The chief of the pale-faces was a bad man then. He loved fire-water too much. If he is there still, I do not wonder that there is war between him and the Redmen."

"That's bad," said Bounce, shaking his head slowly—"very bad; for the Redskins 'll kill us if they can, on account o' them rascally fur traders. Hows'ever we can't mend it, so we must bear it."

As Bounce uttered this consolatory remark, the party cantered up to the open space in front of the gate of the fort, just above which a man was seen leaning quietly over the wooden walls of the place with a gun resting on his arm.

"Hallo!" shouted this individual, when they came within hail.

"Hallo!" responded Bounce.

"Friends or foes, and where from?" inquired the laconic guardian of the fort.

"Friends," replied Redhand, riding forward, "we come from the Yellowstone. Have lost some of our property, but got some of it back, and want to trade furs with you."

To this the sentinel made no reply, but, looking straight at Big Waller, inquired abruptly,—“Are you the wild man?”

"Wot wild man?" said Waller, gruffly.

"Why, the Wild Man o' the West?"

"No I haint," said Waller, still more gruffly, for he did not feel flattered by the question.

"Have you seen him?"

"No I haint, an' guess I shouldn't know him if I had."

"Why do you ask?" inquired March Marston, whose curiosity had been roused by these unexpected questions.

"Cause I want to know," replied the man quitting his post and disappearing. In a few minutes he opened the gate, and the trappers trotted into the square of the fort.

The Mountain Fort, in which they now dismounted, was one of those little wooden erections in which the hardy pioneers of the

fur-trade were wont in days of old to establish themselves, in the very heart of the Indian country. Such forts may still be seen in precisely similar circumstances, and built in the same manner, at the present day, in the Hudson's Bay territories; with this difference, that the Indians, having had long experience of the good intentions and the kindness of the pale-faces, no longer regard them with suspicion. The walls were made of strong tall palisades, with bastions built of logs at the corners, and a gallery running all round inside close to the top of the walls, so that the defenders of the place could fire over the palisades, if need be, at their assailants. There was a small iron cannon in each bastion. One large gate formed the entrance, but this was only opened to admit horsemen or carts; a small wicket in one leaf of the gate formed the usual entrance.

The buildings within the fort consisted of three little houses, one being a store, the others dwelling-houses, about which several men and women and Indian children, besides a number of dogs, were grouped. These immediately surrounded the trappers as they dismounted. "Who commands here?" inquired Redhand.

"I do," said the sentinel before referred to, pushing aside the others and stepping forward, "at least I do at present. My name's McLeod. He who ought to command is drunk. He's *always* drunk."

There was a savage gruffness in the way in which McLeod said this that surprised the visitors, for his sturdy-looking and honest countenance seemed to accord ill with such tones.

"An' may I ask who *he* is," said Redhand.

"Oh yes, his name's Macgregor—you can't see him to-night, though. There'll be bloody work here before long if he don't turn over a new leaf ——"

McLeod checked himself as if he felt that he had gone too far. Then he added in a tone that seemed much more natural to him—"Now, sirs, come this way. Here" (turning to the men who stood by), "look to these horses and see them fed. Come into the hall, friends, an' the squaws will prepare something for you to eat while we have a smoke and a talk together."

So saying, this changeable man, who was a strange compound of a trapper and a gentleman, led the way to the principal dwelling-house, and, throwing open the door, ushered his guests into the reception-hall of the Mountain Fort.

(*To be continued.*)

CHESS.

BY GEORGE FREDERICK PARDON.



II. THE MOVES, AND HOW TO PLAY THE GAME.

THERE is a story I have read somewhere, to the following effect : In the Chronicles of the Moorish kings of Granada, it is related that in the year 1396, Mohammed Baba took violent possession of his brother's throne. From that moment he seems to have been unsuccessful in all his enterprises, and was at last, like Nessus, put to death by means of a poisoned shirt. Just previous to his violent end, he being then engaged in warfare with Castille, he sent an emissary to the fort of Salobrena, with orders to put his brother Juzaf to death, so that he might secure the accession to his own son. The officer, when he arrived at the fort, found the prince engaged at Chess with his father confessor. He announced his dread mission, but Juzaf begged hard that his life might be spared till he could finish the game. At first the alcalde was inexorable, but, being himself a Chess-player, he allowed the prince two hours' respite, and stood watching the progress of the match. Those two hours were eventful to the royal player. The game went on, and just as the prince was on the point of check-mating his adversary, a messenger arrived in hot haste with intelligence of Mohammed's death. Prince Juzaf finished his game, and then went out to receive the ministers, who came to proclaim him king in his brother's stead !

I know not whether this story be true or not, but I quote it to show in what good society the royal game has been patronized.

Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes," mentions a book written by John de Vigney, called the "Moralization of Chess." In this book it is stated that the game was invented in the reign of Evil Merodach, king of Babylon, and was made known to that monarch "to engage his attention and correct his manners." The invention is, of course, attributed to a philosopher; and the reasons which induced him to introduce the pastime to the monarch are

said to have been three: "First, to reclaim a wicked king; secondly, to prevent idleness; and thirdly, to demonstrate the nature and necessity of nobleness."

The last two reasons are as potent now as in the days of Evil Merodach; so, boys, we will, if you please, just see whether we cannot learn something of this excellent game. When you have become well acquainted with its intricacies, you will acknowledge, I think, that its practice will prevent idleness, and show the necessity of forbearance, good temper, and nobility of mind.

Well, then, we come, after the anecdote, to the practice of Chess.

It is absolutely necessary that you should, first of all, thoroughly comprehend the

MOVES OF THE SEVERAL PIECES.

You will recollect that each player has eight pieces and eight pawns. The king, queen, rooks, bishops, and knights, are usually called *pieces*, and the pawns *men*. The moves on both sides are precisely similar, therefore you will understand that the following directions apply equally to the black as to the white.



THE KING is the principal piece on the board. He moves one square at a time in any direction. He never leaves the board. But when he is forced by the opposing pieces into such a position that, were he any other piece, he would be liable to be taken, he is said to be *in check*. He must then either move out of check, take the opposing piece, or interpose a piece of his own. When he can do none of these things—when, in fact, he is imprisoned and cannot escape or offer further resistance—he is *checkmated*, and his game is lost. When he is in such a position that, without being in check, he cannot move to any square but one commanded by his opponent, he is said to be *stalemated*, and the game is drawn. Two kings cannot stand side by side; a vacant square must always be between the opposing monarchs. Once in each game the king is allowed to make a jump of two squares. This move he makes in conjunction with the rook, and the combined move is called *castling*. I will further explain this term presently.



THE QUEEN moves in straight lines and diagonals, up, down, and across the board in any direction, one or more squares at a time, whereon there is a vacant line of march.



THE ROOKS (or castles) move in straight lines up, down, and across the board—but never diagonally—one or more squares at a time.



THE BISHOPS move on the diagonals, each on its own colour—the white bishop on the white squares, and the black bishop on the black squares. From this circumstance they are known as king's or queen's bishops to the end of the game. They can move forward or backward to any vacant square, in any diagonal, but never in right angles.



THE KNIGHTS have each a move peculiar to themselves. The knight can move out from his square without the pawn before him having been pushed forward. He moves by a sideway-forward jump, or *vice-versâ*. Thus, from his place on the board the king's knight has three squares to which he may move: that directly in front of the king, that in front of the king's bishop's pawn, or the square before the king's rook's pawn. He always moves from one colour to the other, and can pass by a series of moves from his own square over every square on the board. His power is very great, as he can, by the same move, give check and attack or fork another piece, without putting himself in danger.

All the *pieces* take in the direction in which they move. When a piece or pawn is taken, it is removed from the board, and the capturing piece occupies the square on which it stood—not as in Draughts, by jumping over to the vacant square beyond.

No piece, except the knight, can move from its place till the pawn in front of the king or queen has moved at least one square.



THE PAWNS move straightforward, one square at a time; except at the first move, when they have the privilege of moving two squares. But, unlike the pieces, they do *not* capture in the direction of their moves. They move *upward*, but they take *diagonally*. When a pawn can be made to reach the last square on his opponent's side, he is exchanged for a queen or any other piece. Thus it is possible to have two or more queens, three or more rooks, bishops, or knights on the board at the same time. There is also a move of the pawns called taking *en passant*. To explain: if the king's pawn (say) has moved to the fifth square, and the opposite queen's pawn, at its first move, make a step two squares forward, it passes the square guarded by the king's pawn. The latter has then the

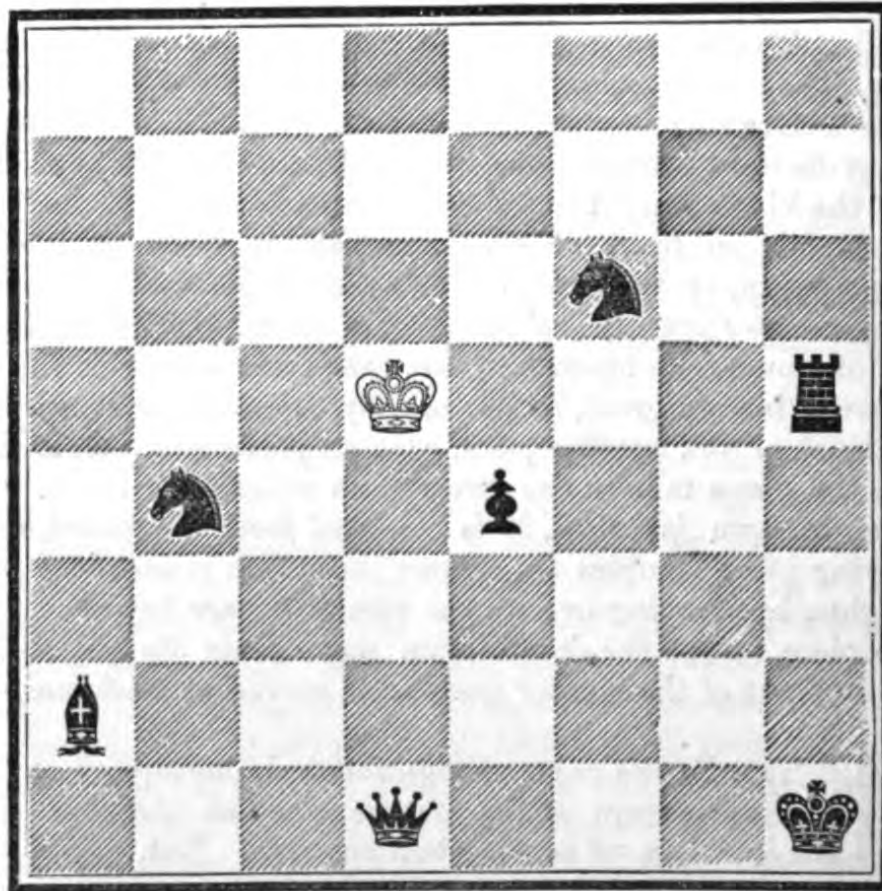


privilege of removing the queen's pawn and passing into the square it previously guarded. Of course this move is common, in like circumstances, to all the pawns.

There are yet a few terms in Chess that require explanation. As I have told you, the object of the game is to checkmate the king. Well, what do we mean by this word, checkmate?

The king is said to be *in check* when he stands in the line or square commanded by any piece or pawn. Let me further explain this by a diagram :—

WHITE.



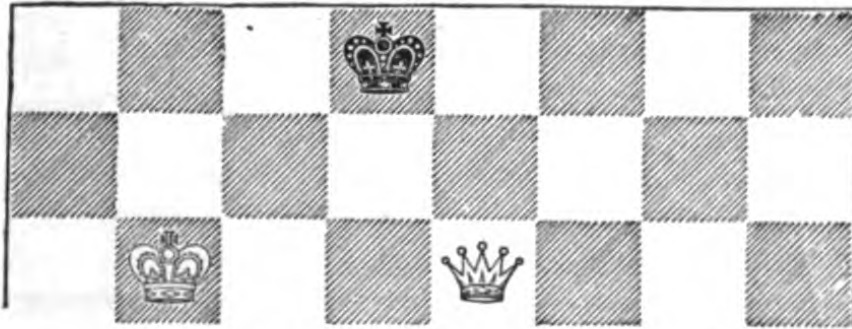
BLACK.

CHECK BY SEVERAL PIECES.

Here we see that the white king is in the line of the adverse queen, rook, bishop, knights, and pawn. Each of the black men command the white king's square; and when, in play, either of them can be moved into similar positions, in any part of the board, the opponent's king is *in check*.

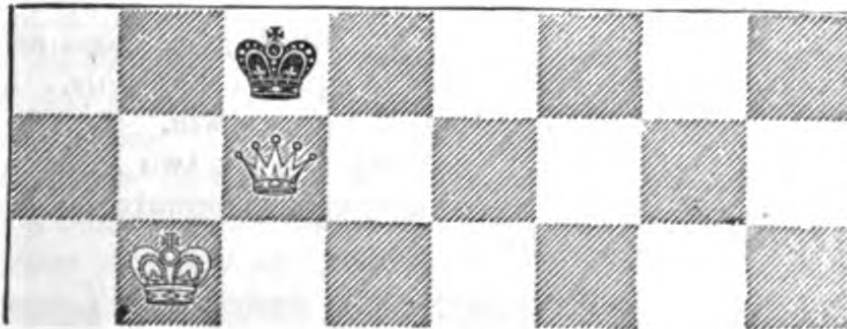
In all the diagrams that follow, the place of the black piece is at the top, and that of the white at the bottom of the figure.

For a very easy illustration of checkmate and stalemate take the following :—



STALEMATE WITH A QUEEN.

Here the black king is not in check ; and if it were his move, he would be *stalemated*, because he cannot move without going into check. The same effect would be produced if the white king were to move into the white square on the right hand. But if the white queen move to the king's bishop's seventh square, then the black king must move on to his left-hand white square ; and the queen gives checkmate by moving across to the black square next the king's. Thus :—

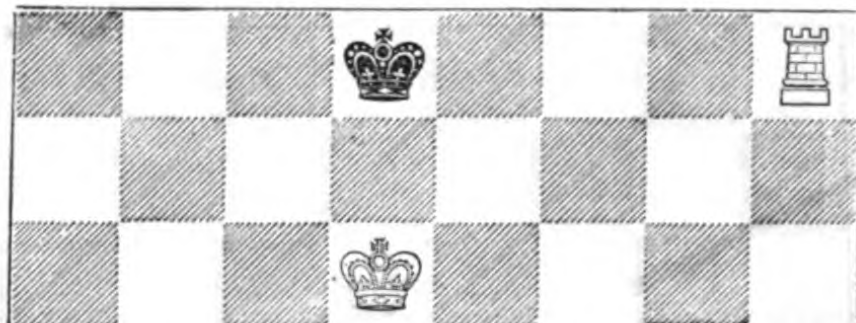


CHECKMATE WITH A QUEEN.

The black king being able neither to take the piece nor move out of check, is mated. So that with a king and queen against a king, it is necessary either that the two kings should stand opposite each other, with only one square between, or that they be situated as in the above diagram—a knight's move from each other. To mate with the queen or rook, unassisted by any other piece, it is necessary, always, to drive the adverse king to the last line of squares, on either side of the board.

So also in the checkmate with the rook, the kings stand op-

posite each other, and the rook mates by commanding the whole line of squares, as shown in the diagram :—



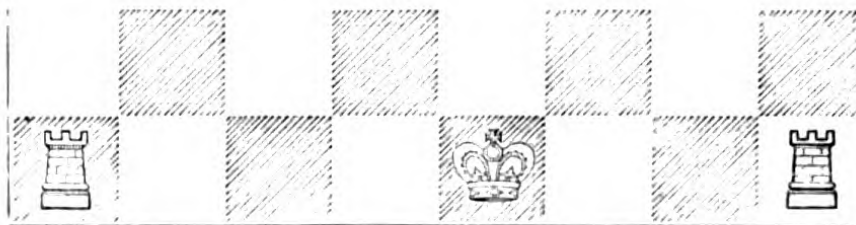
CHECKMATE WITH A ROOK.

These are the simplest forms of checkmate. By and by I will show you many others, more ingenious and complicated. *Check by discovery* is given when, by removing a piece or pawn, the attack of a piece behind is made. *Simple check* is that given by a single piece or pawn. *Double check* is when the king is simultaneously attacked by two pieces. *Doubled pawns* are so called when two of the same colour stand on a square in the same file. *Isolated pawns* are pawns standing by themselves unsupported. *Passed pawns* are those which are unopposed by pawns on the opposite side.

The squares running upward are called *files*, those across the board *ranks*, and the oblique lines of squares *diagonals*.

A *drawn game* is when neither player can win.

Castling is performed by the king moving two squares to the right or left, and by the rook moving one square on his other side, in the same rank or line.



CASTLING.

From his place in this diagram the king moves to the right two squares, and stops on the knight's place, while the rook moves to the king's bishop's square. This is called *castling on the king's side*. If the king *castle on the queen's side* he moves to the queen's bishop's square, and the rook moves to the queen's

square. The king cannot castle if he be in check, or if he pass over a square commanded by an opposite piece, if either he or the rook had previously moved, or if there be not open squares between himself and the castle.

En prise is when a piece is attacked by another piece or pawn.

To win the exchange is to gain a superior for an inferior piece, as a rook for a bishop or knight, a queen for a rook, or a knight for two pawns.

The minor pieces are the bishops and knights.

To interpose, or cover, is to place a piece between the attacked and the attacking forces.

Queening a pawn is to exchange it for a queen when it has reached its eighth square.

J'adoube (I adjust) is a term used when you wish to replace a piece moved a little off its square. Without employing this, or a similar word, you cannot touch a piece or pawn without moving it.

The relative value of the pieces is as follows:—The pawn is the lowest in value. The knight is worth two pawns and a little more, according to the situation of the latter; a bishop is worth three pawns; a rook five pawns, or a minor piece and two pawns; the queen, three minor pieces, or two rooks and a pawn. The king's value cannot be reckoned, as he never can be removed from the board while the game lasts.

Well, all this may appear rather dry reading; but if you would learn to play Chess, you must read and remember these preliminary instructions. In my next article I will explain the system of Chess Notation, and give you the rules; when we may commence playing a game. After that I will show you the various openings and endings of games, and introduce some instructive and amusing problems. You will find as we proceed that there are immense variety and great amusement in Chess-play; and I doubt not all studious boys will take pleasure in acquiring some knowledge of a game that comes to us so well recommended by the learned and the noble; a game that has cheered the solitude of many a scholar, and cheated—how many a thousand times—the hours of their weariness and sickness of its pain; that has never been associated with vice or immorality, but has always been considered as among the most scientific of recreations, and the most harmless and innocent of mental pleasures. For a fine day in the country, out-door sports; for half a dozen boys, a round noisy game; but for two on a winter's evening or a dull wet afternoon, there is no game in the world like Chess!

THE HUNGARIAN HORSE BREAKER.

BY DR. MICHELSEN.

THE myth of the *Centaur*s seems to be personified in the Hungarian Chicosh, who is brought up amongst horses, lives amongst them, associates with them, cares for them, trains and educates them, and becomes, with the exception perhaps of the wild horseman of the Pampas, whom in many respects he resembles, the most skilful horseman on earth.

As early as the age of thirteen years, he usually enters the service either of a nobleman or of the Austrian Government, which latter possesses extensive wild studs in Hungary for the service of their cavalry. They occupy a space of scores of miles, mostly consisting of flat plains, marshes, moors, and heaths. (See Illustration.) There may be seen vast herds of wild horses roaming about in uncontrolled freedom, sporting, multiplying, and enjoying the full liberty of a natural existence, though their least movements do not escape the sharp watchful eye of the managing chicosh, who knows the respective strength, habits, and place of abode of each of them. He knows the birthday of every foal, and the precise period when it should be fit to be brought home for training, to effect which is no easy task. He has not only to catch it from amongst a numerous wild herd, but he must be careful also not to hurt the animal in his efforts to secure it. In setting about this task he makes use of a peculiar instrument known as the *chicosh whip*.

The handle of this whip is about two feet in length, and attached to it, by means of a small iron chain and ring, is a cord about twelve feet long. At the extreme end of the cord is a heavy leaden button: while others, rather smaller, interspersed with little knots at regular intervals, run through the whole length of the cord. Provided with this weapon, in addition to an axe in his belt, the chicosh begins his difficult and dangerous chase.

Mounted on the bare back of a trained horse, the chicosh dashes across the heath with such rapidity that he is only perceptible by the thick dust thrown up by his horse's hoofs. Foregoing the use

of the bridle, which he despises as a mere article of luxury, he successfully guides his steed by his encouraging voice and by the



motion of his hands and feet ; and such is his command over the

obedient animal, that, like the Centaur, the volition of the rider seems to be instantly communicated to his horse.

After chasing the whole herd for several hours, he at last succeeds in approaching the object he is in pursuit of. Swinging his whip round him in wide rapid circles, he pursues the animal in hot speed until he manages to throw the cord round its neck. The leaden point, and the various knots in the middle of the whip, serve to form a regular sling, which narrows and coils round the animal's neck in proportion as it tries to escape. And now begins one of the most exciting and dangerous races imaginable. The furiously-excited victim, feeling the strangling cord around its throat, gathers up all its strength, and makes violent but vain attempts to escape and rid itself of the torture, while the indefatigable pursuer manages to keep all the while at its side, coiling gradually tighter and tighter the choking whip, until, after the lapse of some hours' pursuit and strife, the captive falls to the ground panting for breath, exhausted by desperate exertion, and half dead from strangulation.

This first act accomplished, the chicosh dismounts, and, placing his feet across his fallen foe, begins to relax slightly the tightness of the cord, so as to allow the animal to breathe a little more freely. This relief is no sooner felt than up jumps the wild creature and speeds away again like lightning, but this time with his captor on its back, who now shows his authority by the management of the cord, which he alternately tightens and slackens. After a sharp run of several miles the poor animal once more falls down, and again tries to escape the instant it feels some relaxation of the choking whip. Off it dashes again, the chicosh still on its back, until, after repeated attempts at resistance, it falls down thoroughly subdued, acknowledges the authority of its captor, and rises an obedient slave to his will. During this furious contest, the tame horse of the chicosh either returns quietly to the village, or patiently follows his master like a dog until the conclusion of the chase. The captured horse having now become tractable enough to be led, is taken to the stable, where it undergoes proper breaking and training. The wild creature soon loses its shaggy hair and scared look, learns to bear bridle and saddle and to carry a rider, and passes, in short, from its primitive state of nature to the artificial one of education, which renders it, according to man's notions, "fit for society."

During the last revolution in Hungary, in 1848-9, very many of these dare-devil chicosh served in the Hungarian army. Some

accounts, no doubt much exaggerated, put them down at 40,000. However this may be, there can be no doubt that even two thousand expert chicosh would be capable of causing great havoc in an encounter with regular troops,—a fact amply confirmed by Austrian officers who have come into contact with them. A foot-soldier, after having fired and missed, is a dead man when opposed to a chicosh, whip in hand. The soldier's bayonet may defend him against the dragoon's sabre or the lancer's pike, but it is of no avail against the long whip of the well-mounted chicosh. This deadly weapon hurls him to the ground, or cuts his limbs to pieces with the leaden thong. Even supposing the soldier should manage to reload his gun, it would serve him but little; he would have a better chance of hitting a bird in the air than the mounted chicosh, whose motions are so rapid and irregular, when he spins round and round in narrow circles, that it is next to impossible to take proper aim at him. Neither would an armed horseman be much better off in a single combat with the chicosh. It was fortunate for the Austrian troops that these Centaurs cannot fight in compact ranks with their peculiar weapons; or they might have proved more than a match for them.

In a semi-official report of that period, we read that the centre of an Austrian corps before Komorn had been totally broken by a single regiment of the chicosh. One of these wild horsemen having been taken prisoner, was brought to the camp. The commanding general and his staff, wishing to convince themselves of the prisoner's equestrian skill, ordered a straw dummy to be erected before the tent, and asked the captive whether he would try his skill at it, to which the latter consented, telling them to point out the spot where he was to hit the dummy. This being pointed out, he mounted his horse, whip in hand, and, galloping round the object several times, he at last swung his whip round and hit, to the admiration of all, the precise spot with the leaden end. Having been told to repeat the feat once more, it occurred to the chicosh that he might turn it to his own advantage, by a desperate endeavour to escape from his foes. Mounting his horse, whip in hand for the second time, and galloping round the circle several times with increased rapidity, he at last, with a loud and shrill cry, made his way through the gaping crowd of spectators, across the fields to the bank of the Danube, into which stream he plunged and safely reached the other side, despite the dozen of bullets that were sent after him by his pursuers.

THE YOUNG SAILOR-HERO.

THE golden sun is sinking down into the purple west ;
 And the snowy gulls, with wearied wings, are flying to their rest :
 Heeding not the little ship, whose sails by the gentle breeze are
 prest.

The journey now is nearly o'er, the land is now in sight ;
 The joyful crew stand on the deck, and hail it with delight :
 And they hope to gain the kindly shore before the coming night.

But with an ominous thunder-cloud the sky is overcast ;
 And o'er the restless waves the little bark is scudding fast :
 For the gentle breeze is changing now into a howling blast.

And now, alas ! their cheerfulness is turned to deepest woe :
 For the storm hath overtaken them, the ship heaves to and fro ;
 And ev'ry moment threateneth to sink them all below.

Alas ! alas ! the hand of fate each effort seems to mock :
 For, driven by the furious blast, they strike against a rock,—
 And now the ship is reeling back and sinking 'neath the shock.

One only hope have they—a light is glimmering on the shore :
 But the rescuers' welcome shouts are drowned amid the ocean's
 roar—

They are come—the boat is quickly filled—it cannot carry more.
 There is one remaining on the deck—a youth—there is no room !
 Him they cannot take—the boat would sink, and all would share
 his doom :

Yet his face is lighted up with courage in that fearful gloom !

“ Here will I die ! ” said the gallant lad ; “ good captain, leave
 me here ;

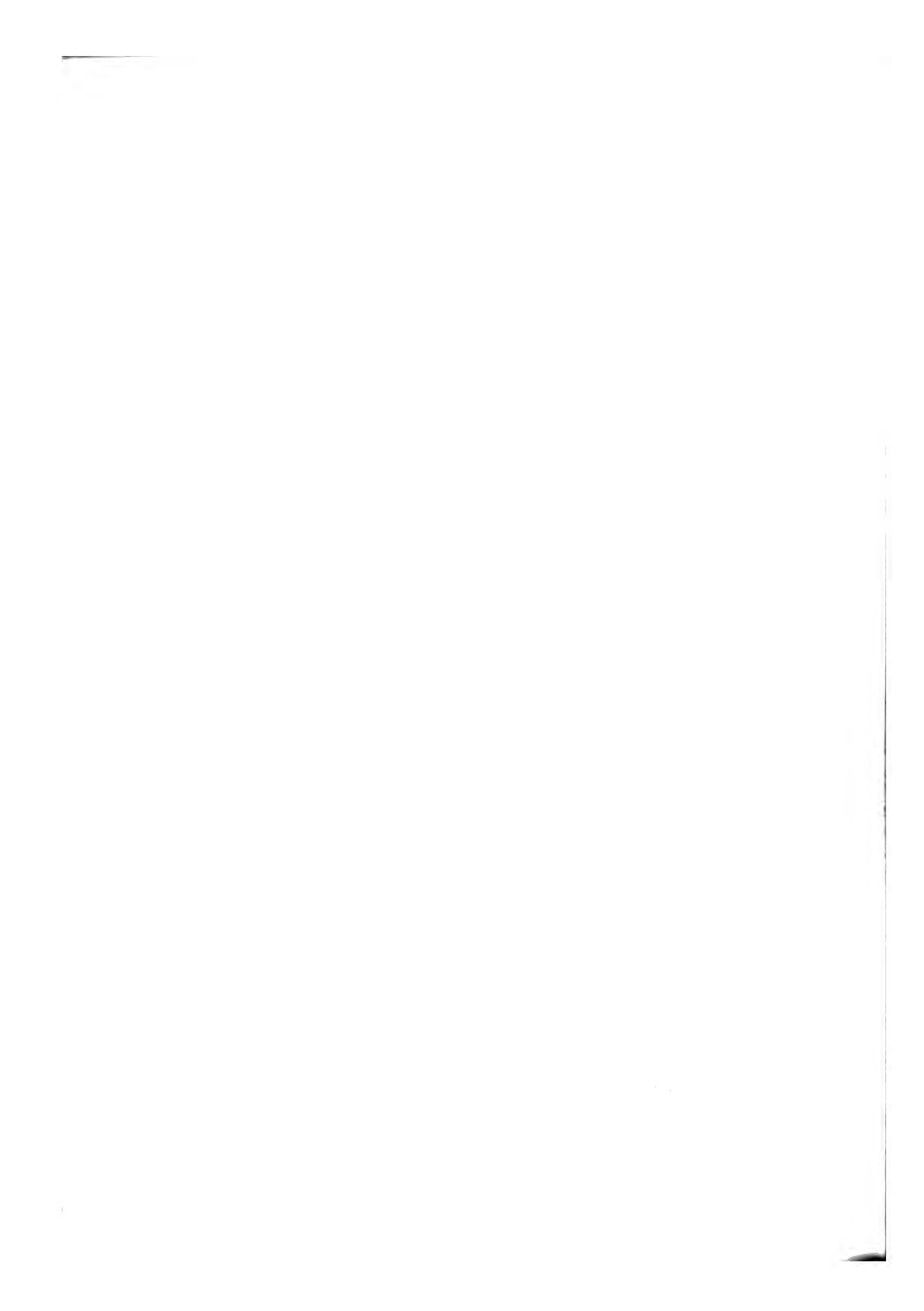
For others claim thy life,—the wife and son whom thou hold'st
 dear :

But I have none at my death to grieve, and to die I do not
 fear.”

They bade the youth a sad farewell,—swift sped the boat away ;
 And faintly, dimly, they espied him, kneeling down to pray :
 Till in the distance and the gloom he faded quite away !

And when the stranger chanced to pass that humble, lonely place,
 The children would this story tell,—adding, with tearful face :—
 “ Thus died the brave young sailor-boy, the last of all his race ! ”

HENRY G. HUNT.





The parting of Cervantes and Lope de Rueda.

THE STORY OF CERVANTES;

WHO WAS A SCHOLAR, A POET, A TRAVELLER, A SOLDIER, A SLAVE AMONG
THE MOORS, AND THE AUTHOR OF DON QUIXOTE.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Our First Great Sea Fight," &c. &c.



CHAPTER V.—Cervantes falls in with the Strolling Players.

ROUSED by a confused hum of many voices, Cervantes woke from his heavy sleep of sorrow, and opened his eyes upon a scene so strange and unexpected that he thought he must still be dreaming.

Assembled in this remote and solitary meadow, which when he entered it was as silent as an oasis in the desert, he beheld a company of some twenty persons of both sexes. They were, for the most part, shabbily and somewhat fantastically dressed, and occupied in various ways. Some were gathered about a fire of blazing sticks, over which a kettle was boiling. One grave-looking Senor was plucking a fowl, while a young man close by was cutting up endive and garlic for a salad. A little farther off, under the shade of the trees, were two youths practising fencing; and nearer the brookside, a lady walked to and fro with a sheet of paper in her hand, from which she read aloud very emphatically, though no one seemed disposed to listen to her. Others of the women were busy with their needles, trimming and mending a heap of faded finery; and in the background, as if to complete this singular picture, stood a cart laden with poles, planks, and rolls of rough canvas, while a couple of mules strolled about in their harness, grazing hither and thither according to their pleasure.

Seeing the boy awake and staring about him, an elderly man, who seemed to be somewhat better dressed than the rest, rose and came towards him.

"You sleep soundly, young sir," said he, courteously.

"I—I have been walking," stammered Cervantes, all bewilderment.

"Youth and exercise are doubtless nature's best opiates," replied the stranger. "Have you a long journey before you?"

"I am on my way to Segovia," said the boy, boldly.

"To Segovia? Then we are fellow-travellers, since we, also, are bound for that city. You, I suppose, young sir, are for the University?"

Cervantes blushed scarlet.

"No," he faltered; "I—I am not going to the University."

"A visitor, then, I presume, during the festival-week."

"I did not know there was a festival," said Miguel, avoiding the question.

The stranger looked at him keenly, and paused before replying.

"I marvel that you should not have heard of it," said he, presently; "for it will be the greatest festival that Spain hath seen during the present century. The new cathedral is to be consecrated, and divine worship transferred thither from the ancient edifice. Segovia will be thronged with strangers. There are to be bull-fights every day, and divers kinds of public amusements for the entertainment of the visitors."

"Indeed!" said Cervantes listlessly, and sighed.

"I could not have taken such news so indifferently when I was of your age," observed the stranger. "Methinks you are over young to greet pleasure with a sigh."

With all his fortitude, Cervantes could hardly keep back the tears that rushed to his eyes. He looked down, muttered something about fatigue and want of longer rest, and rose to go.

"Nay, you leave us not without partaking our wayside meal," said the stranger, laying a kindly hand upon his sleeve. "You are weary, and it is already two hours past noon."

The boy hesitated. He was hungry, but his pride was stronger than his appetite.

"We are a company of players, as you have doubtless guessed ere this," pursued the stranger; "and, as I have already told you, bound for Segovia. For our cookery I cannot say much, but for our goodwill I will vouch. If, therefore, you will give us your companionship on the journey, be assured, young gentleman, that you shall have a hearty welcome."

"I thank you, Senor ——"

"Lope de Rueda, at your service," interposed the player.

"How! the famous Lope de Rueda?" cried Cervantes, eagerly.

"Would that my deserts equalled your courtesy," said Lope, doffing his hat with that grace which belongs only to kings or

players. "I am but a poor gold-beater of Seville, who, for the satisfaction of a roving disposition, hath taken to the sock and buskin."

"Who is the first actor in Spain, and the first poet to boot," said the boy, enthusiastically. "Nay, Senor Lope, I have read your pastorals—I know whole scenes of them by heart!"

"Beware, young sir, or I shall seek to enrol thee among my actors," laughed the player.

"I would desire nothing better," replied Cervantes.

"Your parents, I fear, would not thank me," said Lope, with another of his observant glances. It did not escape him that the boy again blushed, and knew not how to answer.

At this moment one of the company blew a tin trumpet as the signal for dinner, and they all seated themselves in a circle on the grass. The manager placed Cervantes on his right hand; the younger actors handed round the dishes; and a pretty girl, whom they called Catarina, distributed the wine in wooden mugs, there being but one mug for every two persons. In the mean time every one talked and laughed, and ate and drank, and made merry; and Cervantes thought he had never seen such happy souls in his life.

After dinner they harnessed the mules in the cart, packed away provisions, crockery, needlework, and all else upon which they had been occupied, and, leaving the fire still smouldering in a corner of the meadow, resumed their journey.

And now Cervantes found that he had no reason to repent his acquaintance with Lope de Rueda and his company. Every one was kind to him. The women petted him; the men gave him a ride now and then on one of the mules; the manager walked beside him, related stories of theatrical life, and told him the names and histories of all his different actors. Thus the afternoon went by in pleasant talk, and towards sunset they arrived at a small town, where they put up for the night.

CHAPTER VI.—The Comedy at Buytrago, and the Tragedy at Segovia.

LOPE DE RUEDA was no ordinary man. He was a native of Seville, and a gold-beater by trade. Nature, however, had made him a poet, and gifted him with a noble person, a fine voice, a keen sense of the ludicrous and the pathetic, and unusual powers of mimicry. While yet a young man, he abandoned the trade of gold-beating, and, as he would laughingly say, "took to

the hammering out of verses, instead." He gave himself up to the study of books and men, and obtained before long the reputation of a fine scholar. He wrote pastorals, and recited them in public. He wrote comedies, trained a company of actors to perform them, and himself took the leading comic characters. So much genius and such originality could not fail to command the admiration they deserved. Lope de Rueda became the idol of Seville, and his fame both as an actor and author soon spread throughout the country. He was summoned to Madrid, and played before the court. After this, he was invited to Cordova and Toledo; and so, finding his prosperity and his popularity everywhere on the increase, he organized his little band into a regular travelling company, and visited all parts of Spain. Now no festival, no anniversary, no public holiday was complete without Lope de Rueda and his strolling theatre. Hence his journey to Segovia in 1588, where Cervantes fell in with him, and travelled in his train.

Profound interpreter of human nature as he was, the poet had, from the very first, guessed somewhat of the boy's secret. His fatigue, his embarrassment, his eagerness to be ever pushing forward, and his ill-concealed alarm when other travellers came up with them along the road, were all conclusive proofs that he was a fugitive. Lope de Rueda thought, of course, that he had run away from school; and, having taken a liking to the little fellow, resolved to win his confidence, and help him through his troubles, if he could.

It was no very difficult task to conquer the reserve which Cervantes at first strove to maintain. Having found a friend, the boy was only too glad to open his honest heart to him. He told all his little story, not without a rebellious tear or two, and Lope de Rueda listened with silent sympathy.

"So, friend Miguel," said he, when Cervantes had finished, "we are brother-scribes, it would seem. I, however, aspire only to comedies—you have a genius for tragedy, and that of the practical kind. What, murder a Count? Fie on't! Was not a commoner good enough for you?"

"I had not thought you meant to mock me, Senor Rueda," said Cervantes, the proud blood mounting to his brow.

The poet laughed good-humouredly.

"Nor do I, my child," replied he. "I believe, in good truth, that your Count is as much dead as you or myself. Depend on it, he hath no worse ailment than cowardice. 'Tis a mean-spirited,

beggarly hound—not worth an inch of a brave fellow's cudgel! Think no more of him. When we reach Segovia, I will write to thy father, and make all straight again. In the mean time, thou art my guest—so let us be merry while we may!”

Cervantes pressed the kind hand frankly extended, but he could not be merry; for his father's anger, and his mother's anguish, were constantly before him. He thought of all they must suffer, before any letter could reach them; and he made a thousand good resolutions for his future conduct, when he should be once more at home and forgiven. Then another very unpleasant recollection kept recurring to him, and that was that he had no money.

“You—you are very good Senor Lope,” he stammered, after an awkward silence. “I fear I must, indeed, be your guest till—till my father knows what has become of me, for——”

“For your purse, I suppose, is tolerably empty of ducats? Nay, blush not, young gentleman; we actors are familiar with poverty, and think no shame of it. I have known what it is to breakfast and dine upon a few handfuls of chestnuts, or a slice of melon! Just now, thanks be to the gods! our coffers are in excellent condition, and in Segovia we shall win a golden harvest. Meanwhile, as I said before, you are my guest. Our road is your road—our fare, such as it is, shall be your fare—and we, in return for your good company, will inflict our tediousness upon you. To-night, by the way, you shall see a play acted.”

“A play! Do you act to-night?” cried Cervantes, hardly crediting his ears.

“Ay, at Buytrago. So we pay our travelling charges, friend Miguel, and make the evening's work defray the night's lodging.”

Thus pleasantly chatting, they journeyed along, having started on their way in the early morning, before the heat came on. At every step they now drew nearer and nearer to the great Guadarama mountains, and before noon began to find the ground gradually ascending. At mid-day they halted to dine in a little wood, beside a mountain stream, where they caught some trout, and lit their fire, and rested merrily for two or three hours. Then they again packed up their movables, and journeyed on, now climbing the mountain-road in earnest; and arrived, late in the afternoon, at Buytrago, a quaint little Moorish-looking town, perched high above the plain.

Here they halted for the night; and, having obtained permission from the corregidor, proceeded to set up their theatre in the market-place. To unload the cart, to fix the poles, to stretch the canvas,

and construct a tent capable of holding a hundred people, was the work of less than an hour. This done, one of the younger members of the company went round the town with a tin trumpet, and proclaimed that there would be a comedy performed that evening at seven o'clock by the celebrated Senor Lope de Rueda and his famous company.

In the mean time, Cervantes was admitted to all the secrets of the stage and the dressing-room. The stage consisted of a flooring of loose boards raised on wooden blocks at a distance of about four feet from the ground. An old tapestry curtain at the back was all the scenery with which they were provided, and behind it the actors dressed, and the musicians were stationed. As for the theatrical wardrobe, it could not well be more scanty. A few tawdry ribbons for the women, four white cloaks bordered with gilt leather for the men; a few false beards, some shepherds' crooks, and a stock of red, white, and black paint, were all the "properties" then deemed necessary for the Spanish stage. In this respect, Lope de Rueda and his company were no worse off than other players, and it was not till after his death that scenery and costume were introduced into the drama.

At seven o'clock Miguel went round to the front, and became one of the audience. The corregidor, and some others of the chief townsmen and their families, sat in the front, while at the back the rest of the audience were crowded together on narrow benches formed of rough planks supported on barrels. The performances began with a ballad sung behind the curtain to the accompaniment of an old guitar. Then two shepherds and a shepherdess made their appearance. The shepherds made love to her in verse, and she refused to listen to either. Presently a Biscayan boor came on. He covered the shepherds with ridicule—he made puns on every word they uttered—he courted the shepherdess before their eyes, and he convulsed the audience with laughter. In this boor Cervantes recognized Lope de Rueda; but his delight and his wonder went beyond mere mirth. His heart beat—he could scarcely breathe—he forgot the audience, the place, his own troubles, everything save the play, and the genius that created it.

By and by appeared a rich old shepherd, a negro, a barber, and the barber's wife. The Biscayan, who was throughout the hero and practical joker of the piece, cudgelled the negro, quarrelled with the barber, mystified his wife, turned out to be the son of the rich shepherd, and was at last rewarded for his wit and mischief with the hand of the fair shepherdess. It was but a simple plot;

yet, simple as it was, it carried with it every sympathy of the spectators. They laughed till the tent rocked again, during the comic dialogues. They shouted "Well done, Biscayan!" when Lope cudgelled the negro. They wept when he fell on the old shepherd's neck, and implored a father's blessing. As for Cervantes, he felt as if he had dropped down from heaven to earth when it was all over, and sat like a statue long after the audience had dispersed. Presently a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and he started as if he had been roused from a deep sleep.

"How now, brother scribe," said Lope, laughing. "Didst not approve of my acting to-night? Methinks thou wert the only one who neither laughed nor applauded."

"How could I do aught," replied the boy, "but wonder?"

Whereupon the poet made him another of his courtly bows, and said,—

"I had sooner play to thee for audience and receive that criticism for my guerdon, Miguel Cervantes, than have mine ears deafened and my pockets filled with ducats by any mob in Spain!"

On the second day after this event they reached Segovia, having crossed the great mountains by a rocky pass where neither trees nor grass were to be found, and the ground was clothed only with a reddish-brown moss. They arrived after sunset, so that Cervantes could discern but the outlines of a rock-built city, rising in the midst of a deep valley, surrounded by dim lines of Moorish battlements and turrets, and approached on one side by the arches of a gigantic aqueduct. That night Lope de Rueda and his company put up at a hostelry in the suburbs, and in the morning the poet and his young friend went together into the city, to make arrangements for setting up the theatre on an enlarged scale, and to see something of the new cathedral.

And behold! almost the first person whom the fugitive encountered, face to face in the market-place, was his cousin and godfather, Miguel de Correa!

Poor Cervantes! He was taken by the collar at once, like an escaped criminal. His cousin had heard of his flight; but as the Count had kept discreetly silent on the subject of his own cowardice, no reason had been found for his disappearance. His mother believed him drowned or murdered. His father had issued printed descriptions of him, and offered rewards for his discovery. All Alcala de Henares was in a ferment, and prayers had even been offered up for his safety if living, or his soul if dead, in the Church of St. Mary the Greater.

"You go back to your parents, sirrah, this very day!" stormed Don Miguel de Correa.

In vain the poor boy explained the causes of his flight; in vain Lope de Rueda interceded for him with all the eloquence of which he was master. Cousin Correa was inexorable.

"No, by Saint Jago!" said he. "He deserves all the punishment he can get; he shall not stay an hour."

So our poor little hero was handed over to the care of a troop of muleteers just starting for Alcala de Henares, and Lope de Rueda walked with them to the top of a steep hill, about a mile beyond the city gates, where he and Cervantes took leave of each other with embraces and lamentations.

"I shall never, never forget thee, Senor Rueda," sobbed the boy.

"Nor I thee, my Miguel. Fare thee well!"

So they parted; and Cervantes, many and many a year afterwards, in the preface to a collection of his own comedies, remembered his old friend, and embalmed his fame against all the accidents of time to come.

"That boy will be a great man, some day!" sighed the poet, as he went slowly back to his inn. "Now, by my faith, I had given ten gold pieces sooner than have parted from him!"

CHAPTER VII.—Cervantes at Salamanca.

WE cannot follow Cervantes step by step through all the years of his boyhood. Such a record would fill a greater number of volumes than most readers care to peruse, or most authors to write. Let us, then, take the more important events, and leave the lesser; passing rapidly over the time that lay between.

For the first few years after his ignominious return from Segovia, our young Miguel pursued his education under the care of a certain ecclesiastic named Juan Lopez de Hoyos, a man of vast learning, and a professor of literature and *belles lettres*. He received the boy as one of his private pupils, and found him a promising scholar; quick, apprehensive, gifted with a retentive memory, a fine ear, and an unusual amount of discrimination. The professor himself could scarcely detect an error in logic, or a false quantity, more readily than Cervantes. It must be confessed, however, that the lad was not always quite so steady a student as he might have been. He tormented the poor professor sadly at

times; had deplorable fits of idleness, now and then, as of old; and inveterately preferred Homer to Aristotle, Virgil to Tacitus, and the *Cançionero General* (a collection of Spanish ballads) to all the wisdom of all the ancients put together. Nay, worse than this, he was terribly given to scribbling rhymes and pastorals when he ought to have been quite otherwise employed; and often, when his master believed him to be hard at work upon Euclid, or deep in Cicero's *Academics*, he was scrawling sonnets on the margin of his book, or drawing caricatures of the professor himself, and his ancient sister, Donna Maria.

Thus matters went on till Cervantes was between eighteen and nineteen; when being, despite all his shortcomings, a very tolerable scholar for his age, the youth was despatched to the famous University of Salamanca, to finish his education.

And now, for the first time, our hero lived in a great city, saw something of life, and began to look upon himself as a young man. He had an annual allowance from his father—scanty enough, it is true; but still sufficient to enable him now and then to take a cheap ticket for a bull-fight, or a gallery-seat in the theatre. And he enjoyed the dignity of living in chambers—that is to say, he lodged on the fifth story in a great house in the street of the Moors, where he had a sitting-room of ten feet square, and a cupboard which he called his bed-room. Here, however, with youth, hope, good spirits, and health, he lived as happily as a king. His favourite poets lay unrebuked upon his breakfast-table. He could scribble as many bad pastorals as he liked, and no one was the wiser. Above all, he made plenty of friends among the undergraduates of his college. He possessed, indeed, precisely those qualifications of temper and those personal accomplishments which are most becoming in youth. He was brave as a lion, generous as a prince, tender-hearted as a woman; and though, perhaps, a trifle too hot-headed and passionate, he was as ready to repair a fault as to commit it. Besides all this, he was a capital fencer, a bold horseman, a fleet runner, a good dancer, a first-rate mimic, and, as a companion, so ready-witted and amusing that, before he had been many weeks in Salamanca, no pleasure-party or student's supper was complete without him. Then, with all his love of mischief, he was so good-natured that it was no wonder his fellow-collegians loved him. He was ever ready to help those who were more idle or less clever than himself; and his poetical talents were always in request. Either Pépé wanted his hexameters smoothed—or Carlos, who was competing

for the prize poem, could not, for the life of him, think of a subject—or Guzman, who was in love with the corregidor's daughter, required a sonnet that should express within the space of fourteen lines all the admiration and despair of which the collegiate heart is capable at the mature age of nineteen.

In these, and similar emergencies, Cervantes was the universal resource, and his ready pen soon extricated the supplicants from all their difficulties. Thus he began already to acquire some little reputation as a poet; and when, occasionally, a graceful ballad, a comic dialogue, or an epigram more than usually witty, came to be handed about the University, or even found its way accidentally into print, the little world of Salamanca was wont to whisper the name of Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra.

His chief friend at this time was a young man named Diego Montalba, a wild clever fellow, who was always getting into broils, running in debt, or quarrelling with his landlady. He lodged in the same house with Cervantes, and many a mad prank they played together, as the college legends tell. To this day it is remembered how they one night patrolled the streets of Salamanca, blindfolding and handcuffing every watchman that they met; and how, on another occasion, when the Alcalde Mayor and all the heads of the colleges had one day gone up to the top of a high Moorish tower in the very heart of the city, on a visit of archæological investigation, these two mischief-loving students quietly turned the key of an upper staircase on the whole learned party, and there left them, till they were accidentally released some hours after.

One of their most amusing practical jokes, however, was played off at the expense of Cervantes's old enemy, the Count of Guadalajara, who happened to be studying in the same University. This young man had not improved with years. He continued to be as haughty and insolent as ever, and was, besides, both idle, ignorant, and self-indulgent. Being an orphan, and very wealthy, he had large funds at his command, and spent them as he pleased. To be possessed of much money and little wit is, perhaps, the greatest moral misfortune that can befall a very young man. The Count of Guadalajara presented a striking instance of the evil consequences of such a combination. He valued wealth solely as a means of personal enjoyment and aggrandisement. Parsimonious towards others, he was generous only to himself. He denied himself nothing. His lodgings, his horses, his fine clothes, were the admiration of every foolish fellow in Salamanca; and as for his

table, he was known to have every delicacy that could be procured in or out of season. In short, he was a confirmed glutton, and as sickly, bilious, and inactive as all gluttons deservedly are; so Diego Montalba and Miguel Cervantes determined to give him a lesson which he should not readily forget.

It happened that the Cardinal Espinosa, President of the Royal Council, and Inquisitor-General of Spain, passed, on one occasion, through the province of Leon, and visited the city of Salamanca, where he was received with great honour. Being solicited to inspect the colleges, he rested two days at the University, and each day was invited to a splendid public banquet, where he dined in state at a separate table, while the heads of the colleges, the city authorities, the professors, and the students of rank, occupied four long tables in the centre of the hall. The students of lower degree had a collation spread for them in another room, which communicated by means of a gallery with the great hall; and from this gallery they could, if they pleased, witness the banquet below. In consequence of this arrangement, the Count of Guadalajara feasted with the grandees, while Cervantes and his friend dined at the far merrier tables of the untitled collegians. What laughter there was among them! How inimitably comic was Diego Montalba, and how Cervantes, with his brilliant wit and admirable mimicry, kept his neighbours in a roar! Not one of the least sources of their mirth was an occasional peep at the Count of Guadalajara from the gallery of communication.

"He has demolished seven dishes of ortolans!" said one.

"He is storming the great game pyramid in the centre of the long table!" added another.

"He has cleared every dish within arm's length," said a third, "and presides, like a victorious warrior, over the slain!"

"We shall see him, when the banquet is over," laughed a fourth, "sitting sublime amid the fallen pasties, like Marius in the ruins of Carthage!"

By and by, Miguel, and Diego, and three others, rose up and stole quietly away. One might have guessed from their faces that they were bent upon mischief. First of all, they went to the market, which, as the banquet had been held in the middle of the day, was still open. There they bought a couple of fowls, a quarter of kid, and various proportions of eggs, olives, figs, parsley, onions, and rice. These they carried to a cook's shop at the corner of the market-place, and gave orders for the preparation of a gigantic

olla podrida.* Towards dusk, when the *olla* was ready, they disguised themselves in long furred cloaks and false beards, and carried the huge smoking tureen in solemn procession to the lodgings of the Count of Guadalajara.

Cervantes, having a white wand in his hand, and a huge chain of mock gold about his neck, knocked loudly for admission.

"What do you want?" yawned a sleepy footman.

"We come," said Cervantes, "charged with a special mission to the most noble Count of Guadalajara."

"The Count is taking his siesta," said the valet, saucily. "You cannot see him."

"Though he were dying, we must see him," replied Cervantes, with an air of great importance.

The footman made as if he would shut the door in their faces.

"Varlet!" thundered Cervantes, producing a great folded paper, "tell thy master that a special deputation, bearing greeting from the most noble and reverend Cardinal Don Diego Espinosa, desireth instant speech with him!"

The footman turned pale, bowed down to the very ground, and ushered them, with the utmost ceremony, into the Count's apartment. The Count rose to receive them, looking somewhat perplexed and apprehensive.

"You come, gentlemen," said he, "from"

"His eminence the most noble and reverend Cardinal Don Diego Espinosa," interrupted Cervantes pompously, opening the great paper, and flourishing his wand. "The most noble Cardinal to the Count of Guadalajara sendeth greeting. Whereas it hath, by the most noble Cardinal, been observed with displeasure and disgust that the Count of Guadalajara did, both to day and yesterday, at the banqueting tables, devour and consume the food there provided in an uncourtly and unseemly fashion, sinfully unbecoming in a nobleman of Spain, he is hereby condemned, in punishment thereof, to empty the accompanying vessel of right-good cookeries, within the space of one hour, on pain of expulsion from the royal universities, and payment of a fine of one thousand golden ducats. (Signed) ESPINOSA, Cardinal, and Inquisitor-General."

The unfortunate gourmand clasped his hands in mute horror, and gazed upon the steaming chaos of meats and vegetables.

* A dish composed of all kinds of food,—fish, flesh, fowl, fruit, and vegetables,—cooked and made hot together.

Is there no help for it?" stammered he.

The five students shook their heads solemnly.

The Count took some gold pieces from his desk. "If—if you, gentlemen," said he, beseechingly, "were to—to honour me by accepting a few gold ducats, and would not object to supping" . . .

"Unprincipled monster!" cried Cervantes, holding up his hands. "Gentlemen of the deputation, he dares to offer us a bribe! No, Count of Guadalajara; we are incorruptible. Eat, Sir Count!"

"Eat, Sir Count!" echoed the four others.

So the wretched Count sat down, and made the effort. At the third mouthful, he dropped his knife and fork.

"If you would but consider, gentlemen," said he, "that I dined at the banquet not two hours since, and" . . .

"Eat, Sir Count!" interposed Cervantes, authoritatively.

"Eat, Sir Count!" echoed the four others, as before.

The Count tried again. The perspiration rose in beads upon his forehead. He pushed his plate away.

"I cannot," he said, faintly; "'twere death—death by repletion! Here, Gomez!"

An elderly man-servant made his appearance.

"Take the key of my bureau, and make out an order for one thousand ducats. Gentlemen, I will leave Salamanca to-morrow. His Eminence will not enforce that I be publicly expelled?"

"We will report your lordship's submission," said Cervantes, gravely. "Doubtless his Eminence will be merciful."

So, carrying with them the order for the one thousand ducats, they went back to Miguel's lodgings, and there wrote a bantering letter to the Count, returning his money, and advising him to be less greedy in future. After which they spent a merry evening together, and supped off the remains of the *olla podrida*.

The story was soon known all over the University; and the Count, unable to discover the perpetrators of the joke, or to endure the ridicule with which he was met wherever he made his appearance, was glad, before long, to leave Salamanca and retire to his estates.

Thus, in boyish frolics, and study, and the writing of sonnets and pastorals numberless, glided away the pleasant years of our hero's college life, till the month of October, 1568, when Queen Isabella of Valois died. Then Senor Juan Lopez de Hoyos, who had been of late promoted to the literary professorship of Madrid, remembered the poetical talents of his former pupil, and sum-

moned Cervantes to aid him in the composition of certain elegies, inscriptions, and funeral orations which were needed for the royal funeral. So Miguel took a hasty farewell of his fellow-students, and repaired to Madrid, where events happened by which the whole course of his after-life was influenced.

CHAPTER VIII.—Our hero finds a patron, and enters on a new path in life.

QUEEN ISABELLA was buried on the 24th of October, 1568, with a pomp and splendour which in our time would be deemed too theatrical for so solemn an occasion, but which was in accordance with the taste of three centuries ago. The church of Descalzas Reales was hung throughout with draperies and banners of black velvet, embroidered in silver with Spanish and Latin couplets, heraldic devices, and funereal emblems. A waxen image of the deceased queen, dressed in her robes of state, was carried before the coffin in the procession, and stood beside it at the altar. Learned professors read poems and orations in her honour; a cardinal preached the funeral sermon; a *miserère* was performed by four hundred musicians; and the church was lined from end to end by a triple row of halberdiers, with torches in their hands.

Cervantes witnessed the whole of this splendid pageant from the gallery above the great entrance. He had the right to be there; for not only were many of the embroidered inscriptions composed by him, but the poetical elegy recited by Professor Juan Lopez Hoyos was also of his writing. The next day there appeared an account of the last illness, death, and obsequies of the deceased princess, written by Hoyos, and published by royal command, in which this elegy and four other poems by "his most favourite and much-loved scholar, Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra," were prominently inserted by the good ecclesiastic.* Thus, then, was our student brought for the first time before the public as a man of letters.

Not many weeks after these events, he received, much to his surprise, the honour of an invitation to dine with the Papal ambassador, Prince Julio Aquaviva, son of the Duke of Atri.

"I must, perforce, excuse myself," mused Cervantes, dolefully; "for how could I, in my threadbare academic gown, sit at his excellency's table? His very lackeys would scout me!"

* *Vide* Roscoe's "Life and Writings of Cervantes."

But Juan Lopez had his pupil's welfare at heart, and could not endure that he should miss a patron for the want of a doublet.

"Tush, lad!" said he, "an' that be all, shalt have a suit of the best murrey-coloured cloth in Madrid!"

Cervantes coloured up to the roots of his hair, half with gratitude, and more than half with pride.

"It may not be, good father," he replied. "My parents are poor, and I have well-nigh emptied their purse at Salamanca. As for myself, I have no means to repay thee."

"Thou shalt repay me, lad, when thou art a popular poet, or a placeman at court."

And so, after some hesitation and persuasion, Cervantes accepted the loan of twenty gold crowns, and was measured for a full suit of murrey-coloured cloth, turned up with velvet, and a cloak to match.

On the appointed day, he presented himself at the ambassador's door, and was ushered into a reception-room full of company. An aristocratic-looking young man, scarcely twenty years of age, and dressed entirely in black, advanced to meet him.

"You are welcome, Senor Cervantes," he said, taking him cordially by the hand. "I have read your poems, and rejoice to know their author. We must be better acquainted."

This youth was Julio Aquaviva.

Presently they went down to dinner. Cervantes had never sat at so splendid a table, nor in such society. Wits, poets, historians, officers, painters, and men of rank, met there as equals. The conversation was brilliant; the fare delicate; the host courteous, princely, well-read, and entertaining. After the cloth was removed, rare wines and sweetmeats were handed round, and his excellency led the way to a general discourse upon literary topics. Cervantes, inspired by the subject and the company in which he found himself, spoke of the vocation of the poet with modesty and enthusiasm. He was heard with applause; and when he rose, later in the evening, to take his leave, the Prince drew him aside into the deep embrasure of a window, and said, "Senor Cervantes, you are a native, I believe, of Salamanca?"

To which he replied, "I am a student of Salamanca, your excellency; but a native of Alcala de Henares."

"Are you much attached, Senor Cervantes, to Spain as a residence?"

"I love Spain, as a Spaniard, my lord," replied Miguel, somewhat surprised by the inquiry.

"Precisely—as I love Italy. Yet love I not Italy so that I can take no pleasure elsewhere. You would not, perhaps, dislike to travel into other lands—for instance, to visit Rome?"

"To visit Rome, my lord, hath been one of the dreams of my life," said Cervantes, with a sudden leaping of the heart.

The Prince smiled, and laid his hand on the student's shoulder.

"If you will take service with me, senor," he said, graciously, "and journey with me, in the office of chamberlain, to the court of his Holiness, I would fain rob King Philip of his subject."

"I shall be honoured in the permission to attach myself to your excellency's suite," replied Cervantes, bowing low.

"Then it is a treaty signed and concluded. Remember, senor, that we depart hence in six days, and that I shall look for you at my table to-morrow."

Cervantes went back to his lodgings as if he were treading on air. He was chamberlain to the Duke of Atri! He was to visit Rome—Virgil, Cicero, Cæsar's Rome! What a life of travel, of adventure, of poetry, was opening before him!

Poor fellow! he believed his fortune already made; and so, with his imagination all on fire, sat down that very night to write to his parents, and tell them of the prosperity that had befallen him!

(To be continued.)



ANSWER TO CHARADE ON PAGE 239.

SUN-DAY.

HINTS ON CRICKET.

By the Author of "The Cricket Field."

HAVING taken your stand close up to your block-hole, or what is now more commonly called "guard," *while the ball is passing from the bowler's hand, always throw back the point of your bat to the bails.* Thus the end of the handle will point nearly towards the bowler, and the whole bat will be in a line drawn from your wicket to the bowler's hand. The use of this position is, first, that when the bat is once in the line of the wicket, there is no danger of its getting out of the line; in other words, you cannot help playing straight: whereas, if once you take up your bat across-wicket, you cannot possibly bring it forward otherwise than across-wicket to the ball that you are at the time preparing to receive. If you doubt it you can easily try the experiment with a bat and an imaginary ball on the seam of the carpet.

The second use of throwing back the bat to the bails is, that it necessitates good wrist-play. The bat must then be played to meet the ball, instead of the ball striking the bat and falling powerless. This is another element in hard hitting: indeed, every block then becomes a hit, and the power of bringing the bat to meet and hit the ball will increase, till you will find, as they say of Parr, that his blocking of a ball is often equal to another man's hit.

The third use is, it gives greater quickness in defence. In back-play you thus will always be in a position to meet instead of following or running back after the ball. In dropping down upon a shooter—and nobody can do this more safely and easily than Carpenter—this position of the bat is most essential.

Never bat with a bent knee. "But a boxer and a fencer are drawn in every picture with a bent knee." True, but this is only while they are on the spring; but, in the act of a straight blow or a thrust, the knee is always rigid enough. You should not even stand at guard with a bent knee. Look at Hayward's position. For the limb, when bent, is on the quiver, and not easy and at

rest: but, above all, when you take up your bat you must draw yourself up to your full height, and play as tall as you would naturally stand. "Playing tall" is a great point in a batsman.

The use of this position is, first, that without a straight limb—as without a steady and composed one—you cannot exert half your strength or half your quickness. This assertion is easily put to the test.

Take up your bat first with a bent knee and then with a straight knee—first stooping and then upright; try the experiment by an



imaginary hit in your room—(fire-side anglers may be ridiculous but a fireside cricketer may learn a great deal)—and you will soon perceive that you have not half your power or quickness unless you stand up like a man, open your chest, lower your shoulders, and, in short, look as much to advantage as if you were having your cricket photograph taken. Dakin, the player, was the first man who ever called my attention to this point—I have ever

since observed that thousands throw half their height and half their strength away. Look, again, at Hayward: when he plays he looks every inch a man. Upright, composed, and easy—with good wrist-play. A straight knee must therefore be added to the other elements of hard hitting.

Again, with a straight knee and playing tall (much the same thing), you can command much more ground forward and more ground in every direction in which the ball can come. Conse-

quently, playing tall improves your defence; because it enables you to smother or to drive away so many more balls at the pitch than you could otherwise command, before they rise abruptly, cut, and shoot, or otherwise become dangerous; and, let it always be remembered as an axiom in batting, that every ball is dangerous to play back exactly in proportion to the ease with which you could (by better reach) have played the same ball forward.

Lastly, by playing tall and with straight knee you stand well above the ground,—you look down, as it were, into the angle made by the ball at its pitch; consequently, you can judge the length of the ball better. “But did you never see Mr. H., once a first-rate batsman, standing with his head just over the handle of his bat?” True, but he was never a first-rate hitter: this attitude was his failing, and effectually took away from his power as a batsman. This was all against him. It is true that in this position you may judge the straightness of the ball, but this is no difficulty; whereas, the length of the ball is harder to judge when the head is low, because the ball is all the more foreshortened. For, just as a man on a bridge above a railway can see the approach of the train far better than a man on the same level; so, the man who looks down on the ball and ground together, is assisted greatly in judging of the length or the exact distance of the pitch.

As to avoiding the bent knee and playing tall, there is no greater mistake than to suppose that a man must stoop and play low in order to have a good defence against shooters. Because (1), by playing tall with longer reach forward, you prevent the most dangerous balls from becoming shooters, by smothering them or meeting them at the pitch. (2), by playing tall you compel the bowler to pitch shorter, and thus all the shooters he can bowl will be less dangerous, allowing you a longer sight. (3), by playing tall and upright you have greater quickness, having the free use of all your limbs.—Only try the action of blocking in a stooping and in a more upright position, and you will perceive the difference at once. No men were ever safer with a shooter than Wenman, among the past, and Carpenter or Hayward, among the present players, and they always played, as we are recommending, tall and upright.

Having thus learned the proper position, with full reach as to the ground you can cover and full command of all your limbs, the next thing is to learn to hit. You cannot do better than to fasten any kind of ball to a string, which may hang from the ceiling, or from a beam,—or more conveniently from a cord

stretched across from one tree to another, so that the ball hangs about six inches from the ground, at the end of a string. If the string is fifteen feet long, so much the better; though half that scope for the oscillating ball will serve very well. A child's quartered soft ball will be best in a room, and an old cricket-ball in a piece of net—the more easily to attach it to the string—is best for the playground. Well, all being ready, you can hit straight forward; or you can cut, as the ball swings past you to the right, and hit round to the leg, as it passes you to the left. You can also study the effect of timing the hit, the effect of wrist play, and the effect of a free arm—not glued to the side, but working freely from the shoulder.

It will soon appear that there is one way, and one way only, to make the ball fly away like a shot, going so clean off the bat that you scarcely feel it; and this is the test of clean hitting—of the ball going off "sweet." You will learn, also, not to grasp the bat too tight, and to hit with a kind of loose fling of the bat, which characterizes all brilliant play, the bat appearing quite a feather-weight in your hand.

This we call "chamber practice." It is playing with a dummy: just as boxers learn to hit hard by practising upon a sack. All the time you are practising, be sure that you stand well upon your feet, and hit composedly and quietly. Do not try to hit beyond your strength; for, unless you hit the ball at the right moment, and with the right part of your bat, no strength avails. There is only one way of hitting with a bat, namely, by whirling the bat in a circle, and the more rapid the whirl the harder the hit; and this rapid whirl, common-sense shows you, must require a free and loose arm, and is much assisted by the wrists being thrown back so as to admit of being brought forward and becoming straight at the moment the bat meets the ball. Thus you have two actions instead of one.

The next move in the art of batting is to procure some one to bowl to you. In the first instance, never mind how bad the length, provided the bowling is within reach. Play every ball in good form, as prescribed above, and endeavour simply "to get your hand and eye in," and to become used to judge of time, pace, and distance; in short, to gain experience. The first thing is to be able to hit and stop unscientific bowling.

To form the habit of hand and eye going together is one of the great points in Cricket-playing. In shooting you look at the bird, and the hand brings up the gun of itself—it unconsciously obeys

the will, and follows the eye. This readiness marks the proficient in Cricket as in shooting. With the good player, every ball seems to dictate its corresponding position. There is one way, and one way only, to receive each kind of ball, and the good player places his hand or forms himself at a glance in the posture required.

This habit of hand and eye going together depends on practice. In the middle of a season, while playing frequently, there are certain hits which you feel you could never miss, but once leave off practice for awhile and you will miss a long hop, perhaps, and yet more likely a "home toss." A home toss is often missed even by a good player, if he is not in practice, because he is apt to hit across wicket, and with some tosses he cannot help doing so.

Wicket-keeping is good practice for hand and eye, and so also is fielding generally, for, whatever causes you to watch the ball and allow for its pace, helps your batting also.

By this time I suppose you have attained all requisite power of execution—you can hit what you aim at well and strongly, that is, as far as it is practicable to hit anything; but now comes the question, what to play for,—what is there on the ball,—when to hit and when only to stop; in other words, I must say something on the science of the game.

The first thing is to know, *when to play forward and when to play back*. Of course I presume that you have some one at hand to explain common terms. The best rule is this: Stand with your right foot in your ground, and, in the manner and style of forward play, try how far from your ground you can plant your bat, while you hold it sufficiently inclined to keep the ball down. At this point, wherever it may be (adding two feet for the ball to rise without passing over the bat), make a mark by planting a feather a little out of the line of the wicket—a mark visible to the bowler, but not a mark to divert your own eye. When you have thus measured your reach, it will be evident that all the ground on your side of this mark is ground you can safely command, and every ball that pitches on it you can meet at the pitch, and cover in all its rising, shooting, or twisting propensities, by one safe and simple forward action. Mr. Ward, even at sixty years of age, would not have missed one in a hundred of such balls; all balls pitched so far he would have counted as safe to be stopped, if not certain to be driven away.

Having thus ascertained the length of the balls you ought to play forward, the art is to carry this measured distance always in your eye, as a correct standard of judgment. This is difficult at first,

because a ball never appears to the learner to pitch where it does pitch; but, if you doubt where any ball has pitched, you have only to ask, "Which side of the mark?" and you will ascertain at once whether it was within reach and fit for forward play, or whether you ought to have played it back.

This sudden and almost intentional perception of balls within or not within your reach, is the great principle of good and safe play. For, when a ball pitches, for the moment you almost lose sight of it, and till it has risen, or come in a foot or two after the pitch, you cannot judge it again. Therefore, till you are a judge of lengths, and can form in an instant, either for forward or for back play, you will doubt when you ought to act, and "if you doubt you are lost." Old Lillywhite's famous trick in bowling used to be (as every bowler's ought to be) to bowl, alternately, nearer and further from the critical length. He well knew, that if he "could catch the player in two minds, which way to play," it would cause a mistake.

The best rule is to play every ball forward that lies within your command to play forward. This is not sanctioning the fashion of straining forward at balls which there is plenty of time to play back; but a man can never do wrong in forward play, when he can, from his ground, reach within two feet of the pitch of the ball, and that with ease, and no risk of losing his balance. Good players can carry forward-play even further still; but such things are not to be encouraged in learners. It is a good rule to say, "When in doubt, play back," because every ball may be stopped back though many balls cannot so safely be played forward.

As to back-play, the secret is to foresee, at once, that the ball must be played back and to prepare accordingly; remembering, above all, to follow the ball with the eye right up to the bat, and to look steadily at it, fully prepared for its turning in, or "breaking back." But, too many players play at the pitch and not at the ball; that is, they present the bat according to the ball's direction when it pitched, without considering that spinning bowling is always liable to turn or break away contrary to all calculation.

In playing back, there is a way of making almost every block into a hit by wrist-play; there is also a way of turning almost all forward-play into "a drive," by a forcible way of playing forward. To teach this I can only give notice that it is to be done, and direct attention to the finest players to learn the way.

As to forward play, every first-rate player with an overpitched ball knows how to *step* in (I say *step* in; for good players never

run in with hop, step, and jump), and thus to add force to his drive; but no one before the maturity of university experience—no schoolboy—will do wisely in leaving his ground. The chief reason is, that stepping in puts a learner out of form. Until you are very experienced in playing within your ground, you will spoil your play if you attempt to go out. Add to this, it requires an old head and much experience to discriminate *when* to step in. Once form a bad habit of stepping in, and you will be sure to do so, however strongly your resolution before, and however great your vexation afterwards.

Avoid forming bad habits of play. And to this end, remember that a habit grows out of repeated acts.—The sailor who was always tapping his biscuit against the table at sea to shake the maggots out, laid a bet that he would not do so ashore; but habit was too strong for him—his hand betrayed him into the old trick with the first biscuit he took up. Tricks of biting nails, also, or fidgeting with a button, we all know are habits which cannot be laid aside at pleasure. The habit of swiping at dangerous balls, and playing across wicket, as also the habit of stepping in, will be formed from a few hours' loose play, and stick to you throughout life.

It is common to hear men say, "If such a man only would be persuaded to play steadily, and not hit when he knows it is dangerous, he would be a first-rate bat;" but the truth is, this is not a matter of persuasion or of will; the man has formed a habit of wild play, and therefore he must play wild—by swiping across wicket, perhaps, or by cutting at straight balls—in spite of any promise he can make to the contrary.

Timing the ball and allowing for the pace is another difficulty. This can only result from experience; still, experience teaches us all the faster when we are already aware what to look out for, and when we are alive to the danger to be avoided. Bad bowlers bowl much the same pace from first to last: they have no idea of giving a fast ball after a slow one; still less do they try a slow ball after a fast one—though the latter is the more deceiving of the two. Another difficulty from this change of pace consists in the fact that a slow ball comes in more of a curve; it is more of what is called "a dropping ball" than if bowled fast; and curved or dropping balls are calculated to deceive the eye as to distance.

In the Players' Match of last year (1861) I saw Parr as completely outwitted and done out of his innings as in any case I ever had the pleasure of witnessing. Buttress was bowling; his first

ball was a fair ball, of quite a plain description, bowled at a good pace. The next was a ball bowled with the same action, and nothing to betray a change of pace—still the pace was very much slower, the ball higher in the air, dropping with a curve a little short. Parr let drive at it, hitting too quick, and judging it nearer than it really was. He hit over it, and the ball took his wicket.

Now, here was one of the best batsmen in England bowled out with an easy ball!—only because he forgot our rule, and did not time his hit correctly.

Some men are famed for quickness in back play—no doubt, some men are by nature much quicker than others; still, a slow man may be generally quick enough if he judges the ball right, forms in good time, and always remembers my advice, to have his bat thrown back to the top of the bails as the ball is being delivered.

Endeavour to form a manly style of play. In Cricket, what is not easy and worth looking at is not right. Ugly players have certainly made runs very often—so also one-armed men, and even men with no arms at all, have done wonderful things; still this is no argument against the right use of arms. Common-sense dictates that in a match a man should try to be not only as useful as his neighbours who are slower and weaker than himself, but he should endeavour to do full justice to his own superior powers; and one sign that a man does not do what he might with the bat is, when he looks stiff, or in any way awkward in his position or his play. My advice is, without any affectation or attitudinising, observe and imitate the style of a man like Hayward, Carpenter, or George Parr.

It is commonly observed in the Marylebone Club, when men are freely criticising the play, that “it is all very easy playing in the Pavilion.” It is quite a different thing to play your proper game when eleven men are waiting to take advantage of your mistakes, and hundreds of good judges are looking on. This reminds me of the wide difference between practice and play. The man who boasted that he could hit the stem of a wine-glass with a pistol-ball, was coolly reminded that it would make all the difference if the wine-glass could hold a pistol too.

Defence is the one point in batting without which no hitting can avail. There is an old saying among sportsmen, that if a horse has not good legs it is no use his having a good body. So, if a man cannot keep his wicket up, none of the runs he might

have made will be found on the score-book. The fittest punishment of wild play is that which we all have felt—the tantalizing disappointment of sitting in the tent looking on at many a ball we could have hit to a certainty, had we only stayed long enough stopping the good balls to have a chance at the bad ones. Therefore,

Always begin an innings very carefully. Above all things, never allow yourself to be in a hurry about runs. The golden rule for a winning game is, “Mind your defence, and the runs will come of themselves;” that is to say, if there is any hit in you, and if the runs will ever come at all.

The reason for a careful beginning is that you can never afford to take things easy while the time and pace of the bowling is still quite new to you, and while the ground, whether heavy or lively, remains to be tried.

The nature of the ground makes all the difference in the play of a batsman. Forward play with damp or dead ground can never be carried as far as on lively and smooth ground; also, the time and quickness of a lively ground, compared with a dead ground, requires almost a game of its own.

A lively ground—witness, ye Etonians, when you first play at Lord’s—is as different from the heavy alluvial soil of a river meadow as a slate billiard-table is from a wooden one. Therefore every Etonian should endeavour, before the great match of the year, to practise at Lord’s, otherwise he may almost toss up for the runs; for sometimes the very tail of the Eleven make all the runs. I can, indeed, speak feelingly on this point; for I well remember that in the year 1836, full of sanguine expectation of the innings I might make, I played Oxford against Cambridge at Lord’s. It was then we numbered among our opponents the names of C. Taylor, F. Ponsonby, Micklethwait, Broughton—than whom no men more distinguished in the game ever made their first appearance at the same time—yet scarcely one of us could play our proper game. Some large scores on both sides were made by comparative “outsiders,” simply because we were not used to so quick a ground; the ball came into our wickets almost before we expected to find it within a yard of us.

Besides not being in a hurry for runs, *especially avoid letting your mind run on any favourite hit before you see what ball is coming*; for instance, some men are fond of cutting, and, while anxious and yearning for a good cut, they are always starting out of proper form; and perhaps, at last, they let fly at a straight

ball, in their impatience at not having a chance at an off-ball. Again, some men can never play straight, because they are always getting the right shoulder forward in their eagerness for a leg hit. In these cases, the mind being set upon one favourite hit, the muscles follow the will by a mysterious law of nature—the “wish is father to the act;” and let any sort of ball be bowled, however unsuitable, the favourite swipe is sure to be risked, to the great peril of the wicket. So well is this weakness understood among old players that a good bowler will detect this yearning for a favourite hit, and bowl the contrary kind of ball on purpose. No one did this more frequently than William Clarke; indeed, no small part of his tactics consisted in detecting what the player was bent upon doing, and then bowling him the very ball that should at once tempt and foil him.

I saw a striking instance of the fault of which I am speaking at Lord's, last year—Diver, in the Players' Match, was bowled by Caffyn at the very moment I had remarked to a friend in the Pavilion, “See, he is longing to poke the ball to the on-side. Let Caffyn repeat the same ball, and he will take his wicket.” Caffyn did repeat the ball as we expected, and Diver was bowled! In this case the ball was an easy one to play, but the batsman was not in the proper frame of mind to play it; and it is curious to observe how spontaneously, as if without leave or licence, the limbs will act according to the will and inclination. So, *never think about whereabouts you are going to hit till the ball comes*. Men who are famed rather for defence than for hitting are not likely to commit this mistake. It is the eager and the sanguine player, and the man ambitious of a character as a fast “run-getter” and free hitter—above all, when the spectators are cheering some of his brilliant hits—this is the man who is most likely to lose his wicket in his eagerness to hit a second ball, where all cry “Bravo!” as he hit the first.

In one of the celebrated North and South Country matches one man was run out very foolishly. “How came you to do that?” said Mr. Ward. “Why, to tell the truth, sir, I had just hit Cobbett down to the Pavilion, and I was in too much of a hurry to get down to have another hit at his end.” “Never mind,” replied the veteran, “if you had that notion running in your head, you would have been bowled next ball, if you had not been run out now.”

(To be continued.)

THE MONTHS.



JUNE.

THE lovely month of June, the sixth of our year, brings us right into summer. A well-known poet calls it the "leafy month." Hardly any term better expresses its grand characteristic in this country; for then the trees are fully clothed with fresh verdure: not a spray has fallen, not a tendril has failed; all is green, young, and beautiful.

June is full of flowers. The green carpet of the earth is studded with cowslips, kingcups, and star-eyed daisies. The woods, the hedges, the fields, the gardens, and even the by-lanes and crowded streets of London, are gay with blossoms. I remember one day last June going down a country lane and meeting two little children, a girl and boy, loaded with dog-roses, honeysuckles, convolvuluses, daisies, eglantine, and other flowers that grow in the hedges. I asked them what they were going to do with all those flowers. "Why," said the little girl, "sister Annie is sick, and cannot come out; so we have got her some flowers for her window."

A few weeks after, I passed a poor cottage built on the waste by the side of the high-road, and saw "sister Annie" sitting at the door. It was a very wretched tumbledown cottage, but there were flowers in the window and flowers in the porch, and flowers in the scrap of garden in front; and the presence of them seemed to sanctify the poverty and make even the squalid habitation of an agricultural labourer bright and beautiful. And it is ever so. The wallflower and the sweet-william, the rose and the pink, never seem to bloom so freely or to smell so sweetly as when they are growing in a cracked pot in a poor window of a back street. Perhaps it is the contrast between their loveliness and the street's dullness that creates the charm; and who shall say sick "sister Annie" did not get better the quicker because of the wild flowers that sympathy and affection twined about her poor home?

O, there's a powerful charm for the weary and the sick about flowers, and music, and words in season pleasantly spoken !

“ Come forth, come forth, ye sad !
Look at Nature and be glad.
Come forth, ye toiling millions, God's universe is fair ;
Come forth from crowded street,
And cool your feverish feet,
With a trample on the turf in the pleasant open air.”

June is said to have derived its name from Juno, the wife of Jupiter, and queen of all the gods. Anciently a festival was held, early in the month, in her honour, for she was the patroness of flowers ; others say the name comes from the Latin *junius*, because it is the month for young people ; while others, again, aver that June was so named after Junius Brutus, in acknowledgment of his having driven the Tarquins from Rome, and settled the government of the people. Our June answers to the Jewish Tammuz, the tenth month of their civil, and the fourth of their sacred year. The zodiacal sign of June is Cancer, the Crab ; its flower is the rose, and its jewel the agate. Among the Poles, each month has its emblematical stone ; and it is the poetical superstition of the people that the jewel of the month influences the fortunes of those born in it. Thus it is usual among young people to give and receive presents of appropriate jewels on their birthdays. They believe that, according to the wishes expressed by the giver and the sentiments conveyed by the tutelary stone, will be the realization of the happiness or otherwise of the receiver. The jewel of January is the jacinth or garnet, denoting constancy and fidelity ; that of February is the amethyst, an assurance of peace and a preservative against violent passions ; that of March is the bloodstone, the emblem of courage, firmness, and wisdom ; April has the sapphire or diamond, the stone of repentance, innocence, and kindness ; May has the emerald, which promises happiness and wedded love ; June the agate, for long life, health, and prosperity ; the ruby is the stone for July, and denotes forgetfulness of, and exemption from, the vexations caused by unrequited affection ; August is symbolized by the sardonyx, the type of happiness in married life ; September by the chrysolite, which preserves from madness and cures despair ; October by the opal, the jewel of hope and the saver from distress ; November by the topaz, the promise of fidelity and friendship ; and December by the turquoise, which exempts from care and trouble, and gives promise of prosperity and happiness in all conditions of life ! These harmless superstitions might

well provoke a smile but for a saving clause which applies to them all. It is this: the belief of the people is, that in order that the virtue in the jewel of the month may be fully exercised, it is necessary for both giver and receiver to lead a pure life, and to reject, by every means in their power, all evil thoughts and wicked intentions!

In June we have, besides those of May, a vast variety of beautiful flowers in the garden;—roses, pinks, stocks, nasturtiums, yellow lilies, convolvuluses, hyacinths, carnations, and pansies. This is the time to plant out geraniums and chrysanthemums, as well as many annuals. I say nothing of the more expensive and delicate flowers, because they require the care of a professional gardener and the shelter of the greenhouse.

“The summer-time has come again,
With all its light and mirth;
And June leads on the laughing hours
To bless the weary earth.”

In the kitchen-garden, artichokes, green pease, cauliflowers, cabbages, cucumbers, endive, young potatoes, turnips, marrows, beans, lettuce, and all kinds of salads, are good and plentiful; while in the farmyard the hens are laying, the ducks and geese are cackling, and the pigeons are full of life. The woods, the fields, and the gardens are alive with the songs of birds, and the young rabbits and hares run gaily through the green corn; the squirrel leaps from branch to branch, and the whole insect world is alive and active. Every blade and every pool swarms with living things, and all nature is full of gladness. June is indeed a “month for young people.”

A vast number of sea-loving fish are now brought to market. Cod, haddocks, salmon, soles, turbot, skate, plaice, garnets, sturgeon, and whittings.

In the orchard we have young apples, pears, gooseberries, plums, raspberries, strawberries, currants, damsons, and melons; while, in the hothouse, grapes are brought to perfection and pineapples begin to put on their golden bloom.

June is a rare month for anglers. Dace, perch, pike, roach, tench, eels, and trout bite readily; and the still, quiet streams and the running brooks are full of various forms of fish-life.

What about out-door sports? Cricket, best of all field games, rounder, and all sports with the bat and ball, are popular; while for town-bred lads, marbles, buttons, and tipcat hold their own, despite of policemen and fussy old gentlemen. The kite is also flown in the fields, and many a noisy game of steeple-chase and

follow-my-leader, makes the welkin ring, and wakens the echoes among the rooks high up in the beech-trees in the playground.

The 8th day of June in this year is Whit-Sunday, a day celebrated in all Christian lands in commemoration of that on which the Holy Ghost descended on the Apostles—the Day of Pentecost, when the cloven tongues made their miraculous appearance. It is called Whit or White Sunday because the catechumens, or new converts to Christianity, were on that day clothed in white garments in token of their purity. Nearly all over the country Whit-Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday are held as holidays. In the manufacturing districts the children of the various schools perambulate the streets on Whit-Monday, and, after attending divine service, spend the rest of the day in feasting and merriment. It is a great day for country fairs and festivals; and in towns and cities the holiday takes the form of visits to museums, public gardens, and other pleasant places. Railway companies run cheap trains, and the poor—fathers, mothers, and children alike—make excursions to distant places, and, in holiday garb and holiday spirits, refresh their minds and bodies for the renewal of labour.

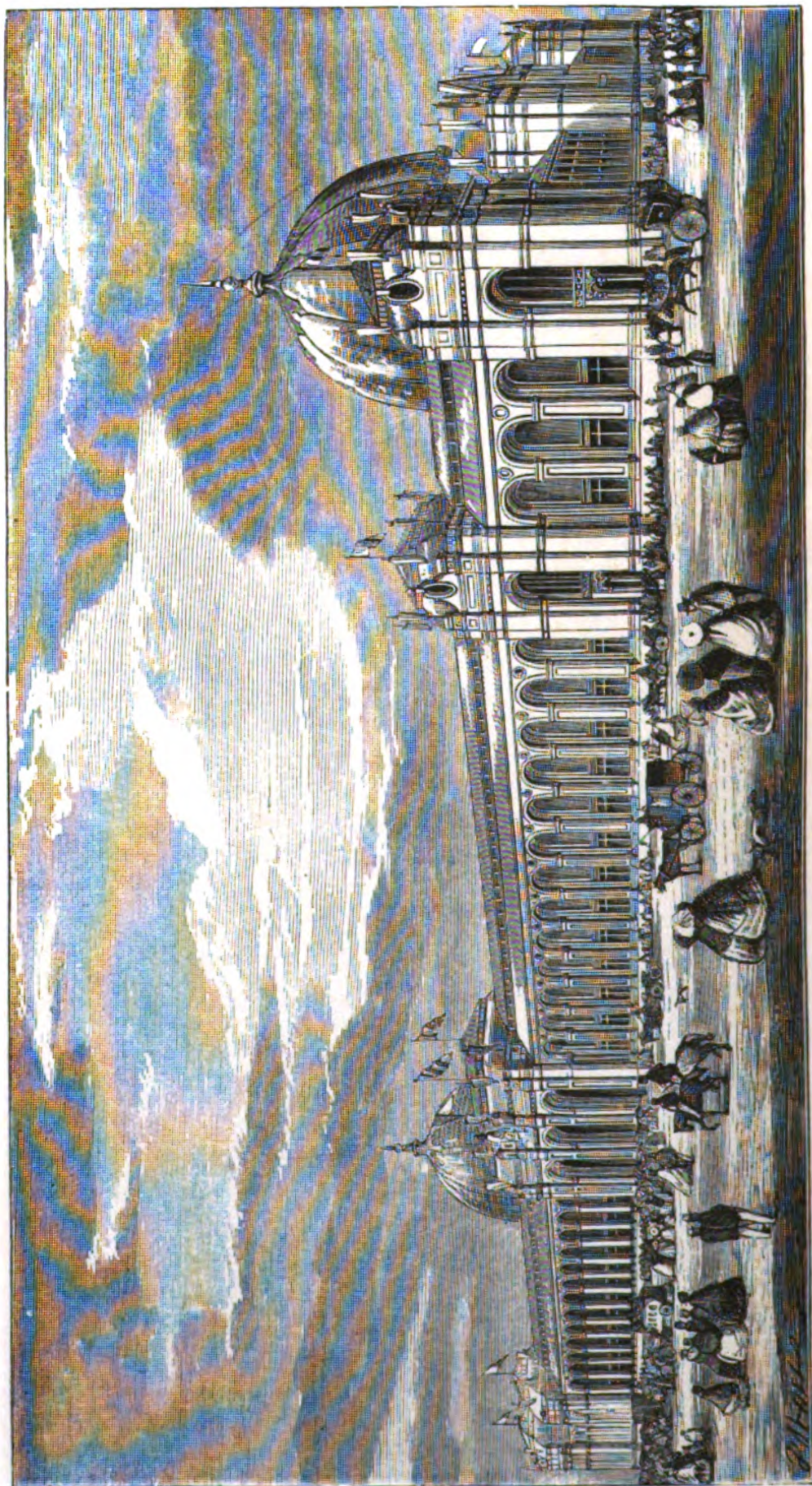
The 15th is Trinity Sunday, the day set apart for the mystery of the Holy Trinity. On this day, in the year 920, Stephen, Bishop of Liege, inaugurated a solemn festival, which was celebrated by the people, but not admitted into the Romish calendar till the fourteenth century, under the pontificate of John XXII. On Whit-Monday, the members of the various orders of Odd Fellows and other friendly societies hold their annual parliaments, when they review the laws by which their self-government is regulated. A fair used to be held in Greenwich on the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday in Whit-week; but, very much to the subsequent regret of thousands, it was abolished a few years since.

One or two anniversary days in June may be usefully remembered. On the 1st, in 1666, was fought the great fight between the English fleet commanded by Prince Rupert and the Duke of Albemarle, against the Dutch, under De Ruyter and Van Tromp. On the same day of the same month, in 1794, Earl Howe obtained a complete and decisive victory over the French. On the 2nd, the rioters under mad Lord George Gordon, in 1780, set fire to Newgate prison, and made a bonfire of the house and library of the famous Lord Chief Justice Mansfield. On the 3rd, in 1861, Vice-Admiral Dundas, a brave and gallant sea-captain, died, full of years and honours. On the 4th, in 1738, was born George the Third, king of England. He began his reign on the 25th of October, 1760, and

died on the 29th of January, 1820, having ruled over England sixty years. On the 5th, in 1724, died Dr. Sacheverell, the political divine, whom Bishop Burnet calls a "bold insolent man, with a very small measure of religion, learning, virtue, or good sense." But then we know even the good Dr. Burnet was not infallible in his opinions. On the 6th of June, last year, died Count Cavour, then premier of the kingdom of Sardinia. On the 7th, in 1520, the celebrated interview between our Harry the Eighth and Francis the First took place on the "field of the cloth of gold," near Andres, in France. On the 8th, in 1857, died Douglas Jerrold, prince of English humourists; on the 9th, in 1860, in America, G. P. R. James, the well-known novelist, went to his last home. On the 10th, in 1859, Victor Emmanuel was proclaimed king of Italy, at Bologna. On the 11th, in 1727, at Osnaburg, in Germany, George the First died, and George the Second was proclaimed king in his stead. On the 12th, in 1381, the rebel Wat Tyler encamped on Blackheath, with a hundred thousand followers. On the 13th, in 1823, died one Robert Bowman, a working man of Carlisle, at the extraordinary age of a hundred and nineteen! On the 14th, in 1645, was fought the battle of Naseby, by which the fate of the unfortunate Charles the First was sealed. On the 15th, at Boulogne, in 1844, died Campbell the poet, author of some of the best songs in the English language. On the 16th, in 1722, John Churchill, the great Duke of Marlborough, died at Windsor Lodge in a state of lunacy, in the seventy-third year of his age. The 17th is the anniversary of the trial and acquittal of the seven bishops who in 1688 had been committed to the Tower for presenting a loyal address, which was thought treasonable, to the bigoted James the Second. On the 18th, in the year 1815, was fought the celebrated battle of Waterloo, between the allied armies under Wellington and the French forces under Napoleon. On the 19th, in 1215, King John signed the Magna Charta, the great charter of English liberties, at Runnymede, a little mead on the banks of the Thames five miles from Windsor, after a debate of five days, during which the Knights remained in arms. On the 20th, in 1837, died the reforming King William the Fourth, and our beloved Queen succeeded to the throne of Great Britain. The 21st is *the longest day*, when the sun enters the tropic of Cancer and makes what is known as the *Summer Solstice*. The 22nd, in this year, is the *First Sunday after Trinity*. On this day, in 1714, died Matthew Henry, the

celebrated Biblical commentator. On the 23rd, last year, died Lord Chancellor Campbell, historian, statesman, and lawyer. On the same day in 1643 the celebrated patriot Hampden, the cousin-german of the great Oliver Cromwell, breathed his last. The 24th is Midsummer Day, the Nativity of John the Baptist. This is also *quarter-day*—a day that housekeepers are not likely to forget. The 25th is the anniversary of the Battle of Bannockburn, fought between the English and Scotch in 1314. It is related that in this bloody encounter there fell not fewer than a hundred and fifty-four English earls, barons, and knights, besides seven hundred gentlemen, and more than ten thousand private soldiers. Perhaps our figures are not quite correct, but certain it is that the battle secured the independence of Scotland against the pretensions of our second Edward. Happily all disputes between England and Scotland—never very serious now-a-days—are in this year of grace settled by fair speeches and logical writing. On the 26th, in 1830, George the Fourth, the “Finest Gentleman” and the greatest profligate then in Europe, died at Windsor Castle. On the 27th, in 1777, died on the scaffold Dr. Dodd, who was executed for the crime of forgery. The 28th is the anniversary of the Coronation of Queen Victoria, whom God preserve. The 29th is the *Second Sunday after Trinity*. On this day last year, died Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the greatest of modern English poetesses. The 30th is the last day of the month, and the day on which all boys may well cast up their diaries, settle their accounts, determine, in the intervals of play, to work hard at their books, and enjoy their Midsummer holidays, which, in most schools, have now begun. For I hold it indispensable that all boys who mean to be men some day—men in the true sense of the word—clever, active, persevering, successful, good—should never so entirely give themselves to holiday sports and summer amusements as to neglect the means of self-improvement. The mind, like a field that lies too long fallow, gets encumbered with noisome weeds, and grows thistles instead of corn.

G. F. P.



The International Exhibition.

Rambles through the International Exhibition.

BY EDMUND ROUTLEDGE.

VISIT THE FIRST.

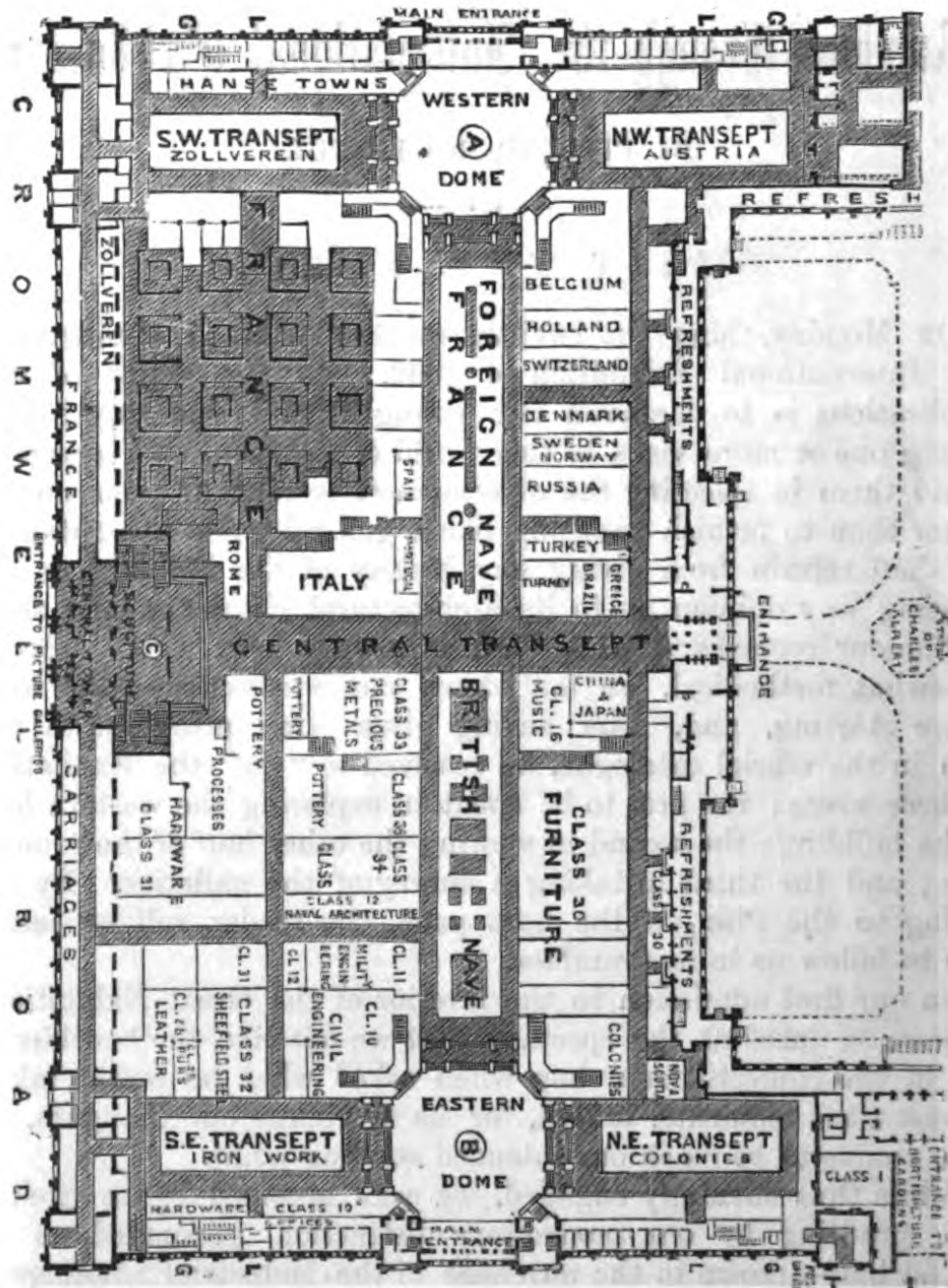
ON Monday, May the twelfth, we first obtained admission to the International Exhibition of 1862. As the object of our lucubrations is to chaperon our young friends who may intend paying one or more visits to this world of wonders, and especially to aid them in selecting the objects most worthy of their notice, rather than to furnish anything like a general guide to sightseers, we shall refrain from giving any history of the building, or expressing any opinion as to its architectural character, and shall confine our remarks to what "our own eyes have seen." Being somewhat methodical, we laid down our *modus operandi* long before starting, and, after having given some attention to the plan in the official catalogue, we resolved to "do" the Exhibition in three visits: the first to be spent in exploring the western half of the building; the second in viewing the other half of the ground floor; and the third in taking a survey of the galleries. By referring to the Plan on the next page, the reader will be easily able to follow us in our rambles.

On our first admission to the interior of the Great Exhibition, we were so dazed at the spectacle that we felt like the bewildered boy in the confectioner's shop when asked what he would take; it took some moments, indeed, for us to collect our thoughts, so as to enable us to reach our intended starting-point.

While thus mentally engaged, we were accosted by an urchin who, profiting by our momentary distraction, persuaded us to expend half-a-crown in the purchase of the Industrial Catalogue, the Fine Arts Catalogue, and a brief digest styled a "Synopsis."

By the aid of the plan of the ground floor in the brown-looking catalogue, we were soon able to find our bearings, and at once wended our way to the Roman Court, which we had resolved should initiate our first day's peregrinations.

On approaching this point, we involuntarily stopped to gaze at the loveliest piece of sculpture we had ever seen, which stood just outside the entrance. It was a statue of tinted marble, repre-



sending Venus, chiselled by Gibson. The artist, by colouring the eyes, has imparted a vivid expression to the face, as charming as it is natural.

The Roman Court is particularly rich in sculpture, the most

beautiful specimens of which are perhaps the Cleopatra, and the Sibyl of Storey. The latter is far above simple prettiness, and yet we hesitate to call it beautiful. The figure sits, and, bending forward with one arm and hand stretched back, rests her chin upon the palm of the other. There is a noble grandeur about the statue, which cannot fail to convince everybody of its excellence. We must also draw attention to Mozier's Return of the Prodigal Son. The look of paternal dignity mingled with tenderness and



THE SHIPWRECKED MAN.—BY C. FULLER.

love in the face of the old man, and the submission of the son, must impress everybody with admiration for this fine work of art.

A golden column, mounted on a marble base, with a figure of Cæsar Imperator at its apex, is well worthy of attention. Cardinal Wiseman has lent his aid to the attractions of this Court by sending a splendid breviary and an equally gorgeous case, which has the additional advantage of being useful as a reading-desk.

The most elaborate article in this Court, however, is the mosaic Gothic table which Signor Monachesi has been ten years in constructing. It is composed of a single piece of Carrara white marble, inlaid with malachite lapis lazuli. The foot, too, also consists of one piece, and is ornamented with several statuettes and coats of arms.

The first object that claimed our attention on passing into the Italian Court was a curious figure of a chained ape, holding a chess table in its fore paws. The table is made of richly-sparkling mosaics. Close to it is a collection of various mosaic tables, that are well worth looking at. The bronze statue entitled the Shipwrecked Man, by C. Fuller, is a work of the highest degree of excellence, and by many judges is considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Exhibition. In the centre of this court is a bust of Victor Emmanuel, round the base of which is a trophy of swords, with handles and sheaths of various degrees of beauty. Close to the entrance, from the nave, is a gigantic figure of Garibaldi, clad in his immortal red shirt.

Opposite to this is a model, in full detail, of the proposed Handel Festival to be held at the Crystal Palace on the 23rd of June in the present year, the orchestra and singers on which occasion will amount in number to 4,000; and as each of these is carefully portrayed, the reader will readily allow that Mr. William Beattie, the modeller, deserves great praise for the way in which he has completed his difficult task.* In the Italian domain, there is also a very good bust of Cavour, exhibiting a sardonic grin on his usually placid countenance.

The most remarkable contribution from Spain seems to be a very splendid chandelier, which hangs from the centre of the court allotted to that country.

The French Court comes next, and is undoubtedly the finest of the foreign courts, not only as regards the quantity and quality of the goods exhibited, but for the judgment and exquisite taste evinced in their arrangement.

The first article that attracted our attention was a very splendid billiard-table sent by M. Larroque. The difference between the English and French games is, that the French tables have no pockets, and the balls used are much larger than those we play with; the tips of the cues too are also in the same proportion.

* This has since been placed near the grand entrance to the Exhibition, in Cromwell Road.

A stand of arms sent by De la Cour is equally remarkable for its brilliant effect and for the skill displayed in its grouping. Close to this is a curious trophy of popguns, of all shapes and sizes, from the monster cannon to the miniature *pistolet*.

In the same department is a case of automata, or mechanical toys, conspicuous among which is a large human figure, surmounted by a cock's head. This extraordinary creature not only plays wonderfully on the guitar, but crows as naturally as if it had been bred in a farm. Next to this stands a flunkey adorned with a massive watch-chain, who plays on a violin, and seems in no way alarmed at the close contiguity of a fierce Cork Zouave in a sentry-box, who, at the word of command, forthwith fires off his gun. A hare, who winks in the most impudent manner possible, seems also to have an ear for music, judging from its wonderful performance on the banjo; while, close to it, is a large white duck, that quacks to admiration.

Mr. Bontems, of Paris, exhibits some very pretty clocks, on one of which stands the figure of a rope-dancer, whose grace and agility prove his Parisian training.

A case of those inimitably grotesque hats, now so much worn by our French allies, sent by Laville & Co., can hardly fail to divert attention for a moment from better things.

The jewellery sent by Gentilhomme and Caillot, Sons, & Peck, is vastly attractive, and well merits the attention of the crowds that throng round the cases in which it is displayed.

A net made of gold chain, adorned with turquoises, to be worn by ladies, with three combs to match, seems to be one of the most especial favourites with the fair sex.

The diamonds and cameos are excessively beautiful. One cameo, containing a portrait of the Emperor, set in diamonds, has, we hear, been purchased by the Empress for no less than £250.

We cannot here omit to note a circumstance which occurred as we were admiring the French jewellery. The planks of the Exhibition flooring are so badly joined that, in some places, there is a space of half an inch between each. In less than an hour we managed to lose two lead-pencils, which dropped through the interstices; but our loss was nothing compared to that of a poor French gentleman, who, pulling out a handful of either sovereigns or Napoleons, unluckily let two or three of them fall, and, of course, had the intense disgust of seeing them drop between the boards. In vain he stormed and stuttered.

The attendants would not take up the flooring for him, and the irate Gaul probably came to the conclusion that they would have "managed these things better in France."

Among the numerous objects of interest in the French Court is a plateau furnished by Messrs. Christoffe & Co., and used as a centre monument for the table at the grand fêtes given at the Hôtel de Ville, at Paris, which, although unfinished,—for the centre piece with its eight bands of candelabra is not quite completed,—displays enough to invoke our admiration.

We must not omit to mention that Marret et Beaugrand, of Paris, have a suite of pearls which, from its beauty and value,* has already become an immense favourite with lady visitors.

We do not, of course, pretend to give a comprehensive account of the treasures and curiosities in this section of the Exhibition,—that, as we have premised, is not our object,—we only profess to take a rapid glance as we move on, and to call attention to the objects that happen to claim our own notice. So, after paying a passing tribute of admiration to the beautiful bronzes, the brilliant Gobelin tapestry, and the exquisite specimens of Sèvres porcelain, all of which are worthy of close and frequent observation, we must take leave of our ingenious allies and worthy competitors in the arts of civilized life, and pass on to the southwest transept, where we find the collection sent from the Zollverein, or Union of German Commercial States. Among the articles contained in this transept we were most particularly struck with a monster grindstone, sent by Mr. S. Hardan, which gained a prize at the Exhibition of 1851, as well as a silver medal at Paris, in 1855. In this court is also found a gigantic musical box, called the Orchestrion, which plays elaborate overtures with the most brilliant effects, and usually attracts many listeners around it.

But we must confess that the collection, in this section, consisting principally of hardware, leather, silk, and glass, contains few objects calculated to win special attention. The articles, although very good of their kind, possess in themselves no very marked difference from those sent from other continental countries. From Berlin come some photographic albums, and Faber has forwarded an excellent and varied assortment of lead-pencils and chalks, as well as specimens of the work done by them. Among these we would particularize the portraits of the Queen, and the Prince

* £18,500.

of Wales, which are drawn by Faber's new pencil of Sheridan black lead.

M. Gustav Schauer, of Berlin, exhibits some very large and beautiful photographs, the most remarkable of which are a man leaning on a broken pillar and a capital picture of an English bull-dog. Passing through the western dome *en route* for the Austrian Court, we much admired a large statue of "Arminius Cheruscorum Dux Liberator Germaniæ bello non victus" (we won't insult our readers by a translation). This model is executed in a preparation of hardened india-rubber, and represents the aforesaid Invincible Arminius in the act of replacing his sword in the sheath.

Close to this is the massive and elaborate Rhine shield, presented to the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, on their marriage, by the Prussian nobility. The centre represents the bride and bridegroom kneeling at the hymeneal altar; the latter in the act of placing the wedding-ring on the finger of the former.

Entering the Austrian Court, the first object that attracts our gaze is the hunting trophy belonging to Mauer Brothers, of Vienna. It is fitted up with heads of boars, chamois, and other wild animals, all admirably modelled and well grouped.

The diamonds sent by Francis Kobek are remarkably fine. A feather made of diamonds is marked at £2,000, and a true lover's knot, of the same precious stones, is valued at £730.

A graduated series of models, twelve in number, representing human physical development, beginning with a new-born babe, and closing with a man of twenty-five in full vigour, forwarded by Dr. Littrazick, are highly deserving of attention.

C. Stenzel, of Vienna, has a case showing the manufacture of fancy-wood articles in imitation of leather; these are made into cigar-cases, palettes, workboxes, scentcases, inkstands, scissors, handles, sheaths, and a variety of other objects, all remarkable for their beauty and the taste with which they are executed.

We now pass into the Western Annexe, where the machinery, both in motion and at rest, is exhibited. Here are to be found locomotive engines and carriages, manufacturing machines, architectural and building contrivances. A line of railway runs from end to end of this department, and at the north end boilers are fitted up in order to provide the steam necessary for the working of the various engines. We were particularly struck with a machine for winding cotton, sent by Messrs. Wren and Stephenson, of Manchester. In a few seconds a reel of seventy yards was wound off, and as

soon as eight of these reels were turned out of hand, they were weighed and all found exactly correct. A pair of blast engines sent by the Lilleshall Company of Shiffnal, will be found very interesting by those who possess even a modicum of mechanical knowledge. They are used to work two large blowing machines, and together are of eighty-horse power, but may be (if needed) worked up to 110. When in action, these engines, from their size and elevated position, attract considerable attention. Perard's blowing machine is also well worthy of notice, and if any visitor wishes to have a practical proof of its force, we would advise him to try and walk past it, and endeavour at the same time to keep his equilibrium.

The various railway carriages sent from foreign countries should be looked at, as most of them show a decided improvement upon those in use in this country.

Making our way to the other side of the Western Annexe we first stopped at Doulton's potters' wheel, round which quite a crowd had collected. How strange it is that this wheel which was in existence in the time of the Egyptians should have remained but little altered up to the present time!

On coming out of this portion of the building we passed into the English Refreshment Room, and, notwithstanding the unfavourable impression created on our mind by rumours of the bad accommodation and the exorbitant prices charged, we are bound in truth to admit that we found the refreshments good and by no means unreasonable in price. On this latter score, moreover, it ought in fairness to be remembered, that the contractors have been heavily taxed by the Commissioners, and must necessarily look to indemnify themselves in their scale of charges.

Belgium sends a goodly show of the mineral products of the country; also of silks, velvets, and woollen fabrics. The display made respectively by Holland, Switzerland, and Denmark offers nothing worthy of any particular remark.

The court for Sweden and Norway is well filled with a characteristic selection of goods. We noticed here the well-executed figures of a bride and bridegroom dressed in the national costume of the day; although peasants, they are ornamented with heaps of jewellery.

Russia, which is represented by 700 exhibitors, contains nothing specially deserving of observation, with the exception of its specimens of malachite and a magnificent vase in violet porphyry, five feet in diameter, the handles of which are richly ornamented with the most delicately sculptured faces.

The Greek Court is most remarkable for the presence of a dignified live old Greek dressed in the national costume. There is also a pretty case, the size of a small drawing-room, containing "the counterfeit presentment" of a brilliant group of ladies and gentlemen all dressed in their picturesque national costumes.

Brazil has a very good collection of saddles, iron, models of vessels, vegetable products, and a valuable display of gold and diamonds.

The Turkish Court, which at the time of our visit was in great disorder, contains among other objects a splendid caïque, or state barge, for twelve oars on each side. Carpets, saddles, &c., also form part of the display here. In a case there are some pipe mouth-pieces of pure amber, each of which is worth £800! We also saw a beautiful gold and crimson paletôt of a Koon Princess; which seemed to attract the attention of most of the lady visitors. The Turks have also a wonderful alarum clock which rings a bell when it is opened. They also exhibit, what to our notion is equally singular, a copy of their national jest-book. Our tour of the foreign courts being completed at this point, we now proceed to the foreign nave, where are displayed the different trophies.

The tapestry and inlaid cabinets sent by M. Fourdinois, of Paris, as here displayed, are charming enough to call forth the homage of the dullest loungeur in the Exhibition.

Our attention is next arrested by a bronze statue sent by J. P. Mollu, of Stockholm, called the Grapplers, which is indeed admirable as a work of art. It represents two men, strapped together, fighting to the death with knives. A woman (as usual) is at the bottom of the quarrel. The story is told in four tableaux in bas-relief. In the first tableau, the youths are drinking; the next stage is a quarrel, caused by some familiarity between one of the youths and the betrothed wife of the other; the third represents the duel, and the woman expostulating with the candidates; and on the last, we see the poor girl frantic with grief, and prostrate before a freshly-dug grave. The subject is excellently treated, and, from its intrinsic merit alone, is sure to attract a crowd of admirers.

The imitations of ancient armour sent by E. Granger, of Paris, are very elaborate in execution. Just opposite to this display is a case of musical boxes from the establishment of Messrs. Gruna & Brémond, of Geneva. One, in particular, claimed our notice: it is about two inches square, and, on being opened, out springs a little bird scarcely half an inch long, which chirrup,

shakes its wings, and hops about in the most natural and charming manner.

The model of the New Exchange at Berlin is admirably sculptured, and gives one a very adequate idea of the size and grandeur of the building.

That famous Brazilian diamond, the Star of the South, a brilliant weighing 125 carats, exhibited by M. E. Coster, of Amsterdam, usually draws crowds of admiring visitors around it throughout the day. The case in which it is contained is surrounded by specimens of various diamonds in different stages of preparation.

Just as we were about to close our note-book, having got through our allotted task in the space of five hours, we came suddenly upon the massive statue of Shakspeare, sculptured by the late John Thomas, which stands at the entrance to the Horticultural Gardens. On each side of the figure of our great poet, are two others, representing Melpomene and Thalia, the Muses of Tragedy and Comedy. This noble work will amply sustain our national reputation in sculpture at the World's Fair of 1862.

Here our first day's ramble came to an end; and after all the enjoyment we had derived from the contemplation of so many and such varied objects of interest, we were a-weary with wonder and fatigue, and not sorry, on retracing our steps to the entrance, to turn to "fresh fields and pastures new." In our next visit we propose to speak about the chief curiosities of the British half of the ground-floor.

THE WILD MAN OF THE WEST:

A Tale of the Rocky Mountains.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE.

CHAPTER XI.

Original efforts in the art of Painting—Fur-trading hospitality—Wonderful accounts of the Wild Man of the West, from an eye-witness—Buffalo-hunting, scalping, murdering, and a summary method of inflicting punishment.

THE reception-hall of the Mountain Fort, into which, as we have stated, the trappers were ushered by McLeod, was one of those curious apartments which were in those days, (and in a few cases still are,) created for the express purpose of “astonishing the natives!”

It was a square room, occupying the centre of the house, and having doors all round, which opened into the sleeping or other apartments of the dwelling. In the front wall of this room were the door, which led direct into the open air, and the two windows. There were no passages in the house—it was all rooms and doors. One of these doors, towards the back, opened into a species of scullery—but it was not exactly a scullery, neither was it a kitchen, neither was it a pantry. The squaws lived there—especially the cooking-squaws—and a few favoured dogs. A large number of pots and pans and kettles, besides a good deal of lumber and provisions in daily use, also dwelt there. A door led from this room out to the back of the house, and into a small off-shoot, which was the kitchen proper. Here a spirited French Canadian reigned supreme in the midst of food, fire, and steam, smoke, smells, and fat.

But, to return to the reception-hall. There were no pictures on its walls, no draperies about its windows, no carpets on its floors, no cloths on its tables, and no ornaments on its mantel-shelf. Indeed, there was no mantel-shelf to put ornaments upon. The floor, the walls, the ceiling, the chairs, the tables; all were com-

posed of the same material—wood. The splendour of the apartment was entirely due to paint. Everything was painted—and that with a view solely to startling effect. Blue, red, and yellow, in their most brilliant purity, were laid on in a variety of original devices, and with a boldness of contrast that threw Moorish effort in that line quite into the shade. The Alhambra was nothing to it! The floor was yellow ochre; the ceiling was sky-blue; the cornices were scarlet, with flutings of blue and yellow, and, underneath, a broad belt of fruit and foliage, executed in an extremely arabesque style. The walls were light green, with narrow bands of red down the sides of each plank. The table was yellow, the chairs blue, and their bottoms red, by way of harmonious variety. But the grand point—the great masterpiece in the ornamentation of this apartment—was the centre-piece in the ceiling, in the execution of which there was an extraordinary display of what can be accomplished by the daring flight of an original genius revelling in the conscious possession of illimitable power, without the paralyzing influence of conventional education.

The device itself was indescribable. It was a sun, or a star, or, rather, a union and commingling of suns and stars in violent contrast, wreathed with fanciful fruits and foliage, and Cupids, and creatures of the now extinct species. The rainbow had been the painter's palette; Genius his brush; Fancy-gone-mad his attendant; the total temporary stagnation of Redskin faculties his object, and ecstasy his general state of mind, when he executed this magnificent *chef-d'œuvre* in the centre of the ceiling of the reception-hall at the Mountain Fort.

The fire-place was a capacious cavern in the wall opposite the entrance-door, in which, during winter, there usually burned a roaring bonfire of huge logs of wood, but where, at the time of which we write, there was just enough fire to enable visitors to light their pipes. When that fire blazed up in the dark winter nights, the effect of that gorgeous apartment was dazzling—absolutely bewildering.

The effect upon our trappers when they entered was sufficiently strong. They gazed round in amazement, each giving vent to his feelings in his own peculiar exclamatory grunt, or gasp, or cough. In addition to this, Bounce smote his thigh with unwonted vigour. Gibault, after gazing for a few minutes, sighed out something that sounded like *magnifique!* and Bertram grinned from ear to ear;—he went farther; he laughed aloud—an impolite thing to do, in the circumstances, and, for a grave man like him, an unusual ebul-

lition of feeling. But it was observed and noted that on this occasion the artist did not draw forth his sketch-book.

McLeod, who, from his speech and bearing, was evidently a man of some education, placed chairs for his visitors, took the lid off a large canister of tobacco, and, pushing it into the middle of the yellow table, said—

“Sit ye down, friends, and help yourselves.”

He set them the example by taking down his own pipe from a nail in the wall, and proceeding to fill it. Having done so, he took a piece of glowing charcoal from the fire, and, placing it on the bowl, began to smoke, glancing the while, with an amused expression on his grave face, at the trappers, who, while filling their pipes, kept gazing round the walls and up at the ceiling.

“Ha!” said he, “you are struck with our hall (puff, puff). It’s rather (puff) an effective one (puff). Have a light?”

Bounce, to whom the light was offered, accepted the same; applied it to his pipe, and said—

“Well, yes (puff), it is (puff, puff), raither wot ye may call (puff) pecooliar.”

“Most visitors to this place think so,” said McLeod. “The Indians highly approve of it, and deem me quite a marvel of artistic power.”

“Wot! did *you* paint it?” inquired Waller.

“I did,” answered McLeod, with a nod.

“Vraiment, de Injuns am right in deir opinion of you,” cried Gibault, re-lighting his pipe, which, in the astonished state of his mind, he had allowed to go out.

McLeod smiled, if we may so speak, *gravely*, in acknowledgment of the compliment.

“Ha!” cried Gibault, turning to Bertram, as if a sudden thought had occurred to him. “Monsieur Bertram et Monsieur Mak Load, you be broders. Oui, Monsieur Mak Load dis mine comrade—him be von peinteur.”

“Indeed?” said McLeod, turning to the artist with more interest than he had yet shown towards the strangers.

“I have, indeed, the honour to follow the noble profession of painting,” said Bertram, “but I cannot boast of having soared so high as—as—”

“As to attempt the frescoes on the ceiling of a reception-hall in the back-woods,” interrupted McLeod, laughing. “No, I believe you, sir; but although I cannot presume to call you brother professionally, still I trust that I may do so as an amateur. I am

delighted to see you here. It is not often we are refreshed with the sight of the face of a civilized man in these wild regions."

"Upon my word, sir, you are plain spoken," said March Marston, with a look of affected indignation; "what do you call *us*?"

"Pardon me, young sir," replied McLeod, "I call you trappers, which means neither civilized nor savage; neither fish, nor flesh, nor fowl——"

"That's a foul calumny," cried Bounce, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and refilling it from the canister; "it's wot may be called a—a——"

"Lie," suggested Waller.

"No," said Bounce, "it ain't that. I don't like that word. It's a ugly word, an' you shouldn't ought to use it, Waller. It's a *error*; that's wot it is, in a feelosophical pint o' view. Jest as much of a error, now, as it was in you, Mister McLeod, putting so little baccy in this here thing that there aint none left."

"What! is it all done?" cried McLeod, rising, and seizing the canister; "so it is. I declare you smoke almost as fast as the Wild Man himself; for whom I mistook you, Mr. Waller, when I saw you first, at some distance off."

Saying this, he left the room to fetch a further supply of the soothing weed, and at the same moment two squaws appeared, bearing smoking dishes of white-fish and venison.

"That fellow knows something about the Wild Man o' the West," said March Marston, in a low, eager tone to his comrades. "Twice has he mentioned his name since we arrived."

"So he has," observed Redhand, "but there may be other wild men besides our one."

"Unpossible," said Bounce emphatically.

"Ditto," cried Waller, still more emphatically; "what say you, Hawkswing?"

"There is but one Wild Man of the West," replied the Indian.

"By the way, Hawkswing, what was the name o' the rascally trader you said was in charge o' this fort when you lived here?" asked Redhand.

"Mokgroggir," replied the Indian.

"Ha, Macgregor, ye mean, no doubt."

Hawkswing nodded.

"Here you are, friends," said McLeod, re-entering the room with a large roll of tobacco. "Help yourselves and don't spare it. There's plenty more where that came from. But I see the steaks are ready, so let us fall to, we can smoke afterwards."

During the repast, to which the trappers applied themselves with the gusto of hungry men, March Marston questioned McLeod about the Wild Man.

"The Wild Man o' the West," said he in some surprise; "is it possible there are trappers in the Rocky Mountains who have not heard of *him*?"

"Oh yes," said March, hastily, "we've heard of him, but we want to hear more particularly about him, for the accounts don't all agree."

"Ha! that's it," said Bounce, speaking with difficulty through a large mouthful of fish, "that's it. They don't agree. One says his rifle is thirty feet long, another forty feet, an' so on. There's no gittin' at truth in this here ——"

A bone having stuck in Bounce's throat at that moment he was unable to conclude the sentence.

"As to the length of his rifle," said McLeod, when the noise made by Bounce in partially choking had subsided, "you seem to have got rather wild notions about that, and about the Wild Man too, I see."

"But he *is* a giant, isn't he?" inquired March, anxiously.

"N—not exactly. Certainly he is a big fellow, about the biggest man I ever saw—but he's not forty feet high!"

March Marston's romantic hopes began to sink. "Then he's an ordinary man just like one o' us;" he said, almost gloomily.

"Nay, that he is not," returned McLeod, laughing. "Your comrade Waller does indeed approach to him somewhat in height, but he's nothing to him in breadth; and as for ferocity, strength, and activity, I never saw anything like him in my life. He comes sometimes here to exchange his furs for powder and lead, but he'll speak to no one, except in the sharpest, gruffest way. I think he's mad, myself. But he seems to lead a charmed life here, for although he has had fights with many of the tribes in these parts he always puts them to flight, although he fights single-handed.

"Single-handed!" exclaimed Bounce in surprise.

"Aye. I've seen him at it myself and can vouch for it that if ever there was a born fiend let loose on this earth it's the Wild Man of the West when he sets-to to thrash a dozen Indians. But I must do him the justice to say that I never heard of him making an unprovoked attack on anybody. When he first came to these mountains many years ago—before I came here—the Indians used to wonder who he was and what he meant to do; then after

a while, seeing he had a good horse, a good rifle, and plenty of ammunition, they tried to kill him, but the first fellow that tried that only tried it once. He lay in a close thicket nigh to where the Wild Man used to pass from his home in the mountains to places where he used to hunt the elk and the buffalo, so, when he came up, the Indian laid an arrow on his bow. But the Wild Man's eye was sharp as a needle. He stopped his horse, took aim like a flash of lightning, and shot him through the head. I heard this from another Indian that was with the murderin' fellow that was shot. The Wild Man did nothing to the other. He let him escape.

"Of course the relations of the man who was killed were up immediately, and twenty of them set out to murder the Wild Man. They took their horses, spears, and bows with them, and lay in wait at a place where he was often seen passing. Sure enough up he came, on horseback, at a slow walk, looking as careless and easy as if no blood of a Redskin rested on his hand.

"It chanced the day before that day that we had run out of fresh meat, so Mr. Macgregor, our commandant here, ordered me to take three of the men and go out after the buffaloes. Away we went, looking sharp out, however, for some of the Indians had been treated by Macgregor so brutally, I am sorry to say, that we knew our scalps were not safe. Next morning I happened to pass close by the place where the Indians lay in ambush, and we came to the top of a precipice that overlooked the spot. We saw them before they saw us, so we went quietly back into the bush, tied our horses to trees, and lay on the edge of the cliff to watch them.

"In about ten minutes after we saw the Wild Man riding slowly forward. He was a strange sight. It was the first time I had seen him, although I had often heard of him before.

"Well, on he came with his head bent and his eyes fixed on the ground. A dense thicket hid his enemies from him, though not from us, we being so high above them. The Wild Man was armed with his long rifle, slung at his back, a hunting knife, and a small shield, such as the Blackfoot Indians use to protect themselves from arrows. The only unusual sort of weapon he carried was a long sword.

"Not knowing at the time that the Indians were waiting for him, of course I gave no alarm to warn him of his danger. When he came within a hundred yards of the thicket I saw him push his arm a little farther into the handles of the shield. It was but a slight action such as one might perform to ease the arm by change

of position, but the Redskins are quick-witted. They knew that he suspected they were there, so, giving one tremendous yell, they sent a cloud of arrows at him and sprang out upon the plain at full gallop with their spears lowered.

"Instead of turning to fly from such an unequal combat the Wild Man drew his sword and rushed at them like a thunderbolt. His onset was the most awful thing I ever saw in my life. The plain seemed to shake under the tread of his gigantic horse. His hair streamed wildly out behind him, and as he was coming towards me I could see that his teeth were set and his eyes flashed like those of a tiger. The Indians were appalled by the sight. The idea of one man attacking twenty had never occurred to them. They drew up, but it was too late to prevent a shock. There was a yell from the savages, a shout like the roar of a lion from the Wild Man, and two horses and their riders lay on the plain. I saw the long sword gleam for one moment, just as the shock took place, and the head of a savage rolled, immediately after, along the ground.

"The Indians, though overawed, were brave men. They turned to pursue the flying horseman, but they needed not. The Wild Man was not flying, he was only unable at first to check the headlong pace of his charger. In a few seconds, he wheeled about and charged again. The Indians, however, did not await the issue. They turned and fled, and they have ever since remained in the firm belief that the Wild Man is a "great medicine" man, and that no one can kill him. They say that neither arrows nor bullets can pierce his skin, which is an inch thick; that fire and smoke come out of his mouth and eyes, and that his horse is, like himself, invulnerable. I must confess, however, that, with the exception of his enormous size and his ferocity, he is, from what I saw of him, much the same as other men."

McLeod concluded his description of this singular being, to which his guests listened openeyed and mouthed, and helped himself to a buffalo-steak.

"An' what did he when the Indians ran away?" inquired March Marston.

"Oh! he quietly pulled up his horse and let them run. After they were gone, he continued his journey, as slow and cool as if nothing had happened. Few Indians attack him now, except new bands from distant parts of the country, who don't know him; but all who meddle with him find, to their cost, that it would have been better had they let him alone."

"Is he cruel? Does he eat men an' childers?" inquired Bounce, commencing a fourth steak with a degree of violent energy that suggested the possibility of his being himself able to do some execution in the cannibal line, if necessary.

McLeod laughed. "Oh dear, no; he's not cruel. Neither does he eat human flesh. In fact, he has been known to do some kind acts to poor starving Indians when they least expected it. The real truth is, that he is only fierce when he's meddled with. He never takes revenge, and he has never been known to lift a scalp."

"But what like is he when he comes to trade his furs at the fort here; how does he speak, and in what language?" inquired Marston, who, although delighted with the account given of the strength and valour of the Wild Man of the West, was by no means pleased to learn that he was not an absolute giant, something like the giant Despair of whom he had read in the "Pilgrim's Progress."

"He's just like a trapper—only he's a tremendous big one—six feet six, if he's an inch, and would make two of the biggest of the present company round the shoulders. But he is very silent, and won't let any one question him. The long and the short of it is, that I believe he is a madman—luckily, he's a well-disposed madman, and I can vouch for it he is a crack hunter, though he don't bring many furs to trade. I think he spends most of his idle time in moping among the caves of the mountains."

"Does any one know where he lives?" asked Bertram, who was gradually becoming interested in this strange being.

"No. We have sometimes tried to track him, but at a certain place we have invariably lost all traces of him."

"But what is his face like, and how does he dress?" inquired March, eagerly; "you have not yet said anything about that."

McLeod was about to reply, when he was interrupted by a loud shouting in the yard of the fort. Leaping from their seats, the whole party ran to the windows.

"I thought so," cried McLeod, seizing his cap and hurrying out. "These are six of my men, who have been out after the buffalo, and I see they have been successful."

The fort-gate had been swung open, and, just as the guests issued from the reception-hall, six hunters galloped into the square with all the reckless noise and dash peculiar to that class of men. Leaping from their foaming steeds, they were quickly surrounded by their comrades, and by the women and children of the place,

who congratulated them on their success in the chase, and plied them with eager questions.

That they had indeed been successful, was evident from the masses of fresh meat with which the horses were laden.

"Well done, Davis," said McLeod, stepping up to one of the men, who, from his age and intelligence, had been put in command of the hunting party. "You are back sooner than I anticipated. Surely, your good genius sent the buffalo across your path."

"We have bin in luck, sir," replied the hunter, touching his cap. "We've killed more than we could carry, an', what's worse, we've killed more than we wanted."

"How so?"

"We've had a brush wi' the Redskins, sir, an' we had to kill one or two in self-defence."

McLeod's brow darkened. He clenched his teeth, and the large veins swelled in his neck and forehead. With a powerful effort he repressed his anger, and said,—

"Did I not warn you to avoid that if you could?"

"True, sir," replied Davis, humbly; "but we could not help it; for, in the first heat of passion, one o' them was shot, an' after that, of course, we had to fight to save our own scalps."

"Who fired that first shot?" inquired McLeod, sternly.

Davis made no reply, but all eyes were at once turned upon a tall slouching man, with a forbidding cast of countenance, who had hitherto kept in the background.

"So, so, Larocque," said McLeod, stepping up to the man, "you've been at your bloody work again, you scoundrel. Hah! you not only bring the enmity of the whole Indian race down on your own worthless head, and on the heads of your innocent companions, but you have the effrontery to bring the evidence of your guilt into this fort along with you."

As McLeod spoke, he laid hold of a scalp which still dropped fresh blood as it hung at the hunter's saddle-bow.

"If I'm to answer to you for every scalp I choose to lift in self-defence, the sooner I quit you the better," answered Larocque, sulkily.

"Was there any occasion to lift this scalp at all?" demanded McLeod, as he seized the man by the collar.

"Who talks of lifting scalps?" growled a loud deep-toned voice.

All eyes were instantly turned on the speaker, and the crowd fell back to permit Mr. Macgregor, the person in command of the Mountain Fort, to approach the scene of action.

The man who now appeared on the scene was a sad and a terrible sight to behold. He was one of that wretched class of human beings who, having run a long course of unbridled wickedness, become total wrecks in body and mind long before the prime of manhood has been passed. Macgregor had been a confirmed drunkard for many years. He had long lost all power of self-control, and had now reached that last fearful stage when occasional fits of *delirium tremens* rendered him more like a wild beast than a man. Being a large and powerful man, and naturally passionate, he was at these times a terror to all who came near him. He had been many years in charge of the fur-trading establishment, and having on many occasions maltreated the Indians, he was hated by them most cordially.

One of his mad fits had been on him for some days before the arrival of March Marston and his friends. He had recovered sufficiently to be able to stagger out of his room just at the time the buffalo-hunters, as above described, entered the square of the fort. As he strode forward, with nothing on but his shirt and trousers, his eyes bloodshot, his hair matted and dishevelled, and his countenance haggard in the extreme, he was the most pitiable, and, at the same time, most terrible specimen of human degradation that the mind of man could conceive of.

"What now; who has been lifting scalps?" he growled between his set teeth, striding up to Larocque, and glaring in his face, with his bloodshot eyes, like a tiger.

McLeod held up the bloody scalp.

"Who did it?" roared Macgregor.

"I did," said Larocque, with an attempt at a defiant air.

The words had barely passed his lips when he received a blow between the eyes that felled him to the earth. He attempted to rise, but, with a yell that sounded more like the war-cry of a savage than the wrathful shout of a civilized man, Macgregor knocked him down again, and, springing at his throat, began to strangle him.

Up to this point, McLeod refrained from interfering, for he was not sorry to see the murderer receive such severe punishment; but, having no desire to witness a second murder, he now seized his master, and, with the assistance of two of the men, succeeded in tearing him off from Larocque, and in conveying him, as respectfully as possible in the circumstances, to his private chamber.

CHAPTER XII.

An argument on argumentation—also on religion—Bounce feelosophical again—A race cut short by a bullet—Flight and pursuit of the Redskins.

WHEN McLeod returned to the square, he found that the trappers had adjourned with the men of the establishment to enjoy a social pipe together, and that Theodore Bertram was taking a solitary, meditative promenade in front of the gate of the fort.

"You seem in a pensive mood, Mr. Bertram," said the fur-trader on coming up, "will you not try the soothing effects of a pipe? Our tobacco is good; I can recommend it."

He offered a plug of tobacco to the artist as he spoke.

"Thank you, I do not smoke," said Bertram, declining the proffered luxury. "Tobacco may be good—though I know it not from experience. Yet, methinks, the man is wiser who does not create an unnatural taste, than he who does so for the purpose of gratifying it."

"Ah! you are a philosopher."

"If judging of things and questions simply on their own merit, and with the single object of ascertaining what is truth in regard to them, constitutes a philosopher, I am."

"Don't you find that men who philosophize in that way are usually deemed an obstinate generation by their fellow-men?" inquired the trader, smiling, as he puffed a voluminous cloud from his lips.

"I do," replied Bertram.

"And don't you think the charge is just?" continued the other, in a jocular tone.

"I do not," replied the artist. "I think those who call them obstinate are often much more truly deserving of the epithet. Philosophers, in the popular sense of the word, are men who not only acquire knowledge and make themselves acquainted with the opinions of others, but who make independent use of acquired knowledge, and thus originate new ideas and frequently arrive at new conclusions. They thus often come to differ from the rest of mankind on many points, and, having good reasons for this difference of opinion, they are ever ready to explain and expound their opinions and to prove their correctness, or to receive proof of their incorrectness, if that can be given—hence they are called argumentative. Being unwilling to give up what appears to them

to be truth, unless it can be shown to be falsehood, their opinions are not easily overturned—hence they are called obstinate. Thinking *out* a subject in a calm, dispassionate, logical manner, from its first proposition to its legitimate conclusion, is laborious to all. A very large class of men and women have no patience for such a process of investigation—hence argumentation, that most noble of all mental exercises, is deemed a nuisance. Certainly argumentation with unphilosophical persons *is* a nuisance; but I know of few earthly enjoyments more gratifying than an argument with a true philosopher.”

“That’s wot I says, so I do, out-an’-out,” observed Bounce, who had come up unperceived, and had overheard the greater part of the above remarks. “Jist wot I thinks myself, Mr. Bertram, only I couldn’t ’xactly put it in the same way, d’ye see. That’s wot I calls out-an’-out feelosophy.”

“Glad to hear you’re such a wise fellow,” said McLeod, patronisingly. “So you agree of course with Mr. Bertram in condemning the use of the pipe.”

“Condemn the pipe?” said Bounce, pulling out his own special favourite and beginning to fill it,—“wot, condemn smokin’? No, by no means wotsomdiver. That’s quite another keewestion, wot we haint bin a disputin’ about. I only heered Mr. Bertram a-talkin’ about obst’nitness an’ argementation.”

“Well, in regard to that,” said Bertram, “I firmly believe that men and women are all alike equally obstinate.”

“Ha!” ejaculated Bounce, with that tone of mingled uncertainty and profound consideration which indicates an unwillingness to commit oneself in reference to a new and startling proposition.

“On what grounds do you think so?” asked McLeod.

“Why on the simple ground that a man *cannot* change any opinion until he is convinced that it is wrong, and that he inevitably must, and actually does, change his opinion on the instant that he is so convinced; and that in virtue, not of his will, but of the constitution of his mind. Some men’s minds are of such a nature—they take such a limited and weak grasp of things—that they cannot be easily convinced. Others are so powerful that they readily seize upon truth when it is presented to them; but in either case, the instant the point of conviction is reached the mind is changed. Pride may indeed prevent the admission of this change, but it takes place, as I have said, inevitably.”

At this Bounce opened his eyes to their utmost possible width and said solemnly, “Wot! do ye mean for to tell me, then, that there

aint no sich thing as obstinacy?" He accompanied this question with a shake of the head that implied that if Bertram were to argue till doomsday he would never convince him (Bounce) of that.

"By no means," returned the artist, smiling, "there is plenty of it, but obstinacy does not consist in the simple act of holding one's opinion firmly."

"Wot *doos* it consist of, then?"

"In this:—in holding firmly to opinions that have been taken hastily up, without the grounds on which they are founded having been duly weighed; and in refusing to consider these grounds in a philosophical (which means a rational) way, because the process would prove tiresome. The man who has comfortably settled all his opinions in this way, very much resembles that 'fool' of whom it is written that he 'is wiser in his own conceit than seven men who can *render a reason*.'"

"Well, but, to come back to the starting-point," said McLeod, "many wise men smoke."

"If you say that in the way of argument, I meet it with the counter proposition, that many wise men *don't* smoke."

"Hah!" ejaculated Bounce, but whether Bounce's ejaculation was one of approval or disapproval we cannot tell. Neither can we tell what conclusion these philosophers came to in regard to smoking, because, just then, two horsemen were seen approaching the fort at full speed.

Seeing that they were alone, McLeod took no precautions to prevent surprise. He knew well enough that Indians frequently approach in this manner, so waited in front of the gate, coolly smoking his pipe, until the savages were within a few yards of him. It seemed as if they purposed running him down, but, just as they came to within a couple of bounds of him, they drew up so violently as to throw their foaming steeds on their haunches.

Leaping to the ground, the Indians—who were a couple of strong, fine-looking savages, dressed in leathern costume, with the usual ornaments of bead and quill-work, tags and scalp-locks—came forward and spoke a few words to McLeod in the Cree language, and immediately after, delivering their horses to the care of one of the men of the establishment, accompanied him to the store.

In less than half an hour they returned to the gate, when the Indians remounted, and, starting away at their favourite pace—full gallop—were soon out of sight.

"Them fellows seem to be in a hurry," remarked Bounce, as they disappeared.

"Ay, they're after mischief too," replied McLeod, in a sad tone of voice. "They are two Cree chiefs who have come here for a supply of ammunition to hunt the buffalo, but I know they mean to hunt different game, for I heard them talking to each other about a war party of Blood Indians being in this part of the country. Depend upon it scalps will be taken ere long. 'Tis a sad, sad state of things. Blood, blood, blood seems to be the universal cry here, and, now that we've had so many quarrels with the Redskins, I fear that the day is not far distant when blood will flow even in the Mountain Fort. I see no prospect of a better state of things, for savage nature cannot be changed. It seems a hopeless case."

There was a touch of pathos in the tone in which this was said that was very different from McLeod's usual bold and reckless manner. It was evident that his natural disposition was kind, hearty, and peaceable; but that the constant feuds in which he was involved, both in the fort and out of it, had soured his temper and rendered him well-nigh desperate.

"You are wrong, sir, in saying that their case is hopeless," said Bertram, earnestly. "There is a remedy."

"I wish you could show it me," replied the trader.

"Here it is," returned the artist, taking his little Testament from the inside pocket of his hunting-shirt. "The gospel is able to make all men wise unto salvation."

McLeod shook his head, and said, "It won't do here. To be plain with you, sir, I don't believe the gospel's of any use in these wild regions, where murder seems to be as natural to man, woman, and child as food."

"But, sir," rejoined Bertram, "you forget that our Saviour himself says that he came not to call the righteous but *sinners* to repentance. In this volume we are told that the blood of Christ cleanseth from *all* sin; and, not only have we his assurance that none who come unto him shall be cast out, but we have examples in all parts of the known world of men and women who were once steeped to the lips in every species of gross iniquity having been turned to the service of God through faith in Christ, and that by the power of the Holy Spirit, who, in this Word of God, is promised freely to them that simply ask."

"It may be so," returned McLeod; "I have not studied these things much. I don't profess to be a very religious man, and I

cannot pretend to know much of what the gospel has done elsewhere; but I feel quite sure that it cannot do much *here*."

"Then you do not believe the Bible, which says distinctly that this 'gospel is the power of God unto salvation to *every one* that believeth.'"

"Ay, but these wretched Indians won't believe," objected the trader.

"True," answered Bertram; "they have not faith by nature, and they *won't* because they *can't* believe; but faith is the gift of God, and it is to be had for the asking."

"To that I answer that they'll never ask."

"How do you know? Did you ever give them a trial? Did you ever preach the gospel to them?" "No, I never did that."

"Then you cannot tell how they would treat it. Your remarks are mere assertions of opinion—not arguments. You know the wickedness of the Indians, and can, therefore, speak authoritatively on that point; but you know not (according to your own admission) the power of the gospel; therefore you are not in a position to speak on that point."

McLeod was about to reply when he was interrupted by the approach of Mr. Macgregor, who had now recovered somewhat from the effects of his violent fit of passion. Having observed during the *mélée* that strangers had arrived at his fort, he had washed and converted himself into a more presentable personage, and now came forward to the group of trappers, all of whom had assembled at the gate. Addressing them in a tone of affable hospitality he said,—

"Good day, friends; I'm glad to see you at the Mountain Fort. That blackguard Larocque somewhat ruffled my temper. He's been the cause of much mischief here, I assure you. Do you intend to trap in these parts?"

The latter part of this speech was addressed to Redhand, who replied,—

"We do mean to try our luck in these parts, but we han't yet made up our minds exactly where to go. Mayhap you'll give us the benefit of your advice."

While he was speaking the fur-trader glanced with an earnest yet half stupid stare at the faces of the trappers, as if he wished to impress their features on his memory.

"Advice," he replied; "you're welcome to all the advice I've got to give ye; and it's this—go home; go to where you belong to, sell your traps and rifles and take to the plough, the hatchet, the forehammer—to anything you like, so long as it keeps you

out of this——” Macgregor paused a moment as if he were about to utter an oath, then dropped his voice and said, “This wretched Indian country.”

“I guess, then, that we won’t take yer advice, old man,” said Big Waller, with a laugh.

“‘Old man!’” echoed Macgregor with a start.

“Wall, if ye beant old, ye ain’t exactly a chicken.”

“You’re a plain-spoken man,” replied the trader, biting his lips. “I always wos,” retorted Waller.

Macgregor frowned for a moment, then he broke into a forced laugh and said,—

“Well, friends, you’ll please yourselves, of course; most people do; and if you are so determined to stick to the wilderness I would advise some of you to stop here. There’s plenty of fun and fighting, if you’re fond of that. What say you now, lad,” turning to March, “to remain with us here at the Mountain Fort? I’ve ta’en a sort of fancy to your face. We want young bloods here. I’ll give you a good wage and plenty to do.”

“Thanks; you are kind,” replied March, smiling, “but I love freedom too well to part with it yet awhile.”

“Mais, Monsieur,” cried Gibault, pushing forward, pulling off his cap, and making a low bow; “if you vants yonger blod, an’ also ver’ goot blod, here am von!”

The trader laughed, and was about to reply, when a sudden burst of laughter and the sound of noisy voices in the yard interrupted him. Presently two of the men belonging to the establishment cantered out of the square, followed by all the men, women, and children of the place, amounting probably to between twenty or thirty souls. “A race! a race!” shouted the foremost.

“Hallo! Dupont, what’s to do?” inquired McLeod, as the two horsemen came up.

“Please, Monsieur, Lincoln have bet me von gun dat hims horse go more queek dan mine,—so we try.”

“Yes, so we shall, I guess,” added the man named Lincoln, whose speech told that he was a Yankee.

“Go it, stranger; I calc’late you’ll do him slick,” cried Waller, patronizingly, for his heart warmed towards his countryman.

“Ah! non. Go home; put your horse to bed,” cried Gibault, glancing at the Yankee’s steed in contempt. “Dis is de von as vill do it more slicker by far.”

“Well, well; clear the course; we shall soon see,” cried McLeod. “Now then—here’s the word,—one, two—away!”

At the last word the riders' whips cracked, and the horses sprang forward at a furious gallop. Both of them were good spirited animals, and during the first part of the race it could not be said that either had the advantage. They ran neck and neck together.

The race-course at the Mountain Fort was a beautiful stretch of level turf, which extended a considerable distance in front of the gates. It crossed a clear open country towards the forest, where it terminated, and, sweeping round in an abrupt curve, formed, as it were, a loop; so that competitors, after passing over the course, swept round the loop, and, re-entering the original course again, came back towards the fort, where a long pole formed the winning-post.

Dupont and Lincoln kept together, as we have said, for some time after starting, but before they had cleared the first half of the course the former was considerably in advance of the latter, much to the delight of most of the excited spectators, with whom he was a favourite. On gaining the loop above referred to, and making the graceful sweep round it, which brought the foremost rider into full side view, the distance between them became more apparent, and a cheer arose from the people near the fort-gate.

At that moment a puff of smoke issued from the bushes. Dupont tossed his arms in the air, uttered a sharp cry, and fell headlong to the ground. At the same instant a band of Indians sprang from the underwood, with an exulting yell. Lincoln succeeded in checking and turning his horse before they caught his bridle, but an arrow pierced his shoulder ere he had galloped out of reach of his enemies.

The instant Dupont fell, a savage leaped upon him, and plunged his knife into his heart. Then, passing the sharp weapon quickly round his head with his right hand, with his left he tore the scalp off, and, leaping up, shook the bloody trophy defiantly at the horrified spectators.

All this was accomplished so quickly that the horror-stricken people of the Mountain Fort had not time to move a finger to save their comrade. But, as the savage raised the scalp of poor Dupont above his head, Redhand's rifle flew to his shoulder, and in another moment the Indian fell to the earth beside his victim. Seeing this, the other Indians darted into the forest.

Then a fearful imprecation burst from the lips of Macgregor, as, with a face convulsed with passion, he rushed into the fort, shouting—"To horse! to horse, men! and see that your horns and pouches are full of powder and ball!"

The commotion and hubbub that now took place baffle all description. The men shouted and raved as they ran hither and thither, arming themselves and saddling their horses; while the shrieks of poor Dupont's widow mingled with those of the other women and the cries of the terrified children.

"Half-a-dozen of you must keep the fort," said McLeod, when they were all assembled; "the others will be sufficient to punish these fiends. You'll help us, I suppose?"

This latter question was addressed to Redhand, who, with his comrades, stood armed, and ready to mount.

"Ready, sir," answered the trapper, promptly.

McLeod looked round with a gleam of satisfaction on the stalwart forms of his guests, as they stood each at his horse's head examining the state of his weapons, or securing more firmly some portion of his costume.

"Mount! mount!" shouted Macgregor, galloping at that moment through the gateway, and dashing away in the direction of the forest.

"Stay!—my sketch-book!" cried Bertram, in an agony, at the same time dropping his reins and his gun, and darting back towards the hall of the fort.

"Git on, lads; I'll look arter him," said Bounce, with a grin, catching up the bridle of the artist's horse.

Without a moment's hesitation, the remainder of the party turned, and galloped after Macgregor, who, with the most of his own men, had already well-nigh gained the edge of the forest.

In a few seconds Bertram rushed wildly out of the fort, with the sketch-book in one hand and the two blunderbuss-pistols in the other. In leaping on his horse, he dropped the latter; but Bounce picked them up, and stuck them hastily into his own belt.

"Now put that book into its own pouch, or ye'll be fit for nothin'," said Bounce, almost sternly.

Bertram obeyed, and grasped the rifle which his friend placed in his hand. Then Bounce vaulted into his saddle, and, ere those who were left behind had drawn the bolts and let down the ponderous bars of the gate of the Mountain Fort, the two horsemen were flying at full speed over the plain in the track of the avengers of blood who had gone before them.

(To be continued.)

THE MONTHS.

JULY.

COME out from the brick-and-mortar city, and wander in country lanes and beside rippling streamlets, and listen to the voices of Nature in these sunny days of July. All the earth is glad, and strong, and healthy, like a man in the full vigour of life. Perfect summer reigns in the land. Loveliness and power dwell together in the woods and fields, and all the landscape puts on an aspect that we may well imagine to have existed in

“ Eden’s angel-peopled vale ;
 So bright the sky, so soft the streams that flow ;
 Such sweetness rides upon the scented gale ;
 The very air seems sleepily to blow ;
 While choicest flowers enamel every dale
 With July’s sunlight flushed in rosy glow.
 For all the scene is crowned in soft delight,
 Such fragrance fills the air, such beauty glads the sight.
 The golden-belted bees hum in the air,
 The tall wild grasses bend and wave along ;
 The trees make cool the glowing sunbeam’s glare ;
 The dreamy river chimes its under-song.”

July is not, perhaps, the most enjoyable of months in London ; and yet in July what is called the “ London season ” is at its height. At the moment we write the town is full of gay, rich, and fashionable people. Hyde Park is in all its glory. The International Exhibition, the Crystal Palace, the Royal Academy, and the various picture galleries are crowded every day ; while at night both the operas, and all the theatres and entertainments, put forth their choicest bills of fare ; and not in vain, for youth and age throng boxes, stalls, pit, and gallery, and pleased faces shine everywhere.

But these—I mean the theatres and entertainments—are not altogether the sort of amusements that delight boys in hot weather. They would rather be out in the fields enjoying a glorious game of Cricket, or a noisy bout at Rounders, than looking on the choicest of pictures or listening to the funniest of entertainers. I don’t blame them ; for in the July evenings there are many worse ways of getting health and amusement than playing cricket. Of all games in the

fields that, to my mind, is the most delightful. Beyond the pleasure of the game—the real enjoyable fun of the thing—the bracing, muscle-tightening, lively, innocent exercise—the excitement of adding a couple to the score by a well-delivered hit, and the no less stimulating and pleasant exertion of subduing your adversaries by a good catch, a swiftly bowled ball, or a fair run-out; putting aside altogether the pride, honour, and ambition of being thought a good player—no small or unimportant things in a boy's way of life, be it remembered, when properly directed—there is in cricket a world of moral training. It may seem to some of you boys a curious deduction this to draw from your favourite game; but I ask any of you whether cricket has not taught you to be fair and straightforward in your dealings one with another? I ask you whether the mingling together in this manly game has not put you in better temper with yourselves and your playmates—whether the timid among you have not been made bolder, and the more confident made cautious by success or defeat in the cricket-field? Away goes the hard round ball spinning over the sward, and away after it runs Jack or Charley, gaining health and strength and reliant self-control with the race. There are times for all things, says the wise man of old; and, just as wet and wintry evenings are fittest for reading and study, and chess, and other indoor amusements, so July days are well-spent in out-door games. And at the head of them all stands cricket. You lads who want to know the laws of the game—the why and the wherefore of its rules and regulations,—just lay out sixpence, and get my friend Edmund Routledge's little Handbook.

But I must not talk too long about cricket, or my space will be exhausted, and I shall be obliged to omit some of the things I want to tell you about July. Still you know it is so pleasant to gossip about anything that we love; and time was—and not so *very* long ago either—when a good game at cricket could draw me from my books after dinner, and make me forget all about science and art, literature, and the other matters that men of the pen are supposed to have at their fingers' ends. O those glorious days of boyhood! once passed they never return! So, my lads, enjoy them while you may; not recklessly nor thoughtlessly; not to the wasting of the precious hours when you should be sowing the seeds of happy and useful lifetimes; but in conjunction with earnest and steady study; and so shall your manhood be the reflex of your youth.

But there are other sports in which boys delight in July:—Trap-ball, and indeed all games with the bat and ball; angling,

swimming, boating, butterfly-hunting, and birds'-nesting. I do not altogether approve of the last kind of amusement, though many is the string of speckled eggs I have strung together in my careless days. And, by the way, in swimming, I will just give you a hint. Don't be afraid. Get a friend who knows how to swim to go with you, and jump fearlessly in, head foremost. You will come up all right, and, with a little assistance from your friend, you will learn to swim in three or four easy lessons. Every boy should know how to swim. Who can tell but that some day the knowledge may save your own life or that of another? If you live near the seaside, or if you visit it, as most of you do in the summer or autumn, bathe daily and try to swim; keep your hands under the water and don't be frightened at the wavelets splashing over your face; throw out your arms and feet like a frog, and you will soon succeed. Salt water is more buoyant and exhilarating than fresh; therefore try a dip in the sea, always remembering that the morning is the best time of the day for the exercise, and that you do not stay in too long at a time.

But about July. In the woods and fields, most of the spring flowers have faded; but roses and lilies, carnations and hearts-ease, holyhocks and sweetpeas, jasmines and campanulas, prim-roses and larkspurs, china-asters and lupins, lavender and clematis, amaranths and bluebells, poppies and iris, and many of the rarer flowers, now deck the gardens. In the kitchen-garden, all the choicest vegetables ought to be plentiful; and in the woods you will find the foxglove and corn-poppy, besides thousands of delicate shapes in mosses and heathers, and the widely-spread and interesting family of ferns. Every hedge is gay with wild flowers. Long festoons of convolvulus and briony, wild hop and mallow, vetches and nightshade, hang out to catch the early sun-rays and open their brilliant eyes as if to say, Come and admire me. The green of the meadows is diapered with pink and yellow; the corn in the fields is putting on its brightest dress of gold; the heather bursts out in crimson loveliness on the moorlands, and the hills rejoice in beauty; the farmer is busy getting in his early crops and preparing for the market, and all nature seems to rejoice. But in the day-time the voices of the birds are still; a dreamy quietude hangs over the land; and only in the shade, at morning and evening, are heard the merry twitterings of the sparrows and the blithe songs of the skylark and nightingale; the seas and rivers are full of fish, and the air is heavy with the hum of busy insects; the quiet pools are alive with myriads of creeping,

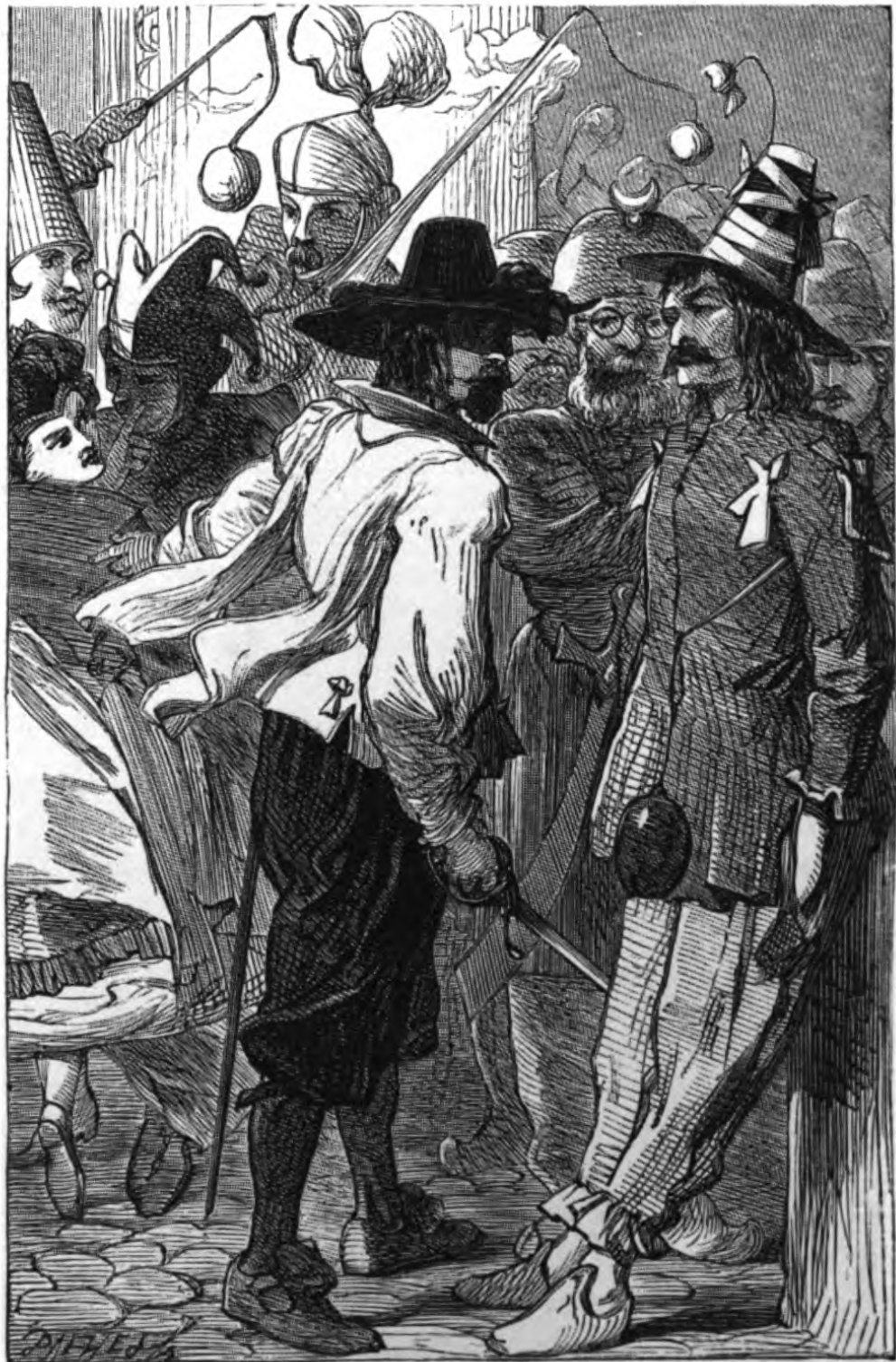
hurrying, flitting forms; and the cattle cluster under the trees to avoid the heat and glare of the sun. Towards the end of this month great thunder claps awaken the echoes, and torrents of rain come fitfully, fearfully down; but afterwards the air is cleared, and the beautiful moon shines forth in all her glory, and throws a halo of meditative poetry over the cool and lovely night.

Now is the time for collecting butterflies, beetles, moths, and curious insects. In this month, too, will be found on the shore, the most elegant seaweeds and the prettiest of tiny shells. What delight, after a scramble among the rocks or through the woods, to lie down and dream in the pleasant shade. Wave after wave breaks on the pebbly strand, and in a gentle ceaseless murmur seems to whisper of things forgotten, or only dimly remembered, like the echoes of some previous lifetime long passed away.

A few words more. July, the seventh month of our year, derives its name from Julius the great Cæsar, whose birth took place in this month. Our Saxon ancestors called it *hen monath*, the month of trees and foliage; or *hey monath*, or the hay month, because in it they celebrated their hay harvest. The zodiacal sign of July is Leo, the lion. On the 23rd he enters that sign of the zodiac. It is also the sheep-shearing month; and about the middle of it St. Swithin the rain-bearer "comes down" pretty freely. It is the hottest month of our year, which makes a little rain, or even a good smart storm, very welcome. What are called the Dog-days begin on the 3rd, and continue till the 11th of August. The term is derived from *Canis*, the dog-star, which was by the ancients supposed to rise and set with the sun about this time. The almost perpendicular rays of the sun in July were once supposed to be particularly favourable to canine madness; but that, like many of the old superstitions, is no longer believed. The 6th, the 13th, the 20th, and the 27th are, this year, the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth Sundays after Trinity. The 7th is named as the anniversary of Thomas à Becket; and on the 9th, in the year 1442, was born the discoverer of America, the great Christopher Columbus. Several birth and death days of great men occur in July; but I desist, for my string is run out. Go into the country, and see how bright and beautiful God's earth is looking.

"The corn is golden on a thousand hills,
All Nature spreads for me her bounteous wealth;
And 'mid the billowy sounds of summer trees
I wander thoughtfully and glad."

G. F. P.



Cervantes at the Carnival.

THE STORY OF CERVANTES;

WHO WAS A SCHOLAR, A POET, A TRAVELLER, A SOLDIER, A SLAVE AMONG
THE MOORS, AND THE AUTHOR OF DON QUIXOTE.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Our First Great Sea Fight," &c. &c.

CHAPTER IX.—Another phase of the drama in the Middle Ages.

THERE are few pleasures so delightful as the pleasure of travelling in foreign countries. Every day brings some instruction with it. A pleasant sense of novelty accompanies all the common acts of life. We pass along roads and rivers as if through a never-ending gallery of animated pictures. We acquire strange tongues; become acquainted with new habits and customs; visit cities famous for their architecture, arts, and manufactures; trace out the plans of ancient battles on the plains where they were fought; make pilgrimages to the homes and graves of great men dead and gone; and learn by experience of their wisdom, their hospitality, and their works, how to love and appreciate our fellow-men, whatever be their dwelling-place or nation. All these advantages and pleasures were now tasted by Miguel de Cervantes, in his journey to Rome. His Excellency the Prince of Atri left Madrid on the 2nd of December, 1568. He travelled slowly, for the roads were not only bad, but in some places dangerous, and the country places infested with bands of mercenary troops, who, when not hired out to prosecute the private feuds of noble families, lived by the plunder of wayfarers, and herded together in the mountains. For security, therefore, as well as state, the prince's retinue consisted of nearly a hundred persons, including an escort of fifty armed guards, besides his highness's secretary, almoner, chaplain, chamberlain, valets, pages, and grooms. Aquaviva himself either travelled in a covered litter drawn by six mules, or rode a superb black Barbary horse with black and violet housings. When on horseback, he generally summoned his secretary and chamberlain to ride on either side of him, and so

held pleasant conversation of books and men, history, poetry, and the arts. Having been destined to the Church from childhood, he was unusually staid for so young a man; but he was at the same time generous, refined, highly cultivated, and kind-hearted; and Cervantes became daily more and more attached to his patron.

Thus, in pompous procession, the ambassador and his train followed the borders of the blue Mediterranean throughout the south of Spain and France to sunny Italy. Cervantes has himself described the delight with which he visited the tower-encircled city of Valencia, with its rich suburban orchards and fruitful vineyards; and Barcelona, which he calls "the queen of all beautiful cities," magnificent with ships and quays, and watched round by snow-capped mountains. Thence they passed through Perpignan, the gate between France and Spain—through Nismes, rich in Roman ruins—through Avignon, where Prince Aquaviva and all his suite rested for three days in the Palace of the Popes, and saw the tomb of Petrarch's Laura; and so on through Dauphiné, till one morning a wonderful vision of mighty mountains, glittering with ice and snow like frosted silver, broke suddenly upon their sight, and Cervantes for the first time gazed upon the Alps. Then for several days more they journeyed forward, ever drawing nearer and nearer, till they skirted the borders of a great desolate blue lake, climbed the shoulder of a huge mountain deep in snow, and descended into the plains of Northern Italy. Then each day carried them farther, ever farther, from the vision of frosted peaks; and by-and-by they came to Milan, where again they rested, being received by the citizens with royal honours, and lodged in a vast stone palace richly furnished. Here they were entertained with a sacred dramatic piece which lasted for three days, and was performed in the open place against the east front of the cathedral.

This dramatic piece, called in those times a Mystery, was played out of doors, upon a raised scaffolding a hundred feet in length. In front, in a wide semicircle, rose nine rows of seats, one row above another, with awnings overhead, for the nobles, officers, and principal citizens; the centre seats being reserved for the prince and his followers. The space between the seats and the scaffolding, which would answer to the pit of our modern theatres, was filled by a standing crowd of soldiers, peasants, and artisans.

It was a strange play. The actors (and there were ninety-two of them) sat on benches at each side of the stage, and went down

into the middle of the platform when it was their turn to speak. In one corner stood a great painted dragon's head, the jaws of which opened and shut by machinery, to represent the mouth of hell. At the opposite corner was a clumsy heaven of painted clouds; while three wooden towers at the back of the stage were supposed to stand for Europe, Asia, and Africa. America had been discovered by Columbus seventy years before, but the drama refused, as yet, to sanction that innovation.

The piece was called "The Three Dons," and the three Dons were three martyrs, whose fate it was to be tormented and persecuted during the whole three afternoons that their performance lasted. Devils in red and black garments came out of the mouth of hell and beset them with pitchforks, or tempted them with worldly wealth and luxuries; but they were consoled from time to time by three mystical personages in white and gold, called Human Succour, Divine Grace, and Divine Comfort, by whose help they clambered up triumphantly into the region of clouds at the close of the third day's performance, and bowed their farewell out of heaven, to the music of trumpets and viols.

"Methinks that, for souls in bliss, our friends the martyrs show us too much courtesy!" laughed the prince, as they passed back to their lodging through the crowded square, attended by a double file of halberdiers. "What says Senor Cervantes to the entertainment?"

"That I have well-nigh fallen asleep over it, any time these past three days, my lord," replied Miguel.

"In good sooth, 'tis a marvellous dull pastime—but, poor folks, they meant their dulness kindly."

"Your highness should have seen Lope de Rueda!" sighed Cervantes.

And that evening, at supper, he amused his patron with an account of how, years ago, he ran away to Segovia, and became acquainted with the father of the Spanish stage.

The next day they resumed their onward journey.

CHAPTER X.—A Roman Carnival three centuries ago.

PRINCE AQUAVIVA and his retinue arrived at the gates of Rome on a sunny afternoon towards the middle of February, 1569; having taken ten weeks to accomplish the journey. A warm, golden light lay upon the city and the mountains, wrapping the unfinished dome of St. Peter's in a tender haze, and touching the

armed seraph on the Castle of St. Angelo with a glory direct from heaven. Some pilgrims, who had been travelling for protection in the rear of the cavalcade during the last three days, now hastened forward, and fell on their knees to kiss the threshold of the gate leading to the Holy City. Cervantes—worshipping the wondrous birthplace of ancient glory and modern art, the city of the Cæsars, of Horace and Virgil, Michael Angelo and Raphael—felt as if he, too, could have knelt down before its portals!

They passed through the archway, and a detachment of the pope's guard turned out, and escorted them. They rode by the huge cathedral, all obscured with scaffoldings, whence, their day's work being ended, the workmen had all departed. They crossed the Tiber by the bridge of St. Angelo, and, defiling slowly through the crowded heart of the city, came presently to a great mansion of white stone, built in the form of a quadrangle, with a paved courtyard in the midst, where a number of liveried retainers poured out to meet them, crying "Welcome—welcome home, our lord and master!"

Here they alighted. They had at last arrived at the palace of the prince of Atri, and come to the end of their journey.

That night, Cervantes slept profoundly; for he was weary of long travelling, and glad to be at rest. The next morning he was awakened by a confused sound of shouting, bell-ringing, and trumpeting in the street below his window. He rose, and looked out. The narrow causeway was full of people, some on foot, some on horseback, and some in carriages. Nearly all wore masks upon their faces; some were disguised as fools, Moors, Turks, Chinese, Cossacks, and so forth; and some carried bunches of flowers in their hands. On both sides of the street, as far as he could see on either side, the houses were decorated with tapestries and flags. The windows were crowded with spectators. The air resounded with music and laughter, and all Rome seemed in a riot of festivity.

He rubbed his eyes. He thought he must be dreaming. He dressed hastily, and went down stairs into the great hall, where the servants were lounging at the windows and watching the crowd beyond.

"How now?" said Miguel. "Is it the pope's birthday, or hath the world gone mad this morning?"

"Neither," replied a voice at his shoulder, which he recognized as that of the prince of Atri, "it is our Carnival season. For three days a universal holiday reigneth. Go forth and share the

follies and frolics of the time, Senor Cervantes. I shall not need your presence till the world hath sobered down again."

Cervantes thanked his patron, and, having snatched a hurried breakfast, ventured out to see what he could of Rome and its Carnival. He had not gone many yards before he found himself powdered with flour from head to foot, from a window above his head. A lady, passing in her carriage, observed his misfortune, beckoned him, smilingly, towards her, and drenched him suddenly with rose-water, by means of a large squirt hidden in her mantle. Presently an orange hit him on the side of the head, and knocked his hat under the feet of the horses, who trampled it into a shapeless lump of mud. At each of his misfortunes the crowd roared and applauded with delight; and Cervantes, whose hot Spanish blood could ill endure mockery, had hard work to keep his temper. Knowing, however, that to be angry at such a season was to be ridiculous, he struggled on, somehow, through the noisy crowd till he came to a shop where they sold all kinds of carnival finery. Here he bought a half-mask, and a cap of white linen, and armed himself with a bladder tied to a short whip. With his head and eyes thus protected, he sallied forth again, and found himself on more equal terms with the general enemy. Insensibly, he fell in with the popular humour. His spirits caught the infectious folly. He laughed—he leaped—he sent hats flying into the gutter—he sprang on carriage-steps, and complimented unknown ladies on their bright eyes—he became, in short, a Roman for the moment, and gave himself up to as wild an enjoyment of the scene as any native there. Thus he rambled on, up and down the Corso and the open places adjoining, till he wearied of the sport, and was about to turn away in search of a quieter neighbourhood, when a lady sitting in a low balcony close beside him held up her bouquet to him and nodded, as if in token of recognition.

"I know you," said she, leaning down, as he approached her. "You sent me these flowers."

"Nay, I would that I had been so happy," replied Cervantes, gallantly; "but, I pray you, give me one bud to keep in remembrance of you."

The lady drew back suddenly. "Your pardon, Signor," she stammered, "I—I mistook you for another."

"Alas! I feared so," said Miguel, "for I am a stranger, and friendless. Yet, still, give me the bud, lady, for mere charity."

"Charity? Art a beggar then?" laughed the lady.

"The poorest of beggars, who, since he hath listened to thy voice, hath not even a heart left to call his own."

"Then I will give thee the white rose," said she, disregarding the remonstrances of another lady at her side, who whispered earnestly in her ear, as if to prevent the gift. "Pshaw, Giulietta, 'tis but a Carnival folly—he shall have it!"

Saying which, she drew a white rose from her bouquet and gave it to Cervantes, who contrived to touch the hand with his lips as he received it.

At this moment a frightful incident diverted his attention. He saw an open carriage approaching, the only occupant of which was a gentleman richly dressed. Suddenly a man broke through the crowd, sprang on the carriage-step, shot the gentleman dead in his seat, and immediately dived among the vehicles and disappeared. Uttering a cry of horror, Cervantes drew his sword and rushed forward; but the murderer had already escaped—the frightened coachman had driven off with his ghastly burthen—the passers-by were jostling, laughing, and crowding on, as merrily as ever, and none seemed to heed the act of blood which had been done before their eyes.

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Cervantes, "are you all blind? Did you not see a man killed, and does no one pursue the slayer?"

"Pshaw! we should have enough to do in Rome if we ran after every assassin!" said a bystander, coolly.

Cervantes put his hand to his forehead, like a man waking from sleep. The strangeness and horror of the scene had quite confused him.

"Holy saints!" he ejaculated, "is there no justice here?"

"'Twas but a *vendetta*,"* said the other, with a shrug. "You are a stranger, probably, and do not know the ways of the place. We are used to these things; especially at Carnival-time. It is the second I have seen to-day."

Cervantes turned away without a word. Sick at heart, almost giddy, he plunged down the nearest passage, and, without giving even a glance towards the lady with whom he had been jesting a few moments before, hurried away from the noisy Corso at his utmost speed, nor paused till he found himself in an open lonely place, with a broad yellow river rolling turbidly at his feet. All here was silence and desolation. The ruins of a little circular temple on his left—a boat moored to a stake close by—some frag-

* A private revenge.

ments of an antique bridge lifting themselves here and there above the troubled current—on the opposite bank some half-decaying houses and a line of ancient wall, with fields and trees beyond—and behind him, Rome with its church spires and pinnacles, and the great unfinished dome overtopping all the rest;—such were the characteristics and surroundings of the spot to which he had fled. He sat down upon a fragment of fallen architrave and gazed about him. Here was the Tiber—there the Temple of Vesta. The Colosseum, he knew, could not be far off. His thoughts went back to the days of the great Republic and the conquering Empire, and he fell into a profound reverie. By and by a peasant came driving past, standing upright in his rude cart like a charioteer of old. Cervantes inquired his way to the Colosseum, and, directed by the peasant, found himself presently in the shadow of its gigantic walls. Tier above tier, arch above arch, it towered up like a mountain against the deep blue sky. Wild flowers and grasses grew in its rents and chasms, as in the furrows of a rocky precipice. High on the uppermost ridges of its ruined corridors waved young trees, which had taken root like mere wind-wafted weeds, a hundred and fifty feet above the level ground. Entering through a gap in the lower wall, Cervantes made his way into a vaulted passage choked up in places with fallen rubbish, and thence passed into the central arena. Within the great theatre the ground was strewn with masses of stone and brickwork which had been quarried out of the walls for building purposes. The workmen's tools, the carts for transporting the materials (some of them ready loaded), the scaffoldings, were all there, just as they had been left from the day or two before. Not content to let Time do its worst upon the noble ruin, the priests and princes of the modern city were daily stealing from its strength, stripping it of its columns and cornices, and even tearing away the iron cramps that bound its stones together, to build their churches and palaces. Cervantes sighed to see the desecration of the place, and rejoiced in the good fortune which had brought him there, for the first time, in the absence of the spoilers.

All at once, in the midst of the deep silence, he heard a clash of swords. He started, listened, drew his own rapier, and ran in the direction from which the sound appeared to come. Presently the strokes ceased. He paused and listened again. Then they began afresh, louder, as it seemed, and nearer. He became entangled in a maze of dark passages—turned back—grew confused—ran blindly forward—heard a cry of agony—shouted aloud—lis-

tened—ran—shouted again—emerged suddenly upon an open space, and found—only a dead man, lying on his face in the bright sunlight, a space of trampled grass, a pool of blood, a mask, and a broken sword.

Cervantes flew to the fallen man, lifted up his head, pressed his hand upon his heart, and then laid him gently down. He looked round in every direction. He climbed a little mound close by; but there was no one anywhere in sight. Only, growing fainter and farther at every echo, he heard the galloping of a horse's feet.

"Heaven help us!" groaned he. "Call ye this the Holy City? 'Tis an accursed city—a city of blood!"

Slowly and mournfully he turned away, and retraced his steps towards that part of Rome in which was situated the palace of the prince of Atri. Again he found himself in the midst of maskers and carriages, his eyes blinded with dust, his ears deafened with laughter, his heart heavy with loathing. He pushed hastily along, neither looking nor heeding as he went. Suddenly the crowd surged back. A great distant shouting was heard. It drew nearer and nearer, and was caught up by thousands on the way.

"They come! they come!" cried the populace, as if with one voice.

"They come!" echoed Cervantes, turning to a woman, who was striving to push before him. "Who come?"

"Why, the Jews, to be sure!" replied she. "'Tis the Jew-race to-day."

Cervantes shuddered; for he had heard how the Jews of Rome were cruelly compelled to race for the amusement of the people on public holidays. Again the crowd fell back with an irresistible impulse, leaving a clear passage down the middle of the street; and then some twenty bronzed and panting wretches, naked, bleeding, pursued by men and horses, goaded on with lances, pelted with offal, and hooted by tens of thousands all along the line, flew past at the utmost speed of their trembling limbs, and were out of sight in a moment. The crowd instantly closed up behind them, and followed like a rushing tide.

"Poor souls!" ejaculated Cervantes, involuntarily.

"How, stranger! Dost pity the accursed Hebrews?" said one of the crowd, turning sharply upon him.

"Nay, they are men," replied our hero; "not beasts of the chase."

The Roman looked at him suspiciously, and presently disappeared among the crowd.

That evening Rome was illuminated, the theatres were thronged with maskers, the Tiber was covered with lighted gondolas, and the prince of Atri held a great reception and supper, at which some hundreds of nobles, dignitaries of the Church, and great officers of state, native and foreign, were present. When all the guests were gone, and Aquaviva had retired to his private apartments, he sent for his chamberlain, and said—

“ Senor Cervantes, your Spanish Inquisition is not, methinks, the most merciful of tribunals. In Madrid, if I remember rightly, you sometimes burn your Jews and heretics ? ”

Cervantes bowed. He could not conceive what his patron was going to say next.

“ Did you ever witness an *auto-da-fé*, Senor Cervantes ? ”

“ Never, my lord ; and Heaven forbid that ever I should do so.”

The prince smiled meaningly, and laid his hand upon the young man’s shoulder.

“ Your disposition is tender and kindly, Senor Cervantes,” he said ; “ and I would not have it otherwise. But let me warn you not too publicly to profess it, where religious prejudices are concerned—especially in Rome. There hath been one with me to-night, inquiring of your antecedents, and observing upon certain things which you were heard to say aloud this morning at the Jew-race. Hadst not been a servant of a servant of the Church, to-morrow might have found thee in a dungeon of St. Angelo. Good night.”

CHAPTER XI.—A Protestant martyr.

ON the 17th of May, about three months after his return to Rome, Prince Aquaviva was, with great pomp, raised to the rank of a Cardinal in the Romish Church. Cervantes was present at the ceremony, as well as at the Easter festivals, which were very splendid, consisting of grand religious and military processions, stately masses, public benedictions, illuminations, and exhibitions of fireworks. He also visited the wonders of painting, still fresh from the brushes of Raphael and Michael Angelo ; the prisons of the early Christian martyrs ; the catacombs, which were their places of burial ; the ruined temples, amphitheatres, aqueducts, and palaces of the ancient Roman Empire ; and all that was most curious and interesting, both to the scholar and the Christian, in that famous city.

His curiosity satisfied, however,—his eyes sated with novelty,

and his imagination with splendour,—Cervantes began to weary of his position. To be chamberlain to any man, whether king or cardinal, was insufficient for the ardent ambition of that aspiring nature. He was young, brave, restless, full of a poetic enthusiasm and a love of adventure, that no inactive subordinate career could long be expected to content. To loiter away the morning among the crowd of young officers, churchmen, pages, painters, poets, and other applicants for praise or patronage that daily thronged the antechamber of the new cardinal, soon became intolerable to Miguel Cervantes. He made pleasant acquaintances; but no friendships. He saw plenty of life; but he scorned to be a looker-on, and not an actor. The clerical atmosphere in which he lived, also, seemed to hem him in with observances and ceremonies; and he often looked back with regret to the old wild days of his college-life at Salamanca. Now, when he had danced attendance all the long day in his highness's antechamber, with a gold chain round his neck and a long white wand in his hand, chatting with this person and that; ushering some in to an audience, and some out; attending at the prince's elbow during dinner, and sometimes accompanying him when he waited upon his holiness at the Vatican;—now, in the midst of all this tiresome and artificial life, his only pleasure was, at dusk, or in the golden summer evenings, when the shadows of ancient arches lay long upon the parched grasses of the Campagna, to fling away his wand and chain of office, spring upon horseback, and gallop madly away over the meadows behind the Vatican, or out towards the blue hills of Albano. Then he felt free again; and then, too, he enjoyed the luxury of danger, for the country round about was wild and lawless, and he who rode alone at close of day had need know how to use his pistols at a moment's notice.

At length, towards the end of June, or the beginning of July, a circumstance occurred which altered the aspect of our hero's career.

He had been sent to the Vatican with a letter for the pope, and waited there nearly an hour for his reply. As he came away through long suites of cool mosaic-paven halls and great marble staircases, and emerged upon the blinding light and heat of the outer courtyard, he felt as if he had stepped out in the face of a furnace. In the act of crossing this courtyard, he paused to listen. It seemed to him that he heard a sound like the hum of many voices. He hastened forward. He came out into the great Piazza of St. Peter's, almost deserted an hour before, and found the whole scene strangely altered.

Some workmen were now erecting a lofty iron post in the centre of the piazza; others were unloading a cart filled with wood; a detachment of soldiers was drawn up across the whole width of the vast enclosure, and a considerable crowd of lookers-on was rapidly assembling from all quarters. Cervantes went up to the officer in command, and inquired if any particular ceremony was about to take place.

"The most religious ceremony of burning alive one Richard Atkins, an English heretic," * replied the officer, courteously.

"Alas! what crime hath he committed?" asked Miguel, shuddering.

The officer looked at him with surprise.

"Can you, Signor, who are a good Catholic, and whom I know to be in the service of the Prince-Cardinal Aquaviva, ask so strange a question?" said he. "Is heresy alone no crime in your eyes?"

"Nay, it is a grievous error," replied Cervantes; "but one, methinks, which were better met with persuasion than punishment. Surely 'twere more acceptable in the sight of Heaven that we reclaimed this lost sheep, than that we put him to a miserable death!"

The officer shrugged his shoulders.

"You are too merciful, Signor," said he. "I would to the fire with them all; and especially so with this one, who is an incurable sinner! You do not know, perhaps, that he hath openly insulted our holy religion here in Rome—nay, that he did even, some few weeks since, violently enter the Church of St. Peter's, snatch the chalice from the hands of a priest who was performing mass, and strive to tear down the image of our Lady! After that, being brought to trial, he did exult in the act, and glorify that arch-blasphemer of Germany, Martin Luther, and that wickedest of Jezebels, Elizabeth, queen of England! Think you that death in any form is expiation enough for such sacrilege?"

Cervantes was, as the officer had said, a good Catholic. That is to say, he had been born and bred in the ancient religion—had been taught to look upon the Reformation as a deadly plague-spot—upon England and Germany as hot-beds of infidelity—upon Martin Luther as an agent of Satan, and upon Pope

* For a detailed account of the martyrdom of Richard Atkins, a Hertfordshire man, see the "Harleian Miscellanies," vol. ii. page 207. This event did not actually take place till 1581, twelve years later than it is here (for the purposes of our story) supposed to occur.

Pius the Fifth as God's Vice-Gerent upon earth. For all this, however, he was, intellectually, in advance of his age. He held human life to be a sacred thing; and he could not help suspecting that matters of faith were, after all, matters of private conscience, and that every reasoning being had a right to his individual belief. However, he thanked the officer for his information, and turned away, eager to escape the sight of the tragedy in preparation.

"Of what use is it," thought he, as he plunged hastily into a labyrinth of shady, narrow streets, lying between the Piazza and the Tiber, "of what use is it to burn a poor wretch for his opinions, if, burnt or not burnt, he remains of those same opinions still? What can it matter to the pope whether this Richard Atkins believes or denies his infallibility? Burn him, and he becomes a martyr. His very martyrdom is a glory to his cause, and the cause itself attracts more inquiry than ever! Alas! these are grievous errors both of charity and policy!"

Musing thus, he reached the bridge of St. Angelo, and was more than halfway across, when he found himself face to face with a dense stream of people, all pouring towards the cathedral. Some carried torches in their hands, and all were racing, hooting, and vociferating like demons. Cervantes drew aside to let them pass. On they came—men, women, and children, and still the crowd grew denser and more dense. Presently a sound of chanting mingled with the shouts. Then came a long procession of priests and friars bearing aloft white banners and massive silver crosses. Then came a company of the order of Penitents, their faces covered with black hoods, in which were two ghastly holes, through which their eyes gleamed awfully. Then came a detachment of halberdiers—then more priests with banners—and then

Cervantes' heart sank within him; for the next in order was the unhappy prisoner himself. He was sitting, half naked, upon an ass, with his feet tied under the animal's belly by a thick cord. His grey hair hung long and matted; his beard was unshorn; his body scarred with chains, and worn almost to a skeleton. On each side of him walked two priests with blazing torches, which, as they went, they thrust continually at his naked flesh, exhorting him aloud to confess his heresy and return to the true faith before it was too late. To all this he returned no answer; but, addressing the people in his imperfect Italian, bade them observe how joyfully he bore his torture for Christ's sake. Saying this,

he smiled at his tormentors, and himself held the torches to his wounds. Amazed, appalled, yet carried along by an irresistible impulse, Cervantes now suffered himself to be swept onward with the crowd. Once more he found himself in the Piazza of St. Peter's, with the stake and the soldiers before him. He saw the Englishman bound to the iron pillar—he saw the fagots piled about his legs and feet—he saw the priests crowd round him with the cross, and the martyr point to heaven with uplifted hands. Then they laid their torches to the wood, cruelly contriving to burn his feet and legs first, so as to put him to the fiercest agony. And then the smoke gathered and drifted, and the flame rose higher and higher, and the chanting of the priests swelled louder and deeper, and still the martyr clasped his hands and prayed, till nature gave way under that great torture, and, with one piercing cry, he fainted. That cry was his first, and last. In another moment the flame had twined about his body, and was playing high above his head. Then the smoke gathered in a denser volume, and wrapped him in a deadlier shroud pierced through with tongues of fire; then, drifting with the wind, showed something blindly struggling within; then closed again—drifted—closed—burst out into fresh fury of flame, and rose in a quivering pyramid that, even under the bright mid-day sun, cast a red glare on the faces of the shaven priests and the armour of the guards.

Cervantes saw no more. Paralyzed at first, he had been unable to speak or move. Now, however, beside himself with horror, he found himself striking furiously to right and left, forcing a path through the multitude, and uttering he knew not what wild words of pity and indignation. Frantically he fought his way out, and fled like a hunted animal through the deserted streets, till, faint with exhaustion, he reached the cardinal's palace, staggered up to his own chamber, bolted the door, and flung himself upon his bed. Motionless, speechless, he lay there till the day declined behind the western mountains, and the great bell summoned all the household to evening prayer. Then he rose mechanically, assumed his chain and wand of office, and went down to the great library where the prince's chaplain read the vesper service. At the door he met a priest coming out, who scowled upon him from beneath his hood, and strode, muttering, down the corridor.

That night the prince sent again for Cervantes to attend him in his bed-chamber.

"Senor Cervantes," said he, gravely and reproachfully, "in a city which is all eyes and ears, how am I to protect you, if, with your own lips, you condemn yourself?"

"What mean you, my lord?" faltered the chamberlain.

"I mean that you are again suspected, and that to-morrow not even my power may avail to save you. This day, in the Piazza San Pietro, you were heard to say that which the Church forgives not. Fly, therefore, this very night. Here is gold for you. Take a horse from my stables, and begone."

"But, my lord"

"Not another word," interrupted Aquaviva, sternly. "I do not even ask if you are, or are not, a heretic to holy Church. I only remember that you are a stranger, that I brought you hither, and that I will save you if I can. Begone."

"I am no heretic, my lord," said Cervantes, passionately. "I saw a fellow-creature barbarously murdered. I know not even what wild words I uttered; but I am no heretic!"

The young cardinal waved his hand.

"Go," he said. "Go, without a moment's delay. Let Naples be your destination. There are Spanish forces there, and under the Spanish banners you are safe. Farewell."

Cervantes kissed the hand of his patron, and obeyed. By midnight he had already left Rome far behind him, and was galloping along the moonlit Campagna with his face turned towards the sea.

(To be continued.)

An Essay
ON
"THE UTILITY OF ATHLETIC EXERCISES."
BY WYNNE EDWIN BAXTER.

"Upon festivals and playtimes they should exercise themselves in the fields, by riding, leaping, fencing, mustering, and training."—*Cowley Essay*—
"The School."

MAN, being doomed to perpetual toil and labour, has had given him not only organs for seeing, hearing, and smelling, for eating, digesting, and numerous other contrivances for similar purposes—but has in his complicated body limbs, joints, and muscles for motion and defence. And, being born the owner of such constructions, capable of exercising an immense influence on the objects which surround him, it is but his duty to farm them to the greatest advantage.

The strength acquired by suitable training is not an exaggeration of any physical capacity—it is only its development. Persons who have not duly considered this, are very prone to make a mistake on such a subject. For example, how often do we hear it said that some particular person, although afflicted with the loss of his vision, has, very providentially, been gifted with an acute sense of touch. This is not an individual gift—it belongs to all in a greater or less degree, and has only been increased by more frequent use of that faculty, caused, of necessity, by the loss of the other. So strength, though often dormant, is considerably increased by exercise. The importance of such exercise may be thus seen. Let a man be able to swim with perfection,—let him have been able to bear his chin above the wave with a stout heart, and have "stemmed a midnight torrent's force" for many a mile and many an hour,—and if he has not exercised his arms by fit gymnastic diversion, he will be unable to make use of any deserted boat he may meet, or steep shore with which he may happen to come in contact.

Athletic sports, varying in their nature according to the country

and epoch in which they were used, have served different purposes under different circumstances. And although, in almost every nation, some particular exercise for strength and agility has attracted public attention, and the direct cause has been different, yet the result has been the same—viz., the increase of vigour in individual members, and so the increase of strength in the state itself.

It has been considered by some, that the favour in which games and fights were held by the ancient Greeks and Romans, conduced to the formation of their sturdy frames and noble characters, and aided in winning the battles of Thermopylæ and Zama, with the thousand others which might be enumerated.

There were two distinct classes of combatants with the Greeks in contests at the celebration of their four great games, the Olympian, Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmian. There were* those who devoted their whole life and energy to the formation of a frame most fit for such struggles by a judicial course of training, and who served as teachers and stimulators to the practice; and there were† those who pursued the exercises at the gymnasia, merely to enjoy health and increased strength.

This, according to Plato,‡ formed one of the three parts of the education of a Grecian youth—the other two being grammar and music. A conquest on these occasions had its rewards, the conqueror approached his native town with the idea that he had conferred a benefit upon it—was ever after held in great honour, besides receiving such prizes as might induce some to attempt the contest. So popular were these and similar combats, and so great was the number of those connected with and benefited by them, that it was difficult to calculate the advantage accruing from them. In the middle ages, when the war-trumpet was heard quite as often as at the present day—nay much oftener—when battles were but numerous duels between members of antagonistic armies—when every baron fortified his castle and was often at enmity with his neighbouring peer, it was of the greatest importance that a gentleman should not only be superior in rank, but should be able to maintain his supremacy by dint of strength. Partly from a want of domestic comfort, and partly with a view of making themselves better men—the Normans were fond of outdoor sports, of the tournament and hunting. The first, from a fear of revolution, was not permitted until things became settled,

* Athletæ.

† Agonistæ.

‡ Plato Theaq. p. 122.

and the severity of the game laws prevented the latter from becoming very popular. Chivalry, however, rose to great perfection under the Plantagenet kings. Tournaments were conducted in the grandest and most pompous manner possible, and before the fairest that the "sea-girt" island possessed. Upon the decline of these sports, archery—for skill in which the English were noted throughout the middle ages—became the popular exercise, and was even enforced by Edward IV., who ordered every man to have a long-bow of his own height, that every town should possess butts, and that all should practise on feast days under penalty of a halfpenny. In the Tudor period out-door exercises seem to have been on the wain, but an effort appears to have been made to revive our old sports, under the Stuarts, before they eventually disappeared, and previous to its becoming fashionable for every married person to acquit himself of exercise, under the plea that he was a "family man." The principal of these latter-day sports appear to have been (besides those we have seen in previous epochs), May games, Witsun-ales, and morris dances.

From this slight sketch of the various athletic amusements of the English people in different ages, we see that the introduction of gunpowder was unfavourable to such exercises, and that as it progressed and became more advantageous for martial pursuits, so the training of muscular power was not considered of such importance as skill in arms, and, finally, the numerous athletic sports were lost sight of, at least as far as regarded the nation as a body.

At the present day the principal public amusements are, for the most part, in the hands of those who make use of them as a means of subsistence, as in the case of prize-fighters, &c., or known to the young and unmarried for the many hours of innocent recreation which may have been passed in striving to excel in some particular branch.

Cricket—the most scientific, diversified, and noble of English games, and the prince of all pastimes of all climes, in all ages—does much towards the formation of a healthy and robust constitution and frame. In consequence of the numerous postures in which the body is placed, and of the varied exercises for the feet and legs when fielding, and of the arms when bowling, throwing, and batting—together with the different phases it is possible for the game to assume—cricket has always been popular; but never more so than at the present time, when private speculators pay down incredible sums to entice good cricketers over into our colonies.

Riding and *Driving* are manly exercises, which, besides being useful for the preservation of health, have the additional advantage of causing quickness in voyage.

To be superior in *Rowing* should ever be the aim of every Englishman, as the main is peculiarly our own; all other nations having, since the times of the Spanish Armada and its disgraceful defeat, owned our supremacy at sea. It tends to enlarge and strengthen the numerous muscles in the arms, and gives additional vigour to the whole frame.

There is another exercise worthy of notice in this place, in which water is a necessary contingency—I speak of *Swimming*, which may be used to invigorate the frame, and is often recommended by the faculty for various maladies, and is both a graceful accomplishment and useful for the preservation of life.

Skating can only be enjoyed under peculiar circumstances, which happen seldom in England. It has not, for that reason, that attention which the sports previously enumerated secure. It possesses the advantage of circulating the blood at a time when it is very prone to become dull, of strengthening the sinews and thews of the leg, and of exercising our powers of equilibrium.

Gymnastics, which have of late years attracted considerable attention, are less natural than the exercises above. But as almost every limb and every muscle are strengthened by appropriate exercises, more time should be devoted to this than to the study of any other.

In this sketch, faint though it be, of the rise and fall of the different athletic exercises in England, we see the use of them severally, and the service they have performed in the formation of traits of national character. They serve at the same time to amuse the public. We see that in the middle ages, though modified to keep up with the general march of improvement, they performed the same offices; and that at the present day they keep the youth in vigour, health, and good spirits, and prevent “John from being a dull boy.”

I will conclude with a quotation from George Watts’ translation of Bacon’s work on “Learning” (b. ix. c. 2), in which will be found the following:—

“Bowling is good against the weakness of the reins; shooting against the obstruction of the longes; walking and upright deport of the body against the crudities of the stomach; and for other diseases other expectations” (exercises).

HINTS ON CRICKET.

By the Author of "The Cricket Field."

HAVING now spoken of Batting generally, I will proceed to explain the several recognized Hits and the way to make them, presuming, as before, that you have some elementary knowledge, or some one to explain modes of play with which every schoolboy is familiar. I deem it sufficient to limit my instructions to those rules and suggestions which could not so readily occur to yourself, and which might never be learnt without my assistance.

1. *The drive, or hit straight forward, in the direction of long-field.*—With underhand bowling this used to be the easiest hit of all, but with round-arm bowling it is always deemed difficult and a criterion of a fine commanding style of play. It is also most effective, because a driving player, like Griffith or Stephenson, opens the field, and prevents the adversary from concentrating all his force behind home, on one or two favourite points.

As to the drive (1), avoid lifting or hitting the ball in the air. No doubt a bold hit, high over every man's head, has a dashing appearance, and with a man of the command of Pilch or Parr, it may be safely attempted; still, even they are sometimes caught out, especially where the bowler has dodged them with a dropping ball; and the man who plays with an eye to the score and not to the spectators, should cautiously avoid it. The principle of making the drive is rather to "run the ball down with a straight bat" than to make a free hit. The latter can only be attempted when the ball is very much overpitched. Just such a swipe I saw Mr. Fellowes make at Badminton, on the occasion of one of the Duke of Beaufort's Zingari matches; it flew a hundred yards in the air, and I know not how many more: for, the fourth run was turned as the fieldsman got up to the ball. (2). The art of brilliant hitting is neither to risk a catch by hitting the ball in the air nor to waste your power by killing the ball against the ground. A good clean drive will generally ground about two yards or more from the bat; and in all hitting the angle at which the ball is hit to the ground is very important.

This is the point at which brilliant players are anything but safe; and, on the other hand, it is the point in which safe players are not always brilliant. Caffyn, on his lucky days, is a very fine hitter in this respect, hitting neither too much down nor too much up; still, as it is impossible to be perfect, this brilliant hitter is too apt to err on the side of a catch.

As to Caffyn, he rarely does much at Lord's. One reason is, he has been hit in the face by a *bumping* ball, the ground being often hard and rough, and this prevents him from facing the ball there as coolly as he should do. This is the apology his friends make for him, and there may be some truth in it; but, besides this, the fault is evidently partly in his play. He hits "between wind and water," that is, he plays too much by the pitch, indulging in "guess hits," a kind of play which is often the most brilliant in its effect, though, amidst the cheers of the ring, the good judge says, "That is nothing but a blind swipe."

Never hit when you cannot command the pitch of the ball—never in expectation of what the rise will be. This kind of driving is 'far more in fashion than it used to be, and the question is, Who is to blame? The present system of play is far more for a merry life than for a long one at the wicket—the question is, How has this come to pass?

The answer is that—

"They who live to please must please to live." Every "colt" or young player who comes out to earn a reputation at Lord's must adopt the style that the Public approves—and what is that style? The answer is shown in certain new expressions which we never used to hear; such as "fast play," "slow play," and "a quick run-getter." All we used to hear of was, "Playing the game as it should be;" "making all that was on the ball;" but now we hear of players being all very good, but "too slow;" and very little praise is given to a man who stands Over after Over, not to be tired out of his patience or his good judgment, but waiting till the ball can be safely hit. No doubt versatility of talent, and a hit for almost every kind of ball, is a thing to be encouraged, and invention in Cricket, as in billiards, deserves all due credit; but all this must come of itself; I would only point out that in batting "the more haste the worse speed," and ten runs made without a mistake are more creditable than twenty with one chance for every ten.

Considering what Cricket owes to the M. C. C., I would not speak disparagingly of the verdict of the Pavilion, when it pro-

nounces in its true and responsible character. Players must not mistake the hasty applause of youthful amateurs for the opinion of elder members—the best judges in the land.

I remember a good observation from the celebrated William Clarke: he said we may practise good bowling too much—some of a loose sort, volleys, long hops, and tosses are necessary to keep us in practice if we would attain to brilliant hitting. Bad bowling does not make a man wild if he plays it in good form and steadily. Only remember—men are often beaten by bad bowling because they take liberties with it; in other words, because, if the bowling is bad, they actually make their batting worse. Now, no player should ever treat lightly a ball that is straight; sneaks jump about and twist with the ground, and are always dangerous. Home tosses get both wickets and catches, and sneaks, as well as tosses, are known to be so effective that they would be more frequently tried were it not that there is so much chance in bowling good ones, that the experiment costs too many runs for the wicket.

As to the position for the drive, all young players should be sure they find their right foot in its proper place when the drive has been made. Some men topple over a step or two with every off-hit, and are always out of their ground after a drive. The latter will do for a professional or practised player, but not for the learner, who will certainly get out of his proper form of play. The art of drawing in to make the most of a drive must be learnt later.

As to *slow bowling*, and the way to drive it, I have not time to teach this necessary art in this place, but must refer to “The Cricket Field” (chapter viii.), simply observing that to step in to slow bowling requires great judgment, and, in driving it, a good player should never lift it off the ground. “The only way to hit me forward,” said Clarke, “is to run me down with a full-faced bat quite upright.” This is true of all slow bowling: it is not only the way not to be caught: it is equally the way not to be bowled or stumped out.

Off-hitting.—Of this, with round-arm bowling, we need only mention two kinds. The one is more truly to be called Cutting. When the right foot is moved—the other, though also sometimes called cutting, I will speak of under the name of Off-hitting—that style of hitting when the right foot or pivot foot remains fixed, and the left foot is thrown across to command the reach of the ball.

As to the former kind, Cutting, it can only be learnt by imitation and practice. Still, it will be useful to observe—

1st. That in using the bat horizontally the arm has very little power. Try the action of cutting with a bat, and you will at once see that the muscles act at a disadvantage; but try again the action of cutting downwards, and you will perceive your increased power at once. One rule in cutting, therefore, is always to cut rather downwards, as adding to the force as well as to the safety of the hit.

2nd. The next rule is to cut rather late, otherwise you cannot bring the point of the bat to bear on the ball.

3rd. The third rule is to cut by sight, and not by guess, as very dangerous. Some very brilliant players, Mr. Felix among others, used to cut too much by guess—missing many balls and risking a catch.

4th. The certainty of your cutting is very much increased by a habit of straight play. I have seen Wisden bring twice as large a portion of his bat to bear upon the course of the ball as ordinary players can do. Grundy does nearly (not quite) the same, and both make some of the finest



cuts. A mere chop across the ball's course is not the most effective style; but bring the point of your bat from the top of the bails, with left elbow well up, and you will find the advantage in your score.

As to Off-hitting, I am convinced that a tall man should play as Pilch did, and adopt no other kind of cutting, but use this as a substitute for Cutting proper. Pilch almost always hit off-balls in front of Point. He used to say that Mr. Felix and others *slipped* their balls too much for his fancy. Pilch played, like Wisden, with bat perfectly straight, and being much taller—full six feet high—he could meet an off-ball with the full length, and almost with the full breadth, of his bat.

One advantage this Off-hitting has over Cutting is, that it does not require the position to be altered. You still remain standing on the right and balancing yourself with the left foot. Whereas the Cut proper requires so complete a change in the position as materially to affect the firmness and stability of your defence; the right foot has to move, and the right shoulder to come forward instead of the left. And when all this is done, you have not half the power as when the left alone is moved. This was one reason that Pilch hit so hard to the off. The same was the position of Saunders, one of the finest cutters (as he was called, but he never made the real cut) ever seen. The same also was the position of Felix—not always, but when he made those most powerful hits for which he was so famous.—Again, a tall man may stride forward to the pitch of many an off-ball, after the manner of leg-hitting, and with much force hit it before it has had much time to rise. In this hit all the power of the shoulder is brought to bear.

The "Draw" has gone rather out of fashion. Hearne and Wisden both make it, simply because they are upright players; and with an upright bat, a ball working away only a little to the leg will, as you play back to guard your wicket, make the Draw of itself. This happens most frequently with underhand bowling: indeed, no man can play that bowling well who cannot Draw. It also happens more with left-handed players. With others the round-arm bowling is found to require a position so well up to the wicket that the hit more generally available is that hit which plays the ball away to the on-side—appearing like a hit across the right leg—so common among professionals. A perfect player should make both hits; for, neither is suitable for every ball. A man who cannot Draw is likely to play the ball into his wicket, and give more chances to the slips.

All we can teach of the Draw is, that it is called a "Draw" in ignorance of the way to make it; because when the Draw is properly made there is no Draw in it—no drawing of the bat at all. The bat is brought forward from the top of the bails as full as

possible to meet the ball ; and then, if the ball works to the leg, it must draw, or glance away of itself. Therefore there is never any danger in a Draw, if you only know how to make it, as it should be, with a kind of "hanging guard."

The leg-hit.—I presume you all have seen this hit frequently made. It is made by striding forward with the left foot to the pitch of a ball (when pitched near enough to be reached), and hitting



it square to the leg before it has time to rise so high as to be unmanageable. As to leg-hit—

1. You must never try this forward hit with any ball of which you cannot command the pitch. Pilch, in his later days, was thought a bad leg-hitter, only because he could not risk a catch by what Lord Frederic Beauclerk called "a blindswipe,"—that is, a leg-hit made by guess and venture—by a wild sweep of the bat, taking the chance of the ball passing before the bat, at the moment

of its swing.

The number of men caught at "long-leg" is very great. With good players an extra man is always sent down directly they see the batsman eager for this hit. I have seen the All-England Eleven against Twenty-two put as many as three men down to long-leg to meet the case of an eager leg-hitter. So, never try a forward leg-hit unless you can command the pitch.

But, when there is a command of the pitch, Parr has two different hits, both good ones, according to the length of the ball; and this choice of hits gives him a great advantage over other players, who commonly have only one hit for every leg-ball. One of his hits is to make a kind of sweep with the point of a horizontal bat (only to be done when it can reach to the pitch of the ball); the other—when he cannot quite reach so far—is to hit across his advanced leg with a bat nearly upright, so as to intercept the ball before it has had time to rise above a foot from the ground.

All balls that cannot be reached far enough for either of these two hits—that is, all short-pitched balls—should be played back.

As to these short-pitched balls to the leg, if they are very short-pitched or long-hops, and if you can hit them by sight, well. If not, here again beware of a blind swipe, as very likely to hit the ball into the hands of the long-stop, and often to send it spinning over to the point or slips. If you cannot hit these balls by sight, don't hit at them at all. Even in an All-England match you do not see any man hit one in six of these short-pitched leg-balls; and the wild attempt swings a man out of form, and he may lose his defence and straight play, for the rest of the innings.—Experienced bowlers always calculate that leg-hits are often the prelude to cross-play and a falling wicket.

This effect of swinging round after leg-balls too wide to be hit, except rarely and by accident, is too little considered. Men waste their strength as well as their steadiness, and Pilch was so often caught off these balls in early days, that at last he left them alone altogether. My own practice was, save with a manifest long-hop, never to swing round after these balls. I believe that, directly or indirectly, the loss is greater than the gain: chiefly, because you lose in steadiness and good form.

Short-pitched leg-balls with fast bowling are so difficult to hit that in the All-England match, in 1860, when I saw Carpenter score ninety-seven, I do not think he hit even one of the short-pitched balls to the leg. Caffyn, who was standing by when I made the observation, said, "Still, I think they can be hit;" and the very first that Jackson bowled him, he hit most brilliantly for four runs. But his innings, unlike Carpenter's, was a short one—resulting, as usual, from his too great eagerness to hit. Indeed, there is rarely a player to be named in all England who can combine this wonderfully quick hitting of all leg-balls with a strong defence—simply because the mind must be set upon hitting

instead of on defence; and, if so, the muscles are apt to start and vibrate in the direction of the will (as before explained) almost in spite of oneself.

Pilch and Parr were fine, steady, powerful hitters; but coolness and composure characterized their strong defence. Caffyn, playing a long innings on the Oval, a ground he can depend upon, is quite a picture of energy and quickness, and most lookers-on are delighted to see him at the wicket; still, Caffyn's play, if it suits Caffyn, would answer with scarcely any one else. Parr is a better model for a learner. Wisden, though less brilliant, is one of the best to imitate, and quite as good to copy as Parr, because his play is rather straighter. For, *Parr does not play straight*—not as straight as Pilch or Wisden, as any eye will detect; therefore not quite straight. Still—not to detract from the performance of so fine a player—Parr plays *nearly* straight, and has greater readiness for leg-hitting than Pilch ever had; and this readiness will always take a little from the straightness of any man's bat.

As to comparing Pilch and Parr, "Pilch's off-hitting," said Hillyer, "was something to make a bowler mind what he was about, before he risked an off-ball, far more than with Parr." Mr. Felix will not allow that Parr ever played as well as Pilch, on a fair comparison when each was at his best. Wisden, who has bowled to both, thinks otherwise. He says, "I was always more afraid of Parr than Pilch—Parr passed so many balls to the on-side and blocked them hard away, which Pilch simply laid dead under his bat; and where Pilch would make twenty off my bowling, Parr would make about thirty." But the general opinion of the M. C. C. is that, considering the bowling which prevailed during Pilch's day, no one can say that Pilch was not quite equal to Parr in a different style of play. The best judge of batsmen is the bowler who has frequently bowled to them, and Wisden agrees with me that Wenman held as strong a wicket as Pilch. His back-play was equal to anything I ever saw, and perfectly straight. He was one of the few men who could deal readily and safely with Redgate's shooters on hard ground, never more exemplified than in the famous North and South Country Matches of Mr. Mynn's day—1836.

(To be continued.)

A GLANCE AT NEW ZEALAND.



NEW ZEALAND, of which we have lately been hearing a good deal, owing to the war with the aborigines, has been a British colony for a little more than twenty-one years. It was first brought into notice by the fact that the Kauri pine, which grew in large quantities on the North Island, was capable of being made into spars for "men of war," as it possesses the great advantage of growing to ninety or even a hundred feet without a curve, or even throwing out a branch to mar its beautiful surface. Vessels passing to and fro, with convicts to New South Wales, brought home specimens of these trees, and the trade began to thrive in spite of the terrible tales told of the manner in which the inhabitants feasted on human flesh. Amongst others who became interested was the Rev. Samuel Marsden, chaplain to the governor of Australia, and who, after gaining as much information as he could as to their habits and character, determined to visit them himself, taking with him some friends, who were to remain among the savages, and attempt their conversion.

Mr. Marsden was received with delight by the inhabitants, listened to with every mark of respect, and carried on their shoulders from one pah, or village, to another. He found a number of Englishmen living amongst the natives, some of whom could scarcely be distinguished from their adopted brethren, so carefully were they tattooed. These were many of them runaway sailors and escaped convicts, who, finding they could drive a thriving trade by supplying the whaling ships with provisions, located themselves at the different bays, and thus began what has been called the irregular colonization. At that time the South Pacific was the great whale-fishing ground, and, being daring and intrepid men, the natives very frequently joined the crews of passing ships, learnt their habits and language, and thus assisted the work going on in the islands.

The largest settlement of this kind was in the Bay of Islands, at a place called Korrorariki, and it was here the missionaries established their head-quarters, thinking, I suppose, they would

obtain protection from the Europeans in time of need. Unfortunately, they were mistaken. They found the settlers their greatest opponents, and at last, in desperation, wrote home a petition for the English government to send out a magistrate to keep order; and, in answer, a gentleman named Bushby was despatched. He must have been very much surprised when he found the sort of place he had been appointed to, and that, perfectly unassisted except by a few frightened missionaries, he was expected to keep a whole mob of desperadoes, of every class and country, in order. The consequence may easily be seen. He was glad to save his own life by keeping perfectly quiet, letting things go on in their old way, and soon gained the nickname of "the man-of-war without guns." Having nothing better to do, he concocted a very novel plan, and, by the help of the missionaries, succeeded in putting it into execution; and this was, to form New Zealand into a republic, to be governed by a parliament of chiefs. The first thing was to obtain leave, from the governor of Australia, to have a national flag. This was granted, and H.M.S. *Alligator* was sent to salute it. At the same time, information as to what had been done was despatched to England, and, strange to say, the proceeding was considered a politic step. The next step was to establish a confederacy of thirty-five chiefs, and call them the "United Tribes of New Zealand."

Shortly after this, a French gentleman named Baron de Thierry appeared, and, landing in 1838 on the North Western Coast, styled himself King Thierry. This was followed by the appointment of a French Roman Catholic Bishop, which so alarmed the Protestant missionaries that they petitioned the home government for protection, and leave to call themselves British subjects. And after some time public attention in England was really excited, and the advantages of the island, as a colony, brought before Parliament.

In 1839, a Joint-stock Company was originated, which, failing to obtain government sanction, embarked a couple of years afterwards on their own account, and founded the provinces of Wellington and Nelson, and subsequently of New Plymouth or Taranaki, and Canterbury.

It is, in most people's opinion, to this company that we owe the colony, the Government immediately despatching Captain Hobson as governor of the island, with authority to establish a capital, and proclaim the unfortunate company and all connected with it

illegal. Governor Hobson drew up the treaty of Waitanga, upon which we have acted ever since, and chose the site of Auckland, 1840, which immediately began to rise, although for some years it was only a city in name,—in 1858, when the last census was taken, there were 1,224 houses and buildings within the city. Since then it has increased rapidly. From being the seat of government, head-quarters of the militia, and possessing the finest harbours in the world, it is of course the capital of the colony in every sense. Nelson and Wellington come next in importance; then Lyttelton and Christchurch, in the Canterbury province; Taranaki, the seat of the present war; Duneden, the capital of Otago; and lastly, Picton, Napier, and Invercargile, capitals of the new provinces of Marlborough, Hawk's-bay, and Southland. The province of Auckland possesses the finest Kauri pine forests, with the best climate; Wellington and Taranaki have a good trade in timber, but not of the Kauri, and considerable plains adapted for farming; Hawk's-bay was a portion of the first, but has been recently separated, and has carried with it the best sheep-feeding district. Nelson is famed for its wealth under rather than over ground, and stretches a great distance along the rugged and forest-clothed western coast of the middle island, joining Marlborough, in which are the far-famed Wairou plains, and Canterbury, one of the pleasantest provinces in the island, holding forth the advantages of both sheep-runs and mining to the settler. The two southern provinces are Otago and Southland, principally peopled by Scotchmen,—the first famous in the present day as a gold-field, the second as a sheep-run.

Sheep-runs consist of a large tract of country, sometimes extending over several thousand acres. The settler taking one of these must put up with a great deal of rough work in the beginning, and until he can afford to fence in a portion to put under tillage, he may build a comfortable house and hire men to help him to keep the sheep in order; but after the first year or two he sees his corn-fields and garden in full bearing, and forgets the cares and troubles of the past in the thought that every hour's work is bringing him a lasting reward, and building a house for his children after him.



CHAPTER II.

ONE of the great peculiarities of New Zealand is the entire absence of all beasts of prey, a rat being the only animal seen by

Captain Cook, though subsequently from dogs and cats escaping from the ships a number of them were found wild in the mountains. Very few of the rivers have fish in them: a considerable loss to those who settle near a stream, and naturally expect to furnish their dinner from its finny inhabitants frequently. Of birds there are numbers, some of them belonging to a race now fast dying out, and known as wingless. Of these, the Moa seems to have been the largest, as from the bones discovered in various parts of the island its height has been supposed to average thirteen feet. There is a skeleton in the British Museum, and from the enormous size of the bones, it is difficult to realize the fact that they could have belonged to a bird. While I am writing this, a New Zealand newspaper is lying beside me, in which there is a paragraph stating, that two surveyors engaged in surveying the mountain ranges between Riwaka and Takaka, in the Nelson province, saw the footprints of an enormous bird, whose tracks they speedily lost in the scrub. The size of the footprints were fourteen inches in length, with a spread of eleven inches at the points of the three toes, and the prints themselves thirty inches apart. Next morning they saw them again in the same place, and from the fact of their crossing the wet ground, and being perfectly fresh, the bird must evidently have crossed the path during the night. It would be a great fact for ornithologists if they could find a living specimen of the Moa, which it has always been supposed became extinct years and years ago.

Ducks and pigeons are the only game worth shooting; for, although settlers and travellers occasionally bring down a parrot, they are not palatable, and are never cooked except in an emergency. The chief amusements of the settlers consist in horse-racing, regattas, and cricket. Since the breaking out of the war they have raised volunteer rifle corps, and have prize shooting and inspections just as we have at home; and at the races held three months ago, at Hawk's-bay, three of them were won by horses owned and ridden by natives,—rather amusing to those who remember that of the first three pigs landed by Captain Cook, two were actually ridden to death by Maori chiefs, under the supposition that they were horses.

The seasons in New Zealand are exactly the reverse to those in England, summer being winter, spring autumn, and Christmas-day falling during the hottest part of the year. Thus strawberries are ripe in November, December, and January; cherries and gooseberries in January; apples, pears, plums, and peaches in February;

and melons, figs, and grapes in March and April. The climate is very healthy, and does not change so much as that in England. Rain falls more frequently, but, from the nature of the country and its natural drainage, runs off quickly; and snow seldom lies beyond the mountains, some of which are always crowned with "a diadem of snow."

A great portion of the colony in the neighbourhood of the mountains remains as yet unexplored; but if the population continues to increase at the same ratio as at present, the whole country will ere long be inhabited. The Europeans at the present moment amount to nearly two millions, while the native is decreasing every year,—not, we are told, from any one cause in particular, but from a combination of reasons, and a law of Nature which seems to ordain that whenever civilization steps in upon a race in their primitive state, they fade gradually away, and are finally absorbed by the new comers.

Numbers of the Maoris are extensive landowners, farmers, and millers; and at the last flower-show in Auckland gained a great many prizes. They are nearly all professing Christians, regular attendants at church, and delight in reading or hearing the Bible. All the children who have an opportunity of doing so go to school, and are very industrious, sharp scholars, particularly fond of asking questions; and it is curious to see a knot of children sitting (after school hours) and reasoning together over some new lesson or subject. They are naturally fond of the settlers, who are very kind to them, and do all they can to help them in every way, employing the men and women in any capacity they understand, and frequently taking young children into their houses to educate them as domestic servants.

I have no wish to wear out my readers' patience with this account of New Zealand, but, knowing that every one likes to feel they know what kind of place it may be that is exciting any peculiar interest at the moment, I have given the above, and put as much as I could in as few words as possible.

I. E. AYLMER.

C O U R A G E.



I LIKE to see a man go forth,
A pilgrim on life's way ;
And through the day fear not the night,—
Through night expect the day.

There's something of a god-like flame,
Which animates his soul,
And drives him, in the patient search
Of truth, from pole to pole.

I love the men who boldly stride
Over the ocean-wave ;
And those who spurn, with noble wrath,
The curse which binds the slave.

Brave hero-deeds were done of old,
As brave ones now as then,
And ever shall be, while men dare
To know that they are men.

There is a holy, mighty Power
Which willing hands doth arm,
Which robs death of its power, and lends
To courage one more charm.

I love those men who rightly use
The talents to them given ;
And while in their own power most strong,
Still rest their hopes on Heaven.

HOPE MONCRIEFFE.



'The Wild Man of the West.

THE WILD MAN OF THE WEST:

A Tale of the Rocky Mountains.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE.

CHAPTER XIII.

The pursuit—Conscientious scruples of the Artist—Strategic movements—
Surprised in the Wild-Cat Pass—March shows coolness and pluck in the
hour of danger—A terrific onslaught by a wonderful warrior—The battle
—Hard knocks and mysterious differences of opinion.

CROSSING the open ground in front of the Mountain Fort, Bounce and Bertram entered the wood beyond, and traversed it with comparative ease, by means of a bridle-path which had been cut there by the fur-traders. A few minutes' gallop brought them to the other side of the wood, which was one of those narrow strips or clumps of forest which grow, more or less thickly, on the skirts of the Rocky Mountains, forming that fine picturesque region where the prairie and the forest meet and seem to contend for the mastery.

The plain beyond this belt of wood was open and level—at least, sufficiently so to enable the two horsemen to see for a considerable distance around them. Here, in the far distance they descried their companions sweeping over the turf at their utmost speed, and making towards a low hill or ridge that intercepted the view of the more distant country.

"They'll have to draw in a bit," said Bounce, turning to his comrade. "Horses no more nor men can't go helter-skelter up a hill without takin' breath; so rouse up your beast, Mr. Bertram, an' we'll overtake 'em afore they gits to the tother side."

Bertram obeyed his friend's command, but made no rejoinder, his thoughts being too deeply engaged at that moment in a controversy with his conscience as to the propriety of the business he had then in hand.

The young artist had a deep veneration for abstract truth—truth pure and simple, not only in reference to morals, but to all

things terrestrial and celestial ; and he was deeply impressed with the belief that what was right—was right, and what was wrong—was wrong, and could not, by any possibility, be otherwise. He felt, also, that the man who recognized truth and acted upon it *must* go right, and he who saw and did otherwise *must* go wrong !

Holding this simple creed very tenaciously, and, as we think, very properly, Bertram nevertheless found that his attempts to act up to it frequently involved him in a maze of perplexities.

On the present occasion, as he and Bounce thundered over the green turf of the flowering plains, scattering the terrified grasshoppers right and left, and causing the beautifully-striped ground-squirrels to plunge with astonishing precipitancy into their holes, he argued with himself that the mere fact of a murderous deed having been done, was not a sufficient reason, perhaps, to justify his sallying forth with a reckless band of desperate fur-traders, bent on indiscriminate revenge. It was quite true, in his opinion, that a murderer should be punished with death, and that the pursuit and capture of a murderer was not only a legitimate act in itself, but, in the circumstances, a bounden duty on his part. Yet it was equally true that most of the men with whom he was associated were thirsty for vengeance, and from past experience he knew full well that there would be no attempt to find out the murderer, but a simple and general massacre of all the Indians whom they could overtake.

Then it suddenly occurred to him that the murderer had already been shot by Redhand, so that his mission was one of simple revenge ; but, a moment after, it flashed across his troubled mind that Lincoln had been left in the fort wounded—might possibly be dead by that time ; so that there were probably among the flying savages other murderers to be dealt with. This idea was strengthened by another thought, namely, that the savage who stabbed and scalped Dupont might not have been the savage who shot him. The complication and aggregate of probability amounted, in Bertram's mind, so nearly to a certainty, that he dismissed the digressive question as to whether there might or might not be a murderer among the Indians, and returned to the original proposition as to whether it was right in him to take part in a pursuit of vengeance that would very likely terminate murderously. But before he could come to any satisfactory conclusion on that point he and Bounce found themselves suddenly in the midst of the cavalcade, which had halted on the summit of the ridge in order to allow them to come up.

"Here we are, lads," cried Macgregor, his flushed face still blazing with wrath, which he made no effort to subdue, and his eyes red with prolonged debauchery, flashing like the eyes of a tiger,—“here we are,—too late to cut off the retreat o’ these detestable reptiles from the woods, but not too late to circumvent them.”

The fur-trader spoke rapidly, almost breathlessly, and pointed to the band of Indians they were in pursuit of, who, observing that their pursuers had halted, also drew rein on the edge of a belt of thick forest that extended for miles into the mountains. They appeared to wait, in order to ascertain what their enemies meant to do.

“The villains,” continued Macgregor, “think we’ve given up pursuit as hopeless, but they’re mistaken—they’re mistaken, as they’ll find to their cost. Now, mark me, men; we shall turn back as if we had really given in, but the moment we get down into the hollow, out of sight, we’ll go as hard as we can bolt up that valley there; and round by the place we call the Wild-cat’s Pass. It’s a difficult pass, but who cares for that? Once through it we can get by a short cut to the other side of that wood and meet the Redskins right in the teeth. They’re Blackfoot Indians, I know by their dress, and as they don’t belong to this part o’ the country they can’t be aware of the pass. But some of us must go back a good way towards the fort, so as to deceive the blackguards, who’ll be sure to get on the first hill they can to see where we’ve gone to. Now—away! Stay,” he added, in a less commanding tone, “I don’t know that my guests are willing to go with us through thick an’ thin in this fashion. I’ve no desire to have unwilling warriors.”

“Had we not been *willing*,” replied Redhand dryly, “we wouldn’t have come even thus far.”

“Very good,” rejoined Macgregor with a grim smile; “then, perhaps, since you are so good as to go along with us, you’ll make for the head of that valley, and, when you come to the Wild-cat Pass I’ve spoken of, you’ll wait there till the rest of us, who are to sham going back to the fort, come up with ye; then we’ll go through the pass together, and polish off the redskins.”

To this plan Redhand assented; so he and his comrades prepared to take the way to the pass, while the men of the fort turned homewards. A triumphant shout from the Indians showed that they imagined the pursuit was given up; but Macgregor knew their cunning too well to fall into the mistake of at

once concluding that they were thoroughly deceived. He knew that they would send out scouts to dog them, and felt, that if his plan was to succeed, he must put it in execution promptly.

"I've scarce had time to ask your names or where you've come from," he said, on parting from the trappers; "but there'll be plenty time for that when we meet again. Keep close in the bottom, and ride fast, till the shadow of yonder crag conceals you from view. If the Indians get sight of you they'll smell the dodge at once and escape us. Perhaps, young man, you'd like to come with *my* party?"

The latter part of this speech was made rather abruptly to March Marston, who received it with some surprise, and with a distinct refusal.

"I'll stick by my comrades," said he, "till I see good reason——"

"Well, well, boy—please yourself!" muttered the trader angrily, as he broke away at full speed, followed by his men.

Our trappers instantly turned their horses' heads towards the mountains, and made for the Wild-cat Pass.

Macgregor's estimate of the cunning of the Indians was but too correct. The instant the fur-traders disappeared behind the ridge, as if on their return homewards, several of their fastest riders were despatched to the nearest hill, to watch the movements of the enemy. They ascended one which commanded a wide view of the surrounding country, and thence beheld the fur-traders proceeding swiftly back in the direction of the fort. Unfortunately, they also perceived the bottle-brush of Bertram's steed as it disappeared behind the crag which already concealed the rest of his comrades from view. One instant later, and the Indians would have failed to make this discovery, for a deep impassable gorge lay between them and the ravine which conducted to the pass. It was but the barest possible glimpse they got of that shabby tail; but it told a tale which they perfectly understood, for they flew back in the utmost haste to warn their comrades, who, knowing the smallness of the party thus sent against them, from the largeness of the party that had shammed returning to the fort, resolved upon executing a counter movement.

They had a shrewd suspicion from the nature of the country, that the intention of the whites was to get through a pass of some sort and intercept them, and, concluding that this pass must lie at the head of the valley up which the bottle-brush had vanished, they resolved to proceed to the same spot through the gorge

that separated the hill from the crag or rocky ridge before referred to.

Promptitude they knew to be everything, so they swept up the gorge like a whirlwind. Thus both parties drew nearer to the chaotic opening styled the Wild-cat Pass,—the trappers, all ignorant of what awaited them there; the savages, bent on giving their enemies an unpleasant surprise.

But, unknown to either, there was a pair of eyes high on a rock above the Wild-cat Pass, that overlooked the two valleys or ravines, and gazed with considerable interest and curiosity on the two advancing parties. Those eyes belonged to a solitary horseman, who stood on the edge of the wild precipice that overhung the pass. The hunter, for such his leathern dress bespoke him, stood beside his horse, his right arm over its arched neck, and his right hand patting its sleek shoulder. From the position which he occupied he could see without being seen. His magnificent steed seemed to be aware that danger was at hand, for it stood like a statue, absolutely motionless with the exception of its fine fiery eyes. Whatever this solitary hunter's thoughts regarding the two approaching parties might be, it was evident that he meant to remain an invisible spectator of their doings; for he stood in the same attitude of statue-like attention until they reached the heads of the two ravines, where they were separated from each other only by the pass. Here, on the one side, the Indians, about forty in number, lay in ambush among the rocks, prepared to surprise and attack the trappers when they should pass. On the other side the trappers halted, and, dismounting, allowed their horses to graze while they awaited the arrival of Macgregor and his party.

"They won't be long o' comin'," remarked Redhand, seating himself on a stone and proceeding to strike a light. "That fellow Macgregor, an't the man to waste time when he's out after the redskins. I only hope he won't waste life when he gets up to them."

"So do I," said Bounce, seating himself beside Redhand and carefully cutting a small piece of tobacco into shreds by means of a scalping-knife. "A sartin amount o' punishment is needful, d'ye see, to keep 'em down; but I don't like slaughtering human bein's onnecessary like."

"I'd skiver 'em all, I guess—every one," observed Big Waller angrily. "They're a murderin', thievin' set o' varmints, as don't deserve to live nohow!"

"Bah!" exclaimed Gibault in disgust; "you is most awferfully onfeelosophicule, as Bounce do say. If dey not fit for live, for fat vas dey made? You vicked man!"

Big Waller deigned no reply.

"I'm off to look at the pass," cried March Marston, vaulting suddenly into the saddle. "Come, Bertram; you'll go with me, won't you, and see if we can find some wild cats in it?"

The artist, who had not dismounted, merely replied by a nod and a smile, and the two reckless youths galloped away, heedless of Bounce's warning not to go too far, for fear they should find something worse than wild cats there.

The Wild-cat Pass, through which they were speedily picking their steps, in order to get a view of the country beyond, was not inappropriately named; for it seemed, at the first glance of those who entered it, as if no creature less savagely reckless than a wild cat could by any possibility scramble through it without the aid of wings.

The greater part of it was the ancient bed of a mountain torrent, whose gushing waters had, owing to some antediluvian convulsion of nature, been diverted into another channel. The whole scene was an absolute chaos of rocks which had fallen into the torrent's bed from the precipice that hemmed it in on the west, and these rocky masses lay heaped about in such a confused way that it was extremely difficult to select a pathway along which the horses could proceed without running great risk of breaking their limbs. The entire length of the pass could not have been much more than a quarter of a mile in length, yet it took March Marston and his companion full half an hour to traverse it.

When about half through the pass, March, who led the way, drew up on a small rocky elevation from which he could survey the amphitheatre of rugged and naked rocks in the midst of which he stood.

"Upon my word, Bertram," he said, gazing round, "if Bunyan had ever been in the Rocky Mountains, I think he would have chosen such a spot as this for the castle o' Giant Despair."

"I know not," replied Bertram, with a deep sigh, as he drew rein, "what Bunyan would have done, but I know that Giant Despair has already located himself here, for he has been trying to take possession of my bosom for at least twenty minutes. I never rode over such ground in my life. However, it ill becomes pioneers to be overcome by such a giant, so pray push on; I feel quite eager to see what sort of region lies beyond this gloomy portal."

March laughed and turned to continue the scramble. Bertram removed his brigandish hat, wiped his heated brows, replaced the hat firmly thereon, and drove his heels violently against the ribs of his horse, an act which induced that patient quadruped to toss its head and shake its bottlebrush ere it condescended to move on. It was quite evident that although Bertram spoke in a half jesting tone of Giant Despair, he was in reality much delighted with the singularity of this extemporised and interesting ramble.

"I say, Bertram, don't you like this sort o' thing?" inquired March, looking back at his companion, on reaching a somewhat level part of the pass.

"Like it? Ay that do I. I love it, March. There is a freedom, a species of wild romance about it, that is more captivating than I can describe."

"You don't need to describe it," returned March, "I have it all described splendidly within me. One don't want words when one's got feelins. But I've often thought what a pity it is that we can't describe things or places at all with words. At least, I can't," he added modestly. "When I try to tell a fellow what I've seen, it ain't o' no manner of use to try, for I don't get hold of the right words at the right time, and so don't give out the right meanin', and so the fellow I'm speakin' to don't take up the right notion, d'ye see? It's a great pity that words are such useless things."

"Why, that was spoken like Bounce himself," said Bertram, smiling.

"Look out, or you'll go bounce into that hole if you don't have a care," cried March, turning aside to avoid the danger referred to. They proceeded through the remainder of the pass in silence, as the rugged nature of the ground required their undivided attention.

Had there been a sprite in that place, who could have hopped invisibly to some elevated pinnacle, or have soared on gossamer wings into the air, so as to take in a bird's-eye view of the whole scene, he would have noted that while March Marston and the artist were toiling slowly through the Wild-cat Pass, the solitary hunter before referred to regarded their proceedings with some surprise, and that when he saw they were bent on going quite through the pass, his expression changed to a look of deep concern.

With slow and gentle hand this man backed his quiet and docile horse deeper into the bush; and when he had got so deep into

the shade of the forest as to be perfectly safe from observation, he leaped on its back with a single bound, and galloped swiftly away.

A few minutes after the occurrence of this incident, March and his friend emerged from the pass and trotted out upon a level plain whence they obtained a fine view of the magnificent country beyond. The pass from which they had just issued seemed to be the entrance to the heart of the Rocky Mountains. The plain, or rather the plateau, on which they stood was a level spot covered with soft grass, free from bushes, and not more than a hundred yards in extent. On three sides it was encompassed by inaccessible precipices and rocky ground, in the midst of which the opening out of the pass was situated. On the fourth side it was skirted by a dense thicket of bushes that formed the entrance to a magnificent forest which extended for several miles in front of the spot. Beyond this forest the scene was broken by hills and valleys, and little plains, richly diversified with wood and water—the former in dense masses, scattered groups and isolated clusters—the latter shining in the forms of lakelet and stream, or glancing snow-white in numberless cascades. Beyond, all the dark blue giant masses of the Rocky Mountains towered up and up, hill upon hill, pile upon pile, mass on mass, till they terminated in distant peaks, so little darker than the sky that they seemed scarcely more solid than the clouds with which they mingled and blended their everlasting snows.

"A'nt it beautiful!" cried March, riding forward with a bounding sensation of inexpressible delight.

Bertram followed him, but did not answer. He was too deeply absorbed in the simple act of intently gazing and drinking in the scene to listen or to reply.

At the precise moment in which March made the above remark, his quick eye observed a spear head which one of the savages, hid among the bushes there, had not taken sufficient pains to conceal.

March Marston was a young hunter, and, as yet, an inexperienced warrior; but from childhood he had been trained, as it were, in spirit, by the anecdotes and tales of the many hunters who had visited Pine Point Settlement. His natural powers of self-control were very great, but he had to tax all these powers to the uttermost to maintain his look of animated delight in the scenery unchanged, after making the above startling discovery. But March did it! His first severe trial in the perils of backwood life had

come—without warning or time for preparation, and he passed through the ordeal like a true hero.

That a spear-handle must necessarily support a spear-head; that an Indian probably grasped the former; that, in the present position of affairs, there were certainly more Indians than one in ambush; and that, in all probability, there were at that moment two or three dozen arrows resting on their respective bows, and pointed towards his and his comrade's hearts, ready to take flight the instant they should come within sure and deadly range, were ideas which did not follow each other in rapid succession through his brain, but darted upon the young hunter's quick perceptions instantaneously, and caused his heart to beat on his ribs like a sledge-hammer, and the blood to fly violently to his face.

Luckily March's face was deeply browned, and did not show the crimson tide. With a sudden, mighty effort he checked the natural look and exclamation of surprise. That was the moment of danger past. To continue his praise of the lovely scene in gay delighted tones was comparatively easy.

"Isn't it beautiful?" he said, turning his face full towards the ambushed savages, gazing over their place of concealment with an unconscious joyous air, and sweeping his hand towards the mountains, as if to draw the attention of his companion to them. March's only weapon at that moment was the small hatchet he was wont to carry in his girdle. This implement chanced to be in his hand. Placing it carelessly in his belt, as though nothing was farther from his mind than the idea of requiring to use it at that time, he cried—

"See, yonder is a mound from which we may get a better view," and trotted to the summit of the spot alluded to. In doing so he placed himself still nearer to the Indians. This was a bold stroke, though a dangerous one, meant to deceive the enemy. After gazing a few seconds from this spot, he wheeled round and walked his horse quietly towards the entrance to the pass. Arrived there, he turned, and pretending that he saw something in the far distance, he shaded his eyes with his hand and gazed for a short time intently, then calling to Bertram, who still remained in his original position all unconscious of his danger, said:—

"I say, come here; look at yonder splendid lake, it's worth seeing. Well worth seeing, and if you don't see it with that *curious light* on it, you'll not care to see it at all."

March did not dare, by energy of voice, to force his friend's

attention, therefore the first part of this speech was unheeded; but the reference to a "curious light" had the desired effect. Bertram turned, and rode to join his companion. Getting Bertram into such a position that his own person partially screened him from the Indians, he made the following remarkable speech, from beginning to end, in the gay tones of one who discourses eloquently on the beauties of nature; pointing here and there as he rattled on.

"A'nt it beautiful? eh! I say, just look at it now!—listen to me, Bertram—attentively, but gaze admiringly at the scene—at the scene—oh! man, do what I bid ye—your life hangs on it—*Pretend* to admire it—we're in great danger—but——"

"Eh! what! where?" exclaimed the artist in a tone of intense excitement, at the same time laying his hand on one of his pistols and gazing anxiously all round him.

Alas! poor Bertram. It needed not the acute apprehension of a Redskin to understand that you had been told of present danger. Neither did it require much acuteness on the part of March to divine what was to follow.

Scarcely had the symptoms of alarm been exhibited, when four arrows whizzed through the air and passed close to the persons of the two friends, who instantly turned and made a dash for the entrance of the pass. At the same time the savages uttered a yell and darted after them.

"We'll never be able to escape by the pass," exclaimed March, looking behind him hurriedly, as they approached the rocky gorge, "and, I declare, there's only four o' them on foot. Come, Bertram, let's make a bold stroke for it. We'll easy break through 'em."

He reined up so suddenly as almost to throw the horse on its haunches, and, wheeling round, darted towards the savages. Bertram followed, almost mechanically.

The Indians offered no opposition, but at that moment another yell rose from the bushes, and about thirty mounted Indians, who had been concealed behind a projecting cliff, sprang forward and closed up the only place of escape with a formidable array of spears. From their not using their arrows it was evident that they wished to capture the white men alive, for the purpose, no doubt, of taking them home to their wigwams, there to put them to death by slow torture with the assistance of their squaws.

March Marston's spirit rose with the occasion. He uttered a furious cry, flourished his hatchet above his head, and dashed at full gallop towards the line. Seeing this one of the Indians levelled

his spear and rode out to meet him. Bertram's nerves recovered at that moment. He fired both pistols at the advancing savage, but without effect. In despair he hurled one of them violently at the head of the Indian. The missile went true to the mark and felled him. On beholding this the whole body of savages rushed upon the two white men.

One powerful Indian seized March by the throat. Before either could use his weapon the horses separated and both fell violently to the ground. Bertram leaped off his horse and sprang to the rescue, but he was instantly surrounded, and for a few seconds defended himself with the butt of his large cavalry pistol with an amount of energy and activity that would have filled those who knew him best with amazement. At that moment there was a clatter of hoofs in the gorge, and a roar or bellow was heard above the din of the fight. All eyes were turned towards the pass, and next moment a solitary horseman leaped over the broken rocks and bounded over the turf towards the combatants.

The aspect of this new comer was something terrible to behold. Both he and his horse were gigantic in size. The man was dressed in the costume of an Indian, but his hair and beard were those of a white man. The mane and tail of his huge horse were of enormous length, and, as he swept over the little plain, which seemed to tremble beneath his heavy tread, the wind blew out these and the tags and scalplocks of his coat and leggings as well as his own beard and hair in such a confused and co-mingled way as to make the man and horse appear like one monstrous creature.

The Indians turned to flee, but, seeing only one enemy, they hesitated. In another moment the wild horseman was upon them. He carried a round shield on his left arm and a long double-edged sword in his right hand. Two Indians lowered their spears to receive him. The point of one he turned aside with his shield, and the shock of his heavy war-horse hurled horse and man upon the plain. The other he cut the iron head off with a sweep of his sword, and, with a continuation of the same cut, he cleft his opponent to the chin. Turning rapidly, he bounded into the very midst of the savages, uttering another of his tremendous roars of indignation. The suddenness of this act prevented the Indians from using their bows and arrows effectively. Before they could fit an arrow to the string two more of their number lay in the agonies of death on the ground. Several arrows were discharged, but the perturbation of those who discharged them and their close proximity to their mark, caused them to shoot wide. Most of the

shafts missed him. Two quivered in his shield, and one pierced the sleeve of his coat. Turning again to renew his rapid attacks he observed one of the Indians—probably a chief—leap to one side, and, turning round, fit an arrow with calm deliberation to his bow. The furious horseman, although delivering his sweeping blows right and left with indiscriminate recklessness, seemed during the *mêlée* to have an intuitive perception of where the greatest danger lay. The savages at that moment were whirling round him and darting at him in all directions, but he singled out this chief at once and bore down upon him like a thunderbolt. The chief was a brave man. He did not wince, but, drawing the arrow to his head as the other approached, let it fly full at his breast. The white man dropped on the neck of his steed as if he had been struck with lightning; the arrow passed close over his back and found its mark in the breast of one of the savages, whose death-yell mingled with that of the chief as, a moment later, the gigantic warrior ran him with a straight point through the body.

The Indians were scattered now. The rapid dash of that tumultuous fight, although of but a few seconds' duration, had swept the combatants to the extreme edge of the woods, leaving Bertram standing in the midst of dead and dying men gazing with a bewildered, helpless look at the terrible scene. March Marston lay close by his side, apparently dead, in the gripe of the savage who had first attacked him, and whose throat his own hand grasped with the tenacity and force of a vice.

Most of the Indians leaped over the bushes and sought the shelter of the thick underwood, as the tremendous horseman, whom doubtless they now deemed invulnerable, came thundering down upon them again; but about twenty of the bravest stood their ground. At that moment a loud shout and a fierce "hurrah!" rang out and echoed hither and thither among the rocks; and, next instant, Big Waller, followed by Bounce and his friends, as well as by Macgregor and his whole party, sprang from the Wild-cat Pass, and rushed furiously upon the savages, who had already turned and fled towards the wood for shelter. The whole band crossed the battle-field like a whirlwind, leaped over or burst through the bushes, and were gone,—the crashing tread of their footsteps and an occasional shout alone remaining to assure the bewildered artist, who was still transfixed immoveable to the ground, that the whole scene was not a dream.

But Bertram was not left alone on that bloody field. On the first sound of the approach of the white men to the rescue, the

strange horseman, who, from the moment of his bursting so opportunely on the scene, had seemed the very impersonation of activity and colossal might,—pulled up his fiery steed; and he now sat, gazing calmly into the forest in the direction in which the Indians and traders had disappeared.

Stupefied though he was, Bertram could not avoid being impressed and surprised by the sudden and total change which had come over this remarkable hunter. After gazing into the woods, as we have said, for some minutes, he quietly dismounted, and plucking a tuft of grass from the plain, wiped his bloody sword, and sheathed it. Not a trace of his late ferocity was visible. His mind seemed to be filled with sadness, for he sighed slightly and shook his head with a look of deep sorrow, as his eye rested on the dead men. There was a mild gravity in his countenance that seemed to Bertram incompatible with the fiend-like fury of his attack, and a slow heaviness in his motions that amounted almost to laziness, and seemed equally inconsistent with the vigour he had so recently displayed, which was almost cat-like, if we may apply such a term to the actions of so huge a pair as this man and his horse were.

A profusion of light brown hair hung in heavy masses over his Herculean shoulders, and a bushy moustache and beard of the same colour covered the lower part of his deeply browned face, which was handsome and mild, but eminently masculine, in expression.

Remounting his horse, which seemed now to be as quiet and peaceable as himself, this singular being turned and rode towards that part of the wood that lay nearest to the wild rocky masses that formed the outlet from the pass. On gaining the verge of the plain he turned his head full round, and fixed his clear blue eyes on the wondering artist. A quiet smile played on his bronzed features for an instant, as he bestowed upon him a cheerful nod of farewell. Then, urging his steed forward, he entered the woods at a slow walk, and disappeared.

The heavy tramp of his horse's hoofs among the broken stones of the rugged path had scarcely died away when the distant tread of the returning fur-traders broke on Bertram's ear. This aroused him from the state of half sceptical horror in which he gazed upon the scene of blood and death in the midst of which he stood. Presently his eye fell, for the first time, upon the motionless form of March Marston. The sight effectually restored him. With a slight cry of alarm, he sprang to his friend's side, and, kneeling

down, endeavoured to loosen the death-like grasp with which he still held the throat of his foe. The horror of the poor artist may be imagined, when he observed that the skull of the Indian was battered in, and that his young comrade's face was bespattered with blood and brains.

Just then several of the trappers and fur-traders galloped upon the scene of the late skirmish.

"Hallo! Mr. Bertram, here you are; guess we've polished 'em off this time a few. Hey! wot's this?" cried Big Waller, as he and some of the others leaped to the ground and surrounded Bertram. "Not *dead*, is he?"

The tone in which the Yankee trapper said this betrayed as much rage as regret. The bare idea of his young comrade having been killed by the savages caused him to gnash his teeth with suppressed passion.

"Out o' the way, lads; let me see him," cried Bounce, who galloped up at that moment, flung himself off his horse, pushed the others aside, and kneeling at his side, laid his hand on March Marston's heart.

"All right," he said, raising the youth's head, "he's only stunned. Run, Gibault, fetch a drop o' water. The horse that brained this here Redskin, by good luck, only stunned March."

"Ah! mon pauvre enfant!" cried Gibault, as he ran to obey.

The water quickly restored March, and in a few minutes he was able to sit up and call to remembrance what had passed. Ere his scattered faculties were quite recovered, the fur-traders returned, with Macgregor at their head.

"Well done, the Wild Man of the West!" cried McLeod, as he dismounted. "Not badly hurt, young man, I trust."

"Oh! nothing to speak of. Only a thump on the head from a horse's hoof," said March, "I'll be all right in a little time. Did you say anything about the Wild Man of the West?" he added earnestly.

"To be sure I did; but for him you and Mr. Bertram would have been dead men, I fear. Did you not see him?"

"See him? no," replied March, much excited. "I heard a tremendous roar, but just then I fell to the ground and remember nothing more that happened."

"Was that quiet grave-looking man the Wild Man of the West?" inquired Bertram, with a mingled feeling of interest and surprise.

This speech was received with a loud burst of laughter from all who heard it.

"Well, I've never seed the Wild Man till to-day," said one, "though I've often heer'd of him, but I must say the little glimpse I got didn't show much that was mild or grave."

"I guess your head's bin in a swum, stranger," said another, "I've only seed him this once, but I don't hope to see him agin. He ain't to be trusted, he ain't, that feller."

"And I've seed him five or six times," added McLeod, "and all I can say is, that twice out o' the five he was like an incarnate fiend, and the other three times—when he came to the Mountain Fort for ammunition—he was as gruff and sulky as a bear with the measles."

"Well, gentlemen," said Bertram, with more emphasis in his tone than he was wont to employ, "I have seen this man only once, but I've seen him under two aspects to-day, and all that I can say is, that if that was really the Wild Man of the West he's not quite so wild as he gets credit for."

On hearing this March Marston rose and shook himself. He felt ill at ease in body and mind. The idea of the Wild Man of the West having actually saved his life, and he not seen him, was a heavy disappointment, and the confused and conflicting accounts of those who had seen him, combined with the racking pains that shot through his own brain, rendered him incapable of forming or expressing any opinion on the subject whatever; so he said, abruptly:—

"It's of no use talking here all night, friends. My head's splittin', so I think we'd better encamp."

March's suggestion was adopted at once. Provisions had been carried with them from the fort. The dead bodies of the Indians were buried; a spot at some distance from the scene of the fight was chosen. The fires were lighted, supper was devoured and a watch set, and soon March Marston was dreaming wildly in that savage place, about the Wild Man of the West!

CHAPTER XIV.

The hunting-ground—How they spent the Sabbath-day among the mountains—Threatening clouds on the horizon.

NEXT day the fur-traders prepared to return to the Mountain Fort, and the trappers to continue their journey into the rocky mountains.

At the period of which we write, the fur of the beaver was much in demand in the European markets, and trappers devoted much of their time to the capture of that sagacious animal. From McLeod, Redhand learned that a journey of eight or ten days to the south-eastward would bring them to a country that was reported to be much frequented not only by the beaver, but by many other fur-bearing and wild animals; so it was resolved that, having brought their traps and supplies with them, the trappers, instead of returning to the fort, should part with their entertainers at the spot where the skirmish had occurred, and make for that hunting-ground as quickly as possible.

"I suppose you don't want to part company with us yet, Mr. Bertram," said Old Redhand, as they were about to start.

"By no means," replied the artist quickly, "I have no intention of quitting you—that is, if you do not find me a burden on your hands;" he added with a sad smile.

"A burden!" cried Bounce in surprise, "I tell ye wot, sir, I consider yer company a honour."

"So you won't return with us, young man?" said Macgregor to March Marston, as he mounted his horse, "I'm in want of a stout young fellow, and you'll like the life."

"I thank ye, sir, for your good opinion," returned March, "but my mind's made up, I'll stick by my comrades; I like trappin', but I don't like tradin'—though I'm obliged to you for bein' so pressin' all the same."

The two parties bade each other adieu and separated—the one retracing its way through the Wild-cat Pass; the other, with old Redhand at its head, descending into the beautiful country that has been briefly described in the last chapter.

Six quiet and peaceful weeks now succeeded to the stormy period that had just passed. During this time they wandered pleasantly about in as beautiful a region of the world as the heart of man could wish to dwell in. They reached this country after several days' travel. After arriving they moved about from one beautiful

spot to another, setting their beaver traps in the streams, and remaining a longer or shorter time at each place, according to their success in trapping and hunting.

The country was of so peculiarly diversified a formation, that, within the compass of ten miles, every possible variety of scenery existed,—from the level stretch of prairie to the towering snow-peaks of the mountains; from the brake encompassed swamp, in which the frogs, ducks, geese, plover, and other denizens of the marshes maintained perpetual jubilee, to the dry bush-dotted mounds and undulating lands, where the badger delighted to burrow in the sandy soil, while in other places, the wolf, the fox, and the grisly bear prowled amid the dark recesses of the forest.

It was a truly beautiful and a pre-eminently enjoyable region, and, in the midst of it, under the spreading branches of a magnificent pine, which grew on the top of a little mound that commanded an extensive prospect on every side, the trappers pitched their camp, and began their campaign against the fur-bearing animals that dwelt there.

It was a quiet sunny sabbath morning, when our trappers arrived at the tree above referred to. They had encamped the previous night on a swampy piece of ground, having travelled too late to afford time to search for a better spot, so that they were glad to rise and push forward at the peep of day on sabbath. But when, in the course of a couple of hours, they reached the dry country, they at once proceeded to encamp.

During their journeying the trappers had mutually agreed to rest from all labour on the sabbath day. Some of them did so from no higher motive than the feeling that it was good for themselves and for their beasts to rest one day in seven from bodily labour. Although not absolutely regardless of religion, they nevertheless failed to connect this necessity of theirs with the appointment of a day of rest by that kind and gracious Father who has told us that "the sabbath was made for man." Made for him not only, and chiefly, for the benefit of his soul, but also, and secondarily, for the good of his body.

Others of the party there were, however, who regarded the sabbath rest in a somewhat higher light than did their comrades—though none of them were fully alive to the blessings and privileges attaching to the faithful keeping of the Lord's Day. Independently altogether of the delight connected with the contemplation of the wonderful works of God in the wilderness, especially of that

beautiful portion of the wilderness—the trappers experienced a sensation of intense pleasure in the simple act of physical repose after their long, restless, and somewhat exciting journey. They wandered about from spot to spot, from hill to hill, in a species of charming indolence of body, that seemed to increase, rather than to diminish, the activity of their minds. Sometimes they rambled or rested on the sunny slopes in groups, sometimes in couples, and sometimes singly. March Marston and the artist sauntered about together, and conversed with animated fluency and wandering volubility—as young minds are wont to do—on things past, present, and to come; things terrestrial and celestial. In short, there was no subject, almost, that did not get a share of their attention, as they sauntered by the rippling brook or over the flowering plain, or stood upon the mountain side. They tried “every thing by turns and nothing long,” and, among other mental occupations, they read portions of the Bible together—for Bertram found that March carried his mother’s testament in an inner breast pocket of his hunting shirt, and March discovered that his friend had a small copy of the Bible—also a mother’s gift—which shared the pouch of his leather coat with the well-known sketch-book. They conversed freely and somewhat boldly on what they read, and we doubt not that our learned Divines, had they listened to the talk of the youthful pioneer and the young hunter, would have been surprised, perhaps edified by the simple, practical, common sense views promulgated by those raw theologians. Certainly, any one listening to the grave, kindly, philosophical commentary of March Marston, would never have believed in the truth of that statement at the commencement of this story, wherein it is asserted somewhat positively that “March Marston was mad!”

Bounce, and Big Waller, and Black Gibault, drew naturally together and speculated, after their own peculiar fashion, on every subject of thought within the reach of their capacities; and as Bounce’s capacities embraced a pretty wide range, the “feelosophical” views he set forth upon that lovely sabbath day were so varied, so eccentric, so graphic, and so apparently inexhaustible that he effectually quelled Gibault’s inveterate tendency to jest, and filled Big Waller with deeper admiration than ever.

As for Redhand and the Indian, they wandered about in sympathetic silence, broken ever and anon by the old trapper passing a remark on some interesting peculiarity of a leaf, an insect, or a flower. It has been said that, as men grow older they find deeper

pleasure in the contemplation of the minute things of nature, and are less desirous than they were wont to expatiate on the striking and the grand. What truth there is in the remark we cannot tell; but certain it is, that, while the younger men of the party seemed to cast longing, admiring, and gladsome looks over the distant landscape, and up at the snow and cloud encompassed heights of the Rocky Mountains, old Redhand bent his eyes, we might almost say lovingly, on the earth. He would sit down on a stone, and pluck a leaf which he would examine with minute care; or watch with the deepest interest the frantic efforts of a little ant, as it staggered along under its gigantic burden of a single seed, climbing over a mountainous twig, tumbling into a cavernous hole the size of a hazle nut, or being brought to a hesitating pause by a mountain torrent a quarter of an inch broad.

The sedate Indian took special pleasure in watching the doings of his old friend. Usually, he contented himself with a grunt of assent when Redhand made a remark on the peculiarities of a plant or an insect, but sometimes he ventured on a brief observation, and occasionally even proposed a question to his aged companion which Redhand found it difficult to answer. There was little interchange of thought between those two silent men, but there was much of quiet enjoyment.

So passed the sabbath day. Early on the following morning the trappers were astir, and, before the sun tinged the mountain peaks, their beaver traps were set, an extensive portion of the territory they had thus quietly taken possession of had been explored in several directions, a couple of deer had been shot, a mountain goat seen, and a grisly bear driven from his den and pursued, but not killed; besides a number of wild-fowl having been bagged, and an immense number of creatures, including mustangs, or wild horses, roused from their lairs.

When the scattered hunters returned to the camp to breakfast they found themselves in a satisfied, happy state of mind, with a strong disposition, on the part of some, to break their fast without wasting time in cooking the viands. "It was of no manner of use cooking," Big Waller said, "when a feller was fit to eat his own head off of his own shoulders!" As for Gibault, he declared that he meant to give up cooking his victuals from that time forward, and eat them raw. The others seemed practically to have come to the same conclusion, for certain it is that the breakfast, when devoured on that first Monday morning, was decidedly underdone,—to use a mild expression!

But it was when the pipes were lighted that the peculiarities and capabilities of that wild region became fully known, for then it was that each hunter began to relate with minute accuracy the adventures of that morning. As they had scattered far and wide, and hunted or trapped separately, each had something new and more or less interesting to tell. March told of how he had shot a grey goose, and had gone into a moving swamp after it, and had sunk up to the middle, and all but took to swimming to save himself, but had got hold of the goose, notwithstanding, as the drumstick he had just picked would testify. Bounce told of having gone after a moose deer, and, failing to come up with it, was fain to content himself with a bighorn and a buck, and Big Waller asserted that he had suddenly come upon a grisly bear, which he would certainly have shot had it not run away from him. Whereupon Gibault, wilfully misunderstanding, said, with a look of unutterable surprise, that he would never have believed it—no, never—had any body else told him that Big Waller had actually run away from a bear! He couldn't bear to hear of it, and would not believe it though Waller himself said it. As for Bertram, having filled the pages of his sketch-book, back and front, he was compelled to take to miniature drawing in corners and blank bits, and in this way began to book the entire region, and to revel in his loved art.

Several weeks passed away, and, during that time of peace and plenty, our trappers had it all to themselves. They caught and killed numbers of animals; stripped off, dried, and packed, quantities of valuable furs; ate enormous meals, with the gusto of men who had laboriously earned the right to do so, and related stories and anecdotes enough to fill a huge volume. In short, they enjoyed themselves beyond conception, and Bertram agreed with March Marston in thinking that Bunyan's land of Beulah could not have surpassed that delightful region.

But one day there came a small cloud on their blue sky of felicity. An event occurred which rudely dispelled their pleasant dreams, filled their hearts with anxiety, and finally broke up their camp in a way that led to disastrous, though not altogether ruinous, consequences.

(To be continued.)

F A G G I N G.

"EXPERTO CREDE."

THE system of fagging is one that so intimately concerns every boy, that we need make no apology for devoting a short space to its investigation. All members of a *public school* are well acquainted with the working of this wide-spread institution in its several branches, whether as cricket or house-fagging; while among those educated at a *private* one, though in most cases the system is not authorized, yet in some way or other we find the custom prevalent of the smaller boys being compelled to perform the behests of the bigger ones without any pay or remuneration. Indeed, in the former case, owing to the system being subject in some measure to the restraint of public opinion, it is generally carried on with a tolerable amount of equity, and "fair return" on both sides; in the latter, from the fact of its being unauthorized, it is more frequently pushed to the utmost extent, and abused by secret and illicit works of tyranny. It is strange that among educated people we should hear adduced as an argument against fagging, "that it is liable to abuse, and therefore reprehensible"—when we recollect that the same objection may be urged not only against all authority, but also against every article of our daily food and drink. Not to mention "wine which maketh glad the heart of man," and the use of which only those who have taken the Pledge condemn utterly, because drunkards and other intemperate people are wont to enjoy it to excess, we may mention that it has been proved, by first-rate medical testimony, that too much *tea* produces the same effects as a deadly poison. If this, then, were all that could be said against fagging, we might look upon the system as comparatively faultless; but others have maintained that it tends to annihilate that noble feeling of liberty on which Englishmen have ever justly prided themselves; arguing that the system is an evil one because it inflicts upon boys, for two or three years of their lives, many painful hardships, and much unpleasant servitude; that to give a boy the habit of enduring privations, to which he will never again be called to submit; to inure him to pains which he will never again feel;

and to subject him to the loss of comforts, with which he will always in future abound, is a useless and valueless severity in education. Added to this, that it makes boys miserable, produces those bad effects upon the temper and disposition, which unjust sufferings always do produce, and lays the foundation of hatred, cunning, and a variety of odious passions; and, not content with drawing such a startling picture of the evils resulting to the *fag*, they attempt to show that the institution is injurious to the *masters* themselves, by declaring that it gives the elder boys a great and pernicious opinion of their own importance, which is often with difficulty effaced by a considerable intercourse with the world; that the head of a public school is generally a very conceited young man, utterly ignorant of his own dimensions, and losing all that habit of conciliation towards others, and that anxiety for self-improvement, which result from the natural modesty of youth.

We have given in the strongest language the sentiments of those who take this view of the matter; but really, from our own experience of nine years, these arguments seem scarcely capable of being seriously discussed. Our recollections of this *abominable* institution are mostly of an amusing kind, such as one's *fag* making tea without having taken the precaution of putting any tea into the teapot, using his master's best trousers for a kettle-holder, and, finally, toasting bread on the spout of a coffee-pot—instances of stupidity which one would expect rather from an ignorant Irish housemaid than from an educated English boy; and though we read of the seniors in the "glorious olden time" sending out their juniors to commit such noble and worthy deeds of heroism as duck-stealing and poaching of every description, in order that the plenteous repast might be served up at the dead of night round the last embers of the expiring fire, and lighted by the solitary tallow candle, which had been carefully concealed for a week beforehand, yet we *read* only; and but few of us can boast of having been implicated in such notable transactions. Picture to yourself the wretched "lower boy" slowly roasted before the living coals—picture him sleeping in his master's bed, to warm it previous to its reception of its proper owner, or having to sit in during the play-hours to copy out his master's imposition—and then remember that these are fables of the past, too dastardly to be allowed, and too cruel to be inflicted during the present generation. Yes, little boys, tremble, and weep to your mammas your contemplated horrors of being subjected to the most brutal tyranny; and

then, when you have come home for the holidays, recount laughingly to your younger brothers how you had only to make your senior's tea in the morning, only keep up his fire during a certain portion of the day; and not even to black his boots, or to brush his clothes.

Seriously speaking, however, in the great public schools this connection is one of mutual benefit, not to mention the incalculable amount of good that has been done to many a lord by his having been put under the authority of those inferior to him by birth. In return for the offices performed by the junior boys for their superiors—not “menial” or servile offices, but such as can be done without any degradation—the latter not only extend to the former their protection from bullying, but even assist them in any difficulty that may occur in the course of lessons to be learnt, or verses to be done: and naturally taking a deep interest in those for whose career, at this time of life, they are partially responsible, it not unfrequently happens that in after years the “master” and “fag” meet together on the most friendly terms, and love to dwell on the reminiscences of the commencement of their mutual attachment under such peculiar circumstances.

We are conscious that we have principally dwelt on fagging at public schools; and this, because, as we stated before, it is only there, that the system is an authorised one: but we are not at all certain whether in private schools our opinions would not be considerably modified: because a boy when he has left home for one of the latter, naturally not expecting such a servitude, is more apt to rebel against it; and this rebellion entails many a severe thrashing, which would have been avoided had he been told beforehand what to look for. Besides, the senior boys, in the same case, knowing that they are doing what is unlawful, lose that sense of responsibility which one always feels when there is a consciousness of supporting a time-honoured and established institution. At private schools, too, “might” is almost always “right,” so that the boy misses the wholesome lesson which is received when the fag, however great his size or strength may be, is forced to obey a master who may be weaker and smaller than himself, simply because the latter is possessed of the higher intellectual abilities. The mention of which last points leads us to an argument which we have always considered one of the strongest in favour of fagging—namely, that it is very beneficial when viewed as part of what we may be allowed to call the “literary discipline” of a school. It is no slight stimulus to some idle youths, who

would as soon remain in the lowest as rise to the highest class, to apply themselves more diligently to their books, in order that they may get above what are denominated the "fagging forms," and become themselves in due time the proprietors of that useful article.

So far is the whole system from implanting a system of tyranny in the "heads" of the public schools, that having once been fags themselves they know how to treat with proper lenity those from time to time subjected to them; and, though we would not speak invidiously, we think it is to this custom that we may chiefly attribute that distinguishing and generous spirit, which is so pre-eminently characteristic of a public school man: not that this spirit is always deficient in one educated at a private school; this we know to be false, for from the latter have emanated very many of our most liberal and enlightened men, whether as statesmen or warriors. But it seems to us that in the former more opportunities are afforded for what is called "intercourse with the world," and for the early formation of a boy's character, whether for good or evil.

We grant that fagging is a remnant of a somewhat barbarous character; but knowing, as we do, how efficiently it works where it has been long established, we would entreat the authorities to pause before they do away with it altogether. Rear up public schools if you will where it forms no part of the system; establish private schools where it will be unauthorized as heretofore; but it is better to follow in this, as in most other cases, the good old maxim, "*quieta non movere*." Let boys exercise their power where it is established in an honest manner, not bullying those who by accident are put under them, not exercising a too vigorous severity, and, above all, not ordering their fags to do what they would be ashamed of doing themselves. And at the same time let private schools continue with their own peculiar discipline; let them not attempt to force the system of fagging for the first time on their inmates, for it is a perilous thing to begin an institution like this, which we have upheld only because in some places it has been so long established, and because it would be equally dangerous in these cases to uproot what is so closely connected with the past and present discipline, and so revered by the old "*alumni*" who have been bred up beneath its rules and precepts.

WOLF-PIT HOUSE;

Or, a Moorland Ramble and Misadventure.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

BY REV. J. C. ATKINSON.

CHAPTER I.

"WELL, now, this is what I call jolly!"

And perhaps the young gentleman who so spoke—none other than our friend "Master Jacky"—had some little justification for so speaking.

He, with Uncle Edward and his brother Tom, otherwise "Master Monkey," had been enjoying a glorious wild ramble amid glorious scenery on a glorious day in May, and were now lying in the full sunshine, taking their rest after a hearty luncheon enjoyed as only such luncheons are, cushioned by the sweet, soft, deep, elastic ling.

Uncle Edward had been summoned by business to Armanthwaite, not far from Kirby, and had proposed to his two nephews that they should be his companions in the trip, and see if breasting the steep moorland banks, and ranging over the wild, free, untracked moor was as much to their taste as their long egg-hunting walks amid the lanes and fields and coppices of the tamer country to which they were used at school and at home in their own more southern county. Once he had gone with them to a wild wood of large extent, in some parts of which huge fallen masses of rock, torn long ages ago from their mountain-bed, and now thickly carpeted above with close growths of the bilberry, lay in picturesque confusion; while in others, nearer the bottom of the bank, or hill-side, clothed by the wood, were treacherous quaking bogs. Higher up the flanks of the hill grew huge hollies, venerable with age and hoary lichen; and towering above the highest limits of the forest growth were steep, lofty, riven crags, the ledges and countless crevices of which were tenanted by hosts of

jackdaws and starlings, with an occasional pair of kestrels; and a glorious scramble and ferreting out of nests had the two boys had among the more accessible parts of the precipices. Another day he had gone down the rapid, winding Esk, trout-rod in hand, working his way now at the base of the high, sandy banks of much more than a tall man's height; now amid the fallen boulders half big enough to dam the stream, or else on the precarious footing at the water-edge, left by the precipitous walls of some chasm or gill through which the river marvellously made its way; but, wherever it was, distracting the attention of the boys between the leaping, golden-bellied trout he was rapidly taking, and the mysteries of the bank or the seductions of a scramble among the rocks. Twice, too, had they crossed and recrossed the moor which lay between Armanthwaite Head and the Falcon Scar, though their walk had never been extended so far as to this memorable scene of Uncle Edward's youthful exploit and catastrophe. That was to be an expedition of itself, and the day on which the exclamation recorded at the head of this paper was uttered, was the day which had been set apart for the accomplishment of this much anticipated excursion.

The earliest gleam of the morning light had been the signal for both boys to rush from their bed to the window to see "what sort of a day it was going to be," and sundry times had the visit been repeated before seven o'clock, inasmuch as the thick fog which prevailed had succeeded in persuading them both that it was "sure to rain before long." However, by the time breakfast was despatched, the fog, which was nothing more than the ordinary "Roke," or—as it would have been called nearer the coast, and by others save the country people of the district—"Seafog," gave evident signs of soon being about to become less dense; and by nine o'clock the sun broke out in his full power, and, half an hour after, not a trace of the vapour could anywhere be seen.

So, as soon as uncle Edward was able to pronounce his morning's business despatched, a start was made by the three excursionists, with a liberal lunch snugly stowed away in the cases which, it was hoped, would be occupied on their return by eggs, and plants, and suchlike trophies of their wild and ever varying ramble.

Up the long bank their footsteps led them, until at length the last trace of cultivation, with its rude, rough enclosure walls ignorant of mortar, was left behind, and only ling, with interspersed patches of crowberry and heath, clothed the still continued

slope. The crow of the cock grouse, the plaintive pipe of the golden plover, the noisy, chiding wheelings of the pewit, the short flights and curious creepings among the ling-stalks of the moor titling, and not the least, the impatient stamp and sharp "hist" of the moor sheep, startled by their sudden invasion of its wonted solitude, all furnished ever-recurring matters of interest to the unaccustomed eyes and ears of our two young friends. An hour and a half of steady walking, sometimes for two or three hundred yards together, over—or rather through—ling long enough to be a sore trial to "Master Monkey's" non-elongated legs, brought the party to the brow of the bank, or rather cliff, overhanging the ledge on which the falcon's nest had been placed year after year for unknown generations. For a few moments the scene was surveyed in almost wondering silence, so beautiful was the look-down upon the near, deep, steep-sided dale, and over the wider, longer, grander valley through which the Esk seemed to gambol along its devious way; so grand the background of swelling hills, rolling and swelling on and on for miles to the northward. Then the gaze fell upon the nearer objects, and the "Tower" was recognised with the further part of the connecting "link:" the one solitary tree of the tower-top still stood there too, but reduced now to only one stem; the other having, apparently not long before, been wrenched off by some ruder blast than ordinary, or perhaps even, as a spiral mark on the bark of the still surviving trunk might be supposed to suggest, stricken down by lightning.

Tom was the first to break the silence, which he did by exclaiming—

"How I should like to see the falcons. I wonder ——"

The source of his wonder, however, was not explained, for the ring of his boyish tones was audible to other ears save those of his two human companions, and the other hearer sailed out on steady outspread wings, from beneath the very feet of the speaker, her flight as unlike the hurried, clattering rush of the startled and timid wood-pigeon as possible, and singularly suggestive of fearless boldness and quiet self-reliance. It was the female peregrine; and with her head just sufficiently turned to enable her to eye her disturbers, and permit them to catch a glance of her bright hazel eyes, she swept round the flank of the tower, and for a moment or two was lost to their sight.

Eager and sincere were the wishes of the two boys that they had had then their uncle's boy appliances of ropes and hooks, that they might at once have endeavoured to produce their fac-

simile of his exploit of thirty years ago. But as this could not be they were obliged to content themselves with lying down on their chests and working themselves forward while their uncle held their legs until they could fairly look over the projecting band of rock and almost see the veritable scene of Uncle Edward's dangerous slip. Then they went down the steep track and surveyed all anew from below; and then they made a foray on the jackdaws' nests in the adjacent cliffs. Then, in crossing the *débris* from a band of dark-coloured shale, at a lower part of the bank, Jack picked up a flake of undoubted jet, a trophy which led to a zealous search for more, and the discovery of a much larger piece still embedded in the shale. Strenuous efforts were requisite to extract this, but at last they were successful; and then all three re-ascended to the moor, just tired enough to enjoy the luxurious couch supplied by the ling, and hungry enough with the morning's exertion and the clear, bracing, appetizing air of the moors, to have eaten three luncheons and a dinner all rolled into one. Sandwiches—not such as are seen at suppers, when folks have first well dined, but solid slices of cold broiled ham, between equally solid slices of home-baked bread, and rather more solid nunchions of cheese and bread—were disposed of with wonderful facility and despatch, and were washed down with draughts—not quite guiltless of the contents of Uncle Edward's pocket-flask—from a glorious spring, which rose, gushing and bubbling, near their resting-place. And so, what with the intense luxury of the sunshine, and the scenery, and the rest, and the creature-comforts just enjoyed, and the champagne-like atmosphere, and the dreamy, unhushed, murmuring hum of countless unseen insect-minstrels, which filled the air above and around, I think either you or I, reader, would have almost or quite anticipated Master Jack's exclamation of—

“Well, now, this is what I call jolly!”

At all events Uncle Edward did not seem to think the expression of feeling either irrelevant or nonsensical, for with a smile which showed how he appreciated his nephew's enjoyment, he replied,—

“Oh! yes. This is almost like a leaf out of a new volume of life. But moorland scenery and sensations have always something new for me.”

“How long did you live at Armanthwaite, uncle? Didn't you like it very much?”

“Well, Tom, I did like it, and I lived a good many years there too. And after I had lived there for years, I used to think

I could find some new phasis of beauty about this wide, grand scenery, from day to day. I remember one day in particular, a dull, rayless, sombre day in January, when the clouds were lying in dark swathes, more as if laid out to air than as portending rain. I saw more wonderful, mysteriously-originating colouring than ever before, during half a dozen years of intimacy with the district. The nearer ling, as I crossed yonder ridge a little to the left of that conical hill before you, wore a rich deep-brown hue, shot with rifle-green. The sere and tawny brackens which stood here and there among the ling, and those which belted, in broad bands, the steep, bluff front of the hill in the middle distance, shone out with a wonderful rich golden hue, such as I had never seen about them, or imagined before, and which grew into a grand lustre beneath the deep, dark, unimaginable, velvety purple-black of the hills in the distance. All so unreal, and yet, in another aspect, so real and almost startling from its utter novelty, and solemn, mysterious beauty. Another scene, I beheld here, too, I shall never forget. It was a late November night, and the whole country lay white with snow; notwithstanding which, a thunder storm came on, as I was coming over yonder moor to our right. The blue light shot out as the clouds first opened, giving place, the instant the full brightness of the flash blazed forth, to the dazzling glory of a white, which reminded me, in its almost awfulness, of that white which was 'such as no fuller on earth can white it.' This was succeeded after a second or two—too short for the glory of the scene, not so for the dazzled eyes—by a pale, fleeting, steel-blue fading into faint rose, just before all became strangely dark again. And all being thrown with coincident instantaneousness over the great wide, grand features of such a country as this, made a sight almost as awfully grand as the other was solemnly beautiful."

"How I should have liked to see it!" broke in Tom, whose eyes positively glistened as his uncle proceeded with his description. "I thought nothing could be much more beautiful than those evening colours on the hills you called us out to look at last night, uncle."

"But you should see the autumn tints, Tom. The varying purples of the further hills in September or October evenings, never alike for three evenings together, used to seem to me sometimes, when deep, to be like the sunny side of a large, rich, ripe plum, and sometimes to have more of a violet tinge, like the wall-side of the plum, but always 'with the bloom on.' But look, Tom isn't that beautiful too?"

Uncle Edward pointed as he spoke to what he called the "dissolving view effects" of sunlight and shade produced, as sundry cloud shadows swept over from the moor heights beyond the dale, came gliding down the valley bank, flitted across the brief level and glanced up the other side and away again, making wood, and farmstead, and chafing beck, and yellow stack, and broken bank, and dusky moor-edge flicker and grow dim and blend together, and then start out again into distinct vivid individuality.

Mr. Hayward now reminded the boys that he had to go into the dale below them, and that they were to make their way home by themselves. Jack was on his feet in a moment, and professed himself ready for a start immediately, pointing out the various landmarks by which they were to direct their homeward tramp. Uncle Edward, however, suggested to him that if they commenced their return immediately, they would reach Armanthwaite at all events a couple of hours before he could himself, and asked what they meant to do in such case.

"Well, uncle," replied Jack, "I never thought of that. There won't be time to go down to the beck, and try for a trout or two: and I vote we don't go home such a day as this to do nothing."

"Well, then, lads, suppose you go and explore the tumulus you see here above you on your left. It is a curious one, and there's an old story connected with it, made to fit the name, I should say; the name itself being, very likely, a sort of 'bull.'"

"What is the name, uncle?" and "What is the story?" were the instant questions of the elder and younger boys, and uncle Edward replied as follows:—

"The name is Wolf-pit,—probably called after some Scandinavian Ulf worthy of his name,—and the story I will tell you presently. It is, in fact, what is called in this part a basin-house, that is to say, a sepulchral tumulus, which, instead of being simply a low conical mound, is hollowed out at the top into a large basin-shaped cavity; and it is curious in this way, that when it was examined some twenty years ago it was found that there were two interments in it, one beneath the other, and nobody knows how much older. The lower, or more ancient deposit, consisted of a skeleton in a sitting posture with the knees up, and an urn containing some flint arrow-heads, and other matters not very distinguishable, and it had been placed in a natural fissure of the rock with a rough slab over it and another at its back, so as to

make a kind of cist or small chamber. The other interment was of burnt bones merely, contained in another urn, smaller and better baked than the first. So much for the house. The story is, that a she-wolf—the last seen in this district—had found access to the fissure (which extends to some distance on one side under the house), and considered the place a suitable one in which to litter. Of course she took liberties with the deer in the forest below—for nearly all the dale was forest then—and with the pigs and few sheep of the occupants of such land as was cleared. One of these, called Miles Thorketel, had some reason to think the wolf's lair was in this very pit, and one moonlight night when he was passing by, on his way home out of Arndale, with one of his children, a lad of about seven years old, and his dog, he determined to take the opportunity of the wolf's absence—for he took it for granted, I suppose, that she would be absent at that hour—to ascertain. So he sent his dog in, who speedily returned with a brace of very juvenile whelps, both worried. Fancying there might be more, and that he would like, if so, to have them alive, he kept back the dog, who was very eager to re-enter, and sent his little boy in. The lad felt about, and soon found two or three more cubs, one of which was still alive, the dog having killed all the rest. While Thorketel was speaking to his boy, telling him to be canny with the little creature, and holding his dog back with one hand to prevent his seizing it the instant it was thrust out of the hole by its captor, he was fearfully startled by the rush past him of the female wolf, which would have reached the hole but for the immediate onset of the dog. The latter was no match, however, for the fierce strength of the wolf made doubly savage by the cries of her little one, and the brief struggle ended in the death of the assailant, which Thorketel saw taken by the back and shaken as a dog worries a rat. But the breathing time thus afforded him enabled him to place himself between the wolf and the hole with his long knife drawn in his hand. The wolf sprang at him instantly and seized him by the left arm, which he held before him to ward off the attack on his throat, while at the same time he made an almost ineffectual stab with the knife, losing it in the attempt.

The shock of the wolf's onset forced him back a pace or two; and catching his foot against a large stone he lost his balance, and was brought down to one knee. But this, so far from proving a disadvantage to him in the struggle, gave him a decided superiority; for the wolf was brought to the ground too, and in such a way that it was easy for the man, by throwing himself forward

upon the brute, to force it, back downwards, upon the ground. And thus the struggle continued for some seconds; the wolf with her fangs fixed in Thorketel's arm, while the latter vainly endeavoured with his right hand to grasp his antagonist's throat. How long the contest might have lasted, or which would have proved finally victorious, might have been a matter of doubt, had not the little boy, who had just extricated himself from the hole, come to his father's aid with the knife which had fallen close to the entrance to the den. Two or three well-directed stabs soon laid the wolf lifeless on the ground, and then his grim jaws were slackened enough to let go his grip, and Thorketel and his son walked off with the live whelp, besides the head and skin of the dead dam. That is the story as I have heard it, Master Jack," concluded Uncle Edward, "and now you can go and see for yourselves, if you like, both the alleged wolf's den and the ascertained human sepulchre in the rifted rock."

So Uncle Edward rose from his heather-couch, and, just bidding the two boys to remember dinner-time, proceeded leisurely to descend the steep track into the dale to keep his appointment. At the same time his nephews moved off in the direction of the tumulus.

(To be continued.)



Cervantes at Naples.

THE STORY OF CERVANTES;

WHO WAS A SCHOLAR, A POET, A TRAVELLER, A SOLDIER, A SLAVE AMONG
THE MOORS, AND THE AUTHOR OF DON QUIXOTE.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Our First Great Sea Fight," &c. &c.



CHAPTER XII.—Cervantes becomes acquainted with a new city, and renews
his intercourse with an old friend.

A FISHING barque, rising and dipping with every wave, and scudding gaily before the wind, rounded the point of Pozzuoli one sunny autumnal afternoon, some four or five days after the events last related, and made straight for the port of Naples. On the deck of this slight vessel, with head erect, and arms resolutely folded across his breast, stood Cervantes. He had fled, unpursued, to Ostia, a seaport town about sixteen miles from Rome, where the Tiber flows into the Mediterranean, and there hired the first boat that he could find to convey him to Naples. Now, bluer than the blue sky overhead, that loveliest of European bays lay stretched before him. Yonder, creeping down to the very ripples on the yellow beach, and rising, tier above tier, upon the hill-sides till surmounted at last by stately fortresses, extended far and wide the glittering city. To the right, crowned with a feathery plume of grey vapour, rose the summit of Vesuvius. There were vines on all the hills—sombre groves of chestnuts and laurels in the valleys between—tiny islands of steep rock and blossoming verdure dotting the blue waters far away; and hundreds of boats, with coloured sails and gay flags, skimming hither and thither, like sea-birds on the wing. As the barque drew nearer and nearer, following the curve of the shore, Cervantes could see the fishers clustered on the beach mending their nets, and the vintagers on the terraced heights pruning the vines. Well might he hold his breath, and gaze as if he feared the scene must presently dissolve before his eyes! It was then, as it is now, the fairest, the rarest, of Southern Europe. A modern poet, writing of it with the enthusiasm of a painter, asks,

This region, surely, is not of the earth;
Was it not dropt from heaven? Not a grove,
Citron, or pine, or cedar, not a grot
Sea-worn and mantled with the gadding vine,
But breathes enchantment.

One of the first sights that met the eyes of Cervantes on nearing the quays, was his own national flag—almost one of the first sounds that met his ears on landing, was his own dear Spanish tongue. Yes, there were Spanish galleons at anchor in the harbour; Spanish sailors lounging over the gunwales; Spanish soldiers loitering about the steep streets, and pledging one another in Italian wine at the doors of the wine-shops. Here, though so many leagues from Madrid, was home again; for Naples at that time, and long before and long after that time, was a dependency of the Spanish crown. Here Philip of Spain was King. Yonder, frowning high above the town on its impregnable rock, rose the Castle of St. Elmo, built by Charles the Fifth to overawe his Neapolitan subjects. Lower down, level with the city and the sea, stood the Castle Nuovo, bristling with guns. Over both floated haughtily the Spanish eagle.

That night Cervantes slept at a hostelry on the quay of Santa Lucia, and the next morning waited upon the Governor of Castle Nuovo, to report himself as a Spanish subject, and seek information of such of his countrymen as might then be in Naples. Almost the first person whom he encountered on coming out from the Governor's presence was a young officer lounging against the battlements, who looked at him earnestly, followed him across the courtyard, seized him by both hands, and called him by his name.

"Miguel de Cervantes?"

"What, Manuel! old friend, is it you?"

The young men had not met for years. When Cervantes went to Salamanca, Manuel was sent to Cordova. Since then, having completed his education, he had entered the army, and for the last eighteen months had been quartered with his regiment in Naples. It was a joyous meeting for both; for they had been loving playmates in boyhood, were natives of the same town, and had many early associations in common. Besides all this, they were both far from home; and to meet a dear friend in a foreign land is a delight that can only be known to those who have travelled, and lived among strangers.

They grasped each other's hands, as if they never meant to un-

clasp them again; they asked twenty questions in a breath; they even, according to the touching, simple fashion of three centuries ago, kissed each other on the bronzed cheek, like brothers. Then, arm in arm, they went up towards the hill of San Martino, and strolled for hours to and fro in the shady ravine leading to the Convent of the Certosa. Here they talked of all that had happened to each since they parted, of their hopes for the future, and of those ambitions that lie nearest to the heart of aspiring youth. Manuel, light-hearted and pleasure-loving, described in glowing language the amusements and novelties of Naples. He praised the climate, the wines, the dark-eyed beauties of the viceregal court, the fishing-excursions, the horse-races, the festivals, and the public entertainments that abounded at all seasons in that joyous capital. Cervantes told stories of Salamanca; gave his friend a vivid picture of his journey to Italy, and his experience of Roman life; and explained how he had been obliged to abandon the service of Cardinal Aquaviva.

"And thy plans for the future, Miguel?" asked Manuel, when Cervantes paused at length in his narration.

"Plans? Nay, what plans can I have, being a fugitive with scarce fifty gold pieces in my purse?"

"But what dost thou think to do in Naples? Tell me, that I may at least endeavour to aid thee, if I can."

Cervantes laughed as carelessly as if half Italy belonged to him.

"*Amigo*," said he, "I can write plays or pastorals, sermons or sonnets, for whoever will buy them. I can turn player, or soldier, or courtier. If it comes to the worst, I can buy a net and a fishing-boat, and seek a salt livelihood out in the blue bay over yonder. Pshaw, with brains, hands, a pen, and a sword, no brave fellow need fear the future!"

By this time, the extreme heat of the afternoon had abated, a cool air blew off the sea, and the declining sunlight shot in long level beams between the branches of the pines and chestnuts, and glittered on the gilded vanes of the monastery on the hill. Slowly they retraced their steps. As they descended the hill, all Naples lay at their feet. The shore, the quays, the public gardens, were crowded with nobles and peasants, soldiers, beggars, fishermen, ecclesiastics, ladies, and servants in livery. Heavy gilded coaches drawn by four and six mules each, rude country carts, and riders on horseback, poured backwards and forwards on the long road between the city and the sea. Here, in a vineyard by the road-side, were a couple of rustics dancing to the music of a

pipe and tabor, surrounded by a circle of gazers. Down yonder, on the beach, was a crowd of fishermen listening to a black-robed priest mounted on a chair and preaching vociferously. A little farther on they came to another crowd, in the midst of which a brown, ragged, half-naked fellow, with a cracked ghittern under his arm, was reciting or inventing a poetical romance in an interminable number of verses. Rich and poor, old and young, Italian and Spanish, were alike bent on enjoyment; and Manuel told Cervantes that as the sun went down the whole population turned out thus in joyous thousands every day.

Presently they met a group of young Spanish officers, to whom Manuel introduced his friend; and they all went together to a garden roofed in with vines and creeping plants, overlooking the bay, where they ate delicious cakes, and sweetmeats made of snow and sugar, artfully coloured and moulded into quaint devices, and pledged each other in cups of iced Italian wine. Here they sat, chatting and laughing and singing, till the twilight came on and the moon rose, and the smoke glowed red above the summit of Vesuvius. Then one of the young men proposed that they should take Cervantes to see a performance of puppets; and so they rose and went through several narrow streets in the heart of the city, till they came to a temporary building, more like a great shed than a theatre, where for a few small coins they were admitted. The room was full of people, most of them standing, and at the upper end rose a rough platform, lighted by a row of oil lamps, and hung at the back with a faded green curtain in the place of scenery. While the audience was assembling, songs were sung behind the stage; but every one talked, and no one listened, till the bell rang for the performance to begin.

And a most curious, comical performance it was! The actors were all dolls about three feet in height, which moved about by means of wires and strings, and flung their arms and legs into all kinds of spasmodic attitudes. The piece they played was called "The Two Noble Lovers," and was founded on a story written some thirty or forty years before by a gentleman of Vicenza named Luigi da Porta. This story was the history of Romeo and Juliet; and though not published till after the death of the author, in 1535, was already so popular that it had been thrice printed in Venice, adapted into French, and translated into English, both in prose and verse. Shakspeare had not yet written his tragedy on the same subject. He was but a little boy at this time, living in his father's house at Stratford-on-Avon, going to the free school

every day, and playing in Sir Thomas Lucy's park on holiday afternoons.

Here, then, was "Romeo and Juliet" dramatized and acted, while Shakspeare was a child far away in England; and Cervantes, a young man of three-and-twenty, sat, a looker-on, in this puppet-theatre at Naples, *anno Domini* fifteen hundred and sixty-nine. Here Romeo, ludicrously dressed in scraps of velvet and tinsel, squeaked under Juliet's window, ran a wooden Tybalt through the body, and took poison with such intensity of purpose that his head rebounded upon the stage with a double rap that echoed through the theatre like a modern postman's knock. Here Juliet, who was a very pretty doll, with great glass eyes and a flaxen wig, acted so pathetically, that half the audience (that is to say the women and children) were in tears. Here, too, were the elder Capulets and Montagues, and the servants, who had a great battle on the stage, and all kinds of other personages, such as Cupid, Mars, Bacchus, and Jupiter, who, although they did not exactly belong to the story, came on between the acts, and discoursed together somewhat obscurely, though to the evident satisfaction of the spectators.

At length, when Romeo, and Juliet, and Paris, and some few supernumeraries, were all dead, Jupiter came on in a chariot and made a final speech, and the play ended. Then the audience dispersed, and Cervantes walked back to his inn by moonlight, accompanied by Manuel and his brother officers; and they all parted merrily, with the promise of meeting again on the morrow.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MONTHS.—AUGUST.



AUGUST, the eighth month of the Christian year, derives its name from Augustus Caesar. This month was thus honoured because in it he was created Consul of Rome, after having added Egypt to the Empire. Our Saxon ancestors called it Barn-moneth—the barn-month—as at this time of year, then as now, they gathered in their harvests, and filled their barns with stores for the coming winter. The zodiacal sign of August is Virgo, the virgin, the sun apparently entering that sign on the 23rd.

August, in Great Britain, is not only the first harvest month, but it is also the fruit month, and the earliest of the sporting months. Wheat and barley, rye and oats, and many other cereals, with peas and beans and various sorts of pulse, are now ripening fast; and on the 12th begins that great annual diversion of Englishmen, Grouse-Shooting. The Parliamentary Session generally ends in August, and with it declines the London Season. Fashionable people leave town and swarm over the Continent, and crowd the watering-places, and explore the Highlands of Scotland, and generally enjoy themselves; while humbler folk, not to be behind-hand in the universal immigration, desert the hot and dusty city streets, and seek health and pleasure by the shores of the great multitudinous ocean, or wander in quiet woodland places, where Nature speaks to their inner selves in a more intelligible voice than amid the whirl of business and the carking cares of life. Here are a few lines—I won't call them poetry—I wrote some years since, appropriate to the season and to the strain into which my pen has wandered. Who can tell, when he sits down to write, whitherward pen and fancy may lead him?

Let us go forth. The streets are close, the pavement's hot,
And not a breath of air seems stirring. Come, my friend,
The steamboat waits beside the pier, and all sounds blend
Into one universal cry for Holiday! He heeds it not
Whose soul is steeped in business. For him the breeze
Speaks but of swiftly-sailing ships, deep-laden; and the trees
Have not a whisper that he hears. In coolest grot,
Beside the sounding sea, or in the woods, his thoughts to barter tend.
We list to other voices: and for us the Earth
Spreads out the greenest garniture of leaves,
And in a language beautiful, but all unwrit, she ever speaks
Of love, and poetry, and heaven! The wild flower weaves
For us a brighter chaplet, and the wild wave breaks
Upon a shore where no dull cares or crosses have their birth!

Well, boys, let us take holiday for a while, if only on paper. How many a pleasant journey have we not all of us taken, while sitting calmly down in the shady window-seat or beside the evening fire! How many a stormy voyage, and how many a danger-fraught month of travel, without stirring from our homes! How many a startling adventure and stirring episode in the pages of a book! What pleasure, after all, like reading! The book is a friend that never quarrels with you or contradicts, neglect him as you may. Turn down the page and lay the volume aside; then open it months after, and begin the old love where you left off, and it is as fresh and young as ever. What companionship, what love like that! Therefore, my lads, cultivate reading, and you will possess always the power and means of delight independent of the will and caprice of others.

But, about August. This is the month for a refreshing dip into the sea before breakfast—for a good stiff, steady pull in an eight-oar, with a cheerful and experienced coxswain—for a breezy toss in a sailing-boat—for a long walk through the fields when the golden-eared corn is ripe for the sickle; or for a merry, thoroughly earnest, and well-contested match at cricket. And the fields—how lovely they look in August! The bright green of spring has departed, it is true; but, then, how warm and rich, in the woods and on all the hedegrows, are the tints of the early autumn!

With sheaves and laden boughs brown Autumn comes,
Bringing contentment in her smiling face. The day
Is hot with sunshine labour, and the night
Is merry with the joy of harvest homes.
The year is almost ended: 'tis well to be so gay,—
Days darken, shadows lengthen—so pass our lives away!

The first day in August is called Lammas, or Lamb-mass, Day. The origin of the term is rather obscure. One authority tells us that on the 1st of August the tenants who held land of the Church at York were, in the old times, bound to bring a live lamb into the cathedral at high mass, or forfeit their tenure; another says that Lammas is derived from the Saxon loaf-mass, or bread-mass, from the fact that our forefathers made on that day an offering of bread from new wheat; while a third avers that the compound word comes from the old British *Gwul Awst*, or Yule feast of August, though without specifying the way in which the word came to be corrupted in Lammas.

The 3rd is the seventh Sunday after Trinity, and the 6th the anniversary of Our Lord's Transfiguration on the Mount; the

13th is old Lammas-day; the 25th the feast of St. Bartholomew; and the 28th that of St. Augustine. Among the Catholics every day is a saint's day; and with us, particular services are read in the Church on certain days bearing the names of saints and martyrs.

The London oyster season used to commence on the 5th of August; but now-a-days we get oysters nearly all the year round.

On St. Bartholomew's-day, just two hundred years ago, the terrible massacre of Protestants commenced in France by order of the bigot Charles IX. Ten thousand peaceful citizens were butchered in their own houses or in the streets of Paris, and during the following fortnight it is computed that in the capital and provinces of la Belle France not fewer than a hundred thousand men, women, and children were put to death in the name of religion! On the same day in England, in 1662, two thousand ministers were ejected from their livings by the Act of Uniformity. The atrocities formerly committed for religion's sake are frightful to contemplate. Happily, we have outlived the prejudices for which our forefathers suffered contumely, imprisonment, and even death itself! Our martyrdoms are all domestic now, and take the milder form of small personal sacrifices for principle and opinion.

But, not to get political in our discussion of August's peculiarities, let us return to the point whence we started,—the main characteristics of the month, as we have them now. As I said, this is the great season for fruits; but there is an abundance of flowers too. The full-leaved trees provide shelter and a home for multitudes of our feathered friends. Swallows and swifts begin to take their departure, and linnets and lapwings congregate by myriads; the goldfinch appears, and the robin renews his spring song; flies and gnats swarm, literally in millions, about the surfaces of quiet pools; and every piece of still water is the habitation of whole families of insects. In the woods the hazels are loaded with nuts, and I know no better fun than going a-nutting. The garden is bright with blossoms—polyanthus and passion-flower, clematis and mignonnette, auricula and camellia; while the orchard is loaded with apples and pears; plums, peaches, nectarines, and grapes, upon the walls with a southern aspect.

On the 1st of August, in 1837, slavery was abolished throughout the British dominions. I may just mention a few of the names

of great men whose births or deaths have occurred in August, and so conclude my gossip.

On the 3rd, in 1721, died Grinling Gibbon, the greatest artist in wood-carving in this or any other country; for some of his best specimens, go to the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral. On the 7th, in 1799, died Bacon the sculptor. On the 8th, in 1827, died the celebrated George Canning, father to the great statesman who has just gone from among us after an eminent and successful rule in India. On the 12th, in 1762, was born George IV., King of England, the "first gentleman" and the most unprincipled libertine in England. On the 15th, in 1769, was born the Emperor Napoleon—the "Great," not the "Little," as Victor Hugo styles the present monarch of France, in Ajaccio, in Corsica; and on the same day, in 1771, was born Sir Walter Scott, the "Wizard of the North." On the 16th, in 1678, died the eminent patriot, Andrew Marvel, some time Latin secretary to glorious John Milton. On the 17th, in 1642, died Guido, the celebrated painter. On the 19th, in 1646, died Flamsteed, the great English astronomer. On the same day, in 1823, Robert Bloomfield, the author of the "Farmer's Boy," one of the sweetest poems in our language, went home to heaven. On the 21st, in 1765, was born William IV., the "Sailor King" of England. On the 22nd, in 1818, died Warren Hastings, the bold, brave, scandalized Governor-General of India. On the 23rd, was executed on Tower Hill, Sir William Wallace, the "Peerless Knight of Ellerslie." On the 26th, in 1819, was born the great, good, and lamented Prince Albert, husband to our beloved Queen, whom God preserve. On the same day, in 1635, died Lopez de Vega, the rival and conqueror of Cervantes in the dramatic art of Spain. Also on the 26th, in 1822, died Adam Clarke, the most celebrated of modern Wesleyan ministers. On the 27th, in 1748, died Thomson, the poet of the "Seasons." On the 28th, in 1645, at Rostock, in the Netherlands, died Grotius, the great Dutch scholar; and on the 31st, in 1688, died John Bunyan, the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress," which wonderful allegory should be found in every boy's library, side by side with "Robinson Crusoe," the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," and the "Vicar of Wakefield." These four I remember as among my earliest favourites. Join to them Shakspeare and the book of books, the Bible, and you have an epitome of all that is valuable in literature, and worthy of study and admiration. We are rapidly nearing the long nights and shortening days of winter. For a month, Farewell!

G. F. P.

CHESS.

BY GEORGE FREDERICK PARDON.



III. CHESS NOTATION AND THE LAWS OF THE GAME.

DURING the last few weeks the Chess world has been in a state of considerable excitement; for many of the best players have met, in London, at what was called the International Chess Congress. Under the auspices of the British Chess Association, the most formidable Chess champions of Great Britain, France, Germany, and Italy, have contended together over the checkered board; and the result has been many excellent games, and no slight amount of amusement. Herr Paulsen, a Dane, and Mr. Blackburne, a young Englishman, undertook that great feat of memory and skill, the playing of eight or ten games simultaneously, with as many opponents, and without themselves seeing the board: a feat that Mr. Morphy, the American, rendered popular during his visit to this country.

But, more than this, the several players contended for a great prize, and many of the finest matches yet recorded in Chess annals took place. At the conclusion of the meeting, a general meeting, under the presidency of Lord Lyttelton, was held for the purpose of revising the laws of the game. The moves of the most important of the games have been published; but, in order to understand them, it will be necessary that my young friends should comprehend

THE SYSTEM OF "NOTATION"

adopted by all modern Chess-players. By the word "notation," I mean that plan of describing the moves upon paper now generally followed. Each square is called after the name of the piece standing on that square at the commencement of the game. Thus the white king's place is called the king's square; the second square in front, his second square; and so on of the other pieces; while the first squares on the one side are the eighth squares of the other. This you will readily comprehend by an examination of the following diagram:—

BLACK.

bs R D	bs Kt D	bs B D	bs Q	bs K	bs B K	bs Kt K	bs R K
Q.R.8.	Q.Kt.8.	Q.B.8.	Q.8.	K.8.	K.B.8.	K.Kt.8.	K.R.8.
7 R D	7 Kt D	7 B D	7 Q	7 K	7 B K	7 Kt K	7 R K
Q.R.7.	Q.Kt.7.	Q.B.7.	Q.7.	K.7.	K.B.7.	K.Kt.7.	K.R.7.
6 R D	6 Kt D	6 B D	6 Q	6 K	6 B K	6 Kt K	6 R K
Q.R.6.	Q.Kt.6.	Q.B.6.	Q.6.	K.6.	K.B.6.	K.Kt.6.	K.R.6.
5 R D	5 Kt D	5 B D	5 Q	5 K	5 B K	5 Kt K	5 R K
Q.R.5.	Q.Kt.5.	Q.B.5.	Q.5.	K.5.	K.B.5.	K.Kt.5.	K.R.5.
4 R D	4 Kt D	4 B D	4 Q	4 K	4 B K	4 Kt K	4 R K
Q.R.4.	Q.Kt.4.	Q.B.4.	Q.4.	K.4.	K.B.4.	K.Kt.4.	K.R.4.
3 R D	3 Kt D	3 B D	3 Q	3 K	3 B K	3 Kt K	3 R K
Q.R.3.	Q.Kt.3.	Q.B.3.	Q.3.	K.3.	K.B.3.	K.Kt.3.	K.R.3.
2 R D	2 Kt D	2 B D	2 Q	2 K	2 B K	2 Kt K	2 R K
Q.R.2.	Q.Kt.2.	Q.B.2.	Q.2.	K.2.	K.B.2.	K.Kt.2.	K.R.2.
1 R D	1 Kt D	1 B D	1 Q	1 K	1 B K	1 Kt K	1 R K
Q.R.1.	Q.Kt.1.	Q.B.1.	Q.1.	K.1.	K.B.1.	K.Kt.1.	K.R.1.

WHITE.

We suppose, of course, that the board is properly placed, with a white square at the right-hand side of the players. The pawns stand severally on the second squares; and in describing the first move of (say) king's pawn, we write, pawn to king's 4th, or pawn to king's 3rd, as the case may be. But instead of writing the word king, queen, rook, pawn, &c. in full, we use only letters. In the diagram above, and in all printed or written notes of games, K stands for king, Q for queen, R for rook, B for bishop, Kt for knight, and P for pawn.

When a piece or pawn has not been moved we say it is "at its square"; in other cases the word square is omitted, and we simply describe a piece or pawn as being moved to king's, or queen's third, fourth, &c. :—

Q. to Kt. 3,

B. to K. 3,

and so forth. Remember that the moves of both white and black are reckoned from their own sides of the board. In diagrams the lower half of the board, is usually given to the white men. This

plan I shall follow. And now, before I say anything about the laws, it will be as well to state the

RELATIVE VALUE OF THE PIECES.

The *king*, not being removable from the board during the game, his value is not ascertainable.

The *pawn* is the unit.

The *knight* and *bishop* (minor pieces) are reckoned to be severally worth rather more than three, but rather less than four pawns; the king's bishop is generally considered more valuable than the queen's bishop; but this depends on the nature of the opening.

The *rook* is considered equal in value to a minor piece and two pawns; but, as the rook at the end of the game is very powerful, especially in the absence of the queen, care should be taken not to exchange it, except for its full equivalent.

The *queen* is the best working piece on the board, and is worth two rooks and a pawn at the beginning of the game, but rather less perhaps at the end. Or the queen may be said to be worth three minor pieces.

A king and queen can always win against a king alone.

A king and rook can always win against a king alone.

A king and queen should win against a king and rook; a king and two bishops; a king and two knights; a king, bishop, and knight; and a king and two or three pawns.

A king and bishop should draw the game against a king and rook.

A king and two bishops can win against a king.

A king, two bishops, and a knight should win against a king and rook.

A king, bishop, and knight, or a king and two knights, cannot possibly win against a king.

A king, rook, and knight can draw or even win against a king and queen, provided all be in the centre of the board; while the king and queen can at best only draw the game; because the player having the three pieces can always move his king out of check, interpose, or exchange knight or rook for queen. Of course if he can change knight for queen he wins the game.

A king and two pawns should win against a king.

A king with a pawn on either rook's file can only draw the game against a king, provided the latter is able to gain the rook's square to which the pawn is advancing.

THE PRINCIPAL LAWS OF THE GAME.

1. The board is to be so placed as to leave a white square at the right hand of the player.

2. Any mistake in placing the board or the men may be rectified before the fourth move is completed, but not after.

3. The players draw lots for the first move, and take the move alternately in the games following.*

4. The piece touched must be moved. When the fingers of the player have once left the man, it cannot be again removed from the square it occupies.†

5. In touching a piece simply to adjust it, the player must notify to his adversary that such is his intention.‡

6. If a player take one of his own men by mistake, or touch a wrong man, or one of his opponent's men, or make an illegal move, his adversary may compel him to take the man, make the right move, move his king, or replace the piece and make a legal move.

7. A pawn may be played either one or two squares at a time when first moved.§

8. A player cannot castle under any of the following circumstances:—1. If he has moved either king or rook. 2. If the king be in check. 3. If there be any piece between the king and rook. 4. If the king, in moving, pass over any square commanded by any one of his adversary's forces.||

9. If a player give a check without crying "check," his adversary need not take notice of the check. But if two moves only are made before the discovery of the mistake, the pieces may be replaced, and the game properly played.

10. If a player say check without actually attacking the king, and his adversary move his king or take the piece, the latter may elect either to let the move stand or have the pieces replaced and another move made.

* When odds are given, the player giving them moves first. White generally moves first; therefore, if black wins the move, the board is turned. It is usual to play with the white and black men alternately.

† Except the move be illegal, when the opponent can insist on the piece being moved in the proper manner, or for the opposing king to be moved.

‡ It is usual, in such a case, to say, *j'adoube* (I adjust); but he may not touch a piece with the intention of moving it, and then, when he discovers his mistake, say *j'adoube*. The phrase is simply intended to be used when a piece is displaced or overturned by accident.

§ In the latter case it is liable to be taken *en passant*, with any pawn that could have taken it had it been played only one square.

|| You cannot castle to get out of check.

11. If, at the end of a game, the players remain, one with a superior to an inferior force, or even if they have equal forces, the defending player may call upon his adversary to mate in fifty moves on each side, or draw the game.*

12. Stalemate, or perpetual check, is a drawn game.

13. Directly a pawn reaches its eighth square it must be exchanged for a piece.†

14. Should any dispute arise, the question must be submitted to a bystander, whose decision is to be considered final.

These are all the laws of the game necessary to be remembered by young players; but it will be well for the amateur to attend to the following

BITS OF ADVICE.

Never touch a man without moving it.

Consider before making the move; look well over the board, and when you have decided, make the move without hesitation. Always adhere to the laws of the game, and avoid useless checks.

Never refuse odds from a superior player; and when your game is hopeless, retire gracefully. Accustom yourself to play with black or white men indifferently.

When you have a decided advantage, keep it by judicious exchanges: always, if you can, protect a superior with an inferior piece, as a queen with a bishop, or a rook with a knight. Look well after your pawns, as at the end of the game they are valuable: the odds of a pawn is often the winning of a game.

Bring your pieces out before your pawns, or you may be encumbered with your own forces. Learn to play several openings; a good attack generally succeeds. It is best to move your king's pawn two squares at the first move. Rather decline the gambit than accept it, if you are opposed to a stronger player than yourself. Do not let your hand wander over the board; it begets indecision and inelegant play. Never triumph over your adversary, or annoy him by unnecessary remarks. Study the moves, and try to see the effect of two or three moves hence.

If you cannot keep your temper, do not play Chess.

* If one player persists in giving perpetual check, or repeating the same move, his opponent may count the moves for the draw; in which case touching a piece is reckoned as a move.

† It is usual to change the pawn for a queen, but it may be replaced by a rook, bishop, or knight, without reference to the pieces already on the board.

We will now exemplify these remarks by playing a little game.

GAME I.

WHITE.		BLACK.
1 P. to K. 4		1 P. to K. 4
2 P. to Q. 4	•	2 P. takes P.
3 B. to Q. B. 4		3 Q. to K. R. 5
4 Q. to K. 2		4 B. to Q. Kt. 5 (ch.)
5 P. to Q. B. 3		5 P. takes P.
6 P. takes P.		6 B. to Q. B. 4
7 Kt. to K. B. 3		7 Q. to R. 4
8 P. to K. Kt. 4		8 Q. takes Kt. P.
9 B. takes P. (ch.)		9 K. to B.'s sq.
10 R. to Kt.'s sq.		10 P. to K. R. 4
11 R. takes Q.		11 P. takes R.
12 B. takes Kt.		12 P. takes Kt.
13 Q. to Q. B. 4		13 P. to Q. 4
14 Q. takes B., and wins.		

It will be seen that in the above game only one check is given on either side. It is not a first-rate game, and is given only for practice. Let my young friends play this game out, and communicate the result.

We have now fairly started in the game. Each succeeding month I shall endeavour to introduce something to amuse and instruct. But you must not think that Chess is to be learned merely by reading; you must practise assiduously and try and discover the reason for every move you make. But as often as you like, and if any difficulty occurs, ask for an explanation. It will be a pleasure to me to give you all credit for solving problems by inserting the names of the successful. Nothing like Chess for exercising the inventive faculties, and making you careful, wary, prudent, and thoughtful. Remember that the number of pieces is of less importance than the strength of your position. Concentrate all your powers on the adverse king, while you keep your own in safety. A good Chess-player, like an experienced general, is bold but cautious; always endeavouring to make his attack felt, while he fully defends his own forces. Next month I will show you a few of the best openings of games, and give a problem as an exercise for your skill.

Rambles through the International Exhibition.

By EDMUND ROUTLEDGE.

VISIT THE SECOND.

WE purposely paid our second visit to the World's Fair at Brompton on a shilling day in Whitsun week, in order that we might be able to see how the many treasures of industry and art were appreciated by the working classes. The attention and decorum manifested by them redound greatly to their credit, as well as the fact that among an assemblage of 50,000 holiday sight-seers not a single case occurred which called for the interference of the police.

Now let us resume the account of our Rambles, which in this visit led us to explore that part of the ground floor situated to the east of the Centre Transept. Entering at the South-east Tower, we came upon a little court appropriated to the display of goods from the United States.

Poor America, harassed for more than a year by the horrors of an internal struggle, has had little leisure to compete with other countries in furnishing its quota of works of art to this great Exhibition, and had it not been for the energy of Mr. J. E. Holmes as commissioner, and Mr. Seavy as secretary, the so-called United States might have been altogether unrepresented. As it is, however, this little court contains much that will repay careful examination, but which it is not our province to mention in detail. We must not, however, omit to specify "A Bath Scene," by Kellog, in which is represented a Circassian lady reclining amidst the luxurious cushions of the divan, in an apartment adjoining the bath, as especially deserving of notice. To all postage-stamp collectors the frame of bank-notes and stamps exhibited by the American Bank Note Company will be especially interesting. The Americans, we all know, have a specialty for easy-chairs, and here we meet with one with this characteristic title—Yankee all over:—"The Recep-

tion Easy Rocking, or Invalid Reclining Chair."* Mr. Hulskamp's pianos, with several important modifications, well merit attention. In this court also will be found sewing-machines of great variety, the most interesting of which is a sole-sewing machine which will sew on the soles of 150 pairs of boots or shoes per day. Now, keeping to the right of the South-east Transept, we come to that portion of the building devoted to hardware.

Large and elaborately executed candlesticks for a church or a cathedral, exhibited by Messrs. Hart & Son, of London, are conspicuous objects. Mr. Hardman's church ornaments are also well worthy of attention; and the same may be said of the standard gaselier for a cathedral; the marble chimney-piece, designed and executed by Hartley & Co., the price of which is £350; Magnus's billiard table on a marble stand; the terra-cotta fire-proof stairs; and Mr. Jackson's patent carton pierre fireplace.

And now, having taken a glance at these trophies, we will walk through the South-east Transept, and survey in their turn "the secrets of the sullen mine," foremost among which is the choir screen, in iron-work, designed by Mr. Scott for Hereford Cathedral, and manufactured by Mr. Skidmore. Then we come to Naylor, Vickers, & Co.'s castings in steel, in the shape of tires, crank-axles, etc., as well as their peal of cast-steel bells. The Bessemer steel trophy, consisting principally of breast-plates, swords, guns, bayonets, etc., all furbished to the highest degree of polish, is generally surrounded by a crowd of visitors. An ingot of cast-steel, made by the Bessemer or direct steel process, is here exhibited by the inventor: the ingot is only eighteen inches square, and yet weighs no less than twenty-eight cwts.

Close to this trophy is an elaborate clock sent by Mr. Dent, which, unfortunately, can scarcely be seen, in consequence of the large iron works in front of it.

We next view the magnificent bronze gates of the Coalbrook Dale Company, Bell's massive statue of Oliver Cromwell, and the reclining figures of Peace and War, shown as specimens of what may be accomplished in casting large works in iron.

Now let us turn to the left and enter that court especially devoted to the exhibition of leather.

Mr. J. Weir, of Dumfries, has some very magnificent saddles, ranging in price from £5 to £10.

Gibson's military saddles, made for the Enniskillen Dragoons,

* This has since been placed in the nave.

require only to be seen in order to be appreciated. Mr. Martin, of the Burlington Arcade, shows an attractive case of brandy flasks, or pocket-pistols, and whips of all sizes. Lennan, of Dublin, exhibits a patent stirrup, the chief advantage of which is, that in case the rider falls off his feet become immediately disengaged, thus preventing him from being dragged along the ground, an accident of but too frequent occurrence in using the old stirrup. The state harness, made by Cuff & Son, for his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, is well worth examining.

In the next court, set apart for the exhibition of skins, furs, feathers, and hair, De Costa displays a case of feathers of all shades and colours used for ladies' costume. An "Artist in Hair" sends a vase of flowers made entirely out of human hair. There is no denying that they are very wonderful; but, as the different shades of hair are not very varied, the flowers themselves are remarkable neither for their truth nor beauty. On sallying from this spot, we made our way into the court devoted to the exhibition of Sheffield steel.

Here are shown knives of a fashion and variety to delight all boys; and various edged tools the like of which were never seen before. Gray, of Nottingham, has a case of improved skates, with very few of those horrible leather appurtenances which break so often.

Unwin & Rodgers show some breech-loading pistol knives, which can be loaded and fired as many as ten times in one minute. Next we come to a little knife in Brookes & Crookes's case, scarcely an inch long, and yet containing at least a score of blades. Mogg & Son's fish-hooks are sure to offer attractions to the lovers of the *rod* and line. Chubb, we need hardly say, comes out very strong in his collection of keys and locks. After stopping a minute or so before Turner's Exhibition trophies of needles and fish-hooks, we pass into the Hardware Court, rich in its varied stores of the most useful kind of metal-work, but which we shall not stop to particularize, for we have yet a wide field to explore. On entering the adjoining court, we are delighted by Day & Son's print views of the Exhibition; and here Mr. McQueen instructs us in the mode of engraving steel impressions. Close to this a medal machine, well worthy of inspection, rears its monster head. After examining this, we look at Mr. Reynolds's stall, where the manufacture of tobacco-pipes is going on. Here we have the raw clay itself, and are soon made acquainted with the varied processes that it passes through in becoming a "medium" for "blowing a cloud."

We next make our way into a court which will doubtless be thought, by many visitors, the most interesting in the building—the one devoted to the exhibition of pottery; but as we suspect that few boys take especial interest in crockery, whether of porcelain, clay, or common delf, we shall not trouble them with more than a few brief remarks on the contents of this well-furnished court, particularly directing their attention to the Wedgwood ware, to Copeland's dessert service, Minton's vases of Celadon china and majolica, and the case belonging to the Hill Pottery. It may, however, be satisfactory for our young friends to be informed that this branch of manufacture is making rapid strides to perfection in this country. The transition from these choice productions of clay to those of the precious metals, and the still more precious minerals known as gems, is an easy one, and here we shall find tempting reasons for lingering a while longer than we have done in any of the departments we have as yet passed through in this morning's rambles.

The first thing that attracts our attention in connexion with precious metals is of course the great Koh-i-noor diamond, or mountain of light. After gazing at it we must move on, and allow others closely pressing about us to admire it in their turn. Her Majesty the Queen, in addition to the Koh-i-noor, also exhibits in the same case the Lahore rubies mounted as a necklace in gold and enamel. Hunt & Roskell, in addition to a large collection of shields, vases, racing prizes, &c., have in their case the superb Kean testimonial, the circumstances attending the presentation of which are so fresh in one's memory. In the same case will also be found the shield presented to one of the greatest of our Indian heroes, Sir James Outram. Close to this case is that of Messrs. Elkington & Co., containing a splendid collection of works in silver, amongst which may be mentioned a silver table considered by many to be the gem among the works in silver at the Exhibition. It is executed in that kind of work called *repoussé*, and has employed the artist, M. Morel Ladeuil, for upwards of three years. The story is admirably represented, and the execution is equally excellent. The entire work is a sort of imaginative emblem of sleep and dreams. The border of the table is formed of a fantastic combination of figures, representing the horrors of the nightmare. In Messrs. Hancock's case will be found the great Devonshire gems, which the late Lady Granville wore at the coronation at Moscow, and the great emerald also belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. Next to this is the

case containing Mr. Phillips' fine collection of coral, in every shade and tint. Messrs. London & Ryder show in their collection the largest emerald, the largest amethyst, and the largest ruby in the world.

In the Glass Court the most prominent object is Defries's large chandelier, formed of prisms, all of which join each other at the sides so as to form one piece, while the ends are dove-tailed together and held into the frame by an arrangement of copper rods. The weight of glass in each mirror is one ton, and the metal at the back is not less in weight. Under this is the prismatic mirror manufactured for the Sultan of Turkey by Messrs. Defries, by whom it was invented in order to fit the curved space over the fireplaces in the Sultan's palace.

Now let us step into the court devoted to Naval Architecture, where, as the subject is such a favourite with English boys, we propose to look about at leisure.

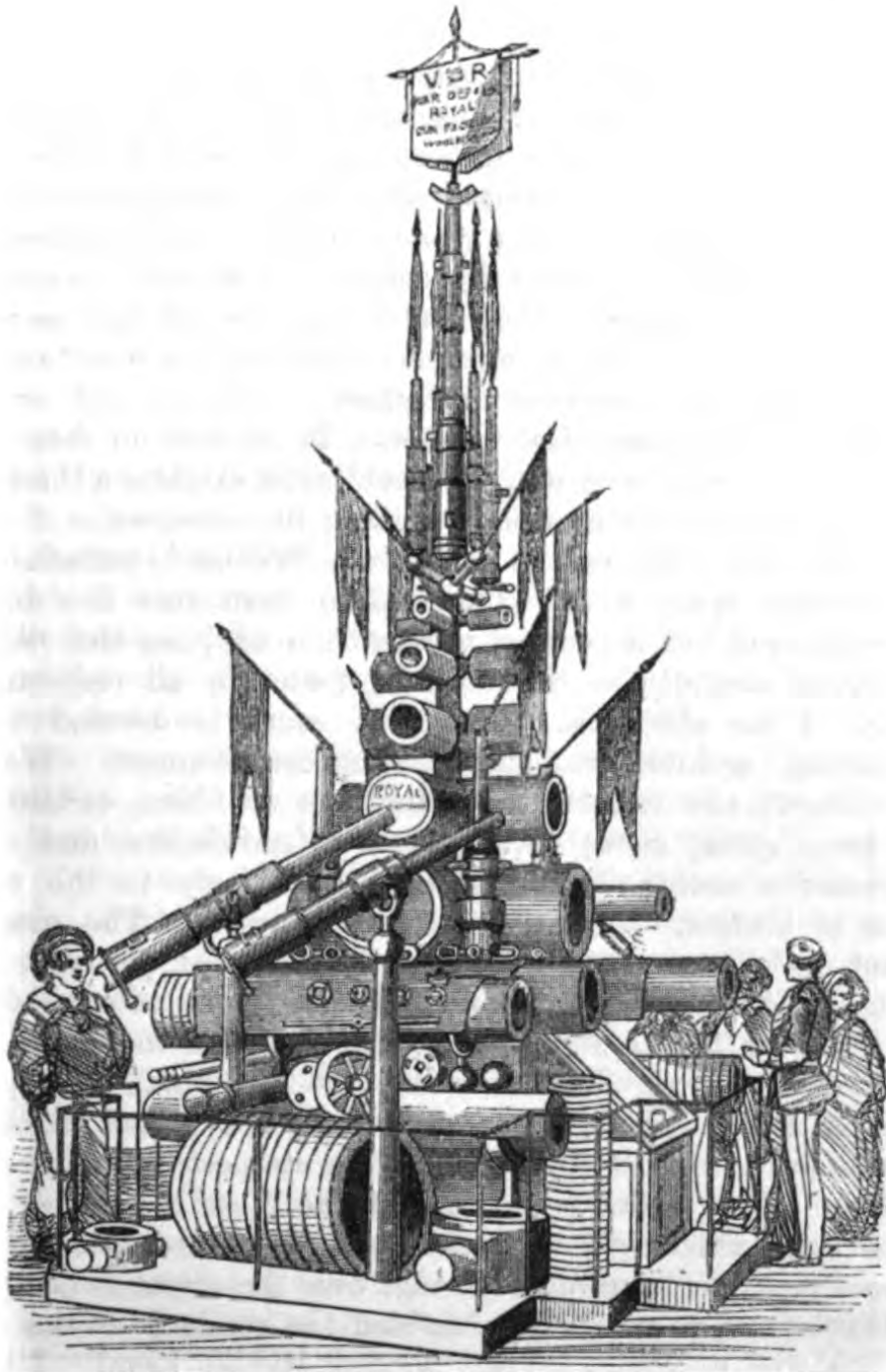
We are first attracted by the sixteen models representing the progress of naval architecture from the first ship of the Royal Navy (1488) to the present time, that is to say, allowing for some intervals not represented, exhibited by the Lords of the Admiralty. Close to these will be found a model of the *Northumberland*, a vessel of 50 guns now building at Millwall, and which is to eclipse the *Warrior*. Some idea of her strength may be conceived when we state that she is to be plated with armour five inches and a half thick, backed by nine inches of solid timber.

The next objects that win our attention are models of various lighthouses shown by the Brethren of the Trinity House, the Northern Lighthouse, Edinburgh, and the Commissioners of Irish Lights, Dublin. Among these is a model of Smeaton's *chef-d'œuvre*, the Eddystone Lighthouse.

We also noticed a model of Her Majesty's screw frigate *Euryalus*, sent by Mr. Bell, of Fleet-street, London. The vessel is represented in a storm, with the pitching and rolling movement "done to a turn." We must not omit to mention the models of life-boats exhibited by the Royal National Life-Boat Society. The importance and value of these life-boats is shown in the fact, that although during the last year the number of casualties on our coasts was 1,494, attended with a loss of 884 lives, yet during the same period as many as 734 owe their lives solely to the prompt succour afforded by life-boats.

As a contrast to the new style of our war-steamers, such as the *Northumberland*, is exhibited a model of the *Queen*, which

represents a full-rigged vessel of war at the time of the last Exhibition.



THE ARMSTRONG TROPHY.

The next department is devoted to military engineering, and will be found to contain articles of equal interest as those contained in the court we have just described. The most prominent

object in this department is undoubtedly the Armstrong trophy sent from the gun factories at Woolwich. It contains a great number of beautifully finished specimens, the smaller ones of which—the six-pounder guns—are placed in such positions that the light from the glazed roof passes along the bore.

From the Royal Arsenal Carriage Works at Woolwich come gun-carriages, trucks, timber-wagons, store-carts, and ambulances. The excellence of the tools employed in the manufacture of these objects is undoubted, and, as a proof of this, we may mention that the words, "Royal Carriage Department, Woolwich," were sawn out of a block of wood by the hand-saw in use at this establishment. We also noticed an ingenious model of an iron band trip for obstructing the advance of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, proposed by Sergeant-Major Jones. It consists of iron bands joined to each other by cords. Colonel Carter exhibits a thick-soled boot, which gives greater ease in walking in consequence of a joint in the sole under the ball of the foot. We have, unfortunately, not sufficient space at our command to enumerate the different models of guns, but we cannot refrain from advising the visitor to study them carefully, as they will be found in all respects well worthy of his attention. The next court is devoted to civil engineering, architecture, and building contrivances. We pass over without any remark the collections of filters, earthenware, zinc, terra cotta, metal roofs, tessellated pavements, and confine our remarks anent this department exclusively to the various models of bridges, viaducts, docks, and railways. The most important model represents what may be regarded, perhaps, as the greatest achievement of railway engineering ever attempted—the passage of the Tudela and Bilboa Railway across the chain of the Calabrian Pyrenees. The curves on this line, which is due to the genius of Mr. C. Vignoles, are exceedingly sharp and numerous; the minimum being 307 yards, and the steepest gradient one in seventy. Close to this is a model of the West Hartlepool docks and harbour, which will be found exceedingly interesting. There is also a model of a proposed bridge over the Avon at Clifton, by Mr. Hawkshaw, to whom was confided the conduct of the operation rendered necessary by the flooded Middle Level. Here are also to be seen copies of the Chepstow and Saltash Viaducts, designed by the late Mr. Brunel. Mr. Chalmers shows his plan for a submarine railway between France and England. He proposes to make iron tubes, drop them into the Channel, and keep them at the bottom by means of anchors and heavy weights. If

this utopian plan of submarine journeying could be realized, how many of us would look upon Mr. Chalmers as one of our greatest benefactors.

And now, having reached the Eastern Dome, let us sit down and rest in the refreshing vicinity of the Majolica fountain, with its lulling melody, and note the other objects of interest collected around this popular spot. The entire height of the fountain is about 30 feet; the diameter of the outer basin is 40 feet; and 7,000 gallons of water per hour are required to supply it.

Now it is time to see what o'clock it is. Well, we have but to look around and there is a timepiece of gigantic proportions just suited to the vast structure in which it is placed. Dent's monster clock, 38 feet in diameter, with its blue and brown face, blue and white hands on a chocolate ground. But in spite of its size it is, as befits time, far from being obtrusive, and is not a "striking" object at a distance. Hunt & Roskell, not content with their case in the Precious Metals Court, have here another devoted to the exhibition of some magnificent works in silver. Near this is the great Australian golden pyramid, which in this form accurately embodies the mass of gold exported from Victoria between October 1851 and October 1861. The weight of gold it represents is 26,162,432 troy ounces, the value of which is estimated at £104,649,728. Mr. Asprey displays a magnificent gold dressing-case valued at £1,200. We must not omit to mention the massive statues of Outram, Cromwell, and Crompton in the vicinity, about the merits of which works of art so many different opinions have been expressed. Let us now make a survey of our colonies, the contents of which fully deserve any amount of attention we may be enabled to bestow upon them. Since the opening day a case has been exhibited in which are shown samples of gold from the mines of Victoria, forwarded by the Banks and Mining Companies of the colony.

Our West Indian possessions, although not exhibiting much variety, nevertheless contain many very interesting articles, Barbadoes especially; amongst the contributions from this fruitful island laudatory mention should be made of a work-table formed of various woods, quite a gem in its way. Close to this is Forster & Andrews's monster organ, worked by hydraulic pressure, which at stated hours discourses most eloquent music. Near this is exhibited a collection of characteristic and well-executed paintings from Australia, remarkable for their brilliancy of colour. Foremost amongst these we would mention "The Race Course," "A View of

Ballaarat," and "A Fern Tree Gully," in which the ferns are of a height quite unknown on this side of the globe. The most remarkable contribution from Tasmania is undoubtedly its huge wood trophy,



STATUE OF CROMWELL.

nearly 100 feet high, and with a circular staircase in the interior. From it are slung two whale-boats, with all their gear, and a fine native spar surmounted with a flag rises from its summit. In

this court is shown a specimen of an animal known as the Tasmanian devil, one of the ugliest monsters conceivable. Its head is shaped somewhat like an otter's, and is ridiculously large for its body; its legs and paws are in form like those of the feline tribe, but are without hair.

Malta sends a goodly store, comprising lace, silver filigree work, and other products of industry. The marvellous cuttings in stone from this rock are really beautiful.

The art of photography, we find, has extended to Vancouver's Island; for in the space devoted to the colony of British Columbia we observe some very excellent photographic portraits, albeit the subjects are not remarkable for their attractive features.

Pushing on we come to a second timber trophy, which completely puts its Tasmanian neighbour into the shade. Composed of pines, oaks, larches, black walnut, and other trees that thrive under the snow, it climbs in huge stages almost to the roof. We would recommend the visitor, if not too tired, to ascend the staircase leading from the inside to the summit, as from thence the *coup d'œil* is almost magnificent.

One of the most interesting objects to the sight-seer in the Canadian Court will be a model of a railway sleeping carriage in use upon the Great Western Railway of Canada. It is divided into twelve compartments for beds, each of which will accommodate four persons. At each end of the carriage are placed a dressing and a washing room, appropriated respectively to the use of both sexes.

On our way to the Eastern Annexe we come across the case of articles in aluminium exhibited by Bell Brothers. This metal, derived from clay, although discovered by Wohler in 1827, remained almost unknown till within the last few years, when the French bestowed great attention to it, and turned it to great account in the manufacture of many articles hitherto made in silver. Its introduction in England is principally owing to the enterprise of the present exhibitors, Messrs. Bell. Aluminium is valued at forty shillings per pound Troy, and weighs only one-fourth as much as silver, and, not being liable to corrosion, it is likely to be largely used for various kinds of philosophical apparatus, reflectors, etc. In this case are shown some very splendid models cast from aluminium, among which we would enumerate "The Figure of Charles I. and his Standard Bearer," a helmet, and some very delicate imitation of lace-work.

Adjacent to this case is a very elaborate model of the Holmbush

copper lead mine, in Cornwall, so arranged as to furnish a correct idea of the working lodes or veins in a mine.

One of the best arranged departments in the Exhibition is at hand; it consists of the post-offices, writing and railway inquiry room. But one cannot have a peep at this part of the Show for nothing. It is true that the Commissioners do not charge anything for posting one's letters, but they insist on the payment of one penny entrance-fee to the writing-room, and twopence more for the use of writing materials.

We now pass into the Eastern Annexe through a department especially set aside for the exhibition of the products of mining and metallurgy. We would particularly invite attention to the model in wood of the Ulverstone Iron Works. After this, let us saunter through the court set apart for food, and animal and vegetable substances; we will make our way to the right, keeping close to the wall, and advance leisurely to the end of the building. On our way, however, we must notice the chemical products sent from the Washington Chemical Works. Close to this is a chemical trophy composed of alum, borax, and blue and green vitriol, designed and erected by S. L. Howard.

Let us stop for a moment before Mr. Rowney's stall, of what the official catalogue terms "fine pigments." His specimen of pure scarlet is very fine; as also are those of carmine, cyanoline, orient carmine, and orange cadmium, in the adjoining case belonging to Winsor & Newton, names familiar to all "designing" youths, for their excellent oils of all kinds. After passing several wheat cases we come to Fortnum & Mason's gorgeous display of the most tempting edible products. Young Epicurean, mark the sticks of angelica, the chocolate nuts from America, the cassava bread, the coquilla, and guava cheese, and then come away, before, in the ardour of your gulosity, you break the tenth Commandment—and the glass.

Let us wash our hands of such weak cravings, and enter the realms of soap, for which verily the Exhibition is particularly well off; and, as may be expected in so enlightened an age, it shines conspicuously in candles. Here we see a temple composed of 1,900 separate pieces of ivory nut. But we should *was* tedious were we to particularize further, so we will e'en "hook on" as true disciples of Izaak Walton, to Farlow's case of fishing lines, rods, tickling bait, and the other articles connected with the *gentle* pursuit of angling. On turning from this spot we find ourselves surrounded by refrigerators, mangles, cooking, baking, and washing machines, all which mysteries we leave to time and the curious to solve, as

Old Moore used to say of his hieroglyphic prophecies. At the end of this department is a steam carriage for roads, which travels fifteen miles per hour, but as it only carries water for a run of twelve, long distances cannot be traversed in it without frequent stoppages. We must also stay a moment to admire Shand & Mason's elaborate fire-engines, eight of which have been ordered by the Commissioners for the use of the building. We can only give a passing look at Bray's traction engine, Macintosh's vulcanized Indian rubber case, Clarke's case of Tunbridge ware, the ivory cases, and Fauntleroy's beautiful model of the Royal Exchange in various woods. Nor do we propose to stay long in the land of scents, although the most obliging of Dryads—a water nymph in "crinoline"—the true genius of this essential cabinet of Flora, will dip your handkerchief into the scent fountain: so, after thanking her, rush off at once to Dr. Hassall's very *discomposing* collection, illustrating the too frequent adulteration of food. Look at the composition of many of your most prized sweetmeats, and, if you are wise, you will eschew them for ever afterwards. Simpson & Maule's case, illustrating the manufacture of dyes and other products from coal tar, is particularly interesting. We must draw attention to the fine colour of the crown made of pure acetate of rosaniline, which, when dissolved, forms Magenta dye. As the rain was falling heavily on the occasion of our visit, we did not enter the large open court, but on looking through the door we noticed it contained principally summer-houses, iron railings, garden implements, massive cranes, iron pipes, *et hoc genus omne*.

We now retrace our steps to the end of the Eastern Annexe, in order to inspect the two English railway carriages there exhibited: one a first-class carriage for the Cairo line, by Wright, of Birmingham; the other a saloon carriage, turned out from Manchester. Both are quite equal to any of the so-much-lauded foreign carriages, and, as an old lady in our hearing said, "Don't they smell sweet of paint and varnish?" A description of the various agricultural implements will not of course be expected from us, much as we admire the ingenuity displayed in the construction of many of them. While in this court the visitor should notice Neighbour's bees, where these industrious creatures are seen at work, separated from the spectator by a thick glass. "Do you let them out sometimes?" said a gentleman to the attendant. "Oh, yes, sir, they fly about the building when they like, and always return." He then lifted out two or three to show us the

difference between them and the foreign ones. We thought it time to go. In the small open court at the end of this department we halted to survey Aytoun's safety hoist for mines, which is, indeed, a truly wonderful invention.

We will now return to the colonies on our right hand. We find Jamaica chiefly remarkable for its fine collection of wood and liquors. New Brunswick shows a model of the suspension bridge over the Falls of St. John River, New Brunswick; also a model of a saw-mill, and a very elaborate double sleigh. At the centre of Nova Scotia stands the model of a large bull moose. Near this is a case of wild ducks, and farther on is shown the claw of the *Homarus Americanus* (*Anglicè*, Lobster), which measures fifteen inches in length. In Victoria there is, among many characteristic productions, a billiard-table made of myrtle-wood, models of fruit and vegetables, and some snakes preserved in spirits. In South Australia there is to be seen a table-top formed entirely of malachite, the produce of the famous Burra Burra mines. The collections from Queensland, the Bahamas, and New Zealand, are very varied, and show many articles well worthy of attention, though not of especial remark in this place.

Before we enter the Furniture Court, let us tarry awhile in that devoted to Mediæval art, and here let the visitor notice the grandeur of Cox's church furniture; the lacquered chest and the inlaid arm-chair, designed by Morris, Marshall, Faulkner, & Co. Neither should he pass heedlessly by Mr. W. Burges' escritoire with the history of Cadmus; the two organs, and the funeral pall in *applique* work.

Near one of the entrances to M. Veillard's refreshment department are placed Tweedy's Shakspeare and Robinson Crusoe cabinet, about the merits of which so much has been said. The expression on the face of Robinson Crusoe, when discovering a human footprint in the sand, is perfectly marvellous. The sideboard in English pollard oak, walnut, and ebony, shown by Mr. Lamb, is massive, but lacks refinement. Morant's sideboard, on the north side of the inner court, made for the Earl of Ellesmere, is remarkably chaste and beautiful. But the gems of this department of the Exhibition are undoubtedly shown by Wright & Mansfield. The chimney-piece and glass frame, in the style of English furniture of the eighteenth century, of gean wood, or wild cherry of the Scotch Islands, with medallions in black Wedgwood ware, as well as the bookcase of the same materials, are admirable in design and workmanship. Nor must we omit to mention their

piano, and the Louis XVI. marqueterie cabinet, ormolu mounted, which will amply repay the trouble of the most minute inspection.



WRIGHT AND MANSFIELD'S CABINET.

The Babel of musical tones, now audible, convinces us that we must have entered the Temple of Apollo—the Music Court; but after calling attention to Allison's charming oak piano, the case of which is decorated in the style of Charles II.'s time, and the curious face which is the natural figure of the wood shown by Duff & Hodgson, we shall take a "few bars' rest," and not risk the charge of bathos by bothering boys with a bombastic blast of blarney on Boosey's big brass basso-profondo or double-slide contro-basso trombone in B flat. So we will "cut off" to Cathay, the terrestrial domains of the Emperor of the Sun and Moon, where we recommend to all "curious in China" a "carved screen from behind the emperor's throne in the Summer Palace;" the autograph of a rebel chief, a human skull set in gold, and various specimens of ivory carving. In Japan will be found a collection of bronzes, specimens of egg-shell, porcelain, suits of

native armour, a Japanese encyclopædia, and, we must not forget to add, a collection of toys.

In the centre of the Ionian Islands Court is a large case, in which are shown specimens of the pictures and national costumes. In addition to these they exhibit some exquisite lace-work, tobacco-pouches, and native marble.

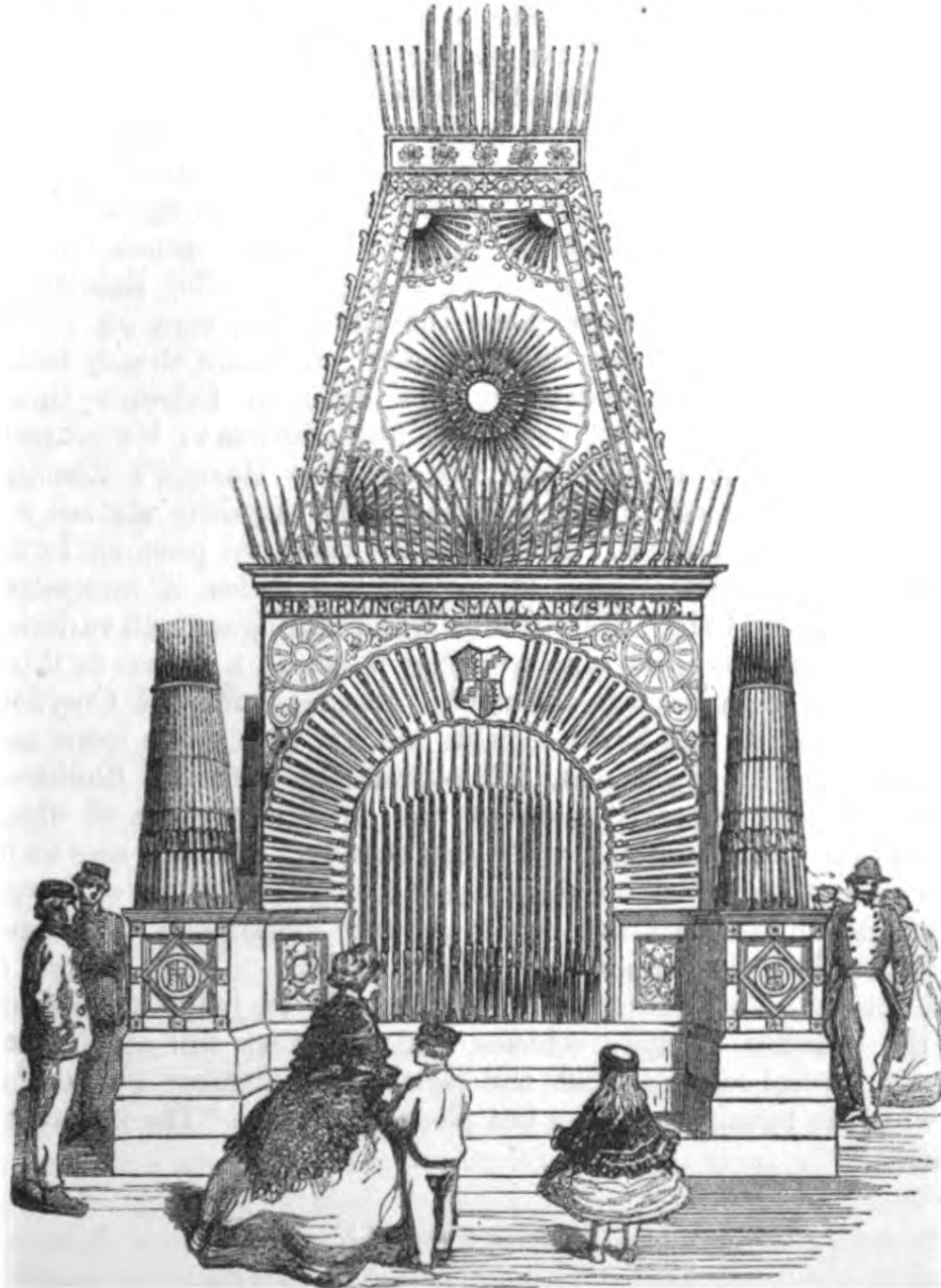
We have, in our first ramble, alluded to Thomas's statue of Shakspeare, as represented in the two groups respectively entitled "Joy and Sorrow," and "the Georgian Lady in her Harem." The former consists of two female figures,—one, in the act of springing joyfully from earth, appears to be suspended in the air, while the other is prostrate in a slumbering attitude. The features of the face in the figure of Joy are covered with a transparent veil, a trick of art that was first introduced in the Exhibition of 1851, and created at the time quite a *furor*. The latter group is undoubtedly a wondrous triumph of the sculptor's art, although perhaps some critics may object to the introduction of an unnatural light. The fair Georgian lady has, apparently, just flung herself upon her ottoman, and is preparing to lay aside the incumbrances of her costume. One slipper has just fallen from an exquisite little foot, and a heavy veil is drooping on the ground. The various opinions respecting this statue expressed by the bystanders are well worth the time occupied in listening to them. Popular criticism may be often very just in the main, but it is more frequently diverting from its grotesque uncouthness of expression.

We now turn to the left and make our way along the British nave, where will be found very many objects worthy of interest.

The first great object of attraction we stop at is the case allotted to the display of Mr. Harry Emanuel's jewellery. We especially direct the reader's attention to a cup carved out of solid brown topaz, and to a statuette sculptured from one piece of ivory by Mr. A. Chesneau. There are also an equestrian statue of the Prince of Wales in oxidized silver, and some presents intended by the late Sultan of Turkey for one of the ladies of his harem.

Among these we notice an oval mirror set in a most elaborate floral border, composed of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls, combined with enamelled work. These precious stones, one diamond being worth alone £1,000, are set in gold, and the effect of this costly piece of furniture is as graceful as it is dazzling. Copeland's porcelain next demands our admiration. The food trophy having no particular attraction for us, we come to the Birmingham

small-arms trophy, which is made up of a great variety of rifles, pistols, and their appurtenances. Next on view is the leather trophy,

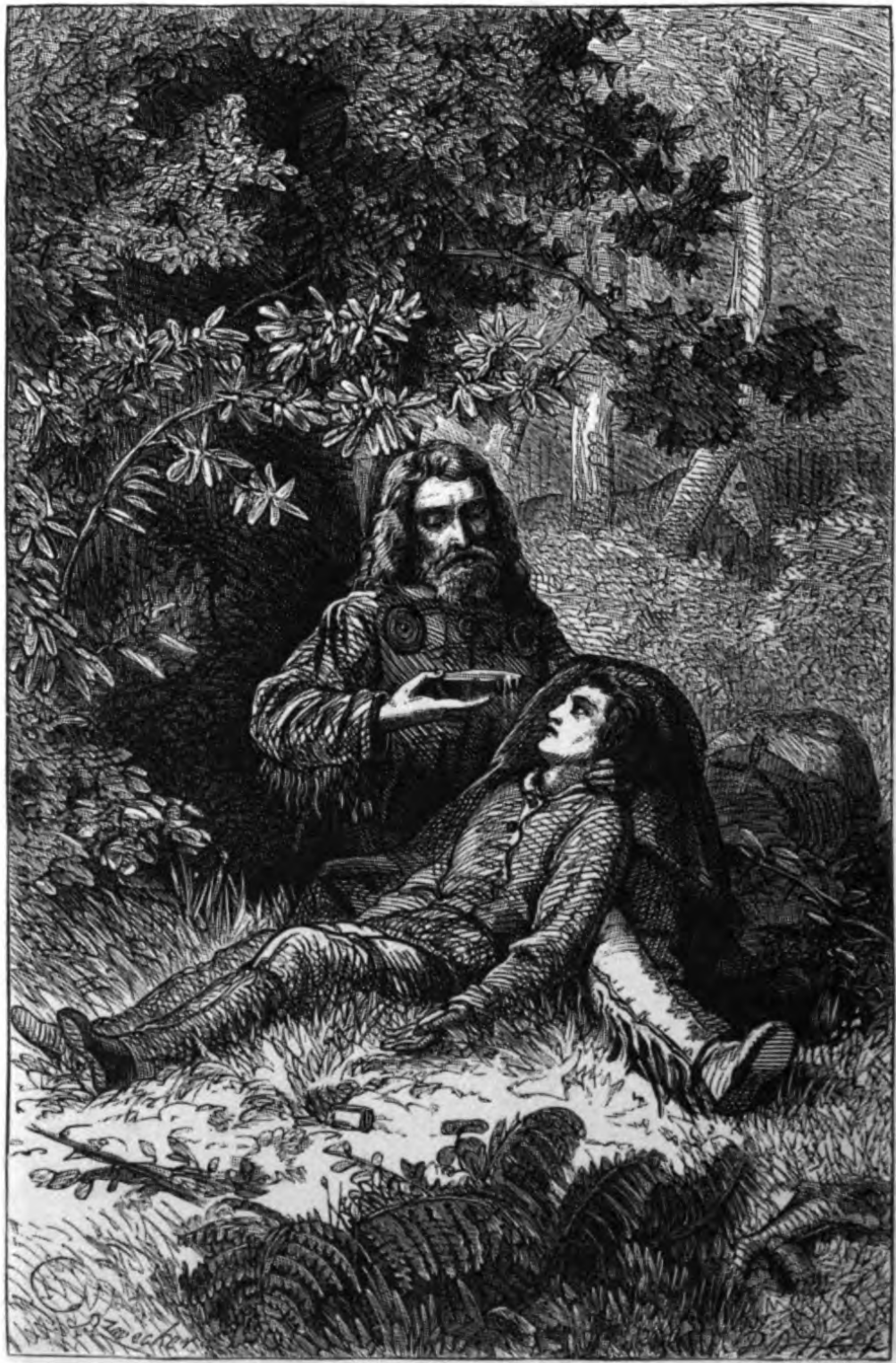


THE BIRMINGHAM SMALL-ARM TROPHY.

and Rancati's statue of "Cleopatra dying." Of this it may be said that it is exquisitely beautiful. The expression of pain upon the face, and the spasmodic manner in which Cleopatra is holding her

side, are delineated with admirable truth. After casting a cursory glance at Bell's obelisk and the Bradford trophy, we approach the model of the *Warrior*, and that expensive national toy the Armstrong gun, which we take it will engage the attention of every boy, at all events. Then come a trophy sent by London furriers, the elaborate iron gates, and the ridiculous candle trophy. The dessert service of Worcester porcelain, Elkington's trophy, and a model of Milan Cathedral, all deserve attention, and complete the list of objects we have thought most deserving of notice in the British nave, which in point of display cannot be said to vie with the foreign portion of this part of the Exhibition. We now retrace our steps down the nave, and turn off at the centre avenue, close to the Italian Court. We have already called attention (somewhat irregularly, we own) to Gibson's tinted Venus; but we have not yet made any allusion to his scarcely less lovely Pandora and Cupid, nor to Miss Hosmer's Zenobia. Those who have attentively looked at these exquisite statues will not readily forget them. After viewing these we pass on to the carriage department, where an entirely new series of interesting sights is opened to us. Here will be found carriages in all varieties, and all looking so spick-span new that it seems a shame to think of drawing them through the mud. Messrs. Lenny, of Croydon, show a beautiful one-horse sociable landau, with crane loops and iron stay to the front seat. The great, the immortal Shillibeer shows another improved omnibus, the chief advantage of which seems to be that ladies can easily ride outside. There is also to be seen an improved Hansom, since purchased by the Viceroy of Egypt, in which the fact that two people can ride comfortably is changed from a fallacious supposition into a reality. But enough of description. The visitor will be better able to judge for himself of the beauties of these vehicles, and we trust will agree with us, for several reasons, that the carriage department is the best in which to terminate a long but pleasant visit to "The Brompton Domes."

(To be continued.)



The Wild Man supporting March Marston.

THE WILD MAN OF THE WEST.

CHAPTER XV.

Business unpleasantly interrupted—The Mountain Fort in danger—Trappers to the rescue—A rude meeting with foes in the dark—A wild race—March meets with a severe misfortune.

ONE morning, just as the trappers were dropping into camp about the usual breakfast hour, laden with the produce of the trap and the chase, they were startled by the sudden appearance of a large band of mounted Indians, who galloped to the top of a neighbouring mound, and, crowding together, stood still to gaze upon the invaders of their hunting grounds, for such they deemed the trappers, no doubt.

To snatch up their arms and run to a place of safety, was the work of a moment. It must not be supposed that such experienced men as Redhand and Bounce were altogether unprepared for a surprise of this sort. On the day of their arrival at the hunting ground, their first care had been to select such a place for their camp as lay in close proximity to some natural stronghold. Not ten paces from the camp-fire there was a sort of hollow in the ground, on the very summit of the mound on which they were encamped. Here all their valuables had been placed, and round the edge of the hole a rude breast-work had been raised, so that the party, when in it, could fire through little openings in the breast-work without exposing themselves to view.

To this fortress they retired, the instant the Indians made their appearance. Fortunately all the members of the little party had come in.

"They're holdin' a council o' war," said Bounce, carefully examining the priming of his piece. "It's as like as not they'll attack us, but they'll git a hearty, and an uncommonly warm, welcome."

"They'll not attack us," said Redhand. "They know that white men never travel without plenty of powder and ball, and they don't like taking a place by storm."

"Ay," remarked Waller, sarcastically, "'cause they knows that

the first man as comes on is sartin sure to fall, an' they knows that they can't come on without somebody comin' first."

"But there's brave fellers among the Redskins," rejoined Bounce, "I knowed a set o' young fellers as banded thirselves together, and swore they'd go through fire an' water, thick an' thin, but they'd niver turn back from the face o' danger wherever they met it. So, one day they wos crossin' a river on the ice, an' the first on 'em fell in, an' wos carried away by the current, an' what does the second do, but he walks straight into the hole, an' wos drowned too, an' the nixt wos goin' to foller, when the old warriors ran at him an' forced him back. If they hadn't stopped him, I do b'lieve——"

"They're makin' up their minds to do somethin' or other," interrupted March.

"I sincerely hope they won't fight," murmured Bertram, earnestly. "It is fearful to think of the blood that is shed by these men needlessly."

From the conduct of the Indians it became evident that on this occasion they sympathised with the artist in his desire not to fight, for one of their number dismounted, and, advancing unarmed towards the trappers, made signs of friendship.

"It's as well to be bold an' appear to trust 'em," said Redhand, laying down his rifle and leaping over the breast-work, "keep your guns ready, lads, an' if ye see treachery, let drive at once. Don't be afraid o' hittin' me. I'll take my chance."

After a few minutes' conversation with the Indian, Redhand returned to his party.

"That Redskin," said he, "tells me they're on an expedition to hunt the buffalo on the prairie, and that they're good friends of the white men, and would like to have a talk with us before they go on; but I don't believe 'em. From what I heard Mr. McLeod say at the mountain fort, I think it not unlikely they are bound on an expedition against the whites. The very fact of their wishin' to keep friends with us instead of tryin' to lift our scalps and carry off our furs and horses, shows me they've some more pressin' business on hand. Mr. McLeod described to me the appearance of one or two o' the Injuns that hates the fur-traders most, so that I might be on my guard, an' I'm quite sure some of them are with that band. Now, what say ye? Shall I tell 'em we don't want their acquaintance?"

"Tell 'em they're a set o' lyin' thieves," said Big Waller, "I guess we'll have nothin' to say to 'em wotiver."

"Oui, et give to dem mine complements," added Gibault, "an' say we ver' moch 'blige by dere goodness, mais, dey vill all be shooted if dey not go away queek."

Redhand did not give these polite messages to the Indian, but on returning to him he presented him with a piece of tobacco, and advised him to continue his journey without loss of time, as the buffaloes were travelling south and might be out of the way when they reached the prairie.

Whether the Indians felt angry or not it is impossible to say. They seemed indifferent to their cool reception by the trappers, and soon after rode off at full speed, in a direction that led *away* from the Mountain Fort, a circumstance which still further confirmed Redhand in his suspicions.

After an eager hasty consultation, it was resolved that they should follow the savages, and, if their trail was found to diverge, as was fully expected, towards the fort, that they should endeavour to pass them in the night, and proceed by forced marches, in order to get there in time to warn the fur-traders of the impending danger.

In less than an hour after the Indians left them, the trappers were galloping after them in hot haste. During the course of the day they found that the trail doubled back, as they had anticipated, so, making a wide detour, they headed the Indians, and during the afternoon got a little in advance of them on their way to the Mountain Fort.

But the trappers had a subtle enemy to deal with. Just as the Indians were about to encamp that night for a few hours' rest, they chanced to diverge a short way from the direct line of march, and, in doing so, crossed the tracks of the trappers. A halt was called, and a minute inspection of the tracks made. One of the savages galloped back on them a considerable distance, and soon returned with the information that they led towards the camp of the pale-faces. From the appearance of the hoof-prints they knew that they were fresh, and, thus, at once guessed that their true intentions had been suspected, and might yet be frustrated by the trappers. Instead of encamping, therefore, they pushed on at full speed and very soon came up with the white men. It was a dark night, so that they could not see far in advance of them, and thus it happened that the two parties, on entering a narrow defile, almost rode into each other, with a yell of fierce surprise on both sides.

As there were at least fifty Indians, Redhand thought it better to avoid a doubtful combat by scattering his men through the woods, and letting each make the best of his way to the fort singly.

"Run boys! scatter! to the fort!"

This was all that he deemed needful in the way of command or explanation. Firing a single volley at the enemy, they turned and fled.

"Foller me," shouted Waller, to the bewildered Bertram, as a shower of arrows whistled past their ears. The artist obeyed mechanically, and in another moment they were flying through the wood at a pace that seemed, and actually was, reckless under the circumstances. But the Indians did not attempt to pursue. They knew that their intention had been discovered, and that their only chance of success now lay in outriding the pale-faces. The ride, in fact, became a long race; nether party making the slightest attempt to hunt up the other, but each straining every nerve and muscle to get first to the doomed fort.

The scattered trappers rode for a long time singly, but as they neared the fort, one or two of them met, and when they came first in sight of the tall flagstaff, Bounce, Redhand, and Gibault, rode abreast.

McLeod was standing in front of the fort, when the three horsemen came dashing over the plain. He hastily summoned the men and closed the gate, but as the foremost rider came near, he was recognized; the gate was thrown open, and they galloped into the square. In a few hasty words their errand was explained. Arms and ammunition were served out, and six men were stationed at the gate, to be in readiness to open it to approaching friends, or to shut it in the face of foes.

But the others of the party were not so fortunate as these three. The Indians reached the fort before they did, and one of their number was left, unknown to them, in a state of insensibility near the spot where the first rencontre had taken place.

When the Indians and trappers met in the narrow defile, as before related, one of the arrows, which had been discharged very much at random, entered the shoulder of March Marston's horse and wounded it mortally. At first March thought the wound was slight, and, hearing the shouts of some of the savages not far behind him, he urged his horse forward as rapidly as the nature of the ground would admit of. Before he had gone a quarter of a mile, however, the poor steed fell, throwing March over its head. In his flight the youth's forehead came into violent contact with a branch, and he fell to the ground insensible.

His comrades, ignorant of his fate, continued their wild flight. Thus, our hero was forsaken, and left bruised and bleeding in the dark forest.

CHAPTER XVI.

March gets a surprise; more than that, he gets a variety of surprises—
Meets with a strange hunter—Goes in a strange fashion to a strange cavern and beholds strange sights. Besides other matters of interest.

ON recovering consciousness, March discovered that it was broad day-light,—from which he argued in a confused sort of way that he must have lain there all night. He also discovered that his head, which ached violently, rested on the knee of some unknown individual, who bathed his temples with cold water. Looking up he encountered the gaze of a pair of soft blue eyes.

Now there is something exceedingly captivating in a pair of soft blue eyes—not that there may not be something quite as captivating in a pair of brown, or black, or grey eyes—but there is something singularly captivating in the peculiar style of captivation wherewith a man is captivated by a pair of blue,—distinctly *blue*,—eyes. Perhaps it is that their resemblance to the cerulean depths of the bright sky, and the blue profundities of the ocean, invests them with a suggestive influence that is agreeable to the romantic and idealizing tendencies of human nature; or that the colour is (or ought to be, if it is not) emblematic of purity. We throw out this suggestion solely for the benefit of unimpassioned philosophers. Those whose hearts are already under the pleasant thralldom of black or brown eyes, are incapable of forming an opinion on the abstract question.

Well, March observed, further, that below those soft blue eyes there was a handsome Roman nose, and immediately below that a moustache, and a thick short beard of curly light-brown hair. A slight—very slight, feeling of regret mingled with the astonishment with which March passed from the contemplation of the soft blue eyes to the bushy beard. He also noted that the stranger wore a little leathern cap, and that a profusion of rich brown hair descended from his head to his shoulders.

"Ye're better, lad," said the owner of the blue eyes in that deep musical bass voice, which one meets with but rarely, and which resembles strongly, at times, the low pipes of a cathedral organ.

"Thank ee, yes, I'm——"

"There, don't move yet awhile. You're badly bruised, lad. I'll go fetch ye another drop o' water."

The owner of the blue eyes rose as he spoke, laid March's head softly on the ground, and walked towards a neighbouring brook.

In doing so he displayed to the wondering gaze of March the proportions of a truly splendid looking man. He was considerably above six feet in height, but it was not that so much as the herculean build of his chest and shoulders that struck March with surprise. His costume was the ordinary leather hunting shirt and leggins of a backwoodsman, and, although deeply bronzed, his colour not less than his blue eyes and brown hair told that he was not an Indian.

As he returned, carrying a little birch bark dish full of water in his hand, March observed that the lines of his forehead indicated a mingled feeling of anger and sadness, and that his heavy brows frowned somewhat. He also noted more clearly now the man's towering height, and the enormous breadth of his chest. As he lay there on his back with his head pillowed on a tuft of moss, he said inwardly to himself, "I never saw such a fellow as that before in all my life!"

And little wonder that March Marston thought thus, for, as no doubt the reader has already guessed, the far-famed Wild Man of the West himself stood before him!

But he did not know him. On the only occasion on which he had had an opportunity of beholding this renowned man, March had been rendered insensible just as he came on the field, and the exaggerated descriptions he had heard of him seemed quite irreconcilable with the soft blue eye and gentle manner of the hunter who had come thus opportunely to his aid. For one moment, indeed, the idea did occur to March that this was the Wild Man. It was natural that, having had his thoughts for so long a period filled with conjectures in reference to this wonderful creature, he should suppose the first tall, mysterious man he met must be he. But he dismissed the notion as untenable and absurd on second thoughts. That the blue-eyed, calm, dignified hunter who knelt by his side and held the refreshing water to his lips as if he were a trained sick-nurse, should be the Wild Man, the man reported to be forty feet high, covered with hair, and exceeding fierce besides ugly, was out of the question. And when March shut his eyes in the full enjoyment of the cool draught, of which, poor fellow, he stood much in need, and heard the supposed wild man give vent to a sigh, which caused him to look up in surprise, so that he observed the mild blue eyes gazing sadly in his face, and the large head to which they belonged shaking from side to side mournfully, he almost laughed at himself for even momentarily entertaining such an absurd idea.

March Marston had much to learn—we mean in the way of reading human character and in judging from appearances. He had not yet observed in the course of his short life, that if a blue eye is capable of expressing soft pity, it is also pre-eminently capable of indicating tiger-like ferocity. He did not consider that the gentlest natures are, when roused to fury, the most terrible in their outward aspect. He did not reflect that if this giant (for he almost deserved thus to be styled), instead of being engaged in an office of kindness, that naturally induced gentleness of action and that called for no other feelings than those of tenderness and pity, were placed on a war-horse, armed with sword and shield, and roused to fury by some such sight as that of a large band of savage Indians attacking a small and innocent group of white trappers, he might then amply fulfil all the conditions that would entitle him to the wildest possible name that could be invented.

The prominent ideas in March's mind at that time were, a pair of blue eyes and a large, gentle hand; so he quietly and finally dismissed the Wild Man from his thoughts.

Luckily, the Wild Man did not treat March in a similar manner. After allowing him to rest quietly for a few minutes, he said—

“Now, lad, I think ye're improvin'. Ye're badly battered about the head and shoulders so I'll take ye home with me.”

“Home with you?” repeated March.

“Ay, put yer arms round my neck,” returned the Wild Man in a tone which, though soft and low, it was not possible to disobey.

March performed this somewhat endearing action in silent surprise, whereupon the Wild Man introduced his left arm below the poor youth's back, and with his right grasped him round the legs, and thus lifted him from the ground and carried him away.

March experienced a sensation as if all his larger joints were being dislocated, and felt disposed to cry out, but restrained himself with a powerful effort. Presently his bearer stopped, and, looking round, March observed that he was standing by the side of a horse.

“Hold on, lad, till I mount.”

“You'd better let me down till you get up,” suggested March.

“No,” replied this singularly laconic individual.

Standing as he was, the Wild Man managed by raising March a little to lay his left hand on the pommel of his saddle; next moment his foot was in the stirrup, the moment after, he himself was in the saddle, and a touch of his heel sent his horse cantering away towards the mountains.

Had March Marston seen his deliverer at that time, with his long hair waving freely in the breeze, in emulation of the voluminous mane and tail of his splendid horse, his thoughts regarding the Wild Man of the West would have certainly returned more powerfully than ever. But March did not see him, his eyes being shut, his lips pursed, and his teeth set in an heroic attempt to endure the agonies to which he was subjected by the motion of the horse.

In half an hour they reached a rocky defile that led up into one of those wild, gloomy glens that are so characteristic of the Rocky Mountains. Here the Wild Man had to check his pace and proceed at a walk, thereby affording much relief to his wounded companion.

"Art sore i' the bones, lad?" inquired the stout horseman, looking down at his charge as if he were a small infant in arms.

"Rather," replied March. "Don't you think it would be better for me to ride behind you? I think I could manage to hold on."

"No you couldn't."

"I fear I must be a terrible weight carried in this fashion," urged March.

"Weight!" echoed the hunter, with a quiet chuckle, but as he did not vouchsafe any further reply, March was left to interpret the expression as he thought fit.

"I hope no bones are broken," inquired March in a tone of anxiety.

"Hope not," replied his captor.

We use the word "captor" advisedly, for March was so utterly unable at that time, physically as well as morally, to resist the will of this strange hunter, that he felt much more like a captive in the gripe of a mighty jailor than an invalid in the arms of his nurse.

"I fear there are," said March, as a rude motion of the horse caused him excruciating agony.

"Very likely," replied the other—not by any means in a careless, indifferent way, but with the air and tone of a straightforward man giving his opinion in reference to a matter of fact. "But," he added in a consolatory tone, "I'll see when we get home."

"Home!" repeated March, "Why where is your home?"

"In the mountains here. We're about there now."

As he spoke, the hunter turned his horse sharp to the left and entered a still more narrow and gloomy defile than the one they had

just been ascending. So narrow was it and overshadowed by high precipitous cliffs that the light of day had to struggle for entrance even at noontide. At night it was dark as Erebus. The horse had considerable difficulty in advancing. Indeed no horse that had not been trained to pick its steps among the confused masses of rock and *débris* that formed the bottom of that ravine or chasm, could have ascended it at all. But the fine animal which bore March and the Wild Man of the West seemed to act more like a human being than a horse in winding out and in among the intricacies of the place.

At length they reached the upper end of the gorge. Here the cliffs, which rose perpendicularly to a height of three or four hundred feet, drew so near to each other that at one place they were not more than three yards asunder. Just beyond this point they receded again and terminated abruptly in a sort of circle or amphitheatre, the floor of which could not have been more than thirty yards in diameter, and was covered with small gravel; the sides were quite perpendicular and rose so high that on looking up one felt as if one had got into the bottom of a natural funnel, at the top of which a round bit of bright blue sky sent down a few scanty rays of light.

In spite of the pain it caused him, March raised his head and looked round as they rode into this gloomy cavernous place. Then, glancing at the face of the strange being who carried him, a feeling of superstitious dread took possession of his heart for a moment, as he remembered the many conversations he and Bounce had had about evil spirits appearing in human form, and he thought that perhaps he had actually fallen into the hands of one. But the grave quiet face and, above all, the soft blue eyes, quickly put to flight such fears, although they could not altogether dispel the solemn awe he felt at being carried so suddenly into such a mysterious place.

But he had scarcely recovered some degree of confidence, when his mind was again thrown into a violent state of agitation by the fact that the horse, turning to the right, began deliberately to ascend the precipice, which was as perpendicular as a wall. It did not indeed ascend after the manner of a fly on a window, but it went up on what appeared to be a narrow, spiral pathway. In a few seconds they had ascended about fifty feet, and March, projecting out from the precipice as he did, owing to his position in the rider's left arm, felt a horrible sensation of giddiness come over him, and could not suppress a slight groan.

"Don't be affeared, lad," said his companion, "I've got ye tight, an' the horse is used to it. The track's broader than ye think, only ye can't see it as ye lie now."

March felt reassured; nevertheless, he shut his eyes very tight and held his breath.

Presently he felt that they had turned sharp to the right, so he ventured to open his eyes, and found that they were standing at the mouth of what appeared to be a cavern. In another moment they were under its dark roof and the horse came to a stand. From the hasty glance he gave it, he could only ascertain that the interior was buried in profound darkness.

Without causing March to move in any way, the stout horseman dismounted. In fact, the burden seemed no greater to him than a child would be to an ordinary man.

"Here we are,—at home," he said. "Come, old horse, get away in."

The horse obeyed, and disappeared in the darkness beyond.

"Now, lad, don't be affeared, I know every fut o' the way. Ye can shut yer eyes an' ye like—but there's no occasion."

Saying this, he advanced with a steady tread into the cave, the echoes of which were still ringing with the clatter of the horse's hoofs as it passed over the stone floor. It could not have been more than a quarter of a minute when they reached the end of what appeared to be the outer vestibule of this cavern, though to March it seemed to be more than five minutes; and, now that he could no longer see the blue eyes, all manner of horrible doubts and fears assailed him. He felt deeply his helpless condition, poor fellow. Had he been sound in wind and limb he would have cared little; for a brave and a strong man naturally feels that he can fight a stout battle for life in all or any circumstances. But part of this prop (namely, strength) having been removed by his recent accident, he felt like a miserable child.

Doubtless it is good for strong men to be brought thus low sometimes, just to prove to them what they are by nature very slow to believe, that they, quite as much as the weak and helpless ones of this world, are dependent at all times on their fellows.

On reaching the end of the outer cave, the hunter turned to the left, stooped down in order to pass below a small natural arch, and finally stood still in the middle of another cavern, on the floor of which he deposited his burden with much tenderness and care.

There was light in this cave, but it was so dim as to be insuffi-

cient to illuminate the surrounding objects. March perceived, on looking up, that it entered through a small aperture in the side of the cavern near the roof, which was not more than twelve feet from the floor. There were several pieces of charred wood on one side of the cave, in which a few sparks of fire still lingered.

Without saying a word the owner of this strange abode went towards these, and, blowing them into a flame, heaped large logs upon them, so that, in ten minutes, the place was brilliantly illuminated with a ruddy blaze that did one's heart good to look upon.

By the light of the fire March perceived that he had been deposited on a couch of pine branches. He was about to make other observations when his captor turned to him and said—

"I'll go an' see to the horse, an'll be back in a minute; so keep yer mind easy."

"And pray what name am I to call my host by?" said March, unable to restrain his curiosity any longer.

A dark, almost fierce frown covered the man's face, as he said angrily,—“Boy, curiosity is a bad thing—anywise it's bad here. I've brought you to this cave 'cause you'd ha' died i' the woods if I hadn't. Don't ask questions about what don't consarn ye.”

"Nay, friend, I meant no offence," replied March. "I've no desire to pry into any man's secrets. Nevertheless it's but natural to want to know how to address a man when ye converse with him."

"True, true," replied the other, somewhat mollified. "Call me Dick, it's as good a name as any, and better than my own."

There was a slight touch of bitterness in the tone in which this was said, as the man turned on his heel to quit the cave.

"Stay," cried March, "you only give me one name, friend, so I'll do the same by you. My name's March,—there, now you may march about your business."

Dick smiled, and said, "Well, March, I'll be with ye again, and have a look at your sore bones, in two minutes."

When he was gone, March, for the first time since his accident, bethought him of his comrades. Since recovering from the state of insensibility into which his fall had thrown him, his mind had been so absorbed with the strange events that had been presented to him in such rapid succession, as well as with the pain that racked his head and limbs, that he had had no time to think about them. But, now that he was left in that quiet place alone, the whole circumstances of the recent pursuit and flight rushed

suddenly upon him, and his mind was filled with anxious forebodings as to the fate of his comrades.

"Oh ! I'm glad you've come back," he cried, as Dick re-entered the cave ; "I quite forgot my comrades—shame on me ! but my miserable head has got such a smash that a'most everything's bin drove out of it."

"Time enough to speak o' them after we've seen to your bones," said Dick.

"Nay, but——"

"After," said Dick, in a tone that was not to be gainsaid.

March submitted with a sigh, and his eccentric host proceeded to manipulate and punch him in a way that might, perhaps, have been highly necessary, but was by no means agreeable. After a few minutes he pronounced his patient all right, only a little bruised ! Having said which, he proceeded to prepare some food, and said to March that he might now speak about his comrades.

At first he seemed to pay little attention to the youth's hasty narrative ; but on hearing that the Indians were hastening to attack the Mountain Fort, he sprang up and asked a few questions eagerly. It was evident that the news troubled him deeply.

Taking one or two hasty strides up and down the cavern, and paying no attention to the roasting meat, which he seemed to have utterly forgotten, the Wild Man of the West muttered angrily to himself, and a slight dash of that tiger-like flash, which had gone so far to earn him his title, lighted up his blue eye, insomuch that March Marston looked at him in amazement not unmingled with awe. Thoughts of the Wild Man of the West once more occurred to him ; but in his former cogitations on that subject he had so thoroughly discarded the idea of this kind blue-eyed hunter being that far-famed and ferocious individual, that his thoughts only took the form of the mental question, "I wonder if the Wild Man o' the West could beat such a fellow as that at a fair stand-up fight." So powerfully did this thought affect him that he could not refrain from exclaiming—

"I say, Dick, did you ever hear of the Wild Man of the West?"

Dick was so much tickled by the question that his angry mood vanished, and, turning towards his guest with a smile, while his blue eye seemed milder than ever it had appeared before, he said—

"Yes, lad, I've heard of him."

"Have you seen him?" continued March eagerly.

"I have, many a time."

"What is he like?"

"He's like *me*," replied Dick, with another smile, the softness of which would have driven March to an immeasurable distance from the truth, had he ever been near it.

"Like *you*! Oh, I suppose you mean he's something about your size. Well, I don't wonder at that, for you're an uncommonly big fellow, Dick; but I fancy his appearance is very different."

"Well, no. He's got light hair and blue eyes, like me."

This was a poser to March. It was so totally subversive of all his preconceived ideas that it reduced him for some moments to silence.

"Isn't he hairy all over, like a fox, and very ugly?" inquired March, recovering from his surprise.

This was a poser, in turn, to the Wild Man. To be called upon suddenly to pronounce an opinion on his own looks was embarrassing, to say the least of it.

"He's not exactly hairy all over," said Dick, after a moment's thought, "though it can't be denied he's got plenty of hair on his head and chin—like me. As for his looks, lad, it an't easy to say whether he's ugly or pritty, for men don't agree on sich pints, d'ye see."

"Do sit down beside me, Dick, and tell me about this Wild Man," said March, earnestly. "You can't fancy how anxious I am to see him. I've come here for that very purpose. No doubt I've come to shoot and trap, too, but chiefly to see the Wild Man o' the West. An' isn't it provokin?' I might have seen him some weeks ago, if I hadn't bin stunned with a fall jist as he come jumpin' into the middle o' us like a clap o' thunder——"

"What, lad," interrupted Dick, "was it *you* that I——"

Just at this moment Dick was seized with a very violent fit of coughing, which, coming as it did from such a capacious chest and so powerful a pair of lungs, caused the roof of the cavern to reverberate with what might have been mistaken, outside, for a species of miniature artillery.

"You've caught cold," suggested March, who gazed in unspeakable admiration at the magnificent locks and beard of this remarkable man, as they shook with the violence of his exertion.

"I *never* had a cold," replied Dick, becoming quiet again; "there's other things as cause a man for to cough, now an' agin, besides colds."

"True," rejoined March, "but you were sayin' somethin'—do you know of the fight I was speakin' of?"

"Know of it, ay, that do I."

"Why, how did you happen to hear of it?"

"It's wonderful, lad, how I comes to know about things in this part o' the country. I know everything the Wild Man does. He can't move without my bein' on his track d'rectly. In fact I follers him like his shadow. Leastwise his shadow follers me."

"Indeed," exclaimed March, whose interest in Dick became suddenly tenfold more deep on learning this. "But why do you follow him about in this fashion? Does he like your company, or do you only follow him on the sly and keep out of sight? Explain yourself, Dick—you puzzle me."

"I can't explain just now, lad," said Dick, rising abruptly. "You forget that your comrades may be in a fix before now wi' them blackguard Redskins. I must go an' help them. It's but right that white men should lend one another a helpin' hand in these regions, where the Injuns have it almost all their own way."

"But the Mountain Fort is far away from this, an' I'm afraid you'll never be able to get there in time," said March, with an anxious expression of countenance.

"I'll try," returned Dick. "Any how, I'll send the Wild Man o' the West to help them," he added, with a peculiar smile. "Now, boy, listen, I must not waste more time in idle talk. I shall leave you here under the charge of my little girl——"

"Your little girl!" echoed March in surprise.

"Ay, she ought to have been in before now," continued Dick, without noticing the interruption, "an' I would like to ha' told her who ye are, and how I come by ye, an' what to do till I come back. But I can't wait; time's precious as gold just now; so I'll tell ye what to say to her when she——"

At that moment a light footstep was heard in the outer cavern. The Wild Man sprang up on hearing it, and strode hastily through the natural doorway, leaving March to listen, in a state of the utmost bewilderment, to a silvery musical voice which held rapid converse with his strange host.

Presently Dick returned, followed by a *vision in leather!* the sight of which struck March Marston dumb, and rendered him for a few moments as totally incapable of moving hand, tongue, or foot, as if he had been bewitched—which, in a sense, he was.

"This is the little girl I spoke of t'ye," said Dick, looking at March, and patting the girl on her soft cheek, with a hand that might have passed for a small shoulder of mutton. "She'll take good care of ye, March. I've told her what to do; but she don't

need to be told. Now, see ye don't do yerself a mischief, lad, till I come back. It won't be long—a day or two, may hap, more or less; but ye'll take that time to mend; you're worse battered than ye think of—so, good day."

While the Wild Man was ejaculating these sentences abruptly, he was striding about the cave with what may be styled *enormous* vigour, picking up and buckling on his weapons of war. He seized a double-edged sword of gigantic proportions, and buckled it to his waist, but March saw it not. He pulled on the scalp-fringed coat of a Blackfoot chief, with leggins to match, but March knew it not. He slung a powder-horn and bullet-pouch round his shoulders, stuck a knife and tomahawk into his belt, and grasped a long rifle which stood in a corner; and, in doing all this, he made such a tremendous clatter, and displayed such wonderful activity, and grew so much fiercer to look at in every stage of the process, that March would certainly have recurred to the idea of the Wild Man, had he been in his ordinary state of mind; but he was *not* in that happy condition. March knew nothing about it whatever!

Before going, Dick stooped and kissed the "vision" on the cheek. March saw that! It recalled him for a moment and made him aware of the disappearance of his host, and of the loud clattering sounds of his charger's hoofs, as he led him, at a rapid walk, across the outer cave. March even heard the general clatter of all his accoutrements, as he vaulted into the saddle at one bound, and went down that terrible rocky way at a breakneck gallop that would have caused him (March), in other circumstances, to shudder. But he did *not* shudder. He was but faintly aware of these things. His intellect was overturned; his whole soul was captivated; his imagination, his perceptions, his conceptions—all his faculties and capacities were utterly overwhelmed and absorbed by that wonderful *vision in leather*!

CHAPTER XVII.

The vision in leather.

It is all very well for men of the world, men of fashion, men who pride themselves on being highly civilized and peculiarly refined, to fancy that there are no other visions in this world than "visions in silk," "visions in white," and the like. Those who think thus labour under an egregious, though a civilized, mistake.

Happily there are kind, loving, pretty faces in this world, the possessors of which know nothing about pink gauze or white muslin. Faces that have never felt the hot air of a drawing-room, but are much used to present themselves, unveiled, to the fresh breezes of the prairie and the mountain; faces that possess the rare quality of universal attraction, and that cause men to fancy, when they see them for the first time, that they have beheld a vision!

The fact is that some faces are visions, whether the forms that support them appear to us in muslin or in deer-skin. The only requisite needful to constitute a face a vision to any particular person, is that it should have in it that peculiar *something* which everybody wants, but which nobody can define; which is ineffably charming, though utterly incomprehensible; and which, when once seen by any one, constitutes the countenance that possesses it a vision evermore!

It is quite immaterial what material composes the dress in which the vision appears. No doubt, the first time it bursts upon the smitten victim, dress may be a powerful auxiliary; but after the first time, dress goes for little or nothing. March Marston's vision appeared, as we have said, in leather.

After the Wild Man had vanished, March continued to gaze at his new companion with all kinds of feelings and emotions, but without being able to move or speak. The vision returned the compliment, also without speaking or taking any further notice of him.

She was a wonderful creature, that vision in leather! That she was of Indian extraction was evident from the hue of her skin, yet she was not nearly so dark as the lightest complexioned Indian. In fact her clear soft forehead was whiter than those of many so-called palefaces; but her ruddy cheeks, her light-brown hair, and, above all, her bright brown eye showed that white blood ran in her veins. She was what men term a half-caste. She was young, almost girlish in her figure and deportment; but the earnest gravity of her pretty face caused her to appear older than she really was. March, unconsciously and without an effort, guessed her to be sixteen. He was wrong. She had only seen fifteen summers.

Her dress was a beautifully dressed deer-skin gown, reaching below the knees, as soft as chamois leather, and ornamented with beads and quillwork. It was girded round her small waist by a leather belt, from which depended a small hunting-knife. A pair of ornamented leggings of the same material as the gown covered

her limbs, and mocassins her feet, which latter, as well as her hands, were small and beautifully formed. Over her shoulders were slung the masculine appendages of a powder-horn and bullet-pouch, proving that this creature was, so to speak, a Dianic vision.

Her staring so hard and so long at March without speaking or smiling, or taking any more notice of him than if he had been an effigy on a tombstone, seemed unaccountable to that youth. Had he been able to look at himself from her point of view he would not have been so much surprised.

In his late accident he had received so severe a blow on the left eye that that orb was altogether shut up. As he did not move, and as the other eye, with which he gazed in supreme astonishment at the sweet face before him, happened to be farthest from the fire, besides being hid in the shadow of his own nose,—which was not a small one by nature, and was a peculiarly large one by force of recent circumstances,—the vision very naturally thought that he was fast asleep. As she stood there gazing wonderingly and somewhat sadly at the poor youth, with the red flickering flame of the fire lighting up her yellow garments, deepening the red on her round cheeks, glinting on the loose masses of her rich tresses, and sparkling in the depths of her bright-brown eyes, March thought he had never in all his life before beheld such an exquisite creature.

Supposing that he was asleep, the vision sat down quietly on a log beside the fire, still keeping her eyes, however, fixed on her guest. The action took her out of "the direct line of fire" of March's sound eye, therefore he turned his head abruptly, and so brought his staring orb into the light of the fire and revealed the fact that he was wide awake; whereupon the vision uttered an exclamation of surprise, rose hastily, and went to his side.

"You is woke," she said. "Me tink you was be sleep."

"Asleep!" cried March with enthusiasm, "no, I wasn't asleep. More than that, I'll never go to sleep any more."

This bold assertion naturally filled the vision with surprise.

"Why for not?" she asked, sitting down on a log beside March in such a position that she could see him easily.

"For thinkin' o' *you*!" replied the bold youth, firmly.

The vision looked at him in still greater astonishment, opening her eyes slowly until they seemed like two pellucid lakelets of unfathomable depth into which March felt inclined to fling himself, clothes and all, and be drowned comfortably. She then looked at

the fire, then at March again. It was evident that she had not been accustomed to hold intercourse with jocular minds. Perceiving this, March at once changed his tone, and, with a feeling of respect which he could not well account for, said, rather bluntly—

“What’s your name?”

“Mary.”

“Ay! did your father give you that name?”

“My father?” echoed the girl, looking hastily up.

“Ay, did Dick give it you?”

“Did him tell you him’s name be Dick?” asked Mary.

“Oh! he’s known by another name to you, then, it would seem. But, Mary, what is his name.”

The girl pursed her mouth and laid her finger on it. Then, with a little sad smile, said—

“Him tell you Dick—that be good name. But Dick not my father. My father dead.”

The poor thing said this so slowly and in such a low pathetic tone that March felt sorry for having unwittingly touched a tender chord. He hastened to change the subject by saying—

“Is Dick kind to you, Mary?”

“Kind,” she cried, looking up with a flashing eye and flushed face, while with one of her little hands she tossed back her luxuriant tresses—“Kind! Him be my father *now*. No have got nobody to love me now but him.”

“Yes you have, Mary,” said March, stoutly.

Mary looked at him in surprise and said, “Who?”

“Me!” replied March.

Mary said nothing to this. It was quite clear that the Wild Man must have neglected her education sadly. She did not even smile; she merely shook her head and gazed abstractedly at the embers of the fire.

“Dick is not your father, Mary,” continued March energetically, “but he has become your father. I am not your brother, but I’ll become your brother—if you’ll let me.”

March in his enthusiasm tried to raise himself; consequently he fell back and drowned Mary’s answer in a groan of anguish. But he was not to be balked.

“What said you?” he inquired, after a moment’s pause.

“Me say you be very good.”

She said this so calmly that March felt severely disappointed. In the height of his enthusiasm he forgot that the poor girl had as yet seen nothing to draw out her feelings towards him as his

had been drawn out towards her. She had seen no "vision," except, indeed, the vision of a wretched dishevelled youth, of an abrupt excitable temperament, with one side of his countenance scratched in a most disreputable manner, and the other side swelled and mottled to such an extent that it resembled a cheap plum-pudding with the fruit unequally and sparsely distributed over its yellow surface.

March was mollified, however, when the girl suggested that his pillow seemed uncomfortable, and rose to adjust it with tender care. Then she said—"Now me bring blankit. You go sleep. Me sit here till you sleep, after that, me go away. If you wants me, holler out. Me sleep in nixt room."

So saying, this wonderful creature flitted across the cavern and vanished, thereby revealing to March the fact that there was a third cavern in that place. Presently she returned with a green blanket, and spread it over him, after which she sat down by the fire and seemed absorbed in her private meditations while March tried to sleep.

But what a night March had of it! Whichever way he turned, that vision was ever before his eyes. When he awoke with a start, there she was, bending over the fire. When he dreamed, there she was, floating in an atmosphere of blue stars. Sometimes she was smiling on him, sometimes gazing sadly, but never otherwise than sweetly. Presently he saw her sitting on Dick's knee, twisting his great moustache with her delicate hand, and he was about to ask Dick how he had managed to get back so soon, when he (the Wild Man) suddenly changed into March's own mother, who clasped the vision fervently to her breast and called her her own darling son! There was no end to it. She never left him. Sometimes she appeared in curious forms and in odd aspects—though always pleasant and sweet to look upon. Sometimes she was dancing gracefully like an embodied zephyr on the floor; frequently walking in mid-air; occasionally perambulating the ceiling of the cave. She often changed her place, but she never went away. There was no escape. And March was glad of it. He didn't want to escape. He was only too happy to court the phantom. But it did not require courting. It hovered over him, walked round him, sat beside him, beckoned to him, and smiled at him.—Never,—no, never since the world began was any scratched and battered youth so thoroughly badgered and bewitched, as was poor March Marston on that memorable night, by that naughty vision in leather!

(To be continued.)

HINTS ON CRICKET.

Hitting on the On-side.—The power of hitting to long-field on marks a free and fine player. "It shows," said Carpenter to his pupils at Marlborough, "that a man has the proper use of his left arm." The way Carpenter "pulls" Jackson and the fastest bowlers over to the on-side is remarkable. From an inability to do this, many men block nearly all balls Off, where there are many men to stop them, instead of On, where there are but so few. This enables eleven men to stop as many of their hits as thirteen would with a better batsman. But this is a point to which we can only pretend to direct attention. Pen and ink cannot impart it. Suffice it to give notice, that a secret worth knowing lies in this direction; use your own eyes and observation, and you will find it out for yourself.

As to practising with a bowler, always remember that if you are not learning you are unlearning; if you are not taking pains to form right habits and system of play, then all your sky-larking will infallibly confirm you in ways that are wrong; and a bad habit in batting is like something tickling at your elbow and making you do exactly the very thing which you had resolved not to do, and to make every game a source of constant vexation and disappointment.

And now about Batting I have said all that time and space allow. I can proceed no further, but must refer any one who has already gone with me so far, to the same subject, to chapters vii. and viii., in "The Cricket Field," where I have the advantage of diagrams to explain my precepts.

On Bowling also, for the same reason—want of diagrams and space—I must refer to the same book, chap. ix., though the following hints will be found very useful:—

1. Young boys should not attempt to bowl at twenty-two yards, but should begin at about sixteen, increasing to eighteen, and so on to the full distance as they grow older and stronger.

2. Addressing myself to "big fellows," I would advise you

never to bowl beyond your strength—that is, at a pace which requires an unnatural exertion; for how can any one have precision when straining with all his might? As to the most desirable pace for all grounds and all weathers, a moderate degree of swiftness certainly is desirable (I am not speaking of “slow bowling”). Still, if the pace is in you, it will come of itself; if not, you will spoil all by trying at too much.

But almost all men can comfortably and easily attain to the pace of Caffyn; and, believe me, this is about the pace at which great things have been done in bowling. Witness Lillywhite (the first), and Broadbridge slower still than he, as also Cobbett and Hillyer.

At a medium pace (we will adopt this term): 1. You can attain greatest accuracy of length and straightness; 2. You can bowl with more “spin” in your delivery. Now “spin” is everything in bowling; without it—that is, unless the ball goes spinning from the hand and revolving in the air when it pitches, it will come up dead and slow, not quick and lively—and, worse than this, there will be no variety, but every ball will seem nearly the same. The more dangerous propensities of the ball, whether shooting, cutting, twisting, or breaking back, or sudden and abrupt rise, all will be impossible, save by an accident and the roughness of the ground; nothing of the kind can result from so dull a delivery alone. As to a spinning delivery, I have seen a ball from Cobbett, after I had blocked it, spinning like a top about the crease. I have had a ball from Mr. E. H. Budd (the great batsman and slow bowler of former days, who had a lively delivery) rise over my shoulder and tip off the bails, touching them only on the wicket-keeper’s side! Now this spin can never be nearly so great with very fast bowling, for the speed tends to annihilate the effect of the spin, and it is also generally found inconsistent with a spinning delivery. The only spinning bowler I ever knew among the fast bowlers was Redgate; but even with him it was when he dropped one of his slower (and therefore more spinning) balls in the middle of a fast over, that he did the greatest execution. Redgate’s delivery was very fair—not quite so low as Cobbett’s, but still nearly horizontal; and a high delivery that is not sent skimming from the hand, but comes down like Jackson’s, and yet more like Wilsher’s, cannot have nearly as much spin as fairer bowling. An actual throw has no spin at all. Still, low, skimming bowling does little good.

One of the many advantages in the game of Cricket is that it

affords a sphere for qualifications of all kinds. Many a man may be a slow bowler who cannot be a fast one. And, believe me, slow underhand bowling is well worth learning; for, I have rarely played in any country match without seeing at a glance that anything but "slows" were a waste of time and runs too, with one or two men at least. For instance, had William Clarke, as once intended, been playing at the Great North and South County Match at Leicester, when Mr. Mynn made his great innings, nothing is more certain than that Clarke would have saved a hundred runs; "and yet," said Redgate—admitted to be the most difficult bowler to play in the memory of living men—"that day it was no use bowling well to Mr. Mynn—one of my best balls was a certain hit for three or four." A slow, lobbing bowler, such as many a boy would score from and call child's play, would have summed up Mr. Mynn in a very few runs.

Peace to his ashes! And may those ashes, as proposed, be honoured with a worthy monument. Whether in the cricket-field, or in the social circle, among the lookers-on, the men of Kent and Surrey will attest, "We ne'er shall see his like again;" although, at one time, that great player might have bowled by a "dodge," whom men strove in vain to master by fine play.

Captain Palmer, of the North Devon Cricket Club, had a very accurate system of bowling—tossed up seven or eight feet in the air and dropping with considerable curve. It looked almost child's play; it had no twist, and was as easy as easy could be; a cripple might have played it—only it wanted *knowledge*. I have no doubt, as Caldecourt once remarked of something similar, that, with five men at least out of many a county eleven, it would have got wickets for fewer runs than an average professional would have done.

Slow over-hand bowling, dropping with a high curve, is very valuable. But as to the effect of the curve in bowling, and all the many dodges and arts for deceiving the eye of the batsman and taking advantage of points not only physical but even metaphysical—the erratic thoughts and inclinations of the mind as well as the awkward tricks of the body, must all be studied in "The Cricket Field," chapters viii. and ix.

FIELDING.—It is a great mistake to think and practise as if batting were the whole of Cricket. Games are won rather by saving runs, which a good fieldsman can always do, than by getting runs, at which the best batsman is sometimes out of luck. Add to this, good fieldsmen are almost essential to good bowling; once disgust

your bowler by missing the catches for which he plays, or by not saving his errors in bowling from running up the score, and you will have no more first-rate performance from him for the day. In Oxford against Cambridge, some ten years since, my friend M. B. was made so nervous and irritated by seeing repeatedly his catches missed, that he could not go on bowling any more, though he was the best bowler on the side. In this instance there was a great mistake made in choosing the men. That some of those who had the honour of representing their University at Lord's were not good in the field, was admitted: but their friends pleaded that what they lost in fielding they would make up in batting. They did not consider that the whole force became demoralized, or that such loose screws virtually disorganized the whole machinery.

A bowler plays sometimes purposely to produce a catch to Cover. Imagine his feelings when the identical chance is given, but Cover misses the catch! Again, a bowler attacks the leg-stump, aware of his liability by the least deviation to produce a leg-hit to his cost. Perhaps this leg-hit is actually made; a good man at long-leg covers the ball and returns it for one run. But what if he misses it, and the bowler finds that his experiment has cost four to the score! Surely, he feels crippled in his resources of attack, and must probably give up trying the most effective kind of ball, simply from want of support in the field.

As to the Public School Elevens chosen for Lord's, I would especially recommend that talent in fielding be made the chief qualification; because, with all young players, the novelty and excitement of the scene, strange bowling and yet stranger ground, and perhaps a little more nervousness than they would like to acknowledge—all place the score of the best batsman very much within the sphere of chance. And youths have little idea of the discouraging effect, the positive damper that comes over an Eleven, with five thousand spectators to cry "Run it out," when one of their fieldsmen misses a ball. The cry of "Well played," "Well stopped," puts powder and nerve into your bowler, but the other cry takes it out of him. This is true even of old players; but with the young, the error is all but fatal to the match. For, there is no game that depends so much on confidence as Cricket: while sharp fielding lasts, your luck lasts, but an army demoralized is an army routed. Who has not seen runs very scarce, perhaps only at the rate of one in three or four Overs for the first hour; when all of a sudden, there has been an overthrow or some mishap, quick running has soon become the order of the day, and the tele-

graphic score once set going, stop it who can—two or three runs an Over mark the remainder of the innings.

Such is the influence—indirect far more than direct—of one bad fieldsman. It is quite a fallacy to say Jones is worth six or seven more than Robinson, and it is hard if in the field he loses more than three of them; the truth is, Jones may be the very man that spoils it all. This remark applies to all matches more or less, but never so forcibly as to those exciting games played in public, before all the best judges of the day, in which young hands strive, and young hearts palpitate, and all for the honour of their school—in the presence of the “old fellows” as well as the new—on the far-famed ground of the M. C. C.

When you take the field, let not one word be spoken; for, it acts on the bowler as audible whispering does on a public speaker; it betrays want of earnestness and sympathy, and thus effectually harasses his energies—for, a bowler, from the first ball of the over to the last, ought to be “a pure abstraction.”

Some time since, I asked two or three of the most experienced managers of the Zingari, to tell me what they considered the chief point in a good captain of an eleven.

They at once replied, “To make your eleven play up to the mark, their hardest and their best, from the first ball to the last.” They spoke chiefly of the side out.

I was immediately reminded of a match I had then recently played with my old friend, John Marshall, Esq., of Bath—a man whom we mourn among the past—at Kingscote, in Gloucestershire. We headed a “Lansdown” Eleven, the Kingscote Club having been our friends and foes for full thirty years.

On that occasion, we put the Kingscotians in to get one hundred runs to win; they ran up the score to ninety in less than two hours. Then the cry was raised, “Only ten runs to win!” From that moment we were all screwed up to concert-pitch. More than half an hour we fought for seven of those runs only, and eventually won the match by three, though their best hitter remained in to the last.

Every old player will, with this hint, recall many a hard-fought field when the last runs cost twice as much time, and twice as many balls, as those preceding; and what if the whole match had been played in the same spirit, with equal concentration of all our powers!

When the United Eleven played twenty-two of the Lansdown Club at Bath, in 1858, it remained for the Eleven, on the last day, to put the twenty-two out for a smaller score than they had made

in their first innings. I asked them what they expected would be the result. Lockyer and Wisden replied, "You will see, sir, when we are all sharpened up at a pinch like this, it always does make all the difference." Therefore,

Do not think it superfluous, if I remind you, "Be sure you play your hardest." A word spoken, or a man with a cigar in his mouth, or any child's-play or chaff, is sure to let off the steam, and may alter the complexion of the whole game.

Such being the value of good fielding, I will now give simple rules for learning it:—

"For learning fielding? We have heard of being taught to bat; but fielding comes of itself."

If it does, it is a long time coming, though with the majority it never comes at all—at least the sort of fielding to turn the fortune of a match. The truth is, there is nothing in which more is done, by being set the right way about it, than fielding. To watch the movements, and to imitate men like John Lillywhite, Caffyn, Bell, or Carpenter, is the first thing, or you will hardly understand my precepts. However, there is no want of good models. Still, there are two points in which some of the best men of the day might learn a lesson:—

1. "Watch the batsman and the ball, and be ready to start before the ball is hit." "How very trite! who did not know that?" Very likely: but it is one thing to know, and another thing to do it; and it seems to me that here an admonition is much wanted, even by All-England players! Other men have been as quick at point as Mr. R. T. King, but Mr. King's great superiority consisted in always "being thereabouts," and in anticipating the ball.

2. Not only run in and meet the ball, but run on until you do meet it. *Do not run in a yard or two, and then stop for the ball to come to you.* Not one fieldsman in a hundred does this; and if not, he cannot save the one run standing nearly as far off as he might do. Besides, you will find by practice that the impetus of your continued running gives you force and quickness in returning the ball. I am well aware that on rough ground this kind of fielding may be more dashing than safe. But, at all events, you should learn how to do it; and use it afterwards as you please.

Fielding consists in Stopping, Catching, and Throwing, as also in Running.

As to *Stopping*, go behind any man's wicket and practise long-stopping. You will do well to take that point in the game whenever you are allowed; for, long-stopping requires clean fielding and

quick return. In this post, never adopt the old fashion of going down on one knee; for then you are fixed, and a sudden bound of the ball leaves you all abroad. The proper style is to keep your heels together. Study the hints for long-stop by one of the best of his day in the "The Cricket-Field," chapter x.

When you can long-stop pretty well, standing in the usual line behind the wicket, try to do so at a disadvantage, standing some yards (more or less, as your facility increases) to the right, and then to the left of the line of the wickets. You may even try the same diagonally, and thus practise all the varieties of covering a ball, or "taking it in your run" sideways, which can occur in actual play. You can also stand (all this, of course, I only mean on a practising-day) up, far behind the wicket, and try to make up for the time lost, by running in as recommended above.

That the ball in some places in the field, at cover and long-leg especially, curls round and requires allowance for that curling, I need only remind you and advise that you practise accordingly.

Catching. Practise throwing in a ring, or, better still, I would say to any Captain of a school eleven, practise catches from the bat. Put a man in the middle of a ring formed by your eleven, and let him hit catches on all sides. The ball feels very different; it is less easy to time it and allow for the pace, off the bat than when thrown.

Easy catches are often missed. It is worth while to know distinctly, why: because you do not draw your hands back, and no catch is so easy as to be safely made without.

Practise left-hand catches, and the right will take care of themselves. The same applies to left-handed stopping.

Practise, also, jumping off your feet and catching a ball in the air, when it is otherwise out of reach. The secret of this is to take pains that the ball shall meet the middle of the hand, at the bottom of the fingers, it then will almost close on the ball of itself.

Practise running in to a ball that would ground short of you. Pat it up in the air and catch it at the second attempt.

Practise, also, missing and "slobbering" a ball, and the ways there are to save it, when another man would not know what to do.

The captain of an eleven should devote three or four evenings to practising his eleven in fielding, while two men are put in to tip and run. This will soon show you what your fielding is worth—so very clean must be the picking, and so quick the return to get a wicket, when two men are determined to try the run.

This practice will especially test the excellency of your—

Throwing.—It was once the rule of the Wykehamists to limit some privileges in Cricket to those who had qualified themselves by throwing a certain distance. Throwing the distance was, with Cricket, what, at Eton, swimming the distance was with boats.

Quick, arrow-like throwing—no time lost high in air, but with as small a parabola as practicable—is essential to effective fielding. You must learn to throw “with the first intention;” or with a single step at most, “up and in,” is the rule—A return at a hundred yards from long-leg of course claims exception; but some of the longest throwers can throw with a single step, and almost without any apparent step at all.

Having attained to the power of throwing, how are you to use it? Why, never return a ball with a long-hop, if you can throw nearly breast high to the wicket-keeper. This is a very bad habit, though a very common one—losing many a chance of a run out. Still it is better to throw a long-hop than to risk throwing to the feet. But, remember, if you must throw a long-hop, be sure you throw a good one: send the ball skimming—as John Lillywhite does, though he is no great thrower—and do not let it lose its force and speed against the ground. The fielding of a certain Wykehamist Eleven, in 1827, numbering R. Price, F. B. Wright, Knatchbull, and Meyrick—names by no means forgotten at the present day—was for years after mentioned with enthusiasm by Mr. Ward and his friends as one of the finest things of the kind ever seen at Lord’s: I remember Cobbett specifying that their throwing was inimitable all round.

These remarks are quite enough to convince you that any throwing worthy of a cricketer must be made somewhat of a study.

And lastly, as to Running, I need say nothing about pace, which no rules can assist; but the art of starting quickly to left as well as right, as also the power of springing well without loss of balance—all this forms a kind of gymnastics, in which practice will avail as much as in any other exercise of activity.

For anything further on the subject of fielding I must refer you to the 10th chapter of “The Cricket Field.” The art of making runs between wickets, and all that may directly and indirectly be added to the score by good judges of a run, may also be found in a minutely-detailed calculation in the same chapter. And now, with one earnest caution—*nil sine labore*—that no man will ever make a player unless he works his brains as well as body to become one, I must bid my young friends—Farewell!

THE MONTHS.—SEPTEMBER.

EVERY season has its pleasures and delights. The spring, like youth, is gay, and bright, and green; the summer, like manhood, is vigorous, and blooming, and full of promise; the autumn, like middle-life, is the fulfilment of hope and the realization of the designs of spring; while the winter, like old age, is a time for reflection and peaceful contemplation of gone-by days. In the spring we sow, in the summer we enjoy, in the autumn we gather, and in the winter we rest. And, as in the garden, so in life. If we sow not good seed in the spring, our harvest will be barren and our winter desolate. Be up, then, betimes, boys. There is an old saying, that if you lose an hour in the morning, you may run after it all day, and not catch it; and so, if you waste the precious spring-time of your lives, no after application can altogether and entirely make up your loss. It is better to improve the morning while it is yet yours, than to endeavour to redeem the time in the autumn of your lives. I do not quite like that notion of "redeeming the time;" at any rate, not for boys. But "improving the time" is, perhaps, meant by the phrase; in which case I agree with the practice entirely.

You may think, now I have got into this moralizing strain, that I am an old fogey; and that I do not like to see boys enjoy themselves. Well, I am glad to tell you that you are quite mistaken. Nothing I love to see more than lads thoroughly enjoying their sports. *My* boys—there are three of them, rare fellows for fun and frolic—would tell you, if you knew them, that papa is as fond of a romp as either of them. And what time in the year better for out-door games than the glorious month of September? Cricket, hunt-the-stag, rounders, prisoners' base, the old-new game of croquet, leaping with a pole, jumping, steeple-chase, leap-frog, racing, swimming, see-saw—all these may be, and are, played in September. The heats of summer are succeeded by the cool breezes of the full-leaved autumn, and the fields, brown and ruddy, are alive with the merry noise of boys at play. And then the

sea-side. What delight to lie stretched upon the shore and watch the vessels pass and repass in the distance, and to people them, in fancy, with hopes, and kindly wishes, and longings for home, in the breasts of multitudes who throng their decks! What pleasure to think that all these people who go down to the sea in ships, and do their business on the mighty deep, are, like us, enjoying the lovely sunshine, that tips each wave with gold and spreads a glory over the mighty waters!

And then the castles that we build in sand! with ramparts and outposts, and towers, and deep ditches into which the restless tide may flow. And the wanderings upon the rocks in search of sea-anemones, and crabs, and pretty sea-weeds, and other curious things that are to be found by searching for. And the delightful sail in the morning, after our bath and our breakfast; when we come home to dinner as hungry as hunters! No month in all the smiling year so full of such delights as these—no month in which we can so thoroughly enjoy them, as brown September.

The weather is warm and balmy; the sportsman is out with dog and gun; the farmer is busy in the fields gathering in the produce of his spring and summer industry, while in the farm the sound of the thresher's flail is still sometimes heard. Much of the poetry of life in the country needs, however, to be re-written; though it is difficult to see how the steam engine, and the steam cultivator, and the steam thrashing machine can be very well brought into verse. But human industry, after all, is the highest form of poetry, for it makes our lives useful to ourselves and to our fellows, and throws a halo over even the commonest of employments. But for it, where would be the thousand signs by which we recognize civilization? Wild flowers would bloom in the hedges, certainly; and birds would sing in the trees, it is true; and fish would swarm the seas, and insects would sport and play in the still pools; and beasts would roam in the forests: but our gardens would be wildernesses, and our fields would be swamps; our woods and forests would engender fever instead of health, and the great wide seas would no more be dotted over with the ships of all nations, carrying on the commerce of the world. It is the presence of man, evident in the work of his hands, that gives beauty to the landscape and throws a vital interest over all land.

September is the ninth month of our Christian year; but with the ancients it was the seventh, as is seen by its name—*Septem ab imbra*, the seventh from the snows. The Romans called it the

month of consummation, the fulfiller of promises, the fruition of hopes, the era of completeness! With our Saxon ancestors it was the *Gerst Monat*, the barley month, because in this month they gathered in their barley harvest. From this month we get our word "beer:" *beerleggh*, barley drink. Its zodiacal sign is *Libra*, the balance, the sun being said to enter that portion of the heavens on the third day of September. Rain and sunshine have alternately refreshed the earth, and the air is now pure and invigorating. Everywhere there is joy, and the gathering in of stores; corn and hops, and fruits of all kind, wait but the hand of man for the reaping and the collecting together. As the days decrease in length, the trees and the forests get browner and richer in tint. In the orchard we have plums, apples, and pears; in the gardens there is still abundance of beautiful flowers; while on the hedges there is a profusion of honeysuckles, viburnum, briary, and nightshade. The scarlet berries of the hawthorn—hips and haws—now appear, and amid the autumnal glories of the season we may reckon the violet-hued sloes and bullaces, the crimson moss of the wild rose-trees, the fruit of the mountain ash, and the blackberries dear to many an adventurous lad—if only for the memory of the Babes in the Wood, so tenderly cared for by the robin, most mischievous and daring of little birds!

In the calm and solemn woods the squirrel hops from bough to bough, and the birds that winter in England come trooping back from distant climes. The snipe, the curlew, the sandpiper, the field-fare, and the Norway thrush arrive just as the swallow, the dottrel, the fly-catcher, the reed-sparrow, the wheatear, the warbler, and many others take their departure till next April. Towards the second week in September the birds begin to charm us with a renewal of their spring songs, making the woods and fields resound with gaiety, especially in the early morning and evening. The thrush and the blackbird, after having been for some weeks silent, recommence their pretty piping notes and so bid good bye to summer. The wood-owl hoots loudly at night, the lambs bleat shrilly from the hillside to their careless dams; and, just as the nuts are ripe, and the acorns begin to drop from the brave old oak, the green snakes leave their last year's skins in the brakes and literally creep out of their own mouths. It is a delightful season; and we prize it all the more because we know that presently the days will darken, and the winter will be "looming in the distance." Calm and lovely are the evenings, even as the close of a good man's life. September the 29th is Michaelmas

Day—the “Feast of St. Michael and all the Holy Angels.” This is a calendar day with us, and a great festival in the Romish Church. Michael is represented as the “Guardian and protector of the Christian Church, and also of the Jews.” On this day—which is one of the “usual quarter days,” as housekeepers well know—the Sheriffs of London, having been previously chosen by the citizens, are solemnly sworn into office. The Lord Mayor is also elected for the ensuing year, but he does not commence his actual duties, as chief magistrate for the city, till the 9th of November following. The “Michaelmas Goose,” another institution of this country, smokes hot upon many a board this day; and a present of game from “Uncle Tom in Suffolk” makes its welcome appearance on scores of dinner tables.

Oliver Cromwell, the “great protector,” died on the 3rd of September, 1658; and on the 5th, in 1774, the first American Congress was held; on the 7th, in 1709, the celebrated Dr. Johnson was born; on the 8th, in 1831, King William the Fourth and Queen Adelaide were crowned with great pomp and ceremony at Westminster; and on the 9th, in 1860, Victor Emmanuel was proclaimed King of Italy by General Garibaldi; on the 14th, in 1812, Moscow, the ancient capital, was set on fire by the inhabitants, to check the progress of Napoleon, and save the Russian Empire; on the 15th, in 1848, the first Congress of all Nations was held at Brussels to discuss the theory of free trade; and on the 20th, in 1790, France was declared a republic. Sir Walter Scott, the greatest novelist of modern times, died at Abbotsford on the 21st of September, 1832, aged sixty-two. On the 26th of the month, 1851, the first submarine telegraph was completed, and messages were successfully delivered between England and France. Since then the telegraphic system has been extended over nearly all the civilized world.

Au reste. September is not only a month for pleasant sports in the fields, but it is a time for study. The Christmas Examination must be prepared for; and woe to the boy who utterly fails. He won't fully enjoy the Christmas holidays without he busies himself in making ready for them now. In fact—and this you should never forget,—few enjoyments in this life are worth the having without we take some trouble to obtain them.

Spring's blossoms ! summer's heat,
Autumn's riches ! life is fleet.

G. F. P.

THE STORY OF CERVANTES.

CHAPTER XIII.—A passage from the Georgics.

WEEK after week went by, and Cervantes, although his gold pieces were fast melting away, could not help confessing that Naples was the most delightful place in the world—"a piece of heaven dropped down upon earth," as an Italian poet has it. Manuel, and Manuel's brother officers, did all in their power to make it agreeable to him; and what with excursions to the neighbouring towns and the islands off the coast; and what with buffalo-baitings, religious festivals, boatings by moonlight, supper-parties, and so forth, the days slipped by so fast that he had no time to count them.

The weather at this season was extremely hot, and the young men often started on these pleasure-parties late in the evening, and sailed, or rode, to their destination by moonlight. They then rested all the sultry morning, and came back again to Naples the next night, or the night after, taking the red light above Vesuvius for their beacon, and accompanied all the way, if it were by land, by myriads of glittering fire-flies, that flitted and whirled about like living sparks, or little fairy-torches. One day they went to visit the tomb of Virgil, at Pausilippo, an ancient sepulchre shaded by a laurel planted by Petrarch. Another day was devoted to seeing the ruins of the Palace of Tiberius at Capri, and the famous grotto, which they entered in a little boat through a low rocky arch opening on the sea. The interior of this grotto was bathed in one intense, tender blue light. The blue waves paved it in every direction, and flowed away, darker and deeper in hue, among its remotest corridors and arches. The roof, all glittering with pendent crystals, caught back the blue of the waves. The rocky walls, the air, the very fish darting under the boat's keel among the broken rocks below, were blue and clear as sapphire. Cervantes and Manuel were alone that day, with only a single boatman, and they read Virgil aloud to each other as they glided gently back to Naples across the bay.



Near Portici.—Smoke and Fire.

On another occasion they made a pilgrimage to Cicero's villa, and the grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl, who so puzzled Tarquin II. by burning the books of oracles. On another, they went to see the boiling lake of Agnano, and the sulphur plain of Solfatura. On another, the famous breakwater called the Mole of Hadrian. In short, Manuel took care that his friend should miss none of the natural beauties or classic antiquities round about Naples; although many of the latter, with which we are all familiar now, at least by name, had not then been discovered. Pæstum, with its two magnificent temples older than the monuments of Rome, was yet unknown to any but the obscure fishers of the Gulf of Salerno. Herculaneum and Pompeii still lay buried beneath the Vesuvian lava by which they were destroyed 1,500 years before; and vineyards flourished above their unsuspected ruins.

There came one day, however, when our hero had the good fortune to behold a grander sight than any he had yet seen.

The friends had gone a few miles out of Naples one balmy October afternoon, in the direction of Pozzuoli, to witness the festivities of the *Vendemmia*, or vintage. There they saw the vintagers tread out the last grapes in the wine-presses with their naked feet, and then form into a triumphal harvest-home procession—for it was the last day of grape-gathering, and they were going down into the town to spend the evening in dancing and feasting.

First of all came a bronzed, handsome fellow, crowned with grapes and vine-leaves, to represent Bacchus. He carried a staff twined with ivy in his hand, and wore a sheepskin thrown across his shoulders, spotted with red grape-juice, to look like the panther-skin of the Roman god. Next came women with baskets of grapes upon their heads; little chubby brown boys, like sunburnt Cupids, with great bunches of grapes in their hands; a long train of carts full of the piled fruit, both white and purple; some fifteen or twenty young men with blazing torches, made of the resinous pine-wood; then an equal number of young women, singing and dancing; and, last of all, followed by some boys with cow-horns and tambourines, a fat jovial-looking old vintager, crowned with leaves, smeared with juice, and riding on an ass to perform the part of Silenus.

"Who taught you how to arrange this procession?" asked Cervantes, turning to one of the men.

"No one taught us, signore," replied the peasant. "We always have it thus at the end of the grape-harvest."

"But who told you about Bacchus and Silenus? How know

you that Bacchus should wear a spotted skin, and Silenus ride upon an ass ? ”

“ Nay,” interposed one of the girls, “ our fathers dressed them so, and their fathers before them.”

“ Then it is an old custom among you ? ”

“ As old,” said the first speaker, “ as the ruins down yonder.” And he pointed to the sea-washed fragments of the Bridge of Caligula, that rose like sunken rocks out from the calm waters of the bay down below.

“ A fine answer,” said Cervantes, in Spanish, to his friend ; “ and a true one, beyond question. Centuries have done little to change this ancient people. As Virgil painted them, so they are still—children of the sun and sea. Have we not here a living page out of the Georgics ? ”

They fell in with the rear of the procession, and followed the vintagers down the hill-side to a green open place just outside the village, where the *festa* was to be held. Here tables were spread under the trees, and a plentiful feast of eggs, maccaroni, goat’s-flesh, cakes made from Indian corn, dried and fresh fruits, lemonade, iced water, and new wine tied up in skins, was prepared for all who chose to eat and be merry. Then Miguel and Manuel sat down and pledged the honest folks in country wine, and, by and by, danced a *tarentella* with the girls ; joining as merrily in the mirth as if they had been Italians themselves. At length, as the dusk gathered closer, and the fire-flies began to flit in and out of the trees, they flung a handful of silver coins into a cup, and wished the merry-makers farewell. The vintagers shouted their thanks ; Bacchus followed them to the stable where their horses were waiting ; Silenus ran after them with a parting bumper ; and the women watched them down the road, as if they were old friends.

“ *Addio, signori !* ” repeated old and young, as long as the strangers remained in sight.

“ *Addio, amici !* ” replied Miguel and Manuel, looking back, and waving their hands till the turn of the road carried them beyond sight and hearing.

“ They are a friendly race,” said Miguel, thoughtfully. “ Methinks we Spaniards would feel somewhat less kindly to a race of conquerors ! ”

Manuel laid his hand suddenly upon his companion’s bridle, and, without replying to his observation, pointed to an opening between the trees.

"Do you see nothing?" he said, breathlessly.

"I see only the trees and the rocks."

"Nay—yonder, there—through that opening?"

"Yes; I see a light; but what of that? A bonfire, perhaps, in celebration of some vintage feast."

"A bonfire, say you?" repeated Manuel excitedly; "such a bonfire, if I am not strangely mistaken, as neither you nor I may ever see again! See! see how it gains every moment in volume—how it reddens all the sky! Miguel, I tell thee, 'tis an eruption of Vesuvius!"

"An eruption of Vesuvius!" repeated Cervantes, scarcely believing what he heard.

At that moment they rounded another angle of the road, and the scene lay before them. At their feet the moonlighted bay and the sleeping city; beyond both the great volcano, surmounted by a quivering column of brilliant fire that fell over at the top in a widening shower, like a slender wheatsheaf or an Indian palm. Presently a low terrible sound, like gathering thunder, reverberated through the silence. The breeze died away. The young men held their breathing and gazed silently in one another's faces. Then, suddenly, as if at a preconcerted signal, they put spurs to their horses, and dashed away at full speed towards Naples.

CHAPTER XIV.—The terrible mountain.

THE two young Spaniards rode down into Naples as fast as their tired beasts could carry them, and having there exchanged them for fresh ones, started at once for Vesuvius. They found the whole city awake and in motion, the beach crowded with gazers, and the Portici road already thronged. Long before they reached the flourishing little town of Torre del Greco, they found themselves enveloped in drifting clouds of fine ashes. The ground trembled every now and then beneath their feet. A hollow murmuring, like the distant roar of a troubled sea, filled the air continuously, and was interrupted at intervals by loud explosions, like the discharge of a battery of heavy cannon. At Resina, where they left their horses, and took a guide up the mountain, they found the villagers on their knees outside the chapel in the market-place; and at Torre del Greco they met scores of these poor people, men, women, and even little children, hurrying away

towards the open country with baskets of grapes, which till now had hung ripening in the mountain vineyards, and bundles of the poles to which the vines were bound.

Soon the red light grew fiercer, and through the dense smoke that lay above, over the summit of the mountain, they discerned, rising higher and even higher, the fiery fountain which they had seen from Pozzuoli. They were ascending now, at every step, and the grey ashes lay so thick beneath their feet, that each tread left an impression, like a footmark on snow. On either side of the steep path lay flourishing vineyards; some lately stripped and harvested, others bending beneath masses of rich white and purple grapes, ready for gathering. Amongst these the dust had already drifted in great mounds, and in some places had smothered the vines completely. Even here, the peasants were running wildly to and fro, saving what they could, and lamenting the destruction of their fertile fields.

"It was all we had!" cried a poor woman, pointing to a small enclosure, which, from its low-lying position, was already half buried. "We shall never plant nor reap in it more!"

Cervantes gave her a coin from his scanty purse, and hurried on. His kind heart ached for the despair of these poor, beggared, country-folks.

They push on—they round a shoulder of rock that stands between them and the light—they find themselves on a kind of natural terrace, overhanging a deep ravine or valley, about half a mile in width, on the other side of which rises a black perpendicular mass extending upwards into the immeasurable darkness, and crowned with fire and smoke.

Having gazed for a long time upon this amazing sight, first from one point of view and then another, the friends retraced their steps, and reached the foot of Vesuvius just as the dawn was breaking behind the eastward mountains. Naples and Portici were still wide awake; and for one person returning, like themselves, from the scene of destruction, they met a hundred hastening out to witness it. By these, rich or poor, afoot or on horseback, they were stopped and questioned every minute.

"You come from the mountains, Signors?"

"Is it a fine eruption?"

"Does the lava threaten Resina, or Torre del Greco?"*

"Is much damage done to the vines?"

"Can one go near the top with safety?"

* This town was utterly destroyed by the subsequent eruption of 1794.

To these questions, and hundreds of similar ones, Miguel and Manuel replied with what brief civility they could; for they were fairly knocked up by the heat, and the long night's excitement. Near Portici, they saw a poor family sitting by the wayside, with some few of their household goods about them. The children were playing carelessly. The mother was sobbing. The father sat in silent despair, with his face buried in his hands. The aged grandmother, leaning on a blackened staff, stood looking back at the terrible mountain under its canopy of smoke and fire.

"My poor people," said Manuel, compassionately, "are you also sufferers?"

The man looked up, and was about to speak; but the old woman interposed.

"Silence, my son," she said, in a shrill quavering voice. "Dost thou not see he is an accursed Spaniard?"

Then, turning upon the young men like an ancient prophetess. "Begone!" she cried. "It is you who have brought this destruction upon us! You conquer us, you enslave us, you triumph over us, and the very hills make war against you! Begone, ere the sea pours in, and the ground opens under your feet! See yonder! See the fire from hell, pouring forth to devour you! It comes not in vain. It tells of more war, more bloodshed, more woe! War! War! Woe! Woe, and bloodshed!"

And, carried away by the fervour of prophecy, the old woman threw up her withered arms, as if invoking curses from heaven.

Manuel crossed himself devoutly, and rode off. Cervantes laughed, and, looking round at the turn of the road, waved his hand in gay defiance.

"A murrain on the spiteful beldame!" said he. "She is shaking her staff at us, like an old Hecate!"

"Nay, mock her not, Miguel," expostulated his more superstitious friend. "She hath, perchance, the gift of prophecy."

"Then she hath a most illogical gift," retorted Cervantes. "'Tis upon themselves, poor souls, that yonder Tartarus makes war; and not on us! 'Tis they who are chased from their little homesteads; not we from St. Elmo! 'Tis their harvests that are blighted—not our conquests that are wrested from us! Pshaw, Manuel, methought thou wert more reasonable than to think twice upon an old woman's ravings!"

But Manuel only shook his head, and said:

"Laugh as thou wilt, Miguel—my mind misgives me that we shall hear troublous tidings ere long."

(To be continued.)

CHESS.

THE OPENINGS OF GAMES.

A GAME well opened is half won. This axiom is worth remembering; but then a good opening must be carefully followed to its legitimate termination—the winning of the game. The openings most generally practised are known as the “King’s Gambit,” the “Queen’s Gambit,” the “King’s Knight’s Opening,” the “King’s Bishop’s Opening,” the “Evans Gambit,” the “Muzio Gambit,” the “Allgaier Gambit,” and other varieties of beginning the game known as “Irregular Openings.” Just glancing at these by way of introduction, we will play a game and explain the reasons for the moves.

The King’s Gambit is one of the most usual styles of opening a game. The first player (say White) moves his king’s pawn two squares, which black answers by also moving king’s pawn two. Then white moves his king’s bishop’s pawn two squares; and if black takes that pawn the gambit is completed. If black declines to take the offered pawn, then the opening is known as *King’s Gambit Declined*. The reason for sacrificing the pawn is to break up your opponent’s centre and so gain an advantageous position. It was the opinion of Philidor, the great master of Chess, that the position gained by the first player fully compensated for the loss of the pawn; but later authorities hold that the taking of the gambit pawn ought to ensure the victory to the second player: that is, presuming perfect equality of skill in the antagonists.

The Queen’s Gambit is a game in which both players advance K. P. two squares, and the first offers his Q. P. by advancing it two squares as his second move. The taking of the pawn by your opponent completes the gambit.

The King’s Knight’s Opening is the name given to games in which, when both sides have advanced K. P., the first player brings out his K. Kt. to attack the pawn—

WHITE.
1 P. to K. 4
2 K. Kt. to B. 3

BLACK.
1 P. to K. 4

Out of this opening comes the series of moves called the *Giuoco Piano*, as follows:—

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 P. to K. 4	1 P. to K. 4
2 K. Kt. to B. 3	2 Q. K. to B. 3
3 K. B. to Q. B. 4	3 K. B. to Q. B. 4

The *King's Bishop's Opening* is that in which, when the king's pawns on either side have been moved two squares, the king's bishop is brought into play at the second move. Thus—

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 P. to K. 4.	1 P. to K. 4
2 K. B. to Q. B. 4	

From this opening come the *Bishop's Counter Gambit*—

2 P. to K. B. 4

which is a bold but rather hazardous game; and the *Ruy Lopez Gambit*—

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 P. to K. 4	1 P. to K. 4
2 K. B. to Q. B. 4	2 K. B. to Q. B. 4
3 Q. to K. 2	3 P. to Q. 3
4 P. to K. B. 4	

This you will perceive is simply a variation of the king's bishop's opening and king's gambit refused. It is a powerful opening if not properly answered.

The *Evans Gambit* derives its name from its inventor, Captain W. D. Evans, of the Royal Navy. It is a variation of the *Giuoco Piano* assault—

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 P. to K. 4	1 P. to K. 4
2 Kt. to K. B. 3	2 K. to Q. B. 3
3 B. to Q. B. 4	4 B. to Q. B. 4
4 P. to Q. Kt. 4	4 B. takes Kt. P.

This last move constitutes the gambit, it being considered that the sacrifice of the queen's knight's pawn is more than counterbalanced by the position gained for the first player's attack.

The *Muzio Gambit* is a variation springing from the king's gambit, and arises from the sacrifice of a knight in order to gain a very strong position—

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 P. to K. 4	1 P. to K. 4
2 P. to K. B. 4	2 P. takes P.
3 K. Kt. to B. 3	3 P. to K. Kt. 4
4 B. to Q. B. 4	4 K. Kt. P. advances
5 Castles	5 P. takes Kt.

The taking of the offered knight constitutes the gambit.

The Allgaier Gambit is so named from its inventor, a German player of eminence living in the early part of the present century. It comes out of the king's knight's gambit; its peculiarity consisting in the sacrifice of a knight for two pawns—

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 P. to K. 4	1 P. to K. 4
2 P. to K. B. 4	2 P. takes P.
3 K. Kt. to B. 3	3 P. to K. Kt. 4
4 P. to K. R. 4	4 P. to K. Kt. 5

attacking the knight, which is moved to the fifth square in order to be given up if attacked by either of the pawns. This is usually the case when the gambit is completed by the sacrifice of the knight—

WHITE.	BLACK.
5 Kt. to B. 5	5 P. to K. B. 3
6 Q. takes P.	6 P. takes Kt.

From this point the first player ought to win the game. Play it out, and forward the moves. The whole game, as here opened, may be completed in twenty moves.

Other openings will be explained by and by. Meanwhile we will play a game throughout.

GAME II.

KING'S KNIGHT'S OPENING.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 P. to K. 4	1 P. to K. 4
2 K. Kt. to B. 3 (a)	2 Q. Kt. to B. 3 (b)
3 B. to K. Kt. 5 (c)	3 P. to Q. R. 3 (d)
4 B. to R. 4	4 P. to Q. Kt. 4 (e)
5 B. to Q. Kt. 3 (f)	5 P. to Q. 3 (g)
6 P. to Q. B. 3 (h)	6 B. to K. 2 (i)
7 P. to Q. 4 (k)	7 K. Kt. to B. 3 (l)
8 B. to Q. 5 (m)	8 Kt. takes B. (n)
9 P. takes Kt. (o)	9 Kt. to Kt. sq.
10 P. takes P.	10 P. takes P. (p)

BLACK.

- 11 Kt. takes P.
- 12 P. to Q. B. 4 (*r*)
- 13 Q. to R. 4 ch. (*s*)
- 14 Castles
- 15 R. to Q. sq.
- 16 Kt. to B. 6
- 17 Kt. takes B.
- 18 Q. to R. 3 ch.
- 19 Q. to K. Kt. 3
- 20 B. to B. 4
- 21 Kt. to B. 3
- 22 R. to Q. 6
- 23 Q. to K. 3
- 24 R. to K. sq.
- 25 R. takes B. ch. (*y*)
- 26 Q. takes P. ch.
- 27 R. to Q. sq. ch.
- 28 B. to Kt. 5 ch.
- 29 Q. to K. 6 and mates

WHITE.

- 11 Q. B. to Kt. 2 (*q*)
- 12 P. takes P.
- 13 Kt. to Q. 2 (*t*)
- 14 B. takes P. (*u*)
- 15 B. to K. 3 (*v*)
- 16 Q. to B. sq.
- 17 K. takes Kt.
- 18 P. to Q. B. 4 (*x*)
- 19 Q. to B. 3
- 20 Q. R. to K. Kt. sq.
- 21 Kt. to B. 3
- 22 Q. to Kt. 2
- 23 R. to Q. B. sq.
- 24 K. R. to K. sq.
- 25 P. takes R.
- 26 Kt. to Q. sq. (*z*)
- 27 Kt. to Q. 2 (*aa*)
- 28 K. to B. 2

- a* In order to attack the king's pawn.
- b* Black defends his K. P.
- c* Not a very good move, but it attacks the knight.
- d* Attacking the bishop, which is obliged to retreat to rook's fourth.
- e* Still attacking the bishop.
- f* Attacking K. B. P.
- g* A very bad move, as black thereby shuts in his K. B. It will be seen that this considerably hampers his play.
- h* In order that B. may move with safety if attacked by Q. Kt.
- i* The best move for black under the circumstances.
- k* Offering the exchange.
- l* A better move would have been to have exchanged pawns before bringing out the Kt.
- m* This move is so far embarrassing to black that it obliges him either to take the B. or to lose his R., as at the next move white could give check, but black might have defended the check with Q. B. at Q.'s second.
- n* The best thing he could do, perhaps.
- o* And thereby attacks the other Kt., who is obliged to retreat to his square.
- p* Black has now a weak game and no attack.
- q* In order to attack white's advanced Q. P.
- r* Loses a pawn but gains a better position.
- s* Still continues the attack.
- t* Black's best move.
- u* Only a temporary advantage, as will be seen by the next move, when white places his rook on queen's square, and thereby gains a very commanding position.

- v* To defend the knight.
- w* Taking black's queen and bishop, and obliging the queen to move.
- x* This doubled pawn proves a great hindrance to black.
- y* A bold and good move, as will presently be seen.
- z* To have moved king to his bishop's square would have effected little.
- aa* This simply delays the mate by a move.

This game is given, not as one of the best that could be played from the king's knight's opening, but simply as an illustration of the moves that occurred in an actual game.

There is another favourite opening called the *Scotch Gambit*, from its having been frequently employed in the famous match by correspondence between the London and Edinburgh Clubs some years since. This opening is also known as the "Central Gambit" and the "Queen's Pawn Two Opening." It is a thoroughly good way of beginning a game. The following is an illustration of this opening. It is taken from one of the many blindfold games played by Mr. Morphy during his visit to this country in 1858-9.

GAME III.

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

WHITE (MR. MORPHY).	BLACK (MR. KIPPING).
1 P. to K. 4	1 P. to K. 4
2 Kt. to K. B. 3	2 Kt. to K. B. 3
3 P. to Q. 4	3 P. takes P.

This move constitutes the gambit. This opening is a variation of the *Giuoco Piano*, the advantages being generally believed to remain with the first player.

WHITE.	BLACK.
4 P. to Q. B. 4	4 B. to B. 4
5 Castles	

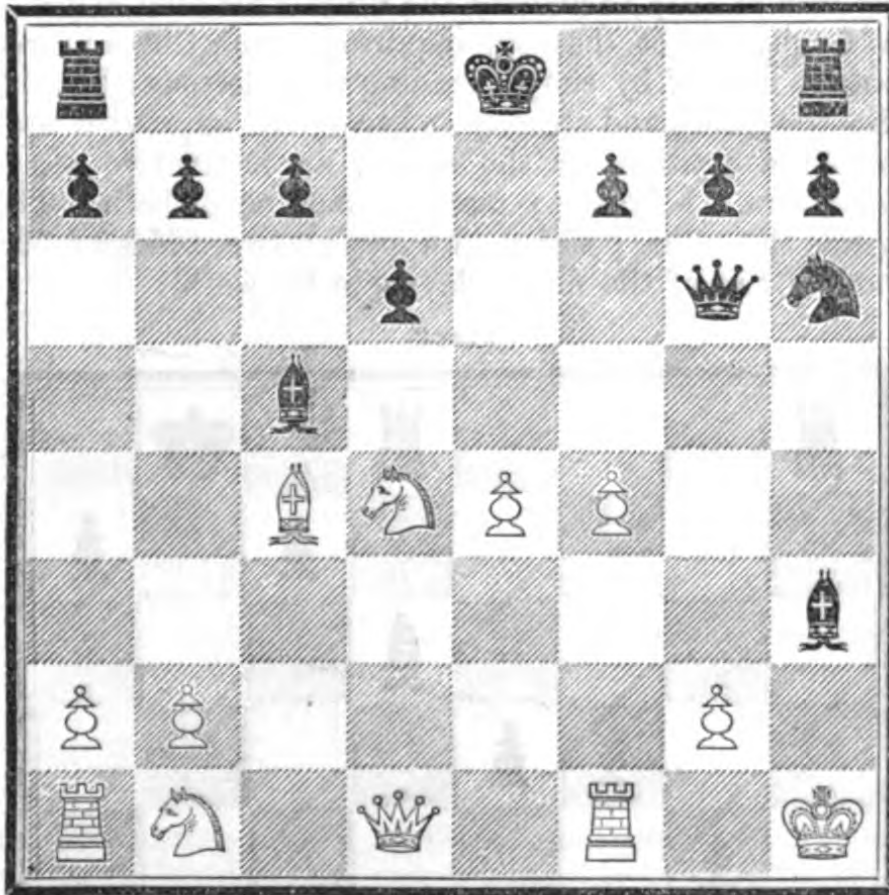
Here Mr. Morphy shows great judgment, as castling is better play than the usual move P. to K. B. 3.

WHITE.	BLACK.
6 P. to B. 3	5 P. to Q. 3
7 B. to K. Kt. 5	6 Q. to B. 3
8 P. takes P.	7 Q. to Kt. 3
9 Kt. takes Kt.	8 Kt. takes P.
10 P. to B. 4	9 Q. takes B.
11 K. to R. sq.	10 Q. to Kt. 3
12 P. to K. R. 3	11 Kt. to R. 3
	12 B. takes P.

Mr. Morphy in this blindfold game makes a slight mistake, of

which his antagonist takes immediate advantage. The position at this moment was as follows :—

BLACK.



WHITE.

The immediately succeeding moves were—

WHITE.

13 P. takes B.

14 Q. to B. 3

BLACK.

13 Q. takes P. ch.

covering the check, when black gains a knight. The loss of this piece is inevitable; for had either Kt. or R. been interposed the final result would have been the same—namely, the loss of the game.

WHITE.

15 R. to K.'s sq. ch.

16 Kt. to R. 3

17 B. to Kt. 5 ch.

BLACK.

14 Q. takes Kt.

15 K. to Q. 2

16 B. takes Kt.

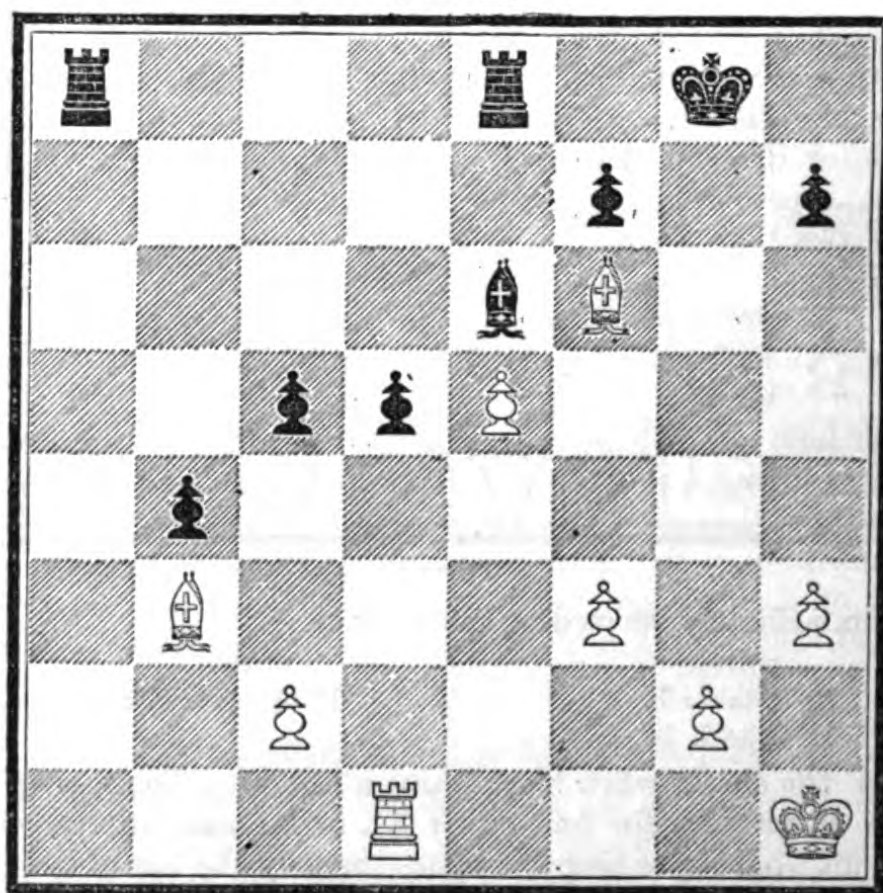
Had Mr. Morphy's opponent been less clever than he proved himself, this last move might have brought about a drawn game. As it happened, Mr. Morphy resigned after some twelve other

moves on each side. Now let my young friends play the game out from this point, and forward the result. The way to learn Chess is—not to make a number of idle moves, but to study the play of the best men and try to discover the reasons for each move.

Now I fully expect that any inquiring young Chess-player will not content himself by simply reading these lessons; but that he will play the games and steadily endeavour to improve himself.

I subjoin a position for the ending an instructive game, and give a problem. I hope to receive solutions of both. The following was the ending position in a game between Messrs. Morphy and Paulsen, two of the finest players in the world:—

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black moves and wins. In the game as played in the American Chess Tournament, black forced it by the strength of his centre pawns. I introduce this position to show the value of the pawns towards the end of a game. The least mistake, however, on the side of black would be fatal, as white's two bishops are just now nearly equal to a queen.

MY FIRST BEAR HUNT.



It was in the month of November, now some years ago, that my friend M— and I started on a bear-hunting expedition, for the Gord or Rocky Mountains of Mexico. The gray bears which frequent these mountains in considerable numbers are dangerous antagonists (as I can testify, by experience), from their immense strength and ferocity, and when wounded will turn fiercely on the hunter, often inflicting injuries which last for life.

M— (or Harry as I familiarly called him) was an excellent shot and an experienced sportsman; and as this was to be my first chance at a bear, I was naturally elated at the prospect.

Armed each with a double-barrelled rifle, a brace of horse-pistols, and a long Mexican knife, we started at an early hour of the morning, and after a long march arrived about noon at the foot of the Gord Mountains.

After having wandered for some hours through deep gorges, and ravines, and small patches of forest which grew on the mountain-side, without having seen any track of bear, or without having shot anything better than a vulture, which was feeding on the carcass of a horse (and which was so stupefied and gorged with its meal, that it allowed Harry to approach close enough to bring it down with his pistol), we entered a dense and rather tangled wood.

Plodding our way through this for nearly an hour we emerged on an open glade, in the centre of which, but slightly apart from each other, stood two maple-trees.

Towards these we mechanically directed our steps, and leaning each against a tree, we entered into conversation, descanting rather bitterly on our ill-success.

Harry proposed that we should turn back, but as it still wanted rather more than an hour to sunset, and I had not yet given up all hope of a brush with a bear, I voted for our staying on a little longer. To this Harry agreed.

It was while waiting here that Harry and I quarrelled. I can

remember it vividly yet. It would not interest the reader to know the particulars of our quarrel; suffice it to say, that Harry had spoken lightly of one who was very dear to me, and this I could not brook. At first I grew irritated, then angry, during which time Harry kept calm and quiet. It was, perhaps, this very calmness and the quiet sarcasm of his tone which irritated me; perhaps the ill-humour I was in at our non-success, might have had something to do with it; but be that as it may, our quarrel had reached its climax, and losing all control over myself I called Harry a liar, striking the ground at the same time with the butt-end of my rifle in the height of my passion.

I hope I may never see again Harry's expression at that moment. His face was ashy pale, with a large red spot on each of his cheeks, and his eye, which was usually expressive and life-like, was now cold, stony, and dull.

I was expecting some ebullition of temper, a blow perhaps, I knew not what—but this cold impassible manner, I could not bear. I saw in his eyes that whatever I might have been before, I was now no longer his friend, that he would treat me as he would a dog.

As I looked at him thus I saw him raise his rifle slowly to his shoulder, with the same stern, impassible look in his face which I never wish to see again! The barrel was pointed towards me—yet I did not shrink.

"Assassin"—I hissed the word through my teeth—Harry's rifle dropped to the ground.

"No, I am not a murderer," he said, in that dull tone which chilled my blood, "I will have no undue advantage. You are armed?" pointing to my rifle.

I assented.

"Well, should our rifles miss, which I do not think will be the case, we have our pistols, and failing that our knives." Here he touched the handle of his long Mexican knife significantly.

I shuddered to hear him talk thus.

"You will be good enough," he continued, "to take up your position behind this tree (pointing to the one near which I stood), while I place myself behind this other one," "but stay," he rejoined, "be good enough to lend me your watch."

I obeyed mechanically. Harry took out his, and comparing them together found they tallied exactly; he then hung mine on my tree, and his own on a bough of his own tree. "It wants now five minutes to the hour," he said, stationing himself at his

post, "when your watch marks five o'clock you will hold yourself ready to fire."

I looked at my watch; it wanted, as he said, but five minutes of the hour—five minutes—what a short time for the thoughts which came crowding fast and thick upon me.

Up to this time I had acted mechanically and as if in a dream; it all seemed so unnatural, that Harry who but a few minutes before had been my warmest friend, was now calmly and deliberately planning my death, and treating me as if I were an utter stranger.

How deeply I now regretted my outburst of temper.

"Harry," I said, calling to him—he looked up from behind his post—"you are then determined," I said, "that one of us shall not leave this place alive."

"Quite so," he replied.

"But Harry," I cried passionately, "it is wrong thus to shed blood. Harry, forgive me. I retract the words I said. You must know they were said in the heat of the moment. Let us make friends."

"It is too late," he said sorrowfully, and with something of his former manner.

I caught eagerly at the hope. "No, it is not too late, Harry," I said, "if you would only consider—"

He cut me short; all his cold, determined manner came back again. "We are wasting time," he said, "and we have none to waste." I was silent, as I saw it was no use pressing the point, till a thought struck me—"if I should be killed," I said, "who will know I was not murdered?"

I saw Harry start perceptibly.

"Ha!" he said, "you will please write—I have pencil and paper" producing both—"I died in fair fight." I wrote the words. "Now your name, quick," said Harry impatiently. I signed my name—"and you," I said, turning to Harry. "I will sign beneath," he replied. He did so; and placed the document equidistant between our two trees with a heavy stone upon it, then resumed his position.

All this had passed in less time than I take to relate it—the work of death was now complete. Glancing mechanically at my watch, I found two minutes had already elapsed—two precious minutes out of the five. Yes, it wanted but three minutes of the hour. Three minutes till I should be hurled into eternity; for I had given up all for lost, Harry I knew was a capital shot, and I—

well it mattered little, it should never be said that I fired with deadly intent at my old friend. I would only wound him, if possible. Only three minutes more—now but two and a half, and oh! what conflicting thoughts were passing through my brain. I was so young to die, yet I felt I would sooner die by Harry's hand than any other. But without one word of farewell to my relatives, to those I loved so well. I felt bewildered, the thought was maddening—but it would not do to think.



THE DUEL.

Banishing all thought with an indescribable effort, I leaned against the tree in a dull apathy, not caring what became of me. How long I remained thus I do not know—it could not have been very long though it seemed an age—when a low growl, proceeding from behind me, struck on my ear. I did not move till a louder and fiercer growl, this time much nearer, made me start. I turned

suddenly round and saw standing on the outskirts of the forest, from which she had apparently emerged, a huge gray she-bear. She was standing on her hind legs, growling fiercely; and as if uncertain whether to advance to the attack.

I did not give her time to consider, but, losing all thought of my perilous position with regard to Harry in the excitement of the moment, I sprang forward. "We will defer this matter to another time," I said. "You must not interfere, Harry," I continued almost fiercely. "Let me kill it all alone. You know it is my first bear."

"And your last—" the words came hoarsely from his mouth.

I did not heed them; rifle in hand, I had already sprung forward to within thirty yards of the bear (who was still standing on her hind paws, growling fiercely, and hesitating whether to advance or retreat), and, looking carefully to the priming of my rifle, I took a steady aim, and fired. Whether it was that my nerves were unstrung by our recent quarrel or that the excitement attendant on my first shot agitated me I know not, but certain it is that I only wounded where I intended to kill. Shrinking herself together with a fierce yell of pain, the bear sprang forward to the attack. The second barrel of my rifle did not stop her. Throwing away the weapon as useless, I seized one of my horse-pistols in each hand, and waiting till the huge brute was close upon me, I fired both simultaneously in its face. Though both the shots drew blood, they had no further effect than to irritate still more the bear, which with a fierce growl was now upon me.

I felt myself hurled violently to the ground. In a moment the flesh was half torn from my shoulder by the sharp teeth of my assailant, and my left arm was bared to the bone. But my right was still free. Grasping vigorously with my right hand my long Mexican knife, I struck blow after blow on the head and throat of my assailant, but with little effect, the bear trying to grasp the knife with her teeth. And now I felt my strength failing me; I could no longer wield my knife, and I gave up all for lost.

Even in this moment of dread, and almost certain death, I would not have called to Harry for the world; no, my pride forbade it, but I looked towards him such a look of reproach as must have touched him—must have haunted him to his dying day.

He was leaning against his tree, as if a spectator of the combat,

his rifle by his side, but there was a strange look in his face, which I never saw before, a look as if conflicting emotions were struggling in his mind: good and evil fighting for the mastery.

I turned away my gaze. There was no hope; I gave up all for lost; and now I felt the bear gnawing at my head—my brain seemed on fire—I was becoming mad.

I was losing my senses. At this moment I heard a loud report, and the bear fell from over me dead on the ground. Weak as I was and faint with loss of blood, by a superhuman effort I was enabled to look round. There was no longer any doubt in my mind as to the author of my deliverance. Harry was still leaning against the tree; but his rifle, which showed evident signs of having been recently discharged, was being slowly lowered to the ground. It was then I became insensible.

When I recovered consciousness, Harry was bending over me, and bathing my face with water. Taking a flask from his pocket he put it to my lips; the strong liquid acted as a powerful restorative, and feeling ineffably revived, I managed to regain my feet. Returning by a shorter and different route to that by which we had come, and leaning on Harry's arm, I managed to walk, though slowly enough to be sure, the two miles which separated me from my home. We neither of us spoke the whole way. Neither alluded to the topic which was uppermost in our minds. Greater and more grievous to me then than all my wounds was the loss of Harry's friendship.

Arrived at my home, Harry saw me to my couch, and throwing the bear's skin in a corner, he turned to leave the room. I called him back; he came and sat down by my side.

"Harry," I said, "forgive me, I have been very wrong, but God knows I have been punished for it. I have deeply insulted you, but I was not myself at the time. Oh, Harry, forgive me. Let us make friends," I had fallen on my knees. "I owe my life to you, and you acted so nobly when you might have——"

"When it was my duty," said Harry, raising me gently. "When good conquered evil."

Need I relate what followed? I knew from that moment that Harry was again my friend; that an insult which could only have been washed out in blood was now no more to be remembered. My joy knew no bounds. Harry and I have been better friends ever since. I am now perfectly cured of my wounds. The bear's skin I keep as a trophy, and I shall never forget my first bear hunt in the Gord Mountains of Mexico, which has taught me a lesson which I trust I shall remember as long as I live.

WOLF-PIT HOUE;

Or, a Moorland Ramble and Misadventure.

CHAPTER II.

THEY were not long in reaching the Houe, and with the legend they had just heard still working freshly in their imaginations, and especially interested with the mention of the skeleton and the accompanying urn and weapons, they found no difficulty in fancying the whole scene for themselves in very vivid colours. A large long block of stone, which lay rather slopingly in one place not far from the chasm they fixed on as the opening of the wolf's den, was at once pronounced to be the very one against which Thorketel struck his foot, and which, therefore, was the indirect cause of his mastering the brute so soon and so happily.

But a few minutes served to exhaust the interest which the place had acquired for them, and the same inquiry rose to both pairs of lips at once.

"What shall we do now?"

Jack was the first to answer the question, albeit his own as well as his brother's: "I vote," he said—

"I vote we go and see if we cannot find one of these Golden Plover's nests. There must be four or five of them piping away all round us, and I am sure by trying a dodge or two we might find a nest."

"What dodge?" asked Tom, rather at sea about his brother's meaning.

So he was told that Jack meant they were to go on trying to get near some one or more of the birds till they found one or a pair which suffered them to come pretty near. Then they would see if, on following these birds till they flew, two or three times in succession, they showed any inclination to return to the place, or near the place, from which they had been first made to fly; that, if they did, he, Jack, would hide himself up among the ling, and get his brother to go off to some distance, remaining himself to watch the motions of the birds.

Tom was at once confident that the plan would answer, and was already doing that to his Golden Plover eggs which the proverb says it is not well to do with our chickens before they have left off being eggs.

The opportunity of acquiring experimental knowledge in the way proposed was not lacking at all; for there were at least half a dozen pairs of Golden Plovers within a quarter of a mile of Wolf-pit, and it was not long before the two boys were quite absorbed with the interest of "trying their dodge." We cannot attempt to describe all their turnings, and twistings, and speculations, and assumptions, and disappointments, or, as they phrased it, "sells." Suffice it to say that in half an hour or so after they had left the Houe, having followed a pair of birds to the distance of nearly a mile from it, they came upon another pair whose movements appeared to fall in with Jack's preconceived idea, and he accordingly proceeded, with his brother's aid, to ensconce himself very snugly in a patch of long ling; after which Tom walked right after the birds as before, and had the satisfaction of seeing them fly back to the close vicinity of Master Jack's hiding-place. He himself took care to go quite out of sight in another direction, and then, as preconcerted, sat down to wait until the "dodge" had succeeded—or failed.

There we will leave him for the present to return to Uncle Edward. That gentleman had hastened his return home much more than was his intention on parting with his nephews, for he had received information which led him to desire to reach his temporary home soon enough to despatch a letter by that day's post. Having done this, and made one or two arrangements besides, which the alleged presence of an otter in the beck made desirable for the delectation of his young companions on the following day, he awaited their return with some eagerness, due to his thought of their delight at the probable otter-hunt. But dinner-time came and no nephews, and—what he liked very much worse, but in his busily-occupied state of mind had not noticed any precursory signs of before—unmistakeable evidences of the return of the morning's roke became only too sensibly apparent. Still he supposed that the boys had lost count of time in some bird-nesting or botanizing episode of their walk, and took for granted they would be home immediately. An hour passed in this state of momentary expectation, but still no boys put in their appearance. Seriously alarmed—for it would be nearly dark before he could reach Wolf-pit Houe, especially if he tarried to

collect a number of necessary fellow-searchers—he hastily summoned his host (whose name was Dale), sent his eldest boy out to alarm and hurry off as many men as he could find, with orders to hasten to Wolf-pit and wait there till they saw him, and then started with all despatch himself. He took the track pursued by the trio in the morning, telling Dale to take another, which he thought the next most likely to be taken by his nephews if already on their way home.

Nearly twenty men were collected at Wolf-pit by soon after seven o'clock; but it was impossible to see ten yards in any direction, and no one had either seen or heard anything of the missing boys. Such a search as was possible under the thick clammy envelope of the roke and the approaching darkness was made, and diligently carried on until after ten o'clock, but quite ineffectually.

Mr. Hayward started on his return to Armanthwaite with a sort of despairing hope that, on his arrival, he might find his nephews had turned up; but not until he had organized the means of a complete and continuous search for the missing boys, to commence with daylight on the coming morning.

We may, however, anticipate matters, and inquire what had become of our two young friends. A long half-hour passed before Master Jack saw reason to believe he had made himself master of the Golden Plover's secret, and then, with the signal before agreed upon to summon his brother, he proceeded to examine the spot supposed to be indicated by the motions of the birds. However, nothing was discovered except a kind of shallow circular depression on the top of a little tump raised a few inches above the surrounding surface, which the imagination of the seekers converted into a nest, waiting to be occupied in the course of a day or two, probably;—a surmise which was, very likely, not far from being correct.

But, though unsuccessful in the immediate object of their investigation, accident threw the desired prize in their way, as they went forward to try and "mark down" another nest-site in the same sort of way as the last. For Tom nearly walked into a nest containing no less than four of the peculiarly beautiful eggs laid by the Golden Plover.

Intently occupied with admiring and blowing and packing these eggs, the two lads had not noticed the gradual, stealing approach of the dark fog; and their first perception of its near presence was when Jack looked up to see the direction of Wolf-pit previously to commencing their homeward walk. But Wolf-pit was not to

be seen, and an endeavour to guess at the direction in which it lay issued, unhappily, in carrying them far wide of it. Twenty minutes' walking, instead of placing them beside their landmark, placed them on the verge of a bog, which they had certainly not been near before. They endeavoured to retrace their steps; and the endeavour in reality took them further still from their right direction; so that by the time Uncle Edward and his allies reached Wolf-pit, the two boys had managed to wander nearly five miles away from it in a southerly direction, Armanthwaite being rather more than that distance to the north-east of the same point. Half an hour later they pulled up, "dead tired," on the edge of a rocky ravine of thirty or forty feet deep and no great width.

"Well, Tom, I'm done," cried the elder boy, after half an hour of weary tramping in silence. "It's no use going down there. We don't know where it will take us to, and we may get into a worse fix than we are in now. What are we to do?"

"I am sure I don't know," replied poor Tom, with all the "monkey" taken out of him now, "I'm just fit to lie down here, and wait till somebody finds us. We can't be far off, Jack, and uncle's sure to send to look for us."

Jack shook his head at the thought of "not being far off," and "waiting to be found;" but, with a coolness which did him credit under the circumstances, sketched out his own plan as follows:—

"I tell you what it is, old fellow. We're lost, and no mistake. They'll come and look for us, no doubt; and they'll shout every few minutes in hopes of our hearing. Now we must listen for that; but we mustn't do no more than listen. You've got a good hunk of bread still, that you wanted to throw away when we put the eggs up; and I've got a bit too, and some ham. We'll eat that as we go back to that long ling we could hardly get through a minute or two ago. When we get there we'll look out for a dry sheltered place, and we'll make our bed ready; and, the sooner we do it, the better."

"Make our bed ready, Jack! What do you mean?"

"Oh! come along, and you'll soon see. You're a regular brick, Tom, to have held out so long."

Three minutes more and they were in the midst of the long ling in question, and Jack surveying a particular spot in it which he said was "just the place."

"Now, you Tom," he cried, quite in spirits again now that

he was busy, and about a hopeful plan, "work away like a Briton. Pull up as much of this long ling as you can and lay it down here, while I 'fettle oop' a place for our bed, as old Miles would say."

His hands were as busy as his tongue, and he had soon cleared a space long enough and broad enough to permit them to lie down side by side, arranging the ling he had cut or pulled, together with what Tom brought, so as to make a snug bed in the clearing; the tall standing ling forming, as he said, "first-rate curtains." Then he helped Tom collect more for "sheet, blankets, and counterpane," and, lastly, made Tom get in first so as to be able to cover him up, while he himself still sat up to listen for any sound of shouting or calling.

The brave boy remained on the watch for an hour or more after his brother had fallen asleep, and he himself began to feel very cold; and then he lay down too, drawing the ling well over both and falling asleep almost immediately.

Both of them woke, as nearly as they could guess, about one or two o'clock in the morning; not at all cold, except their feet, which were wet and constrained by their boots. Again they slept, and this time day had broken before they roused themselves. Jack was tolerably brisk and active, but poor Tom was sadly stiff, and in much pain, and scarcely able to move. Jack would not leave him, though he felt almost sure he heard the sound of wheels on his left through the stillness of the foggy morning. An hour passed, and he was still at his brother's side.

An hour later, and the gamekeeper, who had been on the watch for a supposed hankerer after Moor-birds' eggs, passed the place, saw the paper which had wrapped the remains of their provision, but saw nothing of the lost boys.

To return to Uncle Edward. By half-past eight o'clock he had ascertained that nothing had been seen or heard of the missing lads the preceding day at any of the houses in the two dales that lay along the flanks of the moorland hill, high up on which lay Wolf-pit. Half-an-hour afterwards he was at that place with seventy or eighty men under his command, marshalling them for a systematic search. They were to take the moor in strips, each man about thirty to forty yards from his neighbour, and so to leave no part unexamined. He was very anxious, and justly so; for the night had been cold, and he feared what the effects of such exposure might have been. Half-an-hour—an hour—elapsed, and no sign had been met with. Then the keeper came up, with a bit

of newspaper in his hand. He was desired to go along the line to Mr. Hayward, who immediately recognised the paper. Shouts of recal were immediately raised in order to go *en masse* to the place indicated by the keeper's discovery. Still some on the extreme right were not come in, and Uncle Edward was anxiously waiting for their arrival to commence the search farther on. While still waiting, a distant shout was heard from where the stragglers probably were, which was passed on by nearer mouths, and was, it was clear to every one of the group collected round Uncle Edward, of a different import from any heard before that morning.

At first only one word was made out,—“Found.”

A moment later, as it came nearer,” it seemed to become “One found.”

And then another word travelled on by the telegraph of human voices high raised, which sounded to all ears “Dead!!”

All search was now given up, and every one pressed forward in silence, or speaking only in suppressed whispers, towards the quarter whence the shouts had come. Soon a meeting between the advancing crowd and the outposts of the rest took place, and the former were struck by the absence of all solemnity in the bearing of the latter. Three words of explanation removed the surprise and the sadness of the larger party simultaneously. Both boys were “found,” it appeared; and “one” of them was—not “dead” but “abed,” in the nearest farm-house.

Jack's ears had not deceived him. He *had* heard the sound of wheels, and a little while before the keeper had passed he had gone, at his brother's urgent desire,—for he too heard the sounds,—and had fallen in with “a draught” returning along the Moor-road from the Coalpits near. In ten minutes more Tom was in the carter's arms, then put upon a sack or two and the man's great coat in the waggon, and, half-an-hour after, deposited safely at the farm-house above named, shoved into a warm bed, pitching into hot milk no end, with Jack at his side as fresh and as merry as if he had not passed a night on the open moor with no bed-curtains but a “desput thick roke on.”

Rambles through the International Exhibition.

BY EDMUND ROUTLEDGE.

VISIT THE THIRD.

THERE is no doubt about it. The present taste is for sights of the "sensation" order. A morbid craving, an insatiate longing for new and exciting scenes, are marked characteristics of the age we live in. To what this is referable is difficult to say. We are, however, led to make these remarks in consequence of the usually deserted state of all those portions of the Great Exhibition which do not serve to administer to this feverish appetite. Visitors, after making the stereotyped round of the Picture Gallery, after gazing at the tinted Venus, at Monti's sculpture, the jewellery, and other objects belonging to the sensation class, care little to bestow attention on the more sober displays of useful objects to be met with in profusion in a large portion of the gallery. The various Foreign Commissioners have used the space in the galleries allotted to them for the display of textile fabrics, which, although offering but limited opportunities for description in our rambles, are nevertheless highly deserving of examination by those who have leisure for the purpose.

On ascending the steps placed at the junction of the British Nave and the North-east Transept, we halted to gaze at a stuffed specimen of an enormous tiger, to which we must direct the visitor's attention, as we believe the skin to be that of the largest tiger ever brought to this country. From hence we made our way to the end of the transept, and then commenced our rambles along the Indian Court, undoubtedly one of the most splendid and interesting in the Exhibition. The first object there that attracts our notice is a model of the arrangement adopted by the Madras Government for working the diving-bell. Close to this will be seen a carved sofa in black wood. In the next case are shown a calculating-machine for East Indian wages, and some books, the binding of which is quite as, if not more, elaborate

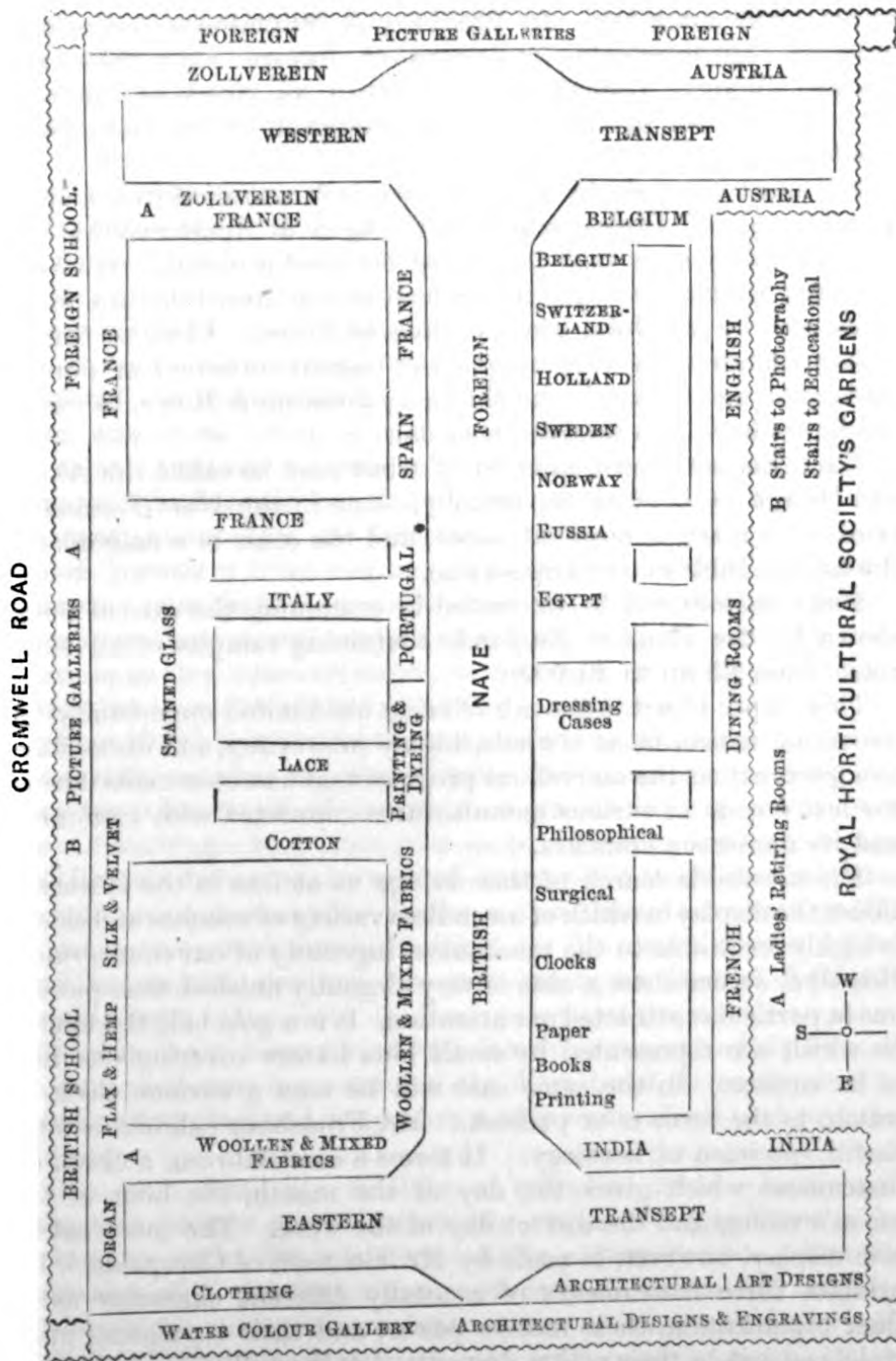
than any exhibited by our English binders. Then we pass on to a stand of gorgeous saddles. The camel saddle glitters with gold. The visitor should not fail to notice the peculiar shape of the stirrup, so very different from those exhibited in the Leather Court.

In straying through these regions of Indian productions, indicative of their peculiar customs and manners, one cannot help pausing a while before the case containing the agricultural, cotton cleaning, and other implements, the models of the natives intended to illustrate the various costumes, the different modes of traffic, and many other articles of the highest interest. Adjacent to this is the collection of Indian furniture, the carving displayed on which is wonderfully chaste, particularly as shown in a round table and a card table. But highest of all as a work of art ranks a carved cheffonier from Bombay. The leather case is very interesting; but in consequence of the odour of cookery, which is here but too redolent from the proximity of the culinary department, we hurriedly pass on, after casting a passing glance at another magnificent stuffed tiger, contributed by Colonel Reid. Making our way past cases of stuffs, shawls, and other varieties of textile fabrics, we next halt before a case containing carvings in ivory in the shape of chessmen, paperweights and knives, parasol handles, and puzzles, all wonderfully executed, and reflecting great credit on the ingenuity and patient labour of the poor natives who probably received a handful of rice for these masterpieces as works of art, which we, with all our loudly-vaunted advantages, can scarcely equal. Still keeping to the right, we next view the collection of Oriental jewellery, among which will be noticed two chess-boards in mosaics, and a case of silver filigree work. Every article in the inlaid-wood case is a gem in itself. Who can see and not admire the work-box, the writing-desk, the sandal-wood walking-sticks, the chess-table and many other things, all equally charming, but which our limited space does not enable us to mention in detail? Then we glance at another case of works in inlaid wood, and take our leave of Hindostan after stopping before a case of seeds and ropes, and another of the vegetable products.

The next court we enter is the Paper Court, in which we must first notice the lithographs of the Queen and the Prince of Wales, exhibited by Hanart, after Winterhalter's portraits. These deserve close examination, and are admirably executed.

Day & Son show several most elaborate chromo-lithographs. It requires a practised eye to detect the difference between some

PRINCE ALBERT'S ROAD



EXHIBITION ROAD
PLAN OF GALLERIES.

of the best specimens exhibited by this firm and carefully finished water-colour drawings. In Bradbury & Wilkinson's case will be observed an interesting collection of foreign bank-notes and postage-stamps. Among them is shown an engraved specimen of a new Bank of England note designed by the late Henry Bradbury.

Nor must we omit to direct the reader's attention to the magnificent case of Bibles exhibited by Eyre & Spottiswoode, and for which they have very deservedly obtained a medal. We hear that the contents of this case have been purchased for an enormous sum by Mr. John Field, of Regent Street. Close to this is a case containing a very unique and elegant collection of purses, card-cases, and pocket-books shown by Johnson & Rowe, to whom the jurors have also awarded a medal.

Near this are shown samples of what may be called the Alpha and Omega of biblical typography,—one is the New Testament printed on a single sheet of paper, and the other is a magnificent illustrated Bible of the largest size.

Many visitors will be interested in examining the case of notes shown by the Bank of England, containing samples of all their notes, from £5 up to £1,000.

This Paper Court, although offering but limited opportunity for individual notice, is, as a whole, highly interesting, and exemplifies to a great extent the marvellous progress that has been made during the last decade in various manufactures connected with stationery and its numerous branches.

The inevitable march of time brings us at last to the Horology Court, the display in which of an endless variety of watches and clocks is highly creditable to the mechanical ingenuity of our countrymen. Howell & James show a case of very elegantly finished time-pieces; one in particular attracted our attention. It is a gold ball, the figures on which are represented by small blue letters covering one half of its surface. In the same case will be seen a curious clock, or watch, in the form of a padlock. Mr. Frodsham exhibits a wonderful specimen of horology. It forms a candelabrum, a clock, an instrument which gives the day of the month, the hour of the moon's rising, and the correct day of the week. The most extensive display, however, is made by Mr. Bennett, of Cheapside. He exhibits three instruments of a totally different character as to their organization, their motive power, and their regulating principle, and yet in their action day after day they all coincide in time to the fraction of a second. Mr. Neal shows a clock which will

go 400 days without requiring to be wound up, as well as some interesting models of the largest diamonds in the world.

The surgical instruments present such an awe-inspiring array, that we almost shudder as we pass by the cases in which they are contained, and we feel assured that our readers will excuse us for not attempting to *dissect* the merits of such "wise saws." We must, however, direct the reader's attention to a wonderful splint for excision of the elbow-joint, invented by Mr. Mason. Let us rather seek to recover our composure by gliding into the sanctum devoted to the display of philosophical instruments. The microscopes exhibited by Horne & Thornthwaite are very elaborate. John Griffin has a case of apparatus used in elementary chemistry. Here will be seen beakers, retorts, retort stands, crucibles, test tubes, and almost every article appertaining to this occult science. In close contiguity to this is a very perfect model of a steam engine. Warren de la Rue shows some photographs of the sun and moon, and the different appearances they assume at various periods of their eclipses. The Universal Private Telegraph Company, established in 1861, whose wires now run across our streets in every direction, exhibit a plan, showing how far their works have at present extended, as well as their designs for lines at present in contemplation.

Negretti & Zambra have a splendid collection of all kinds of optical instruments, undoubtedly the finest in the building. Nor must we forget Mr. Lowe's ingenious pair of spectacles; Mr. Peter's machine for microscopic writing, by which the whole of the Bible can be written twenty-two times in the space of a square inch, and after paying a just tribute of praise to Mr. Babbage, the great mathematician, for his singular calculating-machine, we will pass into the court set apart for the display of dressing-cases.

Mappin & Co. have a beautiful dressing-case, with gold fittings, as well as a new bag, entitled the Registered Oxford Travelling and Dressing Bag, which appears a very commodious and portable article.

The same firm also exhibits a splendid dressing-case, with fittings, in maroon russia leather, the contents of which are quite in keeping with the splendour of the external case. But for chasteness of design and elegance of appearance we feel disposed to award the palm of excellence to a dressing-case shown by Howell & James, which must be seen to be appreciated. Whatever may be the merits of the new travelling dressing-case, styled

"The Mechian," we are unable to guess, as the proprietors perversely keep this novelty closed.

In the Swedish Court is shown the micro-gymnastion for the application and practice of Ling's Medical and Hygienic gymnastics. Here also may be seen various guards or pads to be donned in fencing, as well as a beautiful model of one side of a room.

Ecuador has a small but characteristic collection in the rear of the court we have just described. Round the walls are hung pictures from churches in Ecuador, all of which are painted by native Indians, and illustrate scenes from the Scriptures quite in a novel light. Specimens of coffee, india-rubber, tobacco, cigars, and cotton, are also shown.

In a little case in the centre of the court, will be noticed some idols, found seven feet under the level of the sea; the sceptre of an Inca, and a human head worshipped as an idol, which has been reduced from its natural size, by the removal of the skull and its contents, and the introduction into it of heated stones.

The space occupied by the Egyptian court is very limited, but when we consider that the Viceroy of Egypt is the sole exhibitor, we shall feel surprised that the court contains so many articles of varied interest and information. Here may be seen some works in earthenware, a case of swords, guns, and bayonets, sent from the manufactures of Cairo. The scarfs for the officers, of scarlet and gold, the slippers, the stems of the chibouks, and the saddlery are all creditable productions of native workmanship. There is, also, a case of saddlery, of which the most important is a dromedary saddle, of green velvet embroidered with silver, on which the Viceroy made his pilgrimage to Mecca.

The most interesting portion of this court, however, is the contributions from the Cairo Museum. In one of the cases is exhibited a collection of ancient Egyptian jewellery, almost all of which formed part of the funeral ornaments of a queen, who lived, it is believed, about 500 years before Moses. There is also a wonderful figure of an Egyptian demon, in white enamel, about the size of the little finger.

Another curious object is a sort of model mummy case. By the side of the body the soul is represented as seated, and on the coffin are inscribed prayers supposed to be addressed to the body by the soul, and the purport of which, as we are told, is to beseech it to remain undisturbed until the day of resurrection, when the two will be found together again.

Some exquisite hunting groups, in bronze, are specially worthy

of attention in the Russian court, where a very chaste billiard-table is to be seen, somewhat similar to those used in this country, as well as a very complete collection of carriages, sledges, liquors, corks, and two very beautiful pictures on glass. Against the wall are a few very clever pictures—(1686), the Dilemma of a Russian Peasant, and (1699), a Village Dance—being about the best.

Belgium shows some model garden-seats, a specimen of the tapestry of Jounay, an ebony sideboard, and some beautiful glass doors, marked at £25 each. Farther on will be seen a trophy of pipes, and some shoes of excessive elaboration in workmanship.

In the Austrian Court great taste is displayed in the arrangement of the cotton-reel trophy exhibited by Joseph Schoen. It represents a vase of flowers. We now pass by wools, muslins, and all kinds of clothing, and are soon at the North-west Transept where we can glance at the elaborate stained glass windows there exhibited. Underneath one of these is a vase of artificial flowers. The harmony of the colours has been very well arranged, but twenty guineas seems to us rather a high price.

We now take a general ramble through the space devoted to the Zollverein, France, Spain, and Portugal, as well as the departments in which are shown printing and dyeing, cottons, lace, woollen and mixed fabrics, silk, and velvet. In the clothing department we linger some short time until we reach the Eastern Dome, where we rest for a moment or two and make our excuses to the reader for having got over so much ground in so short a space. As we have already stated, we do not wish these rambles to be looked upon in the light of a catalogue of the Exhibition. Many objects, indeed, it would be out of our power to dwell upon. We will therefore make our way to the Central Tower, which is situated directly above the grand entrance in Cromwell-road, and separates the British and Foreign Schools of Painting.

We now ascend seventy stairs and find ourselves in a Tower, where are displayed the collections of photography and educational appliances. The contrast between the heavy, sombre, monotonous photographs and the rich hues of the pictures we have just left is very striking, and perhaps this partly accounts for the fact that the Tower is almost always deserted. Mr. Mayall has a collection of portraits which are worthy of his reputation. Messrs. Watkins & King's likenesses are also deserving of praise; but nothing in our opinion can rival the pure, though rich and brilliant miniatures of Messrs. Lock & Whitfield, and the large coloured photographs of Mr. A. Claudet. The department devoted

to educational appliances (separated from the present one by a screen) contains many objects of great interest to our readers. In one corner of the room is a model in which is depicted the career of a street Arab, beginning with that phase of his miserable childhood in which he is depicted picking a lady's pocket, whilst a near relation is going through the exciting performance of a grand fight. We then trace his progress through the ragged school, the discipline of the reformatory, and at last see him ready to start in an emigrant ship in the hope of becoming a prosperous colonist. Few features in this court are more interesting than the small recess devoted to the illustration of processes employed in teaching the blind. In the way of games all that the boy-lover of out-door sports can desire is here represented. Cane-handled bats, Lockyer's improved wicket-keeping gloves, batting gloves, newly designed pads, and every thing that the cricketer can wish for is shown here. There is actually a collection of birds' eggs and nests. We are also glad to see that the noble game of football is not forgotten in a court so well stocked with such implements.

We pass by the dolls of Messrs. Montanari, and notice with pleasure the collection of toys sent by Mead & Powell, the games invented by Jaques & Son, and the very original and perfect stock of games shown by Mr. Cremer, jun., of 210, Regent-street. Here will be found croquet, the national volunteer, roulant, summer ice, the kaleidoscopic mouse, cockamaroo, and many others, all equally delightful. Go, boys, feast your eyes on this well-arranged stall, and then walk down to the picture galleries. Dear reader, you who have accompanied us through our rambles, do you expect a description of the pictures? We trust you do not, because we must tell you honestly we have none to give. We confess we are not an art-critic, and so we leave it alone. Each visitor will best be able to judge for himself of the excellence of the various pictures there displayed, and if accompanied by a competent guide of artistic acquirements will be able to appreciate better the wonderful paintings exhibited. So, having rambled through the entire building we may perhaps be allowed to say in a few words what we think of it. Those who can remember its predecessor in 1851 miss the general *coup d'œil*, the airy and fay-like appearance of that wonderful Exhibition, but beyond that, on all sides we see improvement. The great "sensation" sight of the last decade has been considerably improved by cutting. The jewellery, the picture galleries, the sculpture, all have advanced, and so let us follow their example, and, advancing to the door, bid farewell at once to our gentle reader, and the International Exhibition of 1862.

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Mary and March Marston in the Cave.

THE WILD MAN OF THE WEST.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The cave of the Wild Man of the West—March and Mary hold pleasant intercourse—Dick's good qualities enlarged on—The Wild Man gives a Red-skin a strange lesson—A startling interruption to pleasant converse.

WHEN March Marston awoke the following morning, and found himself lying on a low couch in the mysterious cavern of the Wild Man of the West, he experienced the curious sensation, with which every one is more or less familiar, of not knowing where he was.

The vision in leather, which had worried him to such an extent during the night, had left him in peace—as most visions usually do—an hour or so before day-break, and as the real vision had not yet issued from the inner chamber of the cave, there was nothing familiar near him, when he awoke, to recal his scattered senses. His first effort to rise, however, quickened his memory amazingly. Pains shot through all his limbs; the chase, the fall, Dick, the cavern, recurred to him; and last—but not least, for it obliterated and swallowed up all the rest—the vision broke upon his beclouded brain and cleared his faculties.

Looking curiously round the cavern, he observed for the first time—what he might have observed the night before had he not been preoccupied with sudden, numerous, and powerful surprises—that the walls were hung with arms and trophies of the chase. Just opposite to him hung the skin of an enormous grisly bear, with the head and skull entire, and the mouth and teeth grinning at him in an awful manner. Near to this were the skin and horns of several buffaloes. In other places there were more horns, and heads, and hides of bears of various kinds, as well as of deer, and, conspicuous above the entrance, hung the ungainly skull and ponderous horns of an elk.

Mingled with these, and arranged in such a manner as to prove that Dick, or the vision—one or other, or both—were by no means destitute of taste, hung various spears, and bows, and quivers, and shields of Indian manufacture, with spears and bows whose forms seemed to indicate that Dick himself was their

fabricator. There was much of tasteful ornament on the sheaths and handles of many of these weapons.

The floor of the apartment in which he lay was of solid rock, cleanly washed and swept, but there was no furniture of any kind—only a pile of fresh-cut pine-branches, with which the place was perfumed, and two or three rough logs which had been used as seats the night before by the host and hostess of this—to March—enchanted castle.

March was staring earnestly at one of these logs which lay close to the ashes of the fire, trying to recal the form that had last occupied it, when a rustle at the inner passage attracted his attention, and next moment the vision again stood before him. It was, if possible, more innocent, and young, and sweet, than on the previous night.

“Good mornin’. You very good sleep, me hope?”

“Ay, that had I, a capital sleep,” cried March, heartily, holding out his hand which the vision grasped unhesitatingly, and shook with manly vigour.

“Bees you hongray?”

“No, not a bit,” said March.

The girl looked sad at this. “You muss heat,” she said, quickly, at the same time raking together the embers of the fire, and blowing them up into a flame, over which she placed a large iron pot; “Dick hims always heat well an’ keep well. Once me was be sick. Dick hims say to me, ‘Heat.’ Me say, ‘No want heat.’ Hims say, ‘You muss heat.’ So me try; an’, sure ’nuff, get well to-morrow.”

March laughed at this prompt and effectual remedy for disease, and said, “Well, I’ll try. Perhaps it will cure me, especially if you feed me.”

Poor March saw, by the simplicity of his companion’s looks, that gallantry and compliments were alike thrown away on her; so he resolved to try them no more. Having come to this conclusion, he said,—

“I say, Mary, come and sit by me while I talk with you. I want to know how you came to be in this wild, out-o’-the-way place, and who Dick is, and what brought him here, an’, in short, all about it.”

The girl drew her log near as he desired, but said,—“What Dick no tell, me no tell.”

“But, surely,” urged March, in a somewhat testy tone, “you may tell me *something* about ye.”

Mary shook her head.

"Why not?"

"Dick say,—'No tell.'"

"Oh! Dick's an ass!"

Had Mary known the meaning of her companion's rude speech, she might possibly have surprised him with a decided opinion in regard to himself. But, never having heard of nor seen such a creature in all her life, she only looked up with a quiet expression of curiosity, and said,—

"What bees an ass?"

"Ha! ha!—ho! ho! a——" roared our hero, with a mingled feeling of exasperation and savage glee—"an ass? Why, its a lovely slender creature, with short pretty ears and taper limbs and a sleek, glossy coat—like—like *me*, Mary, dear; why, I'm an ass myself. Pray do get me somethin' to eat. I really believe my appetite's comin' back agin."

Mary looked at March in much concern. She had once nursed the Wild Man through a severe illness, and knew what delirium was, and she began to suspect that her guest was beginning to give way.

"Now, lie down," she said, with an air of decision that was almost ludicrous in one so youthful. Yet March felt that he must obey. "Me will git meat ready. You sleep littil bit."

March shut his eyes at once; but, the instant that Mary turned to attend to the iron kettle, he opened them, and continued to gaze at the busy little housewife until she chanced to look in his direction—when he shut them again, quickly and very tight. This was done twice; but the third time Mary caught him in the act, and broke into a merry laugh. It was the first time she had laughed aloud since March met her; so he laughed too, out of sheer delight and sympathy.

When March had finished breakfast, he tried to get up, and found, to his great relief and satisfaction, that no bones were broken—a fact of which he had stood in considerable doubt—and that his muscles were less acutely pained than they had been. Still he was very stiff, and quite unable with any degree of comfort to walk across the cave, so he made up his mind to lie there till he got well,—a resolution which, in the pride of his heart, he deemed exceedingly virtuous and praiseworthy, forgetting, either deliberately or stupidly, that the presence of Mary rendered that otherwise dull cavern the most delightful of sick chambers, and that her attendance was ample compensation and reward for any amount of pain or self-denial.

"Mary," he said, when she had cleared away the *débris* of the morning meal, "sit down here, and tell me a few things. You're so terribly close that one doesn't know what he may ask an' what he may'nt. But, if you don't like to speak, you can hold your tongue, you know. Now, tell me, how old are you?"

"Fifteen," replied Mary.

"Ay! I thought ye'd been older. How long have ye bin with Dick?"

"In cave here—ten year. Before that, me live in my father's wigwam."

"Was yer father a trapper?" inquired March, tenderly.

Mary's face at once assumed an expression of earnest gravity, and she answered, "Yes," in a low, sad tone.

March was going to have inquired further on this point, but fear lest he should hurt the feelings of the poor child induced him to change the subject.

"And how came ye," said he, "first to meet with Dick?"

Mary pressed her lips.

"Oh! very well; don't tell if it ain't right, by no manner o' means. Do ye think that Dick intends to keep ye here always?"

"Me not know."

"Humph! An' you say he's good to ye?"

"Oh, yes," cried Mary, with a sudden blaze of animation on her usually placid countenance, "him's good, very good, gooder to me than nobody else."

"Well, I could have guessed that, seein' that nobody else has had anything to do with ye but him for ten years past."

"But him's not only good to me—good to everybody," continued the girl, with increasing animation. "You not know *how* good—can't know."

"Certainly not," assented March, "it ain't possible to know, not havin' bin told; but if you'll tell me I'll listen."

March Marston had at last struck a cord that vibrated intensely in the bosom of the warm-hearted child. She drew her log closer to him in her eagerness to dilate on the goodness of her adopted father, and began to pour into his willing ears such revelations of the kind and noble deeds that he had done, that March was fired with enthusiasm, and began to regard his friend Dick in the light of a demigod. Greatheart, in the "Pilgrim's Progress," seemed most like to him, he thought, only Dick seemed grander, which was a natural feeling; for Bunyan drew his Greatheart true to nature, while Mary and March had invested Dick with a robe of

romance which glittered so much that he looked preternaturally huge.

March listened with rapt attention; but as the reader is not March, we will not give the narrative in Mary's bad English. Suffice it to say, that she told how, on one occasion, Dick happened to be out hunting near to a river into which he saw a little Indian child fall. It was carried swiftly by the current to a cataract of fifty feet high, and in a few minutes would have been over and dashed to pieces, when Dick happily saw it, and, plunging in, brought it safe to shore, yet with such difficulty, that he barely gained the bank and grasped the branch of an overhanging willow when his legs were drawn over the edge of the fall. He had to hold on for ten minutes, till men came from the other side of the stream to his assistance.

Mary also told him (and it was evening ere she finished all she had to tell him) how that, on another occasion, Dick was out after grislies with a hunter who had somehow allowed himself to be caught by a bear, and would have been torn in pieces had not Dick come up with his great two-edged sword—having fired off his rifle without effect—and, with one mighty sweep at the monster's neck, cut right through its jugular vein, and all its other veins, down to the very marrow of its back-bone; in fact, killed it at one blow—a feat which no one had ever done, or had ever heard of as being done, from the days of the first Indian to that hour!

Many such stories did Mary relate to the poor invalid, who bore his sufferings with exemplary patience and fortitude, and listened with unflagging interest; but of all the stories she told, none seemed to afford her so much pleasure in the telling as the following:—

One day Dick went out to hunt buffaloes on his big horse, for he had several steeds, one or other of which he rode according to fancy; but he always mounted the big black one when he went after the buffalo or to war. Mary here explained very carefully that Dick never went to war on his own account, that he was really a man of peace, but that, when he saw oppression and cruelty, his blood boiled within him at such a rate that he almost went mad, and often, under the excitement of hot indignation, would he dash into the midst of a band of savages and scatter them right and left, like autumn leaves.

Well, as he was riding along among the mountains, near the banks of a broad stream, and not far from the edge of the great prairie, he came suddenly on an object that caused his eyes to

glare and his teeth to grind ; for there, under the shade of a few branches, with a pot of water by her side, sat an old Indian woman. Dick did not need to ask what she was doing there. He knew the ways of the redskins too well to remain a moment in doubt. She had grown so old and feeble that her relations had found her burdensome ; so, according to custom, they left her there to die. The poor old creature knew that she was a burden to them. She knew also the customs of her tribe—it was at her own request she had been left there, a willing victim to an inevitable fate, because she felt that her beloved children would get on better without her. They made no objection. Food, to last for a few days, was put within reach of her trembling hand ; a fire was kindled, and a little pile of wood placed beside it, also within reach. Then they left her. They knew that when that food was consumed, and the last stick placed upon the fire, the shrunken limbs would stand in need of no warmth,—the old heart would be still. Yet that heart had once beat joyfully at the sound of those pattering feet that now retired with heavy ruthless tread for ever. What a commentary on savage life ! What a contrast between the promptings of the unregenerate heart of man and the precepts of that blessed—thrice blessed Gospel of Jesus Christ, where love, unalterable, unextinguishable, glows in every lesson and sweetens every command !

When Dick came upon her, suddenly, as we have said, he was not ten paces distant from the spot where she sat ; but she was apparently deaf and blind, for she evinced no knowledge of his presence. She was reaching out her skinny arm to place another stick upon the sinking fire at the time, for it was a sharp and cold, though a bright and sunny autumn day. Dick stopped his horse, crushed his teeth together, and sat for a few moments regarding her intently.

Either the firewood had originally been placed too far away from the old woman's hand, or she had shifted her position, for she could not reach it. Once and again she made the effort—she stretched out her withered arm and succeeded in just touching the end of one of the pieces of wood, but could not grasp it. She pawed it once or twice, and then gave up the attempt with a little sigh. Drawing herself slowly together, she gathered up the rabbit-skin blanket which rested on her shoulders and attempted feebly to fold it across her chest. Then she slowly drooped her white head, with an expression of calm resignation on her old wrinkled visage.

Dick's great heart almost burst with conflicting emotions. The wrath that welled up as he thought of the deserters was met by a gush of tender pity as he gazed through blinding tears on the deserted. With a fling that caused his stout war-horse to stagger, he leapt to the ground, tore open the breast of his hunting-shirt, and, sitting down beside the old woman, placed her cold hand in his bosom.

She uttered a feeble cry and made a slight momentary effort to resist; but Dick's act, though promptly, was, nevertheless, tenderly done, and the big hand that stroked her white head was so evidently that of a friend, that the poor creature resigned herself to the enjoyment of that warmth of which she stood so much in need. Meanwhile Dick, without shifting his position, stretched forth his long arm, collected all the wood within reach, and placed it on the fire.

After a few minutes the old woman raised her head, and looking earnestly in Dick's face with her bleared and almost sightless eyes, said, in the Indian language, with which her companion was well acquainted,—

"My son, have you come back to me?"

A gush of indignant feeling had again to be violently stifled ere Dick could answer in moderate tones,—

"No, mother, he's *not* come back; but I'll be a son to ye. See, sit up an' warm yerself at the blaze. I'll get ye some meat and sticks."

In hot haste, and with desperate activity, for he had no other way of relieving his feelings, Dick cut down a quantity of firewood and placed it close to the hand of the old woman. Then he untied the tin kettle which he always carried at his saddle-bow, and, with a piece of dried venison, concocted a quantity of hot soup in a marvellously short space of time. This done, he sat down beside the old woman and made her partake of it.

"Is it long since they left ye, mother?" he said, after she had swallowed a little.

The old woman pondered for a few seconds.

"No," she said, "not long. Only one sun has gone down since my son left me." Then she added, in a sad tone, "I loved him. He is a great warrior—a brave chief—and he loved me, too. But he had to leave me. I am old and useless. It is my fate."

"Describe your son to me," said Dick, abruptly.

"He is tall and straight as the poplar," began the old creature, while a look of pride played for a moment on her withered coun-

tenance. "His shoulders are broad and his limbs are supple. He can run and leap like the deer, but not so well as he once could. Grey hairs are now mingling with the black——"

"Has he any mark by which I could find him out?" interrupted Dick, impatiently.

"He has a deep cut over the right eye," returned the woman; "but stay," she added, in some alarm, "you would not harm my son, you are not an enemy?"

"No, I would not; I would do him good. Which way did they go?"

"To the prairie—to the rising sun."

Dick at once arose, placed the kettle of soup close to the old woman's side, and, unbuckling his saddle-girth, removed the blanket that covered his saddle, and transferred it to her shoulders.

This done, without uttering another word, he vaulted into his saddle, and dashed away as if he were flying for his life. The old woman listened until the clatter of his horse's hoofs ceased to beat upon her deadened ear, and then bent her head, as at the first, in calm resignation. Doubtless she fancied that another fellow-creature had forsaken her, and that the end would soon come.

But Dick had not forsaken her. He bounded along over the rugged ground on his mettlesome steed, striking fire from the flinty rocks, leaping creeks and rivulets, bursting through bush and break, mile after mile, until he gained the open prairie, while the black coat of his charger was speckled with foam. Here he drew rein, and trotted hither and thither in search of the tracks of the Indians. He found them at last, and dismounted to examine them, for, save to the eye of a trapper or a redman, there were no visible tracks on that hard turf.

Remounting, he resumed his headlong course—sweeping over the springy turf of the plains as if his horse were a winged Pegasus, whose energies could not know exhaustion. All day he rode, and as evening drew on he came in sight of the tribe of Indians.

They had encamped for the night, and were preparing their evening meal; but when they saw the solitary horseman on the far off horizon, the braves and old men went to the verge of the camp to watch him. On he came, bounding over the turf like the prong-horned antelope, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, but taking everything that intercepted him in a flying leap, and bearing down on the camp as an arrow flies from the bow.

Although a single horseman is not usually an object of terror to a band of Indians, these braves soon began to evince by their looks that they did not feel easy in regard to this one. As he drew near they recognized him, for Dick had, on a former occasion, given this particular tribe a taste of his prowess. Each man instantly rushed to his weapons and horse, but the horses had been turned out to graze, and could not be easily caught. Before they secured their weapons Dick was in the midst of them. With an eagle glance he singled out the chief with the cut over his right eye, and rode between him and his tent. The Indian, seeing that he was cut off from his weapons, darted swiftly out upon the plain, and made for a clump of stunted trees, hoping to find shelter until his comrades could come to his rescue. But Dick was there before him, and rode down upon him in such a way that he was compelled to take to the open plain and run for his life.

His pursuer allowed him to run, keeping just close enough to him to force him into the particular course he desired him to take. But the savage proved, indeed, to be what his mother had styled him—a brave chief. Apparently resolving rather to die than to be hunted thus like a wolf, he halted suddenly; turned sharp round, and, crossing his arms on his bare chest, looked Dick full in the face as he came up. Just as he was within ten yards of him, the Indian drew his knife, and hurled it at the breast of his enemy with such violence that it hissed in its passage through the air. Dick received it on his shield, where it stood quivering. Plucking it therefrom with a grim smile, he placed it in his own girdle, and riding up to the Indian, sternly bade him mount in front of him.

There was no refusing to obey that voice. The Indian cast one uneasy glance towards his camp, which was now far away on the plain, but there was no sign of any one coming to the rescue. His captor had got the credit of being an evil spirit, and he felt that he was left to his fate. A hasty repetition of the order compelled him to turn and seize the mane of the horse. Dick held out his toe for him to step on; the next moment he was seated in front of the pale-face, galloping towards the mountains.

Whatever astonishment the Indian felt at this singular treatment, or whatever his curiosity as to the result of it all, his countenance expressed nothing but calm scorn and defiance. He was evidently working himself into that state of mind which these redskin warriors endeavour to assume when they are captured and taken to the stake and the torture, there to prove their title to the name of brave by enduring the most inconceivable agonies with

stoical indifference, or there to bring discredit on their tribe, infamy on their name, and joy to their enemies, by breaking down under the infliction of tortures, at the bare mention of which humanity shudders.

For some time they maintained the same headlong speed. When, however, all danger of pursuit was over, Dick drew rein, and proceeded more leisurely, in order to relieve his now jaded steed. But that was a steed of the true metal. It possessed that generous spirit which would have induced it willingly to exert itself even to the death. Its owner might have ridden it till it fell prostrate and dying on the plain, but he could not have ridden it to the point of refusing to advance because of exhaustion. He was merciful to it, and went slowly during the night, but he did not come to a final halt until the rising sun found him close to the camp of the dying woman.

The Indian now, for the first time, began partly to guess the object of his having been brought there, and steeled his heart to bear whatever might await him.

Dick dismounted, and, grasping the Indian with a force that showed him how helpless he would be in a personal struggle, should he venture to attempt it, led him forward, and placed him a few paces in front of his dying mother.

She was sitting just as she had been left, but the fire had gone out, and she trembled violently beneath the blanket which she had sought to pull closer around her wasted form. Dick blamed himself mentally for having put so little wood on the fire, and proceeded to rekindle it; but, before doing so, he took a chain from his saddle-bow, with which he fastened the Indian to a tree that stood exactly opposite the spot on which the old woman sat, and not ten paces distant. He bound him in such a way that he could sit on the ground and lean his back against the tree, but he could neither stand up nor lie down.

For the first time the countenance of the savage betrayed uneasiness. He believed, no doubt, that he was to be left to witness the dying agonies of his mother, and the thought filled him with horror. To leave her, as he did, to perish, had not been difficult, because he knew that he should not see the act of perishing; but to be brought there and compelled to witness this terrible doom, acted out in all its minute and horrible details on the mother whom he had once loved so tenderly, was maddening to think of. All the dread tortures that had yet been invented and practised on warriors must have seemed to him as nothing com-

pared with this awful device of the pale-face, on whom he now glared with the eyes of implacable hate and ferocity.

"Will the pale-face," he said, fiercely, "cast me loose, and meet me hand to hand in a fair fight? Surely," he added, changing his tone to one of ineffable scorn, "the pale-face is not weak, he is not a small man, that he should fear a chief like Bighorn."

"Hark'ee! Bighorn," said Dick, striding up to him, and laying the cold edge of his hatchet on the Indian's forehead; "if you speak another word above yer breath, the pale-face will cleave ye to the chin."

There was something so thoroughly resolute in Dick's voice that the Indian was cowed effectually.

The fire was soon lighted, and Dick chafed and warmed the limbs of the old woman until he brought back the vital spark. Then he set on the kettle to boil. While a new mess was preparing, he went into the wood, and, with lusty blows, brought down the trees and cut them into huge billets, which he piled upon the fire until it roared again, and the heart of the feeble creature began to beat once more with somewhat of its wonted vigour. This done, he arranged a couch in such a way that she might get the full benefit of the heat without being scorched; after which he rubbed down his good steed and cast it loose to feed. Then he cooked and ate some food, but offered never a bit to the Indian, who gazed at him as he performed these various actions with ever-increasing amazement and anxiety.

Then Dick sat down beside the old woman, to feed and tend her till she should die; and he knew the signs of death too well to suppose that his care would long be required. All that day, and all that night, and all the next day, did the trapper, the old woman, and the Indian, remain in much the same position. Dick moved about a little, to give the old woman food and drink as she required it, and to wrap the blanket more comfortably round her, for which kind deeds the poor creature often tried to gaze fondly in his face with her sightless eyes.

During all this time her son sat opposite, observing every look and motion, yet unable himself to move. The pangs of hunger now began to gnaw within him, and, from his cramped position, he became so cold that he trembled violently in every limb, despite his efforts to command himself. But Dick paid no attention whatever to him; he knew that he was strong, and could stand it. Once the Indian implored his jailor to give him some food, but

Dick said, sternly,—“I’ll give ye food before ye die, *if ye keep quiet.*”

At last, about nightfall of the second day, the sands of life began to run slowly. Dick saw that the old woman’s end was approaching, so he rose, and, going towards her son, he placed food before him. He devoured it ravenously. Then he gave him drink, and, loosing him, led him to the fire, where he speedily recovered his wonted heat and energy. After that, Dick led him to his mother’s side and made him kneel.

“Mother,” said Dick, “can you see and hear me?”

“Ay; but you are not my son,” said the dying woman, faintly. “You are a pale face—you are very good—but you are not my son.”

“True, mother; but see, I have brought your son back to you! Lay your hand on her forehead,” he added, in that low, stern under-tone which he had used throughout to Bighorn, who could not but obey, “stroke her head, look in her eyes, and speak to her.”

The red man did not require to be told now. A natural impulse led him to do as he was bid. The instant the tones of his voice struck her ear, the old woman seemed to awaken with a start; she looked up eagerly, caught the hand that touched her forehead, and, passing her own thin hand up to the Indian’s face, felt the scar over his eye, as if to render herself doubly sure. Then she grasped the hand again in both of hers, and, taking it under the blanket, pressed it to her withered breast and held it tightly there.

But that burst of unexpected joy hastened the falling of the last few grains of sand. For ten minutes longer they watched her as the breath went and came more and more feebly. Then it ceased altogether, and death sealed her eyes. But she did not release the hand of her son. He had some difficulty in loosening that clasp of maternal love which was stronger even than death.

After all was over, Dick seized the Indian and led him to the tree, to which he chained him again. Then he dug a grave in the soft soil, in which he placed the body of the old woman with gentle care. Having covered it over he went into the woods, caught and saddled his horse, and led him towards the wondering savage, whom he once more unbound and set free.

“Bighorn,” said Dick, impressively, “you’ve been made to comfort and gladden the heart o’ yer old mother in her last moments. If ye was a pale-face, ye’d thank the Great Spirit for that to the last day o’ yer life. If ye ever do come to think like the pale-faces, you’ll remember that you’ve to thank me for bringing ye

here. Go, tell the redskins who it is that caught ye, and what he did and said to ye."

Saying this, Dick mounted his horse and rode very slowly into the forest, leaving the red man standing by the side of his mother's grave.

After Mary had concluded this story, which, we may remark, she related with much fewer comments than we have seen fit to pass upon it, she and March looked at each other for a long time in silence. Then March suddenly exclaimed,—

"He's a splendid fellow, Dick!"

Mary, both by looks and words, highly approved of this opinion. "And yet," said she, somewhat abstractedly, "this bees the man who peepils call——"

Mary pursed her lips suddenly.

"Call *what*?" inquired March, quickly.

"Wicked, wild, bad man," replied Mary, who, fortunately, could say all this with perfect truth without betraying her secret. In fact, poor Mary had never had a secret confided to her before, and having been told by the Wild Man of the West that she was on no account to reveal his real title to their guest, she was in the utmost perplexity lest it should slip out unawares.

"Mary," said March, who was always stumbling upon the verge of the truth in a most unaccountable way, without actually getting hold of it, "have you ever seen the Wild Man of the West?"

"Yes," replied the girl, with a gay smile.

"Have you? Well now, that's odd! How much I should like to see him. To tell you the truth, one of my chief reasons for coming here was to see him. What like is he?"

"Like Dick," replied the girl, quietly.

"Like Dick!" echoed March in surprise; "why, that's what Dick said himself, and yet, by all accounts, his character must be very different from that of Dick, who seems to be the kindest, tenderest-hearted man that ever came to trap in the Rocky Mountains."

"What does peepil say 'bout this Wild Mans of the West?" inquired Mary.

"That he's awful fierce an' terrible cruel, an' ten or fifteen feet high, I forget which, for everybody gives him a different height."

Mary laughed. "Bees that all?"

"Oh no! They say he eats men."

Mary laughed again.

"'An women and bears—raw."

Mary laughed louder and longer than ever, and when she laughed she looked so ineffably sweet, that March resolved to go on with the catalogue of the Wild Man's virtues piece-meal, waiting for the laugh between each statement, until there was not another idea left in his brain for his tongue to utter. But this amiable intention was frustrated by the report of a gun outside, which echoed and re-echoed among these savage cliffs like muttering thunder. It was followed by a yell that caused Mary to start up with a look of horror and rush out of the cave, leaving the invalid in a most distressing state of uncertainty as to what he should do, and in no little anxiety as to what would happen next.

CHAPTER XIX.

The mysteries of the cave explained—Ingenious devices of the Wild Man—March and Mary besieged—The redskins proceed to make themselves at home in the cavern.

THERE are few things in this world which are not somewhat mysterious, or that cannot be, by a peculiar combination of circumstances, more or less invested with mystery; and we hold it to be an unfair and a very paltry device on the part of an author to seek to mystify his readers by keeping them in unnecessary ignorance of that which is in itself simple and commonplace.

Therefore, we beg leave to state that the apparent mystery with which we concluded the last chapter was not a mystery at all! The loud report there referred to was caused by a savage discharging his gun, and the cry that followed was the result of that same savage opening his ugly mouth and giving vent to a tremendous howl.

That this was a howl of triumph was evident to ears accustomed to the war-whoop of the red man. That it was destined to be succeeded by an exclamation of mingled disappointment and surprise was evident, at least to Mary, who knew the mysteries of the place.

In order to make this plain without further circumlocution, we may as well inform the reader at once that the Wild Man of the West (perhaps we should call him Dick, in deference to March Marston's ignorance of his real character at this time) was not only a subject of terror to the Indians inhabiting this region of the earth at that particular era in the world's history, but also a

subject of intense curiosity. Hence, for many years past it had been an object of ambition, on the part of the more courageous of the Indian warriors, to trace this terrible creature to his familiar haunts, and "beard the lion in his den."

Dick soon became fully aware of this, and, *not* being a mysterious monster or demon, but a mere mortal (although, doubtless, a singularly huge and eccentric one), it behoved him to frustrate the amiable intentions of his savage tormentors. In order to effect this, he first of all selected, as we have seen, a gloomy, secluded, and almost inaccessible spot among the Rocky Mountains as his residence, which he made a point of quitting and returning to only in the dark hours of night or early morning, as far as was practicable.

Still further to bewilder the savages,—against whom he bore no grudge, and to avoid encountering whom was his chief desire—Dick varied his costume, appearing sometimes in the dress of a Blackfoot chief, or a Cree warrior; at other times in the hunting-shirt and cap of a trapper. But, despite his utmost efforts, he occasionally had to face and fight the red-skins—a necessity which so exasperated his naturally fiery temper that, on such occasions, he became utterly regardless of his life, and rushing upon any odds with a terrific roar of his deep bass voice, so different from the shrill yell of the Indians—would cleave his way right through their ranks with his long double-edged sword; then, returning to the charge with increased fury, would so appal and horrify them, that the usual result was a general and precipitate flight.

Perhaps some readers may wonder how it was possible that he could escape being killed in these encounters; but it must be remembered that in those days guns were by no means so plentiful among the Indians as they now are, and arrows are comparatively harmless missiles. Dick always wore under his leather coat, a vest of thick buffalo leather, which rendered him arrow-proof in the vital regions of his body, unless shot at with a strong bow by a powerful arm from a short distance.

This under coat or piece of armour added a little to his naturally gigantic proportions, which were still farther enhanced by the flying tags and scalp-locks and fringes of his dress, and the wild masses of his long hair. He rode, as we have elsewhere mentioned, a magnificent charger, which he had purchased in Mexico, and whose sire, no doubt, had been one of those noble barbs which bore the cavaliers of Spain to the conquest of the New World. The mane and tail of this animal, having never been cut, were of

immense length, and, when violently agitated, seemed to envelope horse and man. Altogether, the *tout ensemble* of Dick and his charger on any of the *rencontres* above referred to, was sufficiently awful, and as he was seldom seen near at hand, except in a condition of blazing fury, there is little wonder that, in the process of time, he became celebrated throughout the country as the Wild Man of the West.

The white trappers, too, were somewhat curious to know something about this mysterious brother; but he shunned them even more determinedly than he did the Indians, though, of course, he never fought with them, seeing that they did not attempt to murder him or interfere with his movements as the savages did. But there were one or two bolder or more inquisitive than their comrades, who dogged the wild man, and tried to force themselves upon him. These he caught and thrashed soundly, after the fashion of a schoolmaster with a refractory boy, and turned them adrift with a warning thenceforth to mind their own business. At last the Indians set him down as a "great medicine-man," or a demon, whom it was impossible to slay; and the trappers shook their heads and touched their foreheads significantly, as if to indicate that they thought him mad.

Thus Dick, in course of years, freed himself in a great measure from annoyance, and many good and kind actions which he did both to Indians and trappers, began to be circulated and exaggerated, so that he became a greater mystery than ever, especially to the savages, who naturally misconstrued the spirit in which he made his furious attacks in self defence, just as much as they misunderstood his motives in performing deeds of kindness. He was a monstrous mystery! the greatest mystery that had ever been seen or heard of in the Rocky Mountains since the beginning of time, and, no doubt, a greater mystery than will ever be heard of there again!

Having traversed this roundabout pathway, we now come to the explanation which we intended to have given much earlier in this chapter. But it is really wonderful, how natural it is for the human mind to prose and to diverge, and how very difficult it is, at any time to come to the point! Public speakers know this well. Perhaps their hearers know it better!

Well, although Dick was thus feared, yet he was not entirely unmolested. Wandering tribes from distant hunting-grounds used to go there, and, not knowing much about the Wild Man of the West, did not believe in him; even ventured to go in search of

him, and, on more than one occasion, almost caught him asleep in his cave. Having an ingenious turn of mind, and being somewhat fanciful, he devised a curious plan to deceive the savages and warn him of their approach.

By means of an axe and a knife, he carved a representation of his own head, and covered it with hair by means of the tail of one of his light-coloured horses, which he docked for the purpose. (His steeds, by the way, occupied another chamber of the cavern in which he dwelt.) The head thus formed, he planted behind a bush that grew on a ledge of rock about two yards from the bottom of the cliff of the amphitheatre outside, and directly opposite to the entrance to it. The cave, it will be remembered, was on the right of that entrance. Thus, the first thing the savage beheld, on prowling up to the opening of the amphitheatre, was Dick's image peeping at him over the bush opposite. Of course the instantaneous result was the firing of a shot or the discharge of an arrow, which, the Indians being excellent marksmen, invariably alighted on the bridge of Dick's nose, or in the centre of his forehead, or in one or other of his eyes. As the head was balanced on the front edge of a deep narrow hole which happened to be there, it was invariably knocked into that hole by the blow, and disappeared.

This was the supposed fall of the famous wild man that caused the yell which has taken so long to account for, and the discovery of nothing behind that bush except a small deep hole, much too small to secrete even a little man's body in, was the cause of the explanation of surprise which we asserted would certainly follow.

When an event of this kind happened, Dick had a large blunderbuss in readiness. It was loaded with a tremendous charge of small shot, and a small charge of powder, for he did not want to kill. His object was simply to punish and to terrify. He also had in readiness a curious machine which we find it rather difficult to describe. Every one has heard, no doubt, of the wooden wheels, with wooden axles, attached to the carts in some eastern countries, which groan, and creak, and yell, and shriek for want of grease, in a manner that is almost maddening to all but native ears. Dick's invention was founded partly on the principle of these eastern carts, only it was worked by turning a handle, and its sounds were much more excruciatingly intense.

On being startled, then, Dick was wont to seize his blunderbuss, rush into the outer cave where the shrieking machine was, give the handle half a dozen turns, and thus awaken, as it were,

all the demons of the Rocky Mountains. Dick came at last to know exactly what state of things he would find outside. At the first burst of discord the savages, however numerous, took to their heels, and when Dick emerged from his cave, they were always within a yard or two of the entrance to the amphitheatre, every man with outstretched arms, sloped forward at the acutest possible angle with the ground, rushing on the wings of terror in a flight of unparalleled precipitancy.

To pour the charge of small shot down into the centre of the flying mass was the work of a moment; to mount his unsaddled charger, and dash down the steep rugged path with a clatter equal to that of half a squadron of dragoons, was the work of two minutes more. To pull up suddenly, when he had terrified the spirits of the intruders well nigh out of their bodies, return slowly to his rude domicile, re-load his blunderbuss, and retire to rest with a grim smile on his bearded mouth, and a lurking expression of fun in his big blue eyes, as he drew his blanket over him, was the usual termination of such scenes.

But this was not all. Dick, like a wise man, had prepared for the worst. In the event of the Indians ever getting the length of the interior of his den, there were other contrivances ready for them; chief among which was a large cistern or tank of water, directly over the fireplace, the front of which was moveable, and could be pulled down by means of a cord passing into the innermost cave of all,—namely, the third cavern which we have alluded to as being Mary's dormitory. By pulling this cord, the result— instantaneous and hideous—would be, that a deluge of water would drown the fire black out, fill the cavern with hot suffocating steam and ashes, and flood the floor.

How the cavern was to be defended when he himself was not there, was a problem which Dick, being a mere man and not a demon, had utterly failed to solve. Of course, he could easily have set all manner of man-traps and spring-guns, but as these might have taken effect upon some poor wretch who had no design upon his life, he could not venture to run the risk.

On the present occasion—Dick being absent, March being prostrated and all but helpless, and Mary being unable to turn the handle of the shrieking-machine or to fire the blunderbuss, which kicked like a small cannon—the case of the romantic pair was desperate, and their only hope seemed to be that the savages would go away without examining the cavern. Vain hope!

But Dick had not left them to take their chance in that way.

He had warned Mary, long ago, how to act in such circumstances, and she soon returned to March with the news that there were four Indian warriors outside, examining the bush behind which the head had disappeared, and that they would very soon find out the cave.

"That's not pleasant news, Mary," said March, starting up in spite of pain and giddiness; "you seem to take it very easy!"

"Com quick," said she, seizing March by the hand; "com with me."

March said, mentally, that he would go with her into the jaws of death, if need be, but he followed up the mental speech with the audible remark that he had better take some weapon with him.

"No, no; com! Me git you spear, hatchet very quick; but com."

So saying, she dragged, rather than conducted, March to the little opening which led into her dormitory. He had to stoop on entering; and great was his amazement on finding himself on the brink of a black yawning gulf that seemed to descend into the bowels of the earth. The end of a narrow plank rested on the edge of this gulf, and appeared to bridge it over, but the other end of the plank, and all beyond, were lost in impenetrable darkness.

"Com after me," said Mary, passing rapidly across the gulf, and disappearing—absolutely like a vision.

Dick hesitated. He tried to steady his somewhat giddy head, but the single word "com," issuing from darkness in a very commanding tone, settled the point. He staggered across, held out his hands, and almost tumbled over his fair guide on reaching the other end of the plank much sooner than he had expected.

"Now wait. I will com agin," said Mary, recrossing.

The view back was a very different thing from the view forward. As he stood there, on the brink of the yawning gulf, March could see right through into the cavern he had just left, and could observe everything that took place there. Mary hastily loaded herself with a rifle and the blunderbuss, also with powder-horn, bullet-pouch, and a bag containing buffalo-tongues. With these she returned quickly, and, brushing past her companion, carried them farther into the cave.

"Now, help me pull," she said, laying hold of the end of the plank.

March obeyed; and obedience cost him much, poor fellow, for it seemed as if, in the act, he had rent asunder every muscle in his

right shoulder. The plank being thus drawn away, an impassable gulf was left between the inner and middle cavern, which, even in the event of its being discovered, presented no particular temptations to induce any one to explore farther. Mary drew the plank into the long natural passage which led to her private apartment; and as this passage turned abruptly to the right, there was no possibility of any one on the other side of the gulf being able to see into it. Indeed, a light in it was not visible from that point of view, and their voices could not be heard unless they spoke loudly.

Just as the plank was withdrawn, the Indians discovered the mouth of the cavern, and in a few minutes the two watchers beheld a painted savage peep in at the opening of the centre cave. Seeing that it was empty, and observing at a glance the opening into the inner cave, he drew back quickly. A minute after, the four Indians darted across, and got out of range of that opening—evidently fearing that some one was there. They flitted past so quickly, yet noiselessly, that they appeared more like shadows than real men.

Presently one of them stepped full in front of the opening with a bow and arrow in his hand. The light of the fire was strong. March saw him raise the bow, and had just time to draw back when an arrow whizzed past him, and was broken to pieces on the rock behind his back. Instantly after, the echoes of the place burst forth as a shot was fired in the same direction. Having thus made sure that the way was clear, the boldest of the savages entered with a blazing pine-knot held high above his head—the others following with bows ready, and arrows fitted to the string.

On reaching the edge of the yawning chasm, the foremost savage held the torch over it, and they all gazed in silence into its unfathomable depths. Satisfied that it was impassable, they consulted for a few minutes, and then, apparently coming to the conclusion that the place was untenanted, they returned to the middle cave, and began to rummage and toss about the things they found there.

"Bring the rifle," whispered March. "I can floor two at a shot as they now sit."

"No," Mary replied, firmly. "Why make blood? They will go 'way soon."

Mary was right; but a circumstance occurred which caused them to go away sooner than either she or they had anticipated.

(To be continued.)

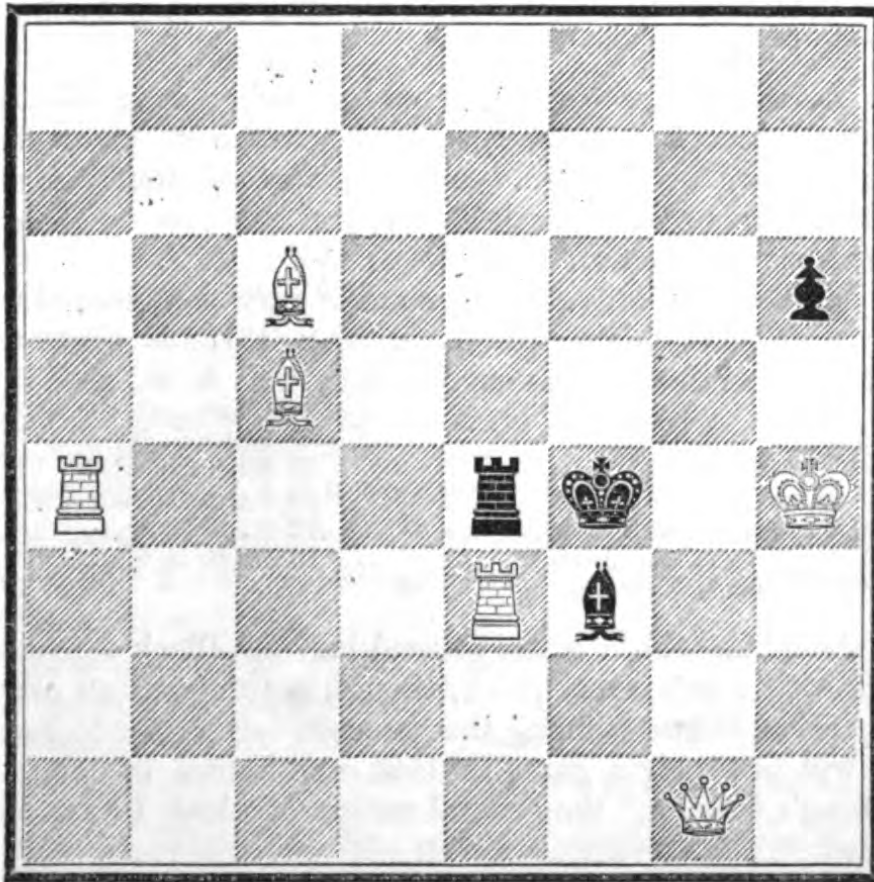
CHESS.

BY GEORGE FREDERICK PARDON.

PROBLEM I.

I COMMENCE this month's article with a problem which was omitted in my last for want of room.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Now, the great secret in solving a problem lies in the initial move. Here it will be seen that White has the choice of several moves; though only by the first move can he certainly mate in three moves. Let my readers try this, and send the result.

I have received several letters containing continuations of Game I. Some of the conclusions are well worked out, others are poor. One of the best I insert. To understand the following, it will be necessary to turn back to p. 431, and play the game up to White's 14th move, when Q. takes B. The correspondent then continues:—

WHITE.	BLACK.
15 Q. takes B. P.	14 K. takes B.
16 Q. to K. 5	15 Kt. to Q. R. 3
17 P. to Q. B. 4	16 B. to Q. 2
18 Q. to Q. 4	17 Q. R. to K. sq.
19 Q. B. to Q. Kt. 2	18 Q. R. to Q. B. sq.
20 Q. takes Q. P. 4 (ch.)	19 K. R. to R. 2
21 Q. takes Q. Kt. P.	20 K. to R. sq.
22 Q. takes B.	21 K. R. to R. 3
23 Q. to K. Kt. 7 (ch. mate)	22 K. R. to Q. B. 3

"A. E. S." writes:—"While endeavouring to finish the 14 moves, we made the following game. Up to the 9th move it is the same as in the game printed. As inexperienced chess-players, we hope that, if this game is satisfactory, you will give us the encouragement of telling us so."

We do, most cordially. The game is very well played. Let my young friends again turn back to p. 431, and continue the game from the 8th move, as suggested by "A. E. S." :—

9 Q. to Q. 3	9 Q. to K. Kt. 7
10 R. to B. sq.	10 Kt. to K. R. 3
11 Q. to Q. 5	11 Kt. to K. Kt. 5
12 Q. takes Q. B. P. (ch.)	12 K. to Q. sq.
13 Q. B. to K. Kt. 5 (ch.)	13 K. B. to K. 2
14 Q. takes B. and wins.	

We should have been better pleased had the Black defended the position with a little more pluck, though nothing but an oversight could prevent White winning the game.

We will now play a game in that well-known opening called the "King's Gambit," the general nature of which I have already explained.

GAME IV.

KING'S GAMBIT.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 P. to K. 4	1 P. to K. 4
2 P. to K. B. 4	

This move is made with the view of weakening your opponent's

centre by inducing him to move his K. P. from the strong position he holds in the middle of the board. I have already said, it is the opinion of most modern chess-writers, that the position of the gambit pawn ought to give Black the game. However, let us proceed:—

2 P. takes P,

and completes the gambit.

3 Kt. to K. B. 3
4 K. B. to Q. B. 4

3 P. to K. Kt. 4.
4 K. B. to K. Kt. 2

This is a better move than attacking the Kt. by advancing K. Kt. P., as is recommended by some writers. White can either castle now, or play

5 P. to Q. B. 3
6 P. to Q. 4
7 Castles

5 P. to K. R. 3
6 P. to Q. 3.

White has now a good sound game, and a very strong position.

8 P. to Q. R. 4

7 Q. Kt. to Q. 2

This is to prevent Black's pawn attacking the advanced bishop; but it is a rather risky move.

9 Q. to Q. Kt. 3

8 K. Kt. to K. 2

Here White makes a direct attack on his opponent's weakest point, and threatens to take K. B. P. Had he made this move a little earlier, Black, not having moved out his K. Kt., would have been obliged to defend with Q. on K.'s second, which would have been decidedly bad for him. Now, however, Black answers by castling.

10 P. to K. Kt. 3

9 Castles

Instead of taking the offered pawn, Black moves

10 P. to K. Kt. 5

and attack's White's K. Kt., which is obliged to move,—

11 Kt. to K. R. 4
12 P. to K. R. 3

11 P. to K. B. 6

If Black takes the offered pawn, then White takes K. B. P. with rook; but instead of that, Black supports his advanced pawns:—

13 Q. B. to K. Kt. 5
14 K. B. to Q. 3

12 P. to K. R. 4
13 Q. Kt. to K. B. 3

in order to defend K. P., and prevent Black getting a good position with his Kt. and pawns. To evade disagreeable consequences, Black K. retires to his rook's square.

15 Q. Kt. to Q. 2		14 K. to his R. sq. 15 Q. Kt. to K. R. 2
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in order to attack the bishop. White then exchanges B. for Kt., which, under the circumstances, will be found to be very judicious.

16 B. takes Kt.		16 Q. takes B.
17 K. R. P. takes P.		17 P. takes P.
18 K. to K. B. 2		18 Kt. to K. Kt. 4
19 Q. Kt. takes P.		19 P. takes Kt.
20 K. R. to his sq.		

The last few moves of White exhibit great judgment, and, in fact, win the game.

20 Kt. takes K. P. (ch.)

This is a bad move, as Black presently loses the piece he has previously won :—

21 B. takes Kt.		21 Q. takes B.
22 Q. R. to K. sq.		

attacking the queen,

22 Q. B. to K. 3

making a counter attack on Q., which is weak, and really loses the game. To have taken the pawn, and given check with the bishop, would have saved the game for awhile.

23 Kt. to K. Kt. 6 (double ch.)		23 K. to Kt. sq.
24 Kt. to K. 7 (mate)		

This game I have introduced in order to show the regular effect of the "King's Gambit" when fairly played.

We will now try

GAME V.

KING'S GAMBIT DECLINED.

Between Messrs. PAULSEN and RAPHAEL.

WHITE (MR. R.).		BLACK (MR. P.).
1 P. to K. 4		1 P. to K. 4
2 P. to K. B. 4		2 P. to Q. 4
3 K. P. takes P.		3 K. P. takes P. (a)
4 K. Kt. to B. 3 (b)		4 K. B. to K. 2 (c)
5 B. to Q. B. 4		5 K. B. to R. 5 (ch.)

6 K. to B. sq.	6 Q. B. to K. Kt. 5
7 P. to Q. 3	7 K. Kt. to K. 2
8 Q. B. takes B. P.	8 Castles
9 Q. Kt. to B. 3	9 K. Kt. to Kt. 3
10 Q. to Q. 2	10 Q. B. takes K. Kt.
11 Kt. P. takes B.	11 Q. Kt. to Q. 2
12 Kt. to K. 4	12 Q. Kt. to K. 4
13 Q. B. takes Q. Kt.	13 Kt. takes Q. B.
14 Q. to Kt. 2	14 P. to K. B. 4
15 K. R. to Kt. sq.	15 Kt. to Kt. 5 (<i>d</i>)
16 K. to K. 2	16 B. P. takes Kt.
17 Q. takes Kt. (<i>e</i>)	17 P. takes B. P. (<i>ch.</i>)
18 K. to Q. 2	18 Q. to K. B. 3
19 Q. to K. 6 (<i>ch.</i>)	19 K. to R. sq.
20 Q. takes Q.	20 B. takes Q.
21 Q. R. to K. B. sq.	21 Q. R. to K. sq.
22 Q. R. takes B. P. (<i>f</i>)	22 B. to Kt. 4 (<i>ch.</i>)
23 K. R. takes B.	23 K. R. takes Q. R.
24 R. to Kt. 2	24 P. to K. R. 3
25 P. to Q. 6	25 B. P. takes P.
26 B. to Q. 5	26 K. R. to K. B. 3
27 B. takes Kt. P.	27 Q. R. to Q. Kt. sq.
28 B. to Q. 5	28 Q. R. takes Kt. P.
29 B. to Q. Kt. 3	29 R. to Kt. 8 (<i>g</i>)
30 K. to Q. B. 3	

Mr. Paulsen wins, after 23 moves. Let amateurs try this, and forward the succeeding moves.

a A better move than Q. taking P., the ordinary move.

b The proper move.

c The proper play at this position of the opening is (4) K. B. to Q. 3, and the game is perfectly even; but if Mr. Paulsen had played (4) Q. takes Q. P., a considerable variation would probably have taken place.

d Exceedingly well played; for if White capture the Kt. with P., Black will win the Q.

e Should White play—

17 Q. P. takes P.

then—

18 Q. takes Kt.

19 R. takes B.

17 B. to B. 7

18 B. takes K. R.

19 Q. to K. B. 3

and White, although he has a minor piece and two Ps. for the R., would hardly be able to win.

f This loses the exchange, but no better move remains for White.

g Quite necessary, otherwise White wins the R. by—

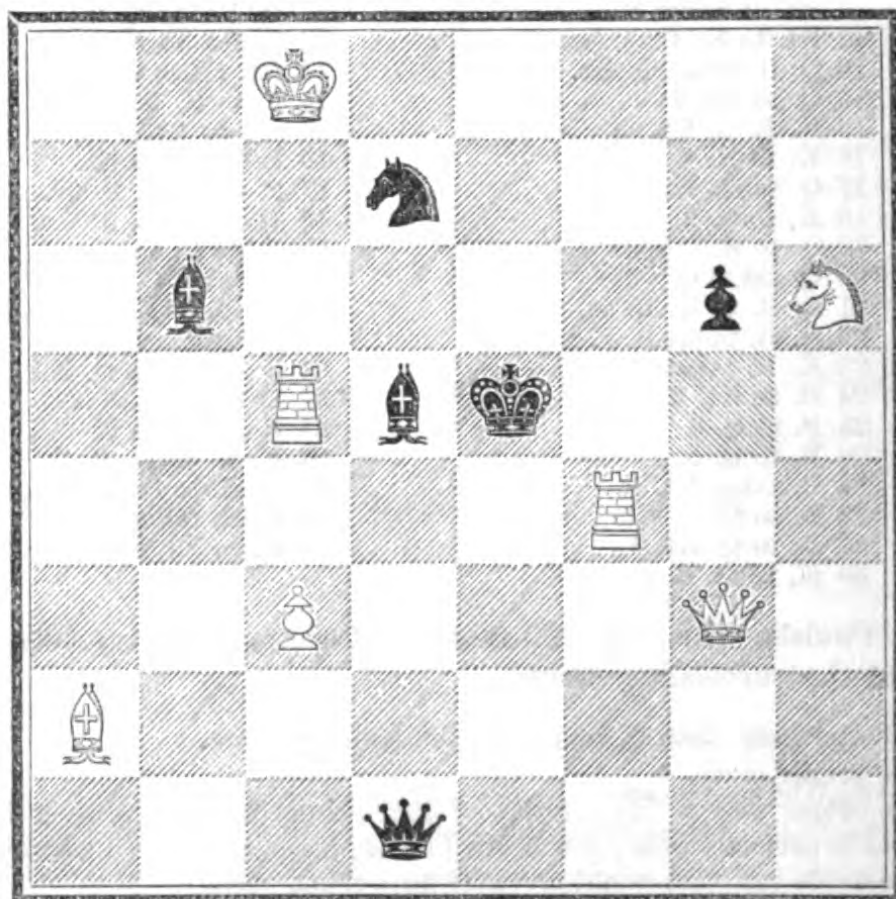
30 R. to Kt. sq.; followed by

31 K. to B. 3

In order to exercise the ingenuity of my young friends, I will conclude with another problem. It is not difficult. I shall be

glad to receive replies to the problems, and will willingly answer any questions on the game.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

One or two serious errors of the press have occurred in the games previously published. Will young students of Chess please make the following alterations in their copies?

Game III. Black's second move should be K. to Q. B. 3; on page 489, transpose the headings Black and White.

Move 26 should be, Q takes K. P. The game now given has been carefully played over from the printed copy, and will be found quite correct. I propose to conclude my lessons in two other portions; correspondents will, therefore, kindly say their say quickly.

ODD NOTIONS.

LORD BACON was a grave and learned philosopher, who in science had reached every height and sounded every depth, yet he did not consider the compilation of a jest-book as a task unworthy his powers, or inconsistent with his aspirations after truth. The jest-book we owe to this genius Lord Macaulay has pronounced the best that the world has seen; but we cannot help thinking its excellence would have been increased, and it would have proved not altogether useless, as indicating the aberration of human intellect, and therefore supplying a rebuke to its pride, had the illustrious predecessor of Mr. Joseph Miller comprised within his plan a record of some of those singular notions which, at various ages of the world, thoughtful and inquiring men have entertained respecting their own nature, and that of the various objects by which they are surrounded. There is no opinion, however extravagant, that has not at some time or other been entertained by some of the learned; and when we smile at the credulity of antiquity, on reading that four hundred years before Christ, Anaxagoras, a Clazomenian philosopher, held that snow was black, and the sea only the sweat of the earth, we should remember that only last century Bishop Berkeley entertained the belief that there were no good grounds for supposing that man or the world had any real existence at all—any existence except in the idea and opinion of mankind. German philosophers in our own times also have been found to argue that one is more than two, and physiologists of our own country have persuaded themselves that they and their fellows are nothing better nor worse than well-developed and well-disciplined monkeys.

It is not a little amusing to notice, that while it is through painful researches and laborious study scientific men nowadays struggle on to a knowledge of the structure and organization of this body of ours, in which is incased our immortal part, "this muddy vesture of decay," as Shakespeare calls it, but which still is "fearfully and wonderfully made," how glibly and confidently some wise men of old dogmatized on the subject. Galen, a learned Greek physician, who is said to have written three hundred books on his art, numbers and describes our corporeal parts just as an auctioneer

prepares his catalogue for a sale. Man, according to his account, has six hundred muscles, and rather more, and each of these muscles so works as to realize ten intentions. His bones are two hundred and eighty-four in number, and every bone enables him to satisfy above forty wishes. So that, myologically and osteologically, man has the capacity of executing his will in about twelve thousand ways. Should he, however, have the ill luck to have had his leg bitten off by a Bengal tiger, or his right arm blown away by a Russian round shot, it is plain he cannot do what he likes so often as they who have their full complement of legs and arms. As to his skin, membranes, and such-like apparatus of his bodily frame, who, asks our doctor, shall count the number of ways in which these contribute to carry out his purposes, seeing they are all subject to his volition? Father Eusebius, a reverend Jesuit of Nuremberg, apprises us that the body of man is magnetical, and that if it be placed in a boat, the vessel will never cease moving until the head turns to the north. If this be true, it will go to explain another singular doctrine which we derive from antiquity. According to this, garlic possesses the singular power of depriving the loadstone of its magnetic quality; and a certain philosopher, who flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century—by name Alexander Ross—without disputing the fact, concludes that the garlic in olden times was of superior strength to that we at present possess, as he himself had frequently made the experiment without success. Now, it is very noticeable that the opinion long prevailed, and, perhaps, is not yet exploded, among military men, that soldiers who eat garlic knock up on a march sooner than others—so much so, that in the old French armies there was a regulation forbidding the use of garlic when the troops were on a march. The Père Eusebius may not, then, have been a ninny after all, for the properties of the garlic may have been to extract magnetism alike from stone and soldier, and render them both inert and useless.

We read in Pliny that Aristotle was fully satisfied that neither man nor any other animal ever died except at the ebb of the tide,—an opinion we may esteem singular to have been entertained by him, if the traditional, although certainly incorrect, account of his own death is to be credited. In this he is stated to have drowned himself in despair, simply because he failed to detect the reason why the river Euripus ebbed and flowed seven times a day,—a motive for suicide quite as urgent as that to which an old story ascribes Homer's infatuation in making away with himself, the inability, namely, to solve an unsavoury riddle propounded by

some impudent fishermen, or that which led a schoolmaster to the perpetration of the same crime,—his failure in discovering why *Jupiter* made *Jovis* in the genitive case. Our ancestors were possessed with the belief that they had one certain prognostic of coming death in the harsh and dissonant cry of the raven. On this topic Dr. Wren, a learned divine, who was dean of Windsor, and had the honour to call the great Sir Christopher his son, discourseth wisely. He says,—“The raven, by his acute sense of smelling, discerns the savour of the dying bodyes at the top of chimnies, and that makes them flutter about the windows as they use to doe in the searche of a carcase. Now, by cause whereever they doe this, itt is an evident signe that the sick party seldome escapes deathe: thence ignorant people count them ominous as foreboding deathe, and in some kind as causing deathe, whereof they have a sense, indeed, but are no cause at all.” The “notion” that “owles” enjoy the privilege of foreknowing the destined victims of Azrael, is one he treats with the supreme contempt proper to an enlightened man who rose superior to the prejudices of his time. The gifted raven is stated by Buffon to be blessed with an unusual length of days: a hundred years is reported the ordinary term of his life; and an aged dame who would take nothing on trust, is said to have obtained one, resolving to keep it that period, to ascertain the truth of the assertion. Pliny fixes the term of a raven’s life at one hundred and eight years,—that is, three times the term of a stag’s life, which he settles at thirty-six years, and which term he declares to be four times that of a crow’s, by him determined at nine years. If these calculations be accurate, we can hardly understand how it was that Theophrastus, when dying, should, as we learn from a verse of Hesiod that has been preserved, taunt the gods with their injustice in giving to crows such a lengthened existence, and denying it to man, to whom it was of so much greater concern.

The Egyptians, in their hieroglyphical inscriptions, were accustomed to symbolize the human heart under the figure of a vulture, which was said—though on what grounds the ancient writers have not condescended to explain—to represent the measure of two drachms,—this being the understood weight of man’s heart for the first year of his existence. They considered then that it increased yearly in weight one drachm until it attained the age of fifty, when it underwent a decrement in the same proportion, until in its reduction it reached its original weight; and thus it was inferred that one hundred years was the

natural limit of human life. Respecting the heart itself, we read strange things in some of our old writers, and a trifling scepticism may, perhaps, be excused, if we doubt the assertion of Valerius Maximus, although indorsed by such a respectable authority as Pliny, that the heart of Aristomenes, the Messenian, was covered with hair,—a peculiarity which, if we are to believe Plutarch, he enjoyed in common with Leonidas and, according to another writer of equal discretion and veracity, with Hermogenes, the rhetorician. Should we accord our credence to such startling facts, it is difficult to see how we are entitled to question the accuracy of Amatus Lusitanus, when he avers he was himself acquainted with a person who carried his beard on his tongue! No doubt the Portuguese doctor, in describing such a rarity, considered he was paying to this singular individual a compliment of no mean order, for the beard, however worn, has ever been accounted as the token and type of reverend gravity and sobriety in thought and in deed. From Hadrian downwards, all the Roman emperors wore beards; and we find that none of Justinian's generals sported a bare chin; whilst, after the schism between the Eastern and Western churches, the Pope shaving his beard was esteemed by the Greek Christians as an undoubted sign of apostacy. Margaret of Parma, sister of Charles V., and who governed the Netherlands at a time of great political and religious distraction, attributed much of her success to the length and fulness of her beard, and the air of majestic dignity which it bestowed on her. A deficiency of hair was anciently considered a reproach; and we remember the fate which overtook the children who taunted the prophet with his baldness. Bald men were usually considered as prone to suspicion, and Aristotle comforts those who possess the by-no-means ornamental appendage of a double chin, with the assurance that, in consequence of their peculiarity, they are the less likely to become bald. It is true that Synesius, an author whose works have not been preserved, wrote elaborately in favour of baldness; but we read in treatises on Medical Bibliography of erudite dissertations in praise of fever, of rheumatism, of ague; indeed, the ancients held the latter infliction in the highest regard, and in the middle of last century a book appeared extravagantly eulogizing the gout as one of the greatest blessings bestowed on mankind, and demonstrating, beyond possibility of disproof, that they who endeavoured to rid themselves of it were their own enemies, and endeavoured, wilfully or ignorantly, to deprive themselves of an advantage they should be careful to cherish and retain.

No doubt, in this, as in many other matters, mankind have

their prejudices. The French, even to this day, as far as the female sex are concerned, admire snub noses. Napoleon preferred a long nose, which, he said, he always found associated with a long head. The ancient Persians considered an aquiline nose as the symbol of majesty, and, in cases of a contested succession to the throne, were apt to decide in favour of that candidate whose nose the most resembled the eagle's beak. How can we tell how much the curved proboscis of Julius Cæsar may not have influenced his fortunes, and rendered him the idol of the soldiery and the founder of a house of Imperial dignity? Red hair is abhorred by the modern Persians and admired by the Turks. The Roman ladies, of old coveted fiery-toned locks, and their successors in the Italy of our own days, are possessed with a taste equally surprising. Teeth dyed red have, by nations in central Asia, been considered beauty, while, in parts of Western India, black teeth are preferred by the native *belles*. If by us an ebon complexion is accounted an ugliness, there are people to be found in numbers who entertain a different impression. When the slaves in the West Indies were emancipated, at a dinner given by coloured people to commemorate the event, the health of Sir Lionel Smith, the governor of Jamaica, was proposed by an enthusiastic negro, who was lavish in his praises of his excellency, concluding with the assertion, by way of climax, that "if Sir Lionel had a white face, he had at least a *black* heart!" It is said that when Job Ben Solomon, an African prince, was in England, he had an interview with Dr. Watts, who, with more curiosity than politeness, inquired how it chanced that he and his countrymen were black, seeing they had descended from Adam, a white man. The answer was prompt. "Adam white man! How you know dat. We tink Adam black man, and we ask you how you came white?" His highness's notion, oddly as it may sound on our ears, is not, however, so absurd as it seems; for Dr. Prichard, who has written much and well on the natural history of mankind, concludes the parent of our race to have been of dusky, if not of negro complexion, from the circumstance that it is the tendency of all races, in the course of time, to find their complexions assume a lighter hue, whereas the contrary has never been remarked.

Our forefathers had remedies for some of the ills that flesh is heir to unknown in these degenerate days; indeed, their "notions" respecting diseases, and their curative treatment, differed widely from ours. Affections of the liver are as common now as then; but our modern doctors do not understand, with their predecessors, that undue heat in that important organ can at once be detected

by observing the temperature of the palm of the patient's hand, or, according to Avicenna, the length of his fingers,—the great Arabian physician considering that long fingers indicated enlargement and inflammation of the liver, and, therefore, a proneness to anger and discontent. The oculists of the time supply us with some choice receipts. According to one, if we swallow the right eye of a hedgehog which has been boiled in oil and kept for a certain time in a brazen vessel, we shall have no difficulty in seeing in the dark; whilst another authority attributes the like consequences to the application of bat's blood to the eyes.

We shall conclude with furnishing our readers with some choice prescriptions from ancient works, of which they may avail themselves at their leisure. One of these teaches us "How to kill fleas divers ways," the best way of all being to prepare a dish of goat's blood, or to set up a staff anointed with the fat of a fox or hedgehog, which will attract the insects to it, whom then we may demolish with ease. These nuisances appeared to have engaged considerable attention of yore; for Pliny condescends to inform us, that if in the spring, when we first hear the notes of the cuckoo, we immediately lift our right foot from off the ground, we shall never be plagued with fleas in our chamber or our house the rest of the year. This is information of more practical use than that the Greek philosopher could have acquired, who spent most of his time for many years in measuring the leaps of the flea. We have then a formula, "How to make two dogs fight: a proper secret," but too lengthy for extract here; whilst the next runs shorter,—"Take an herb called serpentine, and, by virtue thereof, no dog shall bark at you." More important is the recipe, "How to make a thief afraid to come into your house," which is couched in these modest terms: "It is credibly reported that the gall of a cow, hid in some privie or unknowne place, will fear and astonish any that should adventure to approach that place." This, verily, is a notable scheme for alarming the burglar from our doors, which we commend to all careful housewives that are anxious about their goods and chattels. The sagacious *savant* from whom we borrow so choice a prophylactic against housebreaking, has, in addition, two singular prescriptions, which we decline to reproduce as being conducive, the one to acts of inhumanity, and the other to the practice of swindling. By the first you are taught—"How to sticke an iron or steele bodkin into the head of either cocke, hen, or chicken," whilst alive, and without killing it; from the second, you learn "a conceit how to cozen the tapster when he would cozen you!"



Cervantes and his Pikemen.

THE STORY OF CERVANTES.



CHAPTER XV.—Sword promoted, *vice* Pen superseded.

THOSE troublous tidings chanced to be not far distant.

One sunny October morning, as Cervantes was sitting, somewhat dolefully, in the humble attic which was then his lodging, with a sheet of accounts and an almost empty purse before him, the door was flung suddenly open, and Manuel burst into the room.

"News! news!" cried he. "Spain has entered into an alliance with Venice and Rome against the Turks, and twenty of our galleys are ordered to quit Naples for the Levant within ten days!"

"Only twenty!" exclaimed Cervantes. "Nay, then, our succour is too scanty, and comes too late! We have been much to blame this whole summer long. We have stood idly by, while the infidel wrested Cyprus from the Venetian government. We have suffered the sack of Nicosia, the massacre of twenty thousand Christian souls, and the reduction of Famagosta.* Now the mischief is done, and we cannot repair it."

"But we can avenge it!" said Manuel.

"With twenty galleys?"

"Not with twenty alone. Forty-seven more are to be sent from Barcelona; and it is said that five thousand of our soldiers are to be spared at once from the garrisons here in Naples."

"Thy regiment is sure to be ordered out, Manuel," observed Cervantes, thoughtfully.

"In good faith, we hope so!" replied the young officer, joyously. "We are longing for service. Naples is a paradise; but soldiers love to season paradise itself with the flavour of gunpowder, now and then!" Cervantes smiled at his enthusiasm.

"Thy commander, Miguel de Monçada, is so brave a soldier," said he, "that his regiment will surely not be left idle in time of war. Methinks I shall volunteer into its ranks myself, and have a shot at the Turks in thy good company!"

* See a brief and interesting summary of the descent upon Cyprus in vol. xxxii. of Murray's "Family Library."

"What!—turn soldier?" exclaimed Manuel, opening his eyes.

"Why not? There lie my last three gold pieces; and when they are melted where shall I find more?"

"But thy talent for poetry——"

"Will never bring me one talent of silver!* Pshaw, Manuel! I have no mind to starve on literature, like a rat in a record-chest. I am too proud to turn mendicant; too fond of the things of this world to turn monk; too vagabond by nature ever again to turn courtier. Thou seest I am compelled, in mere self-defence, to don the king's livery!"

"If thou art really in earnest," began Manuel, radiant with pleasure, "I shall hail this day's news as the best——"

"I am so much in earnest," interrupted Cervantes, snatching up his hat, "that I will go with thee at once to the governor, and offer myself as a volunteer in thine own company of thine own regiment. Long live King Philip!"

"Long live King Philip!" shouted Manuel, waving his cap for joy. And away went the two young friends to the Castle Nuovo, where Cervantes took the oaths, and was measured for his uniform. That afternoon he wrote a long letter to his parents, telling them of all his late changes of fortune, and his determination to earn his bread by the sword, since he found he could not earn it by the pen; and in the evening he supped merrily with Manuel and some of his brother officers, at a little banquet to which they invited him, in honour of his new profession.

CHAPTER XVI.—Trials of patience.

IF Cervantes hoped that he had only to swear allegiance to King Philip in order at once to taste the excitement of a soldier's life, he soon found himself not a little mistaken. Instead of starting in ten days for the Levant, the galleys continued to lie week after week and month after month at anchor in the bay of Naples. From time to time there came rumours of action; but these died away as fast as they were promulgated, and nothing came of them. In the meantime Cervantes had to go through a minor purgatory of drilling. He was taught to hold his head up, and turn his toes out, and walk with his knees stiff, and keep his arms flat to his sides. He learned to march, to shoot with the arquebuse, and fight with the cutlass. He also had to endure an

* The silver talent of Rome was a sum equivalent to about £75 sterling.

iron morion on his head, and jackboots on his feet, and a heavy coat of hard buff-leather strapped in at the throat and waist till he could hardly breathe, with a steel cuirass outside it, front and back, weighing about twenty pounds in solid metal,—none of which were very pleasant in a climate where the thermometer stands at 80 deg. in the sun in the month of December. He felt, however, that he was doing his best to earn his livelihood after an honest, manly fashion; and that knowledge helped to lighten many a discomfort.

At length, when Christmas had come and gone, there came despatches from Madrid, commanding the immediate fitting-out of the twenty galleys. The commotion in the Neapolitan garrisons was great. Flags were hoisted; guns were fired; ammunition and arms were transported from the forts to the vessels; the soldiers were doubly drilled; and the officers shook hands over their wine, and flattered themselves they were going to fight the Turks immediately.

Nothing of the kind. They were only packed on board the galleys, with as strict an economy regarding space, and as liberal a consideration for their personal convenience, as we may generally see displayed in the packing of a barrellful of oysters, and drafted off to Otranto,—a dreary seaport on the east coast of Italy, to which they could have marched overland with ease in less than a week, but which it took them eighteen days to reach by sea, in the teeth of a contrary wind.

Here, in comfortless quarters, with nothing to do, nothing to see, and none of the luxuries and delights of Naples, they spent their time in grumbling at the government, practising at a mark with pistol and arquebuse, quail-shooting, and fishing. As for Cervantes, he occasionally scribbled a verse or two; but neither the time, nor the place, nor the way of life, were much calculated to stimulate his literary tastes.

At the expiration of another dismal month or so, Otranto was enlivened by the arrival of forty-nine Venetian galleys, commanded by Juan Andrea Doria, and, later still, by a reinforcement of troops and galleys from the Papal states. More Spaniards, too, were daily expected, and it was rumoured that the allies were to assemble in all their strength at Messina, in the month of May; there to be united under the supreme command of Don Juan of Austria, a Spanish general, half-brother to King Philip, and natural son of the Emperor Charles V.

However, May came and went, and June and July both lagged

slowly by, and it was not till the second week in August, 1571, that the allied fleet moved out of the port of Otranto, and joined the additional Spanish contingent at Messina, in Sicily. They passed the southern headlands of the Italian coast, and entered the straits of Messina on a glorious, golden August afternoon. Cervantes stood on the poop of a Spanish galley, and surveyed the scene on either hand. To the right lay Italy, to the left Sicily, with the city of Messina rising, palace above palace, fort above fort, height above height, in the brilliant sunshine. Moored in the great harbour, with the Spanish flag floating at every masthead, lay the forty-seven war-galleys brought hither by Don Juan of Austria. The fleets saluted each other; the forts greeted them with repeated discharges of heavy cannon; and far and wide rose the shouts of the populace on the shore, and the fishermen in their decorated barques.

Once united at Messina, the allies made rapid preparations for action. Don Juan had brought with him Don Miguel de Moncada, the famous colonel of Manuel's and Cervantes' regiment, and the whole distinguished regiment of Don Lope de Figueroa; both of whom had won renown in the wars of Grenada. These commanders now busily employed themselves in reviewing and disciplining their troops, and distributing them in the several ships of war. Thus it happened that Cervantes and Manuel, with their captain and company, consisting of two hundred men in all, were allotted to a galley called the *Marquesa*, commanded by Captain Francisco Sancto Pietro.

In these preparations, the last weeks of August and the first weeks of September flew quickly by; and then the great armament, consisting of two hundred war-galleys and a hundred transports, set sail for Corfu, where they hoped to learn tidings of the Turkish fleet. At Corfu they put into harbour for a day or two. It was a dismal little island, with a narrow harbour, and a curious old town rising round it in the form of an amphitheatre. Here they learned that the Turkish fleet under Ali Pacha, the Ottoman admiral, was lying somewhere in the gulf of Lepanto. A great cry of exultation ran from ship to ship, and sailors and soldiers alike rejoiced in anticipation of the struggle near at hand.

In the midst, however, of the general joy, as the evening dusk came on, and music echoed from deck to deck throughout the fleet, and every galley hung out many-coloured lanterns, Cervantes sought Manuel alone, and leading him apart from the rest, said,—

"Comrade and friend, I much fear that a great misfortune is about to befall me."

"What meanest thou?" cried Manuel, startled by the despondency of his tone. "Surely, thou hast no presentiment of the coming battle?" Cervantes shook his head, and smiled sadly.

"Feel my hand," said he. Manuel felt it, and found that, notwithstanding the overpowering heat of the evening, his friend's palm was damp and cold as snow.

"Santa Maria!" he exclaimed, "thou art ill!"

"Indeed, I fear so," replied Cervantes, resting wearily against a gun-carriage. "My head swims, and at times I see nothing distinctly. Now I am cold, like ice; a few moments ago I burned like fire."

"Alas! alas!" said Manuel, the tears starting to his kind eyes, "I will go seek the surgeon. Hast thou pain in any part?"

"The bitterest of all pain—the sting of disappointment," said Miguel, bitterly. "Good heavens! am I doomed to lie sick and helpless, while other men are fighting?"

"Nay, think not of that," expostulated Manuel. "Go to thy cabin and be still, while I fetch the surgeon to thee."

"Be still?" echoed Cervantes, fiercely. "How can I be still?—I, who would have given my right hand for a soldier's share in the glory!"

But even as he said the words he turned lividly pale, and, had it not been for Manuel's ready arm, would have fallen on the deck.

CHAPTER XVII.—The battle of Lepanto.

It was daybreak, on the 7th of October, 1571, when the Christian and Mahomedan fleets drew up before each other in battle array. Far and wide, their sails extended from Cape Kologria to Missolonghi on the one side, and, on the other, from the entrance to the Bay of Corinth to the far-famed promontory of Actium, where Anthony and Augustus fought that great battle by which the fate of Rome was decided sixteen hundred years before.

The enemies were tolerably equal in numbers,* and both were

* The allies are said by Contarini to have mustered 214 sail, and the Turks 275; "but six galliasses of the Venetians, from their great size and the superiority of their guns, reduced this excess of the enemy in positive numbers very nearly to equality."—*Family Library*, vol. xxxii.

eager for the struggle. No sooner were the Turkish sails discovered than Don Juan of Austria displayed the standard of the League, fired a signal gun, and, ordering out his own shallop, rowed all along the lines from galley to galley, urging and encouraging the soldiers, issuing directions to the captains, stimulating the pride of the gunners, promising honours to those who distinguished themselves, and glory to those who might fall. He even restored all the Christian galley-slaves to liberty throughout the fleet, and caused weapons to be distributed to them as to the other fighting-men. The decks were then cleared; the priests went round, crucifix in hand, preaching, as in the times of the old crusaders; the vessels were dressed with flags, streamers, and bandrols; and the whole armament advanced with admirable precision to the sound of military music.

First of all came six huge Venetian galleasses, and, about half a mile behind them, the main line, covering a surface of nearly four miles in length. The right wing was commanded by Doria, the left by an Italian nobleman, named Barbarigo, and the centre by Don Juan himself, supported on either hand by Colonna, the papal general, and Veniero, the Venetian commander. No vessel in all that fleet carried fewer than two hundred men on board, armed, some with arquebuses and halberts, some with iron maces and pikes, and others with swords, pistols, and poignards. Some of the flag-ships held three and even four hundred soldiers, besides rowers and gunners; and the gunners, in addition to their pieces of ordnance, were provided with grenades and artificial fire-pots.

And now, as the allied fleet moved majestically on, solemn yet jubilant, with the men all armed and silent crowding the decks, and no sound heard save the dashing of the oars, the beating of the drums, and the clangour of trumpets and clarions, a great spirit of goodwill towards each other, and defiance towards the enemy, ran through the ranks of the soldiers. Those who had been private foes shook hands, and were reconciled. Those who were friends embraced each other, knowing that it might be for the last time in this world.

And still the shaven priests glided hither and thither, and the trumpets lifted up their brazen voices, and the two great armaments advanced slowly towards each other under the noonday sun. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, they drew nearer and nearer, and the Christians, having the sun behind them, could discern the standards, surmounted with crescents, and the turbaned heads of the Turks.

Then Don Juan's galley hoisted a rapid signal, and the six advanced galleasses, halting and veering half round, so as to present a long double line of portholes, delivered a tremendous broadside in the very teeth of the enemy.

While the thunder of the guns was yet reverberating in the air, and before the smoke had begun to drift off, a gentleman volunteer, who had been for some days sick of the ague in a cabin of the galley *Marquesa*, sprang from his bed, seized his hat and cuirass, buckled on his sword with hands that shook from fever, and, though scarcely strong enough to stand without support, staggered upon deck, and made his way towards a party of officers on the forecastle.

"Oh, Miguel! what dost thou here?" cried Manuel, the youngest among them.

"Senor Cervantes," said another, a tall, grave-looking personage, with a cross of honour on his breast, "you were best in your cabin at a time like this."

"Not so!" exclaimed Cervantes, with his hand upon the hilt of his broad-sword. "While I have strength to draw this in his cause—while I have a life to spend in his service—my place is among the king's soldiers!"

"Your place is on the sick man's pallet, Senor Cervantes," replied the commander, sternly.

"Nay, captain," pleaded Miguel, his pale face flushing with eagerness, "I beseech you, suffer me, at least, to die as becomes a good soldier. At this moment, I feel I have the strength of ten!"

"It is the strength of fever, *amigo*," interposed Manuel.

"Then, in God's name, let it be so!" cried Cervantes. "Whether the strength be of fever or of health, what boots it, since I am able to deal a stroke or two upon the infidel? Good Captain Sansis-teban, I knew your son at Salamanca: for his sake, grant me some post of danger, where I may fight and fall for King Philip!"

"Fore heaven, then, as thou art a gallant spirit, so I will," said the captain, with a great oath and a pleased smile. "Ho, there! twelve pikemen for Senor Cervantes."

Cervantes wrung the commander's proffered hand, whispered "God bless thee, Manuel, should we meet no more," and rushed to take the lead of his little company.

And now the battle began in earnest. The Turks, miscalculating the numbers opposed to them, and believing that the galleys carried guns only on their forecastles, bore down fearlessly, and exposed themselves to a raking fire. Volley after volley, broad-

side after broadside, opened upon them with deadly precision. The sun shone in their eyes. Even the wind was against them, and carried the smoke full in their faces. Shattered, disordered, leaving some of their number lying on the waters in helpless ruin, and having seen others sunk and split to pieces, with all hands on board, the first Turkish squadron fell back, and a great shout ran from galley to galley throughout the allied fleet. At the same time, a second squadron, commanded by Admiral Mahomet Siroco, governor of Alexandria, tacked round between Don Juan's left wing and the shore, and attacked the division commanded by Andrea Doria. Six Turkish vessels surrounded the galley of the *Proveditore*. The Count Barbarigo fell, mortally wounded in the eye by an arrow. Nani, his second in command, repulsed five of the galleys and captured the sixth. Suddenly, alone and unsupported, the *Marquesa* singled out the famous galley of Mahomet Siroco—a galley described by an old historian* as being thrice the size of any of the others, with a deck of inlaid walnut wood, and a cabin decorated with ornaments of gold, silver, and precious stones. On board this galley, surrounded by his principal officers, with his ensign-bearer at his left hand carrying the great standard, stood the admiral. Up came the little galley *Marquesa*, in the teeth of a cloud of arrows, and, delivering first one broadside and then another, grappled with the Turkish ship before the smoke had cleared away to betray how near she was.

First to leap on board of all that gallant crew were Cervantes and his twelve chosen pikemen. They were followed, close and fast, by two hundred others. A desperate hand-to-hand struggle ensued. The Turks, fighting round their admiral to the last, formed in a solid body round the mainmast, inclosing him and his standard-bearer in the midst; but, impeded by their own numbers, they could no longer discharge their arrows, or aim with their fire-arms to any purpose. Rank after rank they were cut down, till Mahomet Siroco himself received a mortal wound, and the last of a crew of five hundred threw down their weapons and cried for quarter. In the meantime, not one ship of that squadron had escaped. A few, which attempted to draw off, were pursued and captured; others were sunk; others boarded; and of the latter, no sooner were their decks gained by the soldiers of the allies than the Christian slaves by whom their oars were manned wielded those very oars for weapons, and turned upon their hated captors.

* "History of the Turks." Richard Knolles.

In the central divisions of the Christian fleet the battle was no less hot, and no less decisive. Don Juan attacked a galley commanded by the Dey of Algiers, captured it after a prolonged combat, and himself fixed the head of its commander on the top of his own mainmast. This ghastly trophy decided the fortune of the day. Thirty Turkish ships simultaneously crowded sail for flight, and a mighty shout of "Victory!" rose up from the Christian fleet.

All was now flight, pursuit, and slaughter. Thousands of Mussulmen, finding escape impossible, leaped into the sea and were drowned. Others went to the bottom with their shattered vessels. The sea was red with blood and covered with floating corpses, and with the shouts of the victors and the thunder of the artillery were mingled the cries and groans of the dying.*

Within one hour after sunset the allied fleet, with all its prizes, was lying safe at anchor in the neighbouring harbour of Petala. Only one division of the Turkish armament had escaped that day. One hundred and thirty Turkish ships of war, with their valuable stores and equipments, were captured. Twelve thousand Christian slaves were rescued from captivity. Four thousand Mussulmen were taken prisoners, and twenty-five thousand were slain. The allies, on their side, had lost only eight thousand men. So signal a victory had not been achieved by the Christians—so terrible a defeat had not been sustained by the infidels—since the repulse of Solymán the Magnificent before the walls of Vienna, forty-two years before.

And Cervantes?

Cervantes, who, sick and feeble as he was, had been the first to board the admiral's galley,—who had led the fight wherever it was thickest,—and who, in that day of gallant deeds, had distinguished himself as bravest among the brave, was lying—not dead, thank Heaven!—but wounded and delirious in a cabin of the galley *Marquesa*, with Manuel watching at his bedside. He had received two arquebuse shots in the breast, and one hand was so shattered that the surgeon had found it necessary to amputate it at the wrist.

"He said he would give his right hand for a share in the glory," said Manuel, sorrowfully, as the poor sufferer moaned and muttered in his delirium.

"I' faith, then, he may thank Fortune for taking only the left

* Contarini, "Hist. della Guerra contra Turchi."

one, and not striking too sharp a bargain with him!" laughed the surgeon, to whom one patient was the same as another.

And the left hand it was; not the right. The right, by God's blessing, was left to fight with again — ay, and to write Don Quixote, to boot!

CHAPTER XVIII.—Cervantes, the soldier.

CERVANTES had gone through the baptism of fire and slaughter, and had now no thought of any life but that of the soldier. A soldier he was, therefore, for some years; and the events of those years we will now attempt briefly to recount.

After having achieved the great victory of Lepanto, Don Juan of Austria put into Messina for the winter with his Spanish troops; while the Papal and Venetian fleets retired to their respective coasts. At Messina a splendid triumph awaited the conquerors, and they were received with more than royal honours. At Messina, also, the wounded were drafted into an hospital purposely set aside for their accommodation, and tended by experienced surgeons, at the head of whom was Doctor Gregorio Lopez, formerly physician to the Emperor Charles V. Thus cared for, Cervantes gradually recovered from his ague and his wounds, and enjoyed not only his share of a bounty of thirty thousand ducats, presented by Don Juan to the wounded of the Spanish contingent, but was assigned the sum of three escudos per month, in addition to his pay, as a recognition of his individual valour at the battle of Lepanto. Nor was this all. He was personally distinguished, while in the hospital, by the friendship of the commander-in-chief, and by four several additional grants of money, dated the 15th and 24th of January, and the 9th and 17th March, 1572, "for secret and extraordinary expenses, in consideration of his services, and to complete the cure of his wounds."* He still continued, however, to serve in the ranks as a gentleman-volunteer, and that promotion which, as a man of good birth and refinement, he would have prized far beyond mere money compensation, was, from some unaccountable oversight, withheld.

Shortly after the battle of Lepanto, Cervantes exchanged into the regiment of Don Lope Figueroa. He was unwilling to lose his friend Manuel as a daily comrade; but a more powerful reason influenced him in the other direction. His elder brother, Rodrigo de Cervantes had been presented with an ensign's commission

* Roscoe's "Life and Writings of Cervantes."

under Figueroa, and was already on his way to join that regiment in Messina. By the time that he arrived, Miguel had already effected the exchange, and had the happiness of sharing the same quarters, wearing the same uniform, and being constantly on the same duties as the brother from whom he had so long been parted. Their joy was great at being again united, for they had not met since a few days before Cervantes started for Rome in the suite of the Prince of Atri.

Having wintered in Messina, and together made the uneventful campaign of the summer of 1572, the brothers spent the next winter (which was the third of Miguel's military career) in Naples. As the spring came on—the spring of 1573—there were rumours afloat that the allies meant this year to turn their arms upon Algiers; but towards the end of March the Venetians contracted a secret peace with Constantinople, the Papal and Spanish commanders threw up the league in disgust, and Don Juan announced his intention of besieging Tunis, and striking a decisive blow at the maritime strongholds of the corsair hordes, which were at this time the terror of the Mediterranean traders.

As they had lagged by in that first spring of 1571, when Cervantes thought the time for action would never come, so the months lagged by again, till the early summer and the mid-summer were both past. About the second week in September, the regiments of Moncada and Figueroa were ordered to Palermo; and on the 24th Don Juan embarked from that city with twenty thousand Spaniards, and set sail for the coast of Africa. On the 8th of October, having been for two days within sight of the long line of sandy plain fringing the bay of Tunis, they made straight for the shore, and disembarked about half-way between the city and the famous fortress called the Goleta. The sky over their heads looked almost black, from the intensity of its colour; the heat was overwhelming; the sun seemed to blaze in the heavens like a fiery furnace; and the plains of sand beyond the low white rocks that fenced the shore gave back its intolerable glare. To the right rose a lofty promontory called Cape Carthage, where the city of Dido once looked out upon the sea. To the left, a mass of white buildings and lofty minarets clustered together in the deep curve of the bay, marked the situation of the Moorish city of Tunis. Here and there, rising in graceful groups at some distance from the shore, were palm-trees and pines; and the cactus and aloe grew rankly in the hollows of the sand-hills, and on the rugged crests of the seaward rocks.

As the galleys dropped anchor, and the troops poured slowly down the gangways in single file, with their steel caps and cuirasses glittering in the sun, a huge cloud of moving dust was observed towards the south. This cloud, as they shortly discovered, was raised by the simultaneous flight, not only of the Moorish garrison of the Goleta, but of the whole population of the city of Tunis—men, women, children, horses, and flocks. Hastening at once to take possession of these easy conquests, Don Juan garrisoned the Goleta with Spanish troops, took possession of Tunis and its castle, threw up earthworks for the construction of a temporary fort, and gave the city up to pillage. Hither and thither, among the narrow, dirty Moorish lanes of the city—in and out of the bazaars—through the deserted harems and mosques, where no Christian foot had ever been permitted—up to the highest minarets, and down to the wine-cellars where the faithful stored in secret the forbidden liquor, roamed the Spanish soldiery. Day after day, despite the vertical sun, they poured out to sack the deserted capital. Night after night they returned to their tents on the shore, laden with embroidered stuffs, jewels, bags of curious gold and silver money, damaskened scimitars, poignards, rich housings, and sacks of precious spices. Even the officers did not disdain to take their share of the booty; and Cervantes and his brother, remembering their mother and sisters in Alcala de Henares, filled their pockets with bracelets, and stored away a bundle of shawls and gold-embroidered veils in a certain corner of the hold on board the galley appropriated to their company. As, however, Miguel was a poet and a scholar, as well as a soldier, he gave up one day to seeing the ruins of Carthage.

He, and Manuel, and Rodrigo went together; for, though Manuel and Miguel were no longer in the same regiment, they still occupied the same quarters, and were dispatched on the same expeditions. Leaving the Goleta early in the morning, they mounted three Barbary horses, taken probably from the stables of some bey, or captain of janizaries, in Tunis, and rode along the coast in the direction of Cape Carthage. Coming by-and-by to some salt-pits sunk in the sand, they could distinguish the remains of several stone jetties running out upon the shelving shore to a great distance under the surface of the water; and in a few minutes more, came upon a mass of irregular ruins, half-overgrown with thickets of the fig and olive, and the rich green leaf of the acanthus. Here they traced the outer circuit of what might have been a theatre, or palace, in the days of Scipio and Hannibal; and

then, ascending higher, arrived at the famous cisterns, the magnitude and number of which are to this day the wonder of African travellers. Far away, scattered here and there along the distant plain, rose the ruined arches of that huge aqueduct which once supplied those cisterns from the springs of Zungar, fifty miles distant. The young soldiers examined these prodigious reservoirs, and descended into the corridor, which anciently connected them one with another. Suddenly, with a hideous cry, a troop of jackals started up before them, and fled into the darkness of the vaulted distance. They climbed back to the upper air. Before and around them lay the blue sea and the Spanish galleys, the long line of sandy bay, the palms, the fort, the distant minarets, and, far inland, the purple mountains, beyond which stretched the illimitable desert. They picked up a few morsels of green and yellow marble—once, perhaps, part of the columns of a stately temple; now scattered, thick and shapeless, among the weeds, like pebbles on a beach. As they did so, a large snake glided past them and disappeared in a thicket of young olives, and a flock of starlings, apparently many miles in length, flew, like a cloud, across the dark blue sky.

In the first days of November, having left a force of seven thousand troops in possession of Tunis and the Goleta, Don Juan returned to Sicily; while Cervantes and Rodrigo were sent, with four companies of Figueroa's regiment, to the island of Sardinia, where they passed the winter; Sardinia being at that time a dependency of the Spanish crown.

In the month of May, 1574, while Don Juan was negotiating with his half-brother, King Philip of Spain, for the sovereignty of Tunis, and the Moors were silently preparing to recover it by force of arms, Cervantes and his comrades were brought off from Sardinia by a squadron of galleys commanded by Marcello Doria, and drafted on to Genoa, there to await the pleasure of the commander-in-chief. In that superb seaport the brothers remained for three months, visiting at the palaces of many of its merchant-princes, and enjoying the literary society of the city and its environs. In July, however, there came intelligence that the Moors were assembling before Tunis, and in August Don Juan touched at Genoa, took up the four companies of Cervantes' regiment, and pushed on for Messina, where the rest of his fleet lay in harbour. At Messina, more delays occurred. Some of the galleys needed repair, and the regiment of Don Pedro di Padillan had not yet arrived from Naples. In the meantime, the Spaniards were be-

sieged in Tunis by an immense army of Moors, and rumour said that the Goleta was already taken. Impatient to rescue his brave soldiers, Don Juan hastened the preparations by day and night, reinforced his ships with men and stores, and put to sea in the teeth of a contrary wind. All was, however, in vain. The wind became a hurricane, and, pursued by storms, the frail fleet was driven back, and escaped with difficulty among the harbours of the south-west coast of Sicily. While these misfortunes were taking place, and the damaged galleys were being hastily repaired at Trepani, the Goleta was taken, and Tunis, after a siege of twenty days, was carried by assault.

Don Juan received this intelligence just as he was again prepared to sail. Mortified, both in his pride as a general and his ambition as a prince, bitterly repenting that he had not razed and dismantled every stone of the fortifications at Tunis, instead of attempting to hold them for Spain, by means of an insufficient garrison, and deeply lamenting the seven thousand brave fellows who were all killed or carried into captivity, he left the fleet and army under the command of the Duke of Sesa, and went back, sadly, to Naples. From Naples, after a few weeks, he started for Spain, and spent the winter at the Court of Madrid, when the king conferred upon him the title of Lieutenant of all Italy.

In the meantime, Cervantes was quartered at Palermo, under the supreme command of the Duke of Sesa. There the brothers passed the greater part of the winter, and early in March, 1575, were forwarded again to Naples, and garrisoned at Saint Elmo. Here they found Manuel, with a detachment of Monçada's regiment, and so spent many a pleasant day together boating about the beautiful familiar bay, and enjoying all the amusements of that most joyous of European cities.

The war, however, was now over. The Moors had retaken their old possessions; Spain was weary of wasting men and treasure; and the troops saw a long period of peace and inactivity in prospect. Don Lope di Figueroa, and many other officers of rank and distinction, obtained leave of absence, and returned home to their wives and families; and Miguel de Cervantes, who had worn the king's livery ever since the month of October, 1571, began to long for Spain again:—

Spain, the land of fan-leaved chestnuts;
Spain, the land of oil and wine!

Yes, he had now been a soldier for nearly five years. He had

been wounded more than once; he had lost a hand; he had served under the burning sun of Africa; he had been in imminent danger of shipwreck; and his general health was impaired by so many changes of climate and the fatigues of so many campaigns. He had received in return neither promotion, nor fame, nor even adequate compensation in booty or pay. Thinking over these things, he resolved to ask leave to return to Spain and petition the king himself for the guerdon which he so amply deserved. Were this petition refused or disregarded, he made up his mind to leave the army and seek his fortune as a man of letters.

Accordingly, when Don Juan of Austria returned to Naples in June, with the title of Lieutenant of All Italy, Cervantes waited upon him at the vice-regal palace, and received not only an immediate and hearty assent to his request as regarded himself, but permission for his brother to accompany him, and a free passage for both on board of a government galley called *El Sol* (the Sun), which was to sail from Naples for Valencia on the 19th September. Some days before the 19th, there came an order to St. Elmo, desiring Miguel de Cervantes to wait upon Don Juan at a certain hour of the following day. Poor Miguel thought his leave was, for certain, withdrawn; and went, at the appointed time, in a very melancholy mood. His melancholy was soon changed to joy and gratitude, however, when Don Juan laid a packet of papers before him, and showed him that they were letters of recommendation, written, one with his own princely hand, and the other by the Duke of Sesa, setting forth in the strongest terms the valour, personal worth, and long services of their esteemed friend and brave soldier, Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra.

Dismissed from the audience with such kind words of well-wishing as he was proud to receive from his commander-in-chief, Cervantes went back to St. Elmo with a light heart, and on the 19th of September embarked, with his brother, in the company of Don Carillo de Quesada, Don Juan de Valcazar, and some five or six other Spanish officers of military rank, returning, like themselves, on leave of absence.

Westward, across the blue sea, they took their happy course, and made direct for the Straits of Bonifacio, between the islands of Sardinia and Corsica. At the town of Bonifacio they put in for two days, for the purpose of shipping goods; and sailed again on the morning of the 24th, still steering westward, and intending to touch at Majorca and Minorca, on their way to Valencia. Early in the forenoon of the 26th, just as a blue hill (that seemed to take

its colour from the waves out of which it rose) became visible through the morning mist, three Algerine corsairs hove into sight about two miles to leeward. Hitherto the vaporous atmosphere had concealed them, and now flight seemed almost hopeless. Still the captain of *El Sol* crowded all sail, and made for the blue hill, which he knew to be Minorca, whither no corsair, however bold, would dare to follow. All was, however, in vain. The Moorish galleys, built for speed and urged by practised rowers, swept over the waves like great sea-birds of prey, and gained upon the Spanish boat at every dash of their oars.

"There is no help for us, save in God and St. Jago," said the captain, with the calm despair of a brave man. "We must even fight for it, my men! Clear decks, and lay to. 'Tis death or slavery, remember!"

The sailors gave a hearty cheer; the decks were cleared; cutlasses were distributed; the guns (there were but two) were got ready for action; and Miguel and Rodrigo Cervantes, with the rest of their military companions, put on their cuirasses and helmets, for the honour of King Philip, and saw to the priming of the muskets.

Up came the corsairs, in deadly silence. *El Sol* began the combat gallantly, by discharging her two guns, both of which took effect among the Algerines. In another moment the devoted little ship was surrounded, grappled with, and boarded. A desperate fight ensued, but the pirates were fifteen to one, and armed to the teeth, and the struggle lasted only a few minutes. Almost in less time than it takes to relate it, the Christians were heavily fettered and carried on board the Moorish vessels; *El Sol* was taken in tow, with her gay flag torn from her mast-head; and captors and captives were speeding fast towards the coast of Africa.

(To be continued.)

THE MONTHS.—OCTOBER.



THE swallows leave us in October, and give warning, by their departure for a warmer clime, that winter is approaching. The summer has gone, and we must presently bid farewell to autumn; but in this month we enjoy more equable weather than in almost any other of the twelve. The glory and grandeur of the year are, however, by no means past. The fresh green of spring and the full-leaved beauty of summer are no longer with us; but in the woods and fields the trees put on a glory all their own. What a sunset of splendour there is in their many hues of gold, and brown, and copper! Soon their varied tints will change to sombre grey; and in a few weeks the branches that were earliest in leaf will be bare, and cold, and dead. The seed-pods of the plane-tree are visible amid the sparse foliage; the birch, the elm, the acacia, the linden, and the weeping ash, shed their leaves rapidly; and the sighing wind, as if in sympathy with their distress, hurries and drives them into corners, and hides them from the sun. But the sun still shines warmly and joyously during the day, and a tranquil splendour yet hangs over the short evenings, which, with very brief twilight, deepen into night. In October, though, the nights are glorious. The stars are brighter now than ever, and the Milky Way lies a broad belt of light athwart the sky.

Nature and the farmer are busy in October. The migratory birds are on the wing,—some coming, some going; all apparently full of occupation. While the swallow tribes leave us, the wild goose, the woodcock, and the hooded crow, arrive in troops from cold northern lands to winter in England. The sportsman now makes his grand harvest, and sacrifices much powder and shot in honour of St. Pheasant. A butterfly or two may be noticed about the garden, dipping into the autumn flowers; while the thistle-down soars lightly away, and the seeds of a thousand plants literally take wing and fly to distant places where they bury themselves in the moist earth, and die; and so prepare for new life next spring—a glorious resurrection. Quietude and solemnity are the grand characteristics of the landscape. The song-birds are

silent, and only now and then the stillness is interrupted by the rush of a scared rabbit, the rustle of a frightened hare, the cry of a solitary wild duck, the hum of a lonely bee, the whirr of a startled pheasant, or the buzz of a belated beetle. The leaves lie in heaps around the stems of the forest trees; but the squirrel is leaping from branch to branch, gathering in and carefully housing his winter store; the ants and the moles, the field mice, and many other little creatures of the air and fields, are making their homes warm and comfortable; and even the fish in the rivers seem to put on an unwonted air of occupation, at least so the angler might fancy, for October is a specially good month for him. The hop-garden is a scene of gaiety and merry noise; and in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany, the "purple vintage" is being gathered from a thousand hill-slopes and vine-covered plains, amid song, and shout, and light-hearted enjoyment. Now the orchard yields its fruit, and the apple, the pear, the plum, and the peach, mingle daintily in shop-windows and on dessert-tables, with the yellow grape, the golden pineapple, and the luscious melon. Towards the end of the month the labourers are in the fields gathering and hoeing potatoes, carrots, turnips, beetroot, and other tuberos kinds of plants. The plough is seen in full activity, and the sowing of wheat and beans goes on continuously, with ditching and banking, the repairing of fences and gates, the planting and felling of trees, the gathering and storing of fuel, and all such other out-door occupations as are necessary for the coming-in of Winter.

The flush of the landscape is o'er,
The brown leaves are shed on the way;
The hue of the lone mountain-flower
Grows wan and betokens decay.
All silent the song of the thrush,
Bewilder'd she cowers in the dale;
The blackbird sits lone in the bush,—
The fall of the leaf they bewail.

But what are the boys doing in October? The regular cricket season is over; but football, leap-frog, steeple-chase, leaping with a pole, running, jumping, and other athletic games are popular this month. In France, especially in those low-lying districts called the Landes, walking in stilts is not only a necessary accomplishment for shepherds and other peasants, but is eagerly learned by lads and lasses, some of whom become such adepts in the art as to be able to run, leap, and even dance in them, with graceful and dexterous ease. It is remarkable how few new games there are for boys. Nearly

all our established in-door and out-door amusements were known to, and were practised by, Norman boys, Saxon boys, Roman boys, Grecian boys, and even Egyptian boys! All work and no play may make Jack a dull boy; but all play and no work would make him a dullard, certainly. Nevertheless, the introduction of a few new games for lads—not mere children's games, mind you—is highly desirable.

October derives its name from its position in the Roman calendar—the eighth from the snows. With us it is the tenth month of the year. The Emperor Domitian, who was born in this month, wished to name it after himself, and to give his surname, Germanicus, to September. But, not being particularly popular with the Roman people, the change never became general; and the months of September, October, November, and December retained their old appellations of seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth months. Our Saxon forefathers called October the *Wyn-monat*—the wine month,—from the fact of the wine harvest occurring about this time. But, there never having been many grapes grown in England, the name was rather traditional—in memory of their German fatherland—than exact. The Saxons also called this month the *Winter-fulleth*, because they reckoned their winter to commence at the first full moon that happened to fall within October. The zodiacal sign of October is Scorpio—the scorpion,—the sun appearing to enter that sign on the 23rd. Soon after the advent of the Michaelmas Goose, the season for pheasant-shooting begins; and on the second day of the month is held the great annual Goose Fair at Nottingham,—a fair that has been popular in the Midland Counties for many centuries. October is celebrated, too, as the best season for brewing,—“fine old October” being a proverbial saying all over the land. In the “Shepherd's Calendar” this month is said, indeed, to be a

Friende unto vinteners generally.

The 1st day of October is dedicated in the calendar to St. Remigius, who was born at Leon, in the year 439, elected bishop of Rheims at the early age of twenty-one, officiated at the coronation of Clovis, and lived to the good age of ninety-six. According to the legend, “a dove, fairer than snow, brought down a phial full of holy oil,” wherewith to anoint the great Clovis; when, as soon as the archbishop received the gift, the bird vanished. With the oil from this inexhaustible *ampulla* most of the French kings at their coronations have been anointed! Clovis was converted to

Christianity by St. Remigius; and this monarch it was who bequeathed to his successors the titles—often abused—of “Eldest Son of the Church” and “Most Christian King.” (!)

St. Faith, whose anniversary is held on October the 6th, is supposed to have been a fair virgin of Aquitaine, who suffered martyrdom about the year 290. Others, however, hold that St. Faith is simply a virtue personified, and that the day was originally dedicated to the special exaltation of the hand by which we lay hold of the promises of God.

The commemoration of *St. Denis*, bishop of Paris, who was martyred in 272, is held on the 6th. He was one of the missionaries sent by St. Fabian, bishop of Rome, to propagate Christianity. To him is dedicated that famous church in Paris which was for centuries the burial-place of the monarchs of France. This church was desecrated during the first French Revolution, and actually turned into a cattle-market; but it was afterwards restored by Napoleon the Great, who desired that all “future emperors” might be buried within its walls. Many miracles are said to have been performed by St. Denis; one of the most remarkable being the extraordinary journey he took after his martyrdom. As the old rhyme has it—

St. Denis had his head cut off—he did not care for that
He took it up and carried it two miles without his hat. (!)

The 13th of October is dedicated to St. Edward, the king known in history as Edward the Confessor, the founder of Westminster Abbey, in which, soon after its erection, were laid the mortal remains of its royal architect.

The 17th is the day held sacred to St. Etheldreda, daughter of Anna, king of the East Angles. She was twice married: first to Toubert, of Lincolnshire; and afterwards to Egfrid, king of Northumberland. This lady retired from a throne to a nunnery which she founded in the Isle of Ely. Her name was afterwards corrupted to St. Audrey, which was a name given to country-made lace in Lincolnshire; whence the word *tawdry*, as applied to all sorts of poor finery!

The 18th is *St. Luke's Day*. St. Luke was the “beloved physician” of Scripture. Tradition makes him skilful in painting. He suffered martyrdom, and was buried in the great Christian church of Constantinople.

St. Crispin's Day is October the 25th,—a day less known to Englishmen from the memory of the holy martyr than from the

valiant deeds wrought at Agincourt. No less celebrated is St. Crispin's Eve than St. Crispin's Day; for it was on the 25th of October, 1854, that the great charge was made at Balaclava—when

Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred ;

a day, indeed, which revives the memory of the gallant fight fought years ago against the French.

And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by

without recalling the bravery of Agincourt and Balaclava.

The festival of *St. Simon and St. Jude* is held on the 28th. St. Simon, called also the Evangelist and the Canaanite, was put to death in Persia; and St. Jude was the brother of James the Less, who left an epistle, still extant, and who is known in Scripture as Lebbeus, and also as Thaddeus.

On the eve of *All Hallows*, the 31st of October, many singular customs used to be observed in rural districts; but railroads and telegraphs, and mechanics' institutions, and penny newspapers, have taken the light out of Hallowtide; and young men and maidens no longer believe in the quaint superstitions which led them to perform various absurd rites, in the hope of being permitted to see their future wives and husbands.

In the children's garden there are yet a few bright flowers—dahlias and hollyhocks, pinks, and monthly roses; while in the fields the dandelion and shepherd's-purse are blooming in their second youth. Care should be taken to house pinks, carnations, picotees, auriculas, and bulbous plants; all weeds, stalks, and dead leaves should be removed; nasturtiums should be reduced in size, and everything made neat and snug; for the dull days of November, now close at hand.

A few dates will conclude my gossip for the month. On the 1st of October, in 1828, the London University was opened by Lord Brougham. On the 2nd, in 1825, at Ditchingham, in Norfolk, died Mrs. Hannah Want, in her 106th year, with a hundred and twenty-one children, grand-children, and great-grand-children as mourners. On the 3rd, in 1690, died Robert Barclay, the celebrated apologist of Quakerism, a now rapidly-decaying form of religion. On the 4th, in 1861, died the Earl of Elington, a nobleman principally known for his attempt to revive the old form of jousts and tournaments. On the 11th, in 1851, was closed the Great Exhibition of All Nations in Hyde-park. On the 12th, in

1859, died Robert Stephenson, the celebrated engineer. On the 13th, in 1832, died Canova, the great French sculptor; and on the same day, in 1845, Mrs. Fry, the well-known prison reformer. On the 14th, in 1806, was fought the famous battle of Jena. On the 16th, in 1586, died, at the battle of Zutphen, the world-renowned Sir Philip Sidney, poet, statesman, and warrior. On the 16th, in 1834, the Houses of Parliament were totally destroyed by fire. On the 21st, at the battle of Trafalgar, in 1805, died the immortal hero Nelson. On the 20th, in 1784, was born Lord Palmerston, the great statesman and present premier. On the 24th, in 1537, died Lady Jane Seymour, that wife of Henry VIII.—“the best beloved”—who was married to the royal butcher on the day following the execution of Queen Anne Boleyn, to whom she had been maid of honour. On the 27th, in 1857, died General Cavaignac, the dictator of the French Republic after the abdication of Louis Philippe. On the 28th, in 1467, was born the great Erasmus, of whom it was said—“Poor in his birth, but rich in genius . . . he became the self-appointed champion of man,—a volunteer in the service of miserable mortals,—an unbought advocate of those who could only repay him with their love and their prayers,—the poor outcast, the abject slave of superstitious tyranny, and all the nameless, numberless sons of want and woe, born only to suffer and to die.” On the 29th, in 1857, was opened the first telegraphic communication between Europe and Africa. On the 30th, in 1841, broke out the great fire at the Tower of London, by which hundreds of stands of arms were destroyed, and the crown jewels of England only saved by the bravery of a single man, the late Mr. Pierse, superintendent of the police. On the 31st, in 1857, died James Morrison, a London merchant, who, originally a poor boy, died worth three millions of money; and, what was better than all his wealth, he possessed during his whole life the esteem of his friends, the confidence of those with whom he transacted business, the love of the poor, and the respect of the world.

With this I close my gossip. October is the last month of our English summer. Soon, winter will be around us. But not, I trust, gloomy and miserable winter; but jolly, hospitable Christmas-time, when we can draw round the fire at night, and read, and think, and tell pleasant tales; and play chess, and draughts, and fox and geese, and many other indoor games. And while we enjoy ourselves in our warm, comfortable homes, let us not forget that the poor, who are always with us, have yet a claim upon our Christian sympathy and active help. Farewell! G. F. P.

WHAT THE BIRDS SAY.

By THOMAS MILLER.



THEY said he did, and I believed it then, and so did numbers of other boys; but I very much doubt it now; for, as we get older, we become harder of belief. I have heard great naturalists say that Wellington had the look of an eagle, Napier the look of a hawk, and that the countenances of many of our famous generals, who were as fond of fighting as a boy is of cream and raspberry-tart, bore the expression of birds of prey; and on examining some of their portraits, I am sure it is so. But Tootle-toot-toot—that was his name, and I never knew him by any other—had the look of a pert canary, and it was he who knew everything the birds said to one another, whether they were singers or talkers, and as fast as ever they sang or prated, he would translate their notes, after listening a few moments with his head aside, then tell you all they said. Some said he had sold himself to Old Scratch, for teaching him to understand what the birds talked about; but I never believed that, because I don't think the devil ever cared to listen to anything so innocent as the singing of birds, though he might now and then stop to hear a raven croak or an owl hoot, but never to listen to the songs of "those little angels of the trees," as the pretty birds are called. But this I do know, for I have seen it many a time with my own eyes, and heard it with my own ears, when I have been as wide-awake as a rat that a ferret has just bitten and is again about to attack, Tootle-toot-toot would say, and he kept scores of birds, "Point out any bird you like and I'll have a little talk with him, and tell you all he says to me." And he did so. "Talk to that one, Tootle," I would say, pointing to any one bird that my eye first alighted upon, which, perhaps, might be Silver-lips, for he had names for all his favourite birds, and called his new comers after the old ones he sold off. One he called Sing-me-to-sleep; another, Kiss-me-sweet; a third, a skylark, Daisy-music; a fourth, Spring's-delight; a fifth, Cowslip-voice; and so on, through a long catalogue of odd poetical names, every one of which I believe he had

himself invented; for that little old man had a strange wild imagination, and such thoughts as nobody else beside, and that was why we believed he knew all the birds said to one another.

Then he would go up to Silver-lips, and, putting his bird-like face close to the cage, would whistle or chirp in his peculiar way, when the bird would instantly begin to sing—only a few short notes at first, and so they would both keep on; and when they had done, Tootle-toot-toot would tell me all they had been talking about, and say, "I asked him how he did, and he replied, 'Very well, thank you.' 'And how did you like that nice fresh groundsel?'—'Very much indeed; it was so sweet—so sweet, and so very—very green.'" Then he would ask the bird if he hadn't cleaned and sanded its cage very nicely, scraped its perches, washed its claws, given it a supply of good fresh water; to all of which Silver-lips, he said, would make answer, and end by telling him that, he was as kind to it as its mother had ever been, and that it liked being with him a deal better than flying about, especially in winter; for he never let it want for anything—"no, never;" and I fancied when he told me, I heard it say "no, never," ever so many times, as plainly as Tootle himself could speak; but when he told me it said, "upon my word and honour," I must confess I did not hear that quite so distinctly as I did "no, never." I am sure one day, when Tootle stood up with his face close to a cage, I felt quite frightened, for I was but a very little boy then, at seeing him look so much like a bird; for his forehead went back and his nose came forward, and as for his chin, through the way in which he held his head, why, I couldn't see it at all. Then his hair was white, and the colour of his face a yellowish-brown; and as he had a pain in his face that day, and a black handkerchief tied over one cheek, just like the dark band down the same place in a goldfinch, I thought I never saw anything so much like a bird as he looked on that morning while whistling and listening to a linnet which he called "Polly-strike-up," and I no longer wondered at his understanding what the birds talked about when they were singing to and answering each other, and couldn't help thinking that he might have been hatched from an egg.

I often saw our schoolmaster in his shop, and sometimes, in spring especially, when we went out for a long country walk during our half-holiday, he would, before starting, say, "Boys! shall we take Mr. Tootle-toot-toot with us to-day, and get him to tell us what the birds are saying to one another while we are out?" Then there used to be such a clapping of hands and crying of

"Yes, yes, please, sir." Then some boy was sent running off with a little note, and we were sure to find Tootle at the town-end waiting for us, for he lived near there, where the lane went winding up to the hills and woods beside the large old rookery. It was quite a Land of Birds which that long lane led to, and Tootle



said they met there early in spring, after having come back from over the sea, and tried over the tunes they were to sing when they dispersed themselves through the country for the coming summer. "The birds that were hatched last year are only a little more than twelve months old," Tootle would say, "and have a good many tunes to learn before they can sing properly; then the old birds have to tell them how to build their nests. So you see, my boys, what with one thing and another, their fathers and mothers must have a good deal to say to them."

One day, early in spring, when we reached the large rookery, our schoolmaster first looked up at the tall elm-trees which the wind was rocking to and fro, while the rooks were cawing louder than usual; then glancing at Tootle, he said, "What's going on there?" Tootle looked up at the high wind-rocked trees, peering in between the nests the birds were building, then said, "The wind's so high I can't hear everything that's said very distinctly; but if you notice those two rooks that are hopping about on the low branch to the left, you'll soon see what's happened. They had just begun to build their nest, and while they were away, in search of more sticks to help to finish it, some thieves have carried off all they had done and not left a stick behind. If you watch them very close you'll see they are examining all the unfinished nests on the tree where they had commenced building, to see if they can find the sticks they had laid down as a foundation for their nest, every one of which has been carried off. There will be a precious row presently, for the Mrs. Rook that has had her nest stolen is going on awfully to her husband, and she has got a tongue of her own, I can tell you. I shouldn't like to be the rook's wife that stole her nest, nor the husband either. Just look how she keeps rubbing her beak on that branch to bring it to a sharp point, and see how Mr. Rook keeps bobbing his head down and trying to pacify her. He just now said, 'Never mind, my dear, don't put yourself into such a rage; it will do no good. Time enough when we have found the thieves, and we shall do that, never fear. I never had to complain of a want of justice in our rookery, and I am a year older than you. Look about you, my love. I could swear to that stick you first brought, and which was so heavy you had to alight and rest twice before you reached here. It was crooked, and had a knot on it.' That's just what Mr. Rook has been saying to his wife, word for word," said Tootle, again holding his hand to his ear, and looking up, as if both watching and listening attentively, while from time to time he told us all that was said in that airy city by the rooks in the following manner:—

"Mrs. Rook says, 'Who can help being out of temper when they come home and find their house carried away, as ours is. How my wings ached when flying with that large, crooked stick, which you said was strong enough to bear all the little baby-rooks that would be hatched this spring, if they sat one above the other. I'm sure it made my poor beak ache so that I could hardly open my mouth wide enough to get that nice fat white grub down which

you rooted out of the earth for my breakfast this morning. I should be very sorry to take away any rook's character, but I can't help having my thoughts, and I say I don't like that fellow who squints, with his ugly-looking wife, sitting above our heads, and watching us when we began to build, instead of setting to work to erect a house for their own family, as every respectable and industrious rook will do; and I say, and will stick to it, that Squint-eye and his wife are the thieves, wherever they may be.' Now, Mr. Rook is beginning to hop about from branch to branch," continued Tootle, "for I heard him say to his wife, 'Squint-eye and his wife are not honest-looking people, my dear, and I'll soon find out where they are and what they are doing;' and now he's calling to that rook above him that you see with his head poking out of his nest, and asking him if he's seen Mr. or Mrs. Squint-eye anywhere about. The rook to whom he addresses himself has drawn his head in, and now I see he points with his claws to a bough a little higher up on the left. Mr. Rook having received the required information, bends so low that his beak touches the branch he stands upon, which is the way a rook expresses his thanks for any kindness conferred, and a very good way too," adds Tootle. "Now, Mr. and Mrs. Rook, who have been plundered, are above the branch where the robbers have commenced their nest out of the materials they have stolen. Squint-eye is also standing on a branch, his thief of a wife resting on the unfinished nest. 'I can swear to that stick,' says the injured Mrs. Rook to her husband. Do you see the bend and the knot?'—'I do, quite plainly, my dear, and will just fly off to call down the police, in case they should be required.'—'You may call the police,' says Mrs. Rook to her husband; 'I'll have my sticks back, or I'll know why.' Now," continues Tootle, "she alights on the unfinished nest and fastens both her claws on it. Oh, hasn't she got a tongue of her own—do but listen!"

We did, and for the first time understood why a low neighbourhood, where there is continual quarrelling and fighting, is called a rookery; for never before had we heard such a row as took place when the police-rooks came down from the tops of the trees to drive Squint-eye and his wife out of the rookery; for, when charged with the theft, the only excuse they made, according to the version of Tootle, was, "that the plundered parties were so long gone, they didn't think they intended returning, but had started off to build their nest in some other rookery." Oh, how the police-rooks did peck at them, and bang them with their great black wings.

That beautiful writer, Washington Irving, whose "Sketch-Book" and "Bracebridge Hall" have scarcely an equal in the English language, used to fancy, while listening to the noisy rooks of an evening, that they were quarrelling for a share of the blanket.

"You want to know what those two birds are saying to one another," Tootle would say, as he heard them singing in turns—one always waiting until the other was silent; then again taking up the ditty—"Well, you see that bird, which is a long way off—so far that we can only just hear it—wants this bird so near to us to come to it. What it said was, 'Do just fly as far as here, and see the beautiful primroses that have opened beside the hedge where I am building my nest. I'm sure it will do you good this fine morning to have a sniff of them, and all the air about here is filled with the sweet smell of young buds. The scent is so delicious that it woke me as soon as day broke, and I was forced to get up and sing for joy, for I couldn't help it. Do come—it isn't far—fifty jerks of your wings will bring you here, and a little fly will do you good.' But the other bird answers, 'I am very busy, and cannot come now; indeed, I can hardly spare time to have a bit of a sing with you, for I have scores of little buds to pick off, that, if left to grow, would overshadow my nest, and I like a little sunshine to peep in to warm my young ones when they are first hatched. Besides, I laid my first egg this morning, and you know what a many thieves there are about on the look-out for a new-laid egg. There's been a cuckoo peeping about here this morning—of course, you heard her, and you know she's too lazy to build herself a nest, but drops her egg in anybody's house, and leaves her little one to be hatched and brought up by any poor bird, no matter how large a family of its own it may have to provide for. Neither would my husband be pleased to find me out of the way when he comes back, for he's gone to try and find me a little bit of something nice for breakfast; for he said he thought I ought to have a little relish after laying my first egg, and I really feel as if I wanted something to strengthen me.' Now, the other bird says," continued Tootle, "'You've got a much kinder husband than I have; for mine set off this morning, with a dozen other linnets, to peck and play among the gorse bushes that are now in flower on the common, and I shouldn't at all wonder if he doesn't make a day of it, though he knows our nest is not near finished, and when I told him so, he said, 'It wouldn't be a day lost, as there were a good many sheep in the neighbourhood of the gorse

bushes, and if he happened to think of it, he would bring a bit of wool home with him to line our nest.” Then, perhaps, some shrewd boy would say, “I thought, Tootle, it was only the male birds that sung?” to which Tootle would answer, “They both have a good deal to do and say during the building and breeding season, my lads, and that makes a sight of difference in them to what it does at any other time.” So Tootle-toot-toot, instead of telling a falsehood, got out of the difficulty by an evasive reply.

But I do believe he bounced us a good deal at times, when he got a parcel of little boys in his bird-shop, and I’ll tell you why; he used to say the birds wished the boys to buy them, and I never could believe that, for who ever heard of a bird wanting to sell itself to a boy? I would sooner believe you might catch a wild one by running after it in the fields and dropping a pinch of salt on its tail. He would begin with—“you want to know what that pretty bird’s been saying, and, as you seem to be a good little boy, I’ll tell you; for, though you did not know it, all this time it has been talking to you. It said—‘Never take young birds out of their nests and try to rear them yourself, for if you do, they are sure to die. Always buy them of Tootle-toot-toot, for the birds he sells are sure to live, and he’ll show you how to rear them, and sell you such food as they require twenty per cent. cheaper than you can buy it at any other bird-shop; and remember, he makes a farthing’s-worth of groundsel and chickweed and plantain, and gives you as much for a farthing as other shops sell for a half-penny. Tootle-toot-toot is as good as a mother to us, so buy all your bird’s-meat of him.’ Now, my little boy, that’s what that pretty bird has been saying to you; and very good advice it has been giving you, though I say it that should’nt. Point out any bird you like, and he’ll tell you it’s all true if I ask him, for I wouldn’t keep a bird if I knew it, that didn’t speak the truth.”

Whether or not Tootle-toot-toot understood what the birds said could only be known to himself, for if the birds said he didn’t, we couldn’t tell when they contradicted him, nor did we know anybody else that pretended even to the same knowledge. That birds talked in fable is recorded as far back as the time of *Æsop*, and even beyond that period. This I do know, that the birds we bought of Tootle-toot-toot, and fed on the food he prepared, always lived, even if they were young ones; while those we took out of their nests and tried to rear ourselves, were sure to die, often in a few days. Tootle was very attentive to his birds, and, excepting when telling us what they were saying, I never remember being in

his shop once, without finding him busy. He scraped their perches, scraped their loose cage floors, before he again strewed them with sand, washed and re-filled their fountains every morning, blew the husks out of their troughs before putting in fresh seed; and sometimes he would say, with a twinkle in his little round eyes, "They call me a witch (Tootle did not know that a male is a wizard), and say I witch my birds to make them live longer than other people's. Well, if I do, I witch them very clean and comfortable, and see that they have their food and water fresh every day; and that's all the witchcraft I use, unless when they are moulting, or have the pip, then I make use of a few hanky-panky secrets which I tell to nobody but the birds."

I am sure that he was very kind to his birds, and that they all knew him, for they came with a flutter of delight to the front of the cage when he put his face near them, and many he let loose to fly about his shop would settle down upon his shoulder or hand, and come at his call. There is an old proverb which says, "the early bird picks up the worm," and I believe no bird rose earlier than Tootle; for no sooner was it light than he was out hunting for worms and grubs, dandelion, groundsel, plantain, and chickweed; for he knew that birds are very fond of the little brown seed at the bottom of the ripe dandelion, and that they will line their nests in the breeding-cages with the dandelion-down after they have eaten off the little long brown seed from the bottom. We took our young birds to him, and he could tell which were hens and which were cocks as soon as ever he cast his eyes on them. He kept bullfinches which could sing any tune, he said, that you pleased to call for, and he spent hours in playing on an old flute to teach them these tunes. Other birds, especially goldfinches, he taught to work for their living, for they could not get at their seed without turning a mill, nor obtain any water without drawing up a bucketful; and yet they seemed quite as cheerful, amid all their labour, as those that had everything provided for them, and had nothing to do all day long but sing when they pleased. And I do believe that many birds, like industrious boys and men, are very miserable when they have got nothing to do, and that it is for want of other employment that they set to work and peck their cages to pieces, thereby getting into mischief, as many lads do, only because they cannot bear to be idle.

"I am sure," Tootle would say, "that the old birds take as much pains to teach their young ones to sing as a mother does

to teach her child to talk; if they didn't, how could the young birds learn the same tunes that the old ones sing? Some say it's cruel to keep them in cages; but if they are taken out of their nests before they can fly, how can they miss the liberty they never knew? Besides, if they were not happy in their cages, would they, I should like to know, sing such glad and merry songs as they do? You can't call them prisoners, so often as I take them out to get a little fresh air, sometimes carrying with me three or four cages at a time, with, very often, as many as half a dozen birds in a cage, and I set the cages down in the fields and on the hill-tops, and often hang them up in the trees, so that the pretty things may look about them and see the surrounding country, while I hunt about for a few of the plants which I know they are fond of. Then they have no martins, or weasels, or hawks, or ferrets to be in fear of; for nothing can come near that will do them any harm, and that must be a great comfort to them if ever they think about such things at all, which, I am sure by their looks, they do at times. I keep them warm and feed them well all winter long, when the weather is so severe that hundreds of wild birds perish. In spring and summer I cover their cages with green, so that they may fancy they're in the trees or hedges, while they peck at the leaves that droop in pretty garlands all about their cages. And where would the blackbirds and thrushes get such tender pieces of raw lean beef as I feed them with, unless they went to the butcher's, which, if they did, they wouldn't get without money, and that they couldn't very well carry with them, though I have heard of magpies walking off with the silver spoons. I feed my young birds the very last thing at night, just before it is dark, and in the early morning as soon as I can see down their little red throats, and I don't believe their own mothers could do more for them if they tried their hearts out. Don't I also, when I have sold a bird, call round for days and days after I have parted with it to inquire after its health, and see how it likes its new home? Yes, I do, and the birds are always glad to see me and tell me how they are treated; and when they make any complaint to me, I tell the new owners what the birds say, and, if they are not more carefully attended to, insist upon having them back. I've tried more than once to get a summons out against people for neglecting their birds, and think the magistrate showed a great want of feeling in refusing to grant me a warrant. I wish I had the making of laws for the protection of poor birds."

Do not think that Tootle-toot-toot said all this at once, just as I have written it, for he seldom ever conversed with me for more than a minute at a time without breaking off to talk to his birds. The above are fragments of many interviews, in which I gleaned up his opinions from time to time and have put together in the very words he made use of. Nor must I forget to tell you that, when one of his birds died, he made for it a little neat wooden coffin and buried it in his garden, scratching its name and age on a rounded piece of slate, which he erected as a tombstone. But if a bird died before it could peck it had no name, and was buried without having any monument erected to its memory; for, as he once wrote over one,—

Its days on earth they were so small,
It hadn't time to be named at all.

Three or four large old elm-trees overhung Tootle's little garden; and though the nests built in them every year by the rooks were hardly worthy of the name of a rookery—compared with the one I have before described—yet I often noticed that Tootle would sit in his garden-chair smoking his pipe, with his eyes gazing upward, as he watched the motions of the rooks; and if any of the little ones were blown out of their nests, and were not killed, he would pick them up carefully, and, putting them into a kind of soft nest, place them on the wall, so that the parent birds might come down to feed them, which they always did; and very often, by some means or another, they contrived to carry their young back again to the nest—Tootle said on their backs—and I believe him, because swallows have been seen to carry their unfledged young that have fallen out of their nests in the same way. Sometimes, too, he said, he laid in bed a little longer, on purpose to watch the shadows of the rooks darting across his white window-blinds, and to listen to what they said before starting out of a morning; and that he fancied he often heard them cawing out the names of the places they were going to visit; and very amusing it was to get Tootle to caw in imitation of the rooks, and repeat the names of localities which he fancied the sounds resembled. Peace to his memory! He has long slept his last sleep in the little green village-churchyard, where he loved at times to sit for hours together on some quiet, daisy-covered grave, as they still do, listening to What the Birds Say to one another.





The Man in the Iron Mask.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

By J. G. EDGAR.



NUMEROUS as are the mysterious incidents recorded in the annals of modern Europe, hardly one of them has excited livelier interest, or been the subject of more ingenious suppositions, than that of the state prisoner of France popularly known as "the Iron Mask." Among the hapless beings whom religious bigotry, political resentment, and regal tyranny condemned to a weary existence in the Bastille, and whose memories were dimly associated with the obscure history of that gloomy fortress, there had, according to tradition, been incarcerated within its walls a man whom rumour represented as young and particularly handsome, with a figure indicative of personal dignity, and a voice whose tones inspired interest in the breast of the listener. His tastes were said to be refined; he loved music, played the guitar, and exhibited a peculiar partiality for lace and fine linen. It was not so much to such circumstances, however, that the captive hero—for a hero he was assumed to be—owed his mysterious celebrity as to his iron mask—the *masque de fer*—with which he had been seen while travelling under the strictest custody from the Isle of Saint Margaret to Paris, and which was reported to be so constructed with steel springs that the wearer could eat and drink without its being removed. No measures were neglected to ensure the strictest incognito as to his name. He was said never to have uttered a hint as to his identity, nor expressed a complaint in regard to his durance; and a belief prevailed, that a mandate had been issued, that instant death should be the penalty of any disclosure. A rumour that a powerful minister of state, when visiting the captive had addressed him standing, and in a tone of deference, led to the idea that the man in the mask had been a personage of very high rank and consequence, and that his liberty would have proved perilous to the monarch in whose power he was. A sketch of the story of his

long captivity, in so far as it is known, will show that, while there was room for curiosity, rumour had not neglected her mission of "stuffing the ears of men with false reports," and that romance had highly coloured the details of the mystery.

Early in the morning of the 2nd of May, 1679, when Louis XIV., in pursuit of that self-aggrandisement which he declared to be the chief end of kings, was bent on transalpine conquest, the Abbé D'Estrades, who then exercised the functions of French ambassador at Venice, and, under the garb of an academic, enacted the part of a subtle politician, might have been observed to leave the city of Turin, and direct his course in a travelling carriage towards the territories of the French monarch. The abbé was accompanied on this occasion by a man of forty or thereabouts, armed with sword and pistols; and the unknown addressed the ambassador with the air of a person who considered himself of consequence. Moreover he displayed such excessive eagerness to pursue the journey, that when their progress was arrested by a broken bridge, he descended from the chariot and lent the servants all the assistance in his power to render it passable. On approaching the French territory, the abbé and his companion, who was destined to be the theme of countless pens, leaving the carriage and attendants, pursued their way on foot till they met, by appointment, a party of soldiers from the neighbouring garrison of Pignerol, headed by Catinat, a French officer of renown. A conversation, at first carried on in a friendly tone, quickly gave rise to angry words; the crafty abbé withdrew from the spot with stealthy steps; Catinat made a sign to his soldiers, and the unknown was immediately arrested. He made no use of the weapons he carried, but surrendered without resistance, only requesting that he might be gently treated, and was conducted by his military captors—none of whom, with the exception of Catinat, had any idea of the name or quality of their prisoner—towards the strong fortress of Pignerol. Arriving there at night, Catinat gave his captive the name of L'Estang, committed him to the custody of St. Mars, the governor of the castle, and soon after took his departure for France.

At first the prisoner L'Estang—for by that name was he known to the garrison—was kindly dealt with; but, peremptory orders soon arriving that he should not be too gently treated, a more rigid system was adopted, and his situation became the reverse of enviable. So harsh indeed were his keepers, that even medical attendance was denied, unless when absolutely necessary; and the

single privilege he enjoyed was that of being allowed writing materials to correspond with the king's ministers. This severe durance was more than the flesh and blood of L'Estang could yet bear; he ere long complained that such usage was unfair towards a man of his condition; and, before a year had elapsed, he was, or pretended to be, afflicted with mental alienation. He talked of supernatural visions, and on other subjects, in a tone which furnished the pretext for further humiliations; and at length he became so obstreperous that he was immured with a friar of the Jacobin order, whose insanity was beyond all question. L'Estang, however, was more than dubious. Believing his new comrade to be a spy, he expressed the loudest indignation, paced up and down the chamber with long strides, covering his face with his mantle, and crying that he was no dupe, but knew more than he cared to tell. The prisoner could not divest his mind of this hallucination, till the Jacobin, one day, sprang suddenly out of bed, and bellowed forth a sermon, which was so utterly defiant of reason as to prove convincing. Nevertheless L'Estang continued to use language so intemperate, and to scribble such libels on the wall with pieces of coal, that his gaolers menaced him with personal chastisement, and a taste of the rod rendered him mild and tractable.

Two years of dreary captivity passed away; and St. Mars being promoted from Pignerol to the fortress of Exiles, carried with him the mysterious captive. His removal was accomplished with singular precaution: the litter in which he was conveyed was guarded by a military escort; his new quarters were selected with the utmost deliberation; the tower in which he lodged was watched by sentinels chosen from the general's own company; and passers-by were not permitted to linger in its vicinity. His person was concealed by a screen from the priest who said mass; even the confessor was prohibited from asking his name.

In the year 1687, the prisoner, for the second time, experienced the variety and inconvenience of a change of lodgings. His keeper, St. Mars, being promoted to the governorship of the Isle of St. Margaret, on the coast of Provence, transferred L'Estang to his new quarters. The latter, being placed in a chair, was carried by soldiers; but so closely was he concealed from their view by oilcloth, that he well-nigh expired by the way for want of air, and his bearers imagined that they must now, at all events, be gratified with a sight of the unknown. But St. Mars repressed their curiosity, and ordered them, at all hazards, to pursue the journey with greater celerity. In his third prison the unfortunate

man passed eleven years, within a solitary chamber lighted by a grated window that looked upon the sea. During this period he is said to have one day traced, with his knife, some words on a plate, and thrown it through the grating. A fisherman, having picked up the plate upon the shore, brought it to the governor, who manifested some alarm; but assuring himself, by a rigid scrutiny, that the man could not read a word, St. Mars dismissed him with the observation that he was lucky in his ignorance.

When L'Estang had been a captive for about nineteen years, St. Mars was appointed to the governorship of the Bastille, and once more the unfortunate had to take the road. Again he performed the journey with all the mysterious ceremony observed on previous occasions. But when St. Mars halted by the way to visit his own château, the captive was for once exposed to view; and it was long remembered with interest that as he emerged from a litter his face was concealed by a mask of black velvet. It was in September, 1698, that the "Iron Mask" was safely lodged within the walls of the Bastille; and from that date he was treated with a consideration to which he had been formerly a stranger. His wretched life, however, was already approaching its close; and on the morning of Monday, the 19th of November, 1703, the King of Terrors carried him so suddenly out of the grasp of the king of France that the rites of the church could not be performed. His mortal remains were hastily interred in the churchyard of St. Paul's; the furniture of his apartments was committed to the flames; and the various vessels of silver, copper, and pewter which had been appropriated to his use were melted down, as if to destroy every memorial of such a being having existed. So great was the importance ascribed to the dark transaction by those in high places, that a celebrated minister, when importuned on his deathbed to throw some light on the matter, replied to his son-in-law, "It is a secret of the state; a secret which I have sworn never to reveal." When the Bastille was destroyed by the Parisian democracy in 1787, and the records were published, it was discovered that the very leaf which should have afforded information as to his name had disappeared from the register. So well had the secret been kept, that half a century elapsed ere any writer of mark committed the story to print.

Meantime the lovers of the marvellous did not, of course, fail to invent several theories to account for the prisoner's identity. Some asserted that the man in the iron mask was the duke de Beaufort, who had figured during the wars of the Fronde;

others supposed him to be the count de Vermandois, an illegitimate son of Louis XIV.; while a third party held that he was that spurious specimen of royalty who had fretted his little hour on the stage of English affairs as the duke of Monmouth. Each of these theories was capable of refutation: for it was well known that Beaufort had been killed by the Turks during that long siege of Candia which terminated in 1669; that Vermandois had fallen before Dixmude in 1683; and that the son whom Lucy Walters had presented to the Merry Monarch had been executed in presence of the citizens of London in 1685. Equally unfounded were the crotchets as to "the iron mask" having been a son of Oliver Cromwell, an Armenian patriarch, or a disgraced minister of finance. There was, however, it must be confessed, one hypothesis which, besides being reasonable, combined the fascination of romance with the semblance of reality. It was believed that, during the long estrangement of Louis XIII. from his spouse, Anne of Austria, the royal lady had been somewhat free of her favours to the duke of Buckingham and Cardinal Mazarin; that the audacious duke or the crafty cardinal had made the queen of France mother of a son; that the latter, being born in wedlock, might have proved a dangerous pretender to the throne, from which his uterine brother domineered over all Europe; and that he had paid the penalty of his inauspicious birth by figuring as "the iron mask." This theory appeared so plausible, that Voltaire, who first gave the mystery a place in historic literature, regarded it with favour, and served up the whole story with such accessories as were calculated to raise curiosity to the highest pitch. At length, when the monarchy of the Bourbons was tottering to its fall, and Louis XV. wore the crown which was to prove so fatal a heritage to his grandson, Madame de Pompadour, at the instigation of the duke de Choiseul, undertook to worm the mystic secret from her royal lover. The celebrated courtesan was successful in her attempt, but the result was disappointing. In fact, the king informed her that "the iron mask"—the prisoner around whose memory had circled so much mystery—was in reality no more important a personage than the obscure agent of an Italian prince; and people remarked that the mountain so long in labour had brought forth a mouse.

In former years, amid the conflicting surmises and hypothetical conjectures as to the interesting captive having been a peer, a prince, a pretender, a patriarch, it had several times been whispered—though never believed—that the true history of "the iron

mask," when divested of fable and exaggeration, would prove by no means so romantic as had been supposed,—in fact, that the man whose captivity had created so much curiosity was a petty politician who had outwitted Louis XIV. in some state intrigue. The public, however, were so little inclined to encourage any explanation which involved the abandonment of a long-cherished delusion, that not until the year 1825 did truth prevail over credulity. M. Delort, at that date, by the publication of a series of documents from the national archives, established by conclusive evidence the fact, that the individual who had been guarded for twenty-five years with as much vigilance as if he had been in possession of some secret too terrible for the public ear, was an Italian, named Matthioli, who had fallen a victim to his own ill-weaved political ambition, and to the vengeance of the monarch whose intrigue he had exposed. Let us briefly trace the strange career of this man, who obtained celebrity at so dear a rate.

A native of Bologna, a scion of an ancient family, and educated for legal pursuits, Matthioli, giving way to his "aspiring vein," left his birthplace to seek fame and fortune at the court of Mantua. Insinuating himself into the duke's favour, the adventurer became an official personage, and was elevated to the rank of count; but on the Mantuan sovereign's death, and during the minority of his son, Matthioli, deprived of his employments and anxious to regain power, cast his eyes longingly on the affairs of neighbouring states, with a view to pecuniary gain and political advantage. In the first instance, he endeavoured to curry favour with the government of Milan; but he found the Spanish functionaries either blind to his talents, or slow to reward their exercise; and while racking his teeming brain for some scheme whereby he might repair and advance his fortunes, the artful aspirant was quite delighted to learn that he could render important services to the abbé d'Estrades. It happened that the cession of the fortress of Pignerol to the French had some time before opened up a passage to Piedmont; and the abbé, perceiving that possession of Casal—the capital of Montferrat—would give the armies of Louis facilities for invading the Milanese at pleasure, set his heart upon securing for his royal master a place which was regarded, in some measure, as the key of Italy. With this object he enlisted the services of Giuliani, the editor of a newspaper; and the latter, at the abbé's instance, repaired to Verona, and represented to the discarded count, that as Spain and Austria had dangerous designs on the Mantuan territory, the duke should take the only safe

course open to him, and seek protection under the wide-spread wings of the king of France. Matthioli not only turned a ready ear to the suggestions thus made, but procured the abbé's messenger an audience of the duke; and the Italian prince, whose heart's desire was to shake off the influence of his mother—an Austrian princess—expressed no insuperable objections to admitting a French army into Casal, on condition that he received, in compensation, a large sum of money and the appointment of generalissimo to any military force sent by Louis into Italy. D'Estrades, deeming matters now ripe, wrote to his sovereign, developing the scheme, and Matthioli at the same time despatched an epistle, in which he declared that he adored the king of France as a demigod. Louis, in reply, while approving of his ambassador's project, inculcated on him the expediency of delay, and condescended to assure Matthioli of his favour and protection.

When affairs reached this stage, the abbé naturally felt anxious to communicate in person with the duke of Mantua; but the latter gave him to understand, that, surrounded as he was with persons in the Austrian interest, he could not venture on indulging him with an immediate interview. However, he promised to meet D'Estrades at Venice on the occasion of the carnival, then approaching; and in March 1678 they held a midnight conference in an open space equidistant from their residences. The duke then intimated his intention of despatching his ex-minister to Paris to accelerate negotiations; and, in November, Matthioli, with Giuliani as his squire, presented himself in the French capital. The conditions of the treaty having been previously settled with the French ministers, Matthioli was admitted to an interview with the king, furnished by the "demigod" with instructions as to its execution, presented with a valuable ring as a token of the royal favour, and dismissed from court with most liberal promises. Matthioli now set forward on his return to Italy; and, at this point, the ill-fated politician's habitual perfidy overcame his natural cunning. Whether he was dissatisfied with his reception at the French court, or discontented with the reward bestowed upon him at parting, or led into irresistible temptation, does not appear. In any case, while passing through Turin, where he freed himself from Giuliani's company, he furnished an adherent of Spain with copies of the documents relating to the secret treaty, and was recompensed for his treachery with a considerable bribe.

Events soon hurried on the plot to its catastrophe. The project, on which Louis had set his heart, and for the execution of which

he had moved an army to the Italian frontier, was noised abroad; the duke of Mantua, for delaying the ratification of the treaty, found excuses in Matthioli's absence; and still Matthioli lingered on his homeward way. At length, after many evasions, it was arranged, that on the 9th of March, 1679, the treaty should be ratified at Increa, a village near Casal; and D'Asfeld, the envoy of Louis, having been empowered to conclude the business with Matthioli, took his departure from Venice for that purpose. While passing through the Milanese, however, D'Asfeld was arrested by the Spanish authorities; and ere the news reached Venice, Matthioli appeared at the French embassy there, and startled the deputy of D'Estrades with intelligence that D'Asfeld was a prisoner, and that the duke of Mantua had already been forced by the other Powers into an alliance which precluded the possibility of maintaining his engagements with the king of France.

It now became evident that Louis, "the most consummate master of kingcraft the world ever saw," had been duped and betrayed by an obscure Italian schemer, and, waxing wroth, he, in the plenitude of his power, instructed the abbé d'Estrades to seize the traitor's person without delay. Matthioli, seemingly unconscious that the exposure of this disreputable intrigue had placed him on the verge of a precipice, presented himself to the abbé, who was now at Turin, and, with an effrontery almost without parallel, unblushingly demanded repayment of the expenses he had incurred while the negotiations were in progress. D'Estrades, of course, dissembled with diplomatic skill, stated that Catinat, then at Pignerol, had been furnished by his government with the necessary funds, and proposed that they should hold a meeting with that officer on the frontier and square accounts.

Matthioli did not object. Indeed, his greed rendered him unconscious of his extreme peril. On the morning of the 2nd of May he set out with the abbé, as has been related, and that night he found lodgings in the fortress of Pignerol as the prisoner of a potentate who never had the generosity to forgive an injury.

Voltaire describes the affair of the Iron Mask as the most singular and astonishing of all the mysteries in which history abounds; and though the hero of the tale, if hero he can be called, stripped of the veil which long preserved him from the public gaze, has lost most of the interest which mystery creates, the subject is not without its importance in throwing a light on the age in which the transaction occurred, and the morality then exercised in affairs of state.

THE WILD MAN OF THE WEST.

CHAPTER XX.

A gallop to the rescue—A discovery—Right-about face—A disagreeable surprise and a sudden ejection—A calm after the storm—Mary a huntress—Dick's story of the murdered trapper.

WHEN Dick, *alias* the Wild Man of the West, left his cave, as narrated in a previous chapter, and galloped away with reckless speed to afford the aid of his stout right arm to his friends in the Mountain Fort,—for he counted them friends, although they little knew it,—he felt that, if he was to be of any use, he must travel over the country as he had never travelled before, except once, when he had to fly for his life before 500 Pawnee warriors.

It was a grand sight to behold that Herculean backwoodsman on his noble steed, which seemed so well proportioned to its rider that it carried him as if he were but a boy, flying over the country on this brotherly errand. Mile after mile was passed, not indeed at full speed, for that would have broken the good horse down long before the goal was reached, but at a bowling gallop, taking bogs, and rocks, and fallen trees, and watercourses, with an elastic bound that told of bone and muscle overflowing with surplus energy.

Dick patted the horse's arching neck with a look of pride and affection, and the animal tossed its head with a slight neigh of pleasure and a playful snap towards its rider's right foot; for it loved its master, as the lower animals always love those who treat them well, and it loved a wild, long, careering gallop, for that was the only means by which it could relieve its feelings.

There was something unusually wild-like about this horse, besides its great size and extraordinarily long mane and tail. It carried its head high and its ears pointed forward, and it looked boldly from side to side, as it went springingly along, more like a human being than a horse. It actually appeared to be taking intelligent notice of things around it; so much so, that Dick had

got into a habit of saying a word or two now and then to it, in a grave tone, as if he were conversing with a friend.

"Ay, it's a fine country, isn't it?" he said, patting the neck again.

The ears were pointed backwards at once, and a little neigh or squeak, with a toss of the head, was the reply.

"Pity ye can't speak, an't it?" continued Dick, in a low, quiet tone.

The horse appeared to know that this was merely a meditative remark, not pointedly addressed to itself, for it only put back one ear and kept the other forward.

"Now, lass," said Dick, firmly (both ears went full back at that sound and remained there), "take it easy; don't exert yerself over much, it an't o' no use; a short pace or two, and—so."

The horse went full swing over a roaring watercourse as he spoke, and alighted safe on the opposite bank; but the gravelly soil was treacherous; it gave way, and the animal's hind-legs slipped back. With a bound Dick sprang to the ground.

"Hip, good horse," he cried, raising the rein.

A powerful effort, and footing was regained. Dick vaulted into the saddle (he seldom used the stirrup), and away they went again, blithe as ever. Then a long stripe of tangled forest appeared. Dick diverged here. It was easier to skirt it than to crash through it. Presently a broad deep river came in view. There was no looking for a ford, no checking the pace. In they went with sounding plunge, as if water were their native element, breasted the foaming tide, and, gaining the opposite bank, went steadily forward.

Thus on they sped, over hill and dale, all that night and part of next day, for the moon was bright in a cloudless sky. Then Dick made a sudden halt and dismounted, to examine something on the ground. Foot-prints of Indian horses—four of them—going in the direction of his dwelling!

Dick rose, and his strong brows were knitted, and his lips firmly pressed together. For a moment or two he pondered, then he told his horse to follow him, and, dropping the bridle, set off at a rapid walk, keeping steadily on the tracks, and stooping now and then to examine them when the nature of the ground rendered them less discernible. Thus he retraced his course for about a mile, when he stopped and muttered, "No doubt o't. Them reptiles niver come to these diggins but when they want to pay me a visit."

As he said this he remounted his horse and sat for a minute or two undecided. It was hard to give up his purpose; but it was impossible to leave his cavern defenceless with Mary in it, and the certainty that savages were hunting it out. That thought settled the matter. He shook the reins, and back they flew again towards the cave, at a much quicker pace than they had hitherto maintained.

The result was that Dick gained the entrance of his ravine just two hours later than the savages, and in time to superintend, personally, the hospitalities of his own dwelling. Riding quickly up to the head of the gorge, he dismounted and ascended the pathway to his cave with giant strides and a beating heart, for Dick thought of Mary, and the words "too late" would whizz about in his brain.

The Indians were still sitting round the fire enjoying themselves, when March and Mary, to their unutterable surprise, beheld Dick stride through the low doorway of the cave, raise himself to his full height, and stand before the stricken invaders, absolutely blazing with wrath. His eyes, his hair, his beard, his glistening teeth, seemed each individually imbued with indignation.

The Indians did not move—they could not move—they simply sat and stared; and thus both parties continued for a quarter of a minute.

Mary used that short time well. She knew exactly what to do. Darting into her chamber, she seized the end of the rope connected with the tank and pulled it violently. March saw the rock above the fire-place drop! A clear, sparkling cataract sprang as if by magic from the wall! Next instant there was black darkness and yells, steam, shrieks, and howls—a hissing, hurling hubbub, such as no man can possibly conceive unless he has seen and heard it! We will not, therefore, even attempt a description.

The Indians rushed *en masse* to the doorway. Death in the jaws of the Wild Man of the West was infinitely preferable to being parboiled and suffocated; but the Wild Man had judiciously made way for them. They gained the outer cave, and sprang down the pathway. Dick plied the handle of the shrieking machine with the secondary object in view of relieving his own feelings! The din was indescribable! If those Indians are not lunatics at this moment they must be dead, for there could be no alternative in the circumstances. Certain it is, they vanished like smoke, and they have never been heard of since—from that day to this!

Really, dear reader, if it were not that we are recounting the doings of a Wild Man,—a notoriously eccentric creature,—we would feel it necessary to impress upon you that such scenes as we have been describing are not characteristic of life in the Rocky Mountains; nay, more, we question whether such scenes as these have ever been witnessed or enacted in those regions at any time, with the exception, of course, of the present occasion. But it must be carefully borne in mind that we are recounting the deeds of a "Wild Man;" and, although the aspect of outward things—the general tone and current of manners, and customs, and natural phenomena—may remain exactly the same as heretofore, and be faithfully described without exaggeration (as we maintain they are), yet the acts, devices, and vagaries of such a creature as a Wild Man may, indeed must necessarily, be altogether eccentric and unparalleled. We, therefore, pause here to express a hope that, whatever credit you may be able to give to the reported deeds of this hero, you will not withhold your belief in the fidelity of the other portions of this narrative.

No sooner, then, were these unwelcome visitors ejected than Dick returned to the scene of devastation and shouted, "Hallo! Mary!"

"Safe, all safe," she replied, as, with the assistance of March Marston, she pushed the plank across the chasm and returned to the centre cave.

"Is the lad March safe, too?" inquired Dick, as he busied himself in striking a light with flint and steel.

"All right," answered the youth for himself, "but horridly battered, an' fit to yell with pain, not to mention surprise. Do look sharp and get the fire up. Sich doins' as this I never did see nor hear of since I left the frontier. I do declare it's worthy o' the Wild Man o' the West himself. What d'ye find to laugh at, Dick? I'm sure if ye had my miserable bones in yer body at this moment, ye'd laugh wi' your mouth screwed the wrong way. Look alive, man!"

"Patience, lad, patience. That's one o' the vartues, I believe; leastwise so I'm told (ah, it's caught at last. Hand me that dry stuff on the south shelf, Mary, ye can find it i' the dark I doubt not); yes, it's a vartue, but I can't boast o' having much o't myself. I dun know much about it from 'xperience, d'ye see? There, now, we'll git things put to rights," he added, applying the kindled spark to some dry chips and producing a flame, with which he ignited a pine knot, and stuck it blazing in a cleft in the rock.

"Just see what them reptiles ha' done to me. If it wasn't that I'm a good-tempered feller I b'lieve I'd git angry. See, March, boy, there's a shelf in the corner that's escaped the flood. Lie ye down there while Mary and me puts the place in order."

"I'd rather help you," said March, dismally. "I don't b'lieve it can make me worse, an', perhaps, it'll make me better. I wonder what in the world pain was made for."

"Ye'll only be in our way, lad. Lie down," said Dick, seizing a large broom and beginning to sweep away the water and ashes and pieces of charcoal with which the floor was plentifully covered, while Mary picked up the scattered skins and furniture of the cave, and placed them on the ledge of rock, about four feet from the ground, which Dick termed a shelf.

This ledge ran all round the apartment, so March selected a corner, and, throwing a dry skin upon it, stretched himself thereon, and soon found his sufferings relieved to such an extent that he began to question his host as to his sudden and unlooked-for return.

"How came ye to drop in upon us in the very nick o' time like that?" he said, gazing languidly at Mary, who bustled about with the activity of a kitten, or—to use an expression more in keeping with the surrounding circumstances—a wild kitten.

Dick, without checking his broom, told how he had discovered the tracks of the Indians, and returned at once, as has been related.

"Then," said March, looking anxiously at his host, "you'll not be able to help my poor comrades and the people at the Mountain Fort."

"It an't poss'ble to be in two places at once no how ye can fix it," returned Dick, "else I'd ha' been there as well as here in the course of a few hours more."

"But should we not start off at once—now?" cried March, eagerly, throwing his legs off the ledge and coming to a sitting position.

"You an't able," replied Dick, quietly, "and I won't move till I have put things to rights here, an' had a feed an' a night's rest. If it would do any good, I'd start this minute. But the fight's over by this time—leastwise, it'll be over long afore we could git there; and if it's not to be a fight at all, why nobody's none the worse, d'ye see."

"But maybe they may hold the place for a long time," argued March, "an' the sudden appearance of you and me might turn the scale in their favour."

"So it might—so it might. I've thought o' that, and we'll start to-morrow if yer able. But it would be o' no use to-night. My good horse can't run for ever, right on end without meat and rest."

"Then we'll start to-morrow," cried March, eagerly.

"Ay, if ye can mount and ride."

"That I have no fear of; but—but—" at that moment March's eye encountered Mary's—"but what about Mary?"

"Oh! she'll stop here till we come back. No fear o' redskins troublin' her agin for some time," replied Dick, throwing down the broom and patting the girl's head. "Come, lass, let's have some supper. Show March what a capital cook ye are. I'll kindle a rousin' fire an' spread some pine branches round it to sit on, for the floor won't be quite dry for some time. What red reptiles, to be sure! and they was actually devourin' my poor old bay horse. What cannibals!"

In the course of an hour the cavern had resumed its former appearance of comfort. The ruddy glare of the fire fell warmly on the rocky walls and on the curling smoke, which found egress through the hole near the roof that let in light during the day. Branches were spread on the floor, so as to form a thick pile near the fire, and on the top of this sat the Wild Man of the West, with the most amiable of smiles on his large, handsome countenance, and most benignant of expressions beaming in his clear blue eye, as he gazed first at Mary, who sat on his right hand, then at March, who sat on his left, and then at the iron pot which sat or stood between his knees, and into which he was about to plunge a large wooden ladle.

"There's worse things than buffalo-beef-bergoo, March, an't there? Ha, ha! my lad, tuck that under yer belt, it'll put the sore bones right faster than physic. Mary, my little pet lamb, here's a marrow-bone; come, yer growin', an' ye can't grow right if ye don't eat plenty o' meat and marrow-bones; there," he said, placing the bone in question on her pewter-plate. "Ah! Mary, lass, ye've bin mixin' the victuals. Why, what have we here?"

"Moose nose," replied the girl, with a look of pleasure.

"I do b'lieve—so it is! why where got ye it? I han't killed a moose for three weeks an' more."

"Me kill him meself," said Mary.

"You!"

"Ay, me! with me own gun, too!"

"Capital!" cried Dick, tossing back his heavy locks, and

gazing at the child with proud delight. "Yer a most fit an' proper darter for the Wild—a—ho!" sneezed Dick, with sudden violence, while Mary glanced quickly up and opened her eyes very wide. "Whisst—to—a—hah! whew! wot a tickler! I raaly think the mountain air's a-goin to make me subjick to catchin' colds."

March took no notice of the remark. His attention was, at that moment, divided between Mary's eyes and a marrow-bone.

There is no accounting for the besotted stupidity, at this time, of March Marston, who was naturally quick-witted, unless upon the principle that prejudice renders a man utterly blind. A hundred glaring and obvious facts, incidents, words, and looks, ought to have enlightened him as to who his new friend, Dick, really was. But his mind was so thoroughly imbued, so saturated, with the preconceived notion of the Wild Man of the West being a huge, ferocious, ugly monster, all over red, or perhaps blue, hair, from the eyes to the toes, with canine teeth and, very probably, a tail, that unintentional hints and suggestive facts were totally thrown away upon him. The fact is, that, if Dick had at that moment looked him full in the face and said, "*I'm* the Wild Man of the West," March would have said he didn't believe it!

"How came ye by the iron pot?" inquired March, suddenly, as the sight of that vessel changed the current of his thoughts.

Dick's countenance became grave, and Mary's eyes dropped.

"I'll tell ye some other time," said the former, quietly; "not now—not now. Come, lad, if ye mean to mount and ride wi' me to-morrow, you'll ha' to eat heartier than that."

"I'm doing my best. Did you say it was *you* that shot the moose-deer, Mary?"

"Yes, it was me. Me go out to kill bird for make dinner, two day back, an' see the moose in one place where hims no can escape but by one way—narrow way—tree feets, not more, wide. Hims look to me—me's look to him. Then me climb up side of rocks so hims no touch me, but *must* pass below me quite near. Then me yell—horbubble yell! ("Ha!" thought March, "music, sweetest music, that yell!") an' hims run round in great fright! ("Oh, the blockhead," thought March)—but see hims no can git away, so hims rush past me! Me shoot in back of hims head, an' him drop."

"Huzza!" shouted Dick, in such a bass roar, that March involuntarily started. "Well done, lass, ye'll make a splendid wife to a bold mountaineer."

March could not believe his eyes, while he looked at the modest little creature who thus coolly related the way in which she

slaughtered the moose; but he was bound to believe his ears, for Mary *said* she did the deed, and to suppose it possible that Mary could tell a falsehood was, in March's opinion, more absurd than to suppose that the bright sun could change itself into melted butter! But Dick's enthusiastic reference to Mary one day becoming the wife of a mountaineer startled him. He felt that, in the event of such a calamitous circumstance happening, she could no longer be his sister; and the thought made him first fierce, and then sulky.

"D'ye kill many mountain sheep here, Dick?" inquired March, when his ruffled temper had been smoothed down with another marrow-bone.

"Ay, lots of 'em."

"What like are they close? I've never been nearer to 'em yet than a thousand yards or so—never within range."

"They're 'bout the size of a settlement sheep, an' skin some-thin' like the red-deer; ye've seed the red-deer, of coorse, March?"

"Yes, often; shot 'em, too."

"Well, like them, but they've got most tree-mendous horns. I shot one last week with horns three fut six inches long; there they lie now in that corner. Are ye a good shot, March?"

"Middlin'."

"D'ye smoke?"

"Yes, a little; but I an't a slave to it like some."

"Humph!" ejaculated Dick, sarcastically. "If ye smoke 'a little,' how d'ye know but ye may come to smoke much, an' be a slave to it like other men? Ye may run down a steep hill an' say, when yer near the top, 'I can stop when I like;' but ye'll come to a pint, lad, when ye'll try to stop an' find ye can't; when ye'd give all ye own to leave off runnin', but ye'll have to go on faster an' faster till yer carried off yer legs, an', mayhap, dashed to bits at the bottom. Smokin' an' drinkin' are both alike. Ye can begin when you please, an' up to a certain pint, ye can stop when ye please; but after that pint, ye *can't* stop o' yer own free will; ye'd die first. Many an' many a poor fellow *has* died first, as I know."

"An' pray, Mister Solomon, do *you* smoke?" inquired March, testily, thinking that this question would reduce his companion to silence.

"No, never."

"Not smoke!" cried March, in amazement. The idea of a

trapper not smoking was to him a thorough and novel incomprehensibility.

"No, nor drink neither," said Dick. "I once did both, before I came to this part o' the country, and I thank the Almighty for bringing me to a place where it warn't easy to get either drink or baccy—specially drink, which I believe would have laid me under the sod long ago, if I had bin left in a place where I could ha' got it. An' now, as Mary has just left us, poor thing, I'll tell ye how I came by the big iron pot. There's no mystery about it, but as it b'longed to the poor child's father, I didn't want to speak about it before her."

Dick placed an elbow on each knee, and, resting his forehead upon his hands, stared for some moments into the fire ere he again spoke.

"It's many years now," said he, in a low sad tone, "since I left home, and—but that's nothin' to do wi' the pint," he added quickly. "You see, March, when I first came to this part o' the world I fell in with a comrade—a trapper—much to my likin'. This trapper had been jilted by some girl, and came away in a passion, detarminin' never more to return to his native place. I never know'd where he come from, nor the particklars of his story, for that was a pint he would never speak on. I don't believe I ever know'd his right name. He called himself Adam—that was the only name I ever know'd him by.

"Well, him an' me became great friends. He lived wi' a band of Pawnee Injuns, and had married a wife among them; not that she was a pure Injun neither, she was a half-breed. My Mary was their only child; she was a suckin' babe at that time. Adam had gin her no name when we first met, an' I remember him askin' me one day what he should call her, so I suggested Mary—an' that's how she come to git the name.

"Adam an' me was always together. We suited each other. For myself I had ta'en a skunner at mankind, an' woman-kind, too; so we lived wi' the Pawnees, and hunted together, an' slep' together when out on the tramp. But one o' them reptiles took a spite at him, an' tried by every way he could to raise the Injuns agin' him, but couldn't. So he detarmined to murder him.

"One day we was out huntin' together, an', being too far from the Pawnee lodges to return that night, we encamped in the wood an' biled our kettle—this iron one ye see here. Adam had a kind o' likin' for 't, and always carried it at his saddle-bow when he went out o' horseback. We'd just begun supper, when up comes the

Wild-cat, as he was called—Adam's enemy—an' sits down beside us.

"Of course we could not say we thought he was up to mischief, though we suspected it, so we gave him his supper, an' he spent the night with us. Nixt mornin' he bade us good day, an' went off. Then Adam said he would go an' set beaver-traps in a creek about a mile off. Bein' lazy that day, I said I'd lie a bit in the camp. So away he went. The camp was on a hill. I could see him all the way, and soon saw him in the water settin' his traps.

"Suddenly I seed the Wild-cat step out o' the bushes with a bow an' arrow. I knew what was up. I gave a roar that he might have heard ten miles off, an' ran towards them. But an arrow was in Adam's back before he could git to the shore. In a moment more he had the Injun by the throat, an' the two struggled for life. Adam could ha' choked him easy, but the arrow in his back let out the blood fast, an' he could barely hold his own. Yet he strove like a true man. I was soon there, for I nearly burst my heart in that race. They were on the edge of the water. The Wild-cat had him down, an' was tryin' to force him over the bank.

"I had my big sword wi' me, an' hewed the reptile's head off with it at one blow, sendin' it into the river, an' tossin' the body in after it.

"'It's too late,' says Adam, as I laid him softly on the bank.

"I could see that. The head of the shaft was nearly in his heart. He tried to speak, but could only say, 'Take care o' my wife an' Mary'—then he died, an' I buried him there."

Dick paused, and clenched both hands convulsively as the thought of that black day came back upon him. But the glare in his eye soon melted into a look of sadness.

"Well, well," he continued, "it's long past now. Why should I be angry with the dead? Adam's wife never got the better o' that. She dropped her head like a prairie flower in the first blast of winter, an' was soon beside her husband.

"I waited till the little child could stump about on its own legs, an' then I mounted my horse an' rode away with it in my arms. The only things belongin' to poor Adam I brought with me was the iron pot an' his long rifle. There the rifle stands in the corner. I've used it ever since."

"And have you and Mary lived here all alone since that day?"

"Ay. I came straight here—not carin' where I went, only anxious to get out o' the sight o' men, an' live alone wi' the child.

I sought out a dwellin' in the wildest part o' these mountains, an' fell upon this cave, where we've lived happy enough together."

"Do ye mean to say the child has never played with other children?" inquired March, amazed at this discovery.

"Not much. I give her a run for a month or two at a time, now an' agin, when I fall on a friendly set o' well-disposed redskins—just to keep the right sort o' spirit in her, and comfort her a bit. But she's always willin' to live alone wi' me."

"Then she's never learned to read?" said March, sadly.

"That has she. She's got one book. It's a story about a giant an' a fairy, an' a prince an' princess. Most 'xtraornar' stuff. I got it from a Blood Injun, who said he picked it up in a frontier settlement where the people had all been murdered. When we had nothin' better to do, I used to teach her her letters out o' that book, an' the moment she got 'em off she seemed to pick up the words I dun' know how. She's awful quick. She knows every word o' that story by heart. An' she's invented heaps o' others o' the most amazin' kind. I've often thought o' goin' to the settlements to git her some books, but——."

Dick paused abruptly, and a dark frown settled on his features, as if the thoughts of civilized men and things revived unpleasant memories.

"The fact is," he continued, somewhat bitterly, "I've been a hater of my race. You'd scarce believe it, lad, but you are the first man I've ever told all this to. I can't tell why it is that I feel a likin' for ye, boy, an' a desire to have ye stop with me. But that must not be. I had but one friend. I must not make another to have him murdered, mayhap, before my eyes. Yet," he added, in a gentle tone, taking March's hand in his, and stroking it, "I feel a likin' for ye, boy, that makes me sad to think o' partin'."

"But we don't need to part, Dick," said March, eagerly. "I like you too, and I like your style of life, an'——." He was going to have added that he liked Mary, and that he would live with them both all his days, when the little cottage at Pine Point settlement and his loving mother rose before him, and caused him to drop his head and terminate his speech abruptly.

Just then Mary re-entered the cavern, and put an end to the conversation.

CHAPTER XXI.

March, though willing in spirit, finds his body weak—He makes Mary a present—The trappers set out to search for their lost comrade—An unexpected meeting—Big Waller waxes pugnacious—News of March—Dick becomes more mysterious than ever—A reckless proposal and a happy meeting.

NEXT morning, before daybreak, March Marston attempted to set out for the Mountain Fort with Dick; but he was so thoroughly knocked up before the end of the first mile that he had to call a halt, and admit that he could not think of going further. This was just what Dick wanted; so he laughed, told him to go back and take care of Mary, and he would advance alone.

March returned, very much humbled, excessively pained in all his joints, and feeling as if he had reason to be ashamed of himself.

"Oh! you com back?" cried Mary, as he entered the cavern with a crest-fallen air. "Me so glad! Me know very well you no was poss'ble for travel."

Mary was perfectly artless. She made no attempt whatever to conceal her satisfaction at the youth's return, so he felt amazingly comforted, and even began to recover his self-esteem.

"Yes, Mary, I've come back, 'cause I can't go forward. It's o' no use tryin'; I'd just have knocked up on the way, which would have been awkward for Dick, you know, as well as for me. Besides, I couldn't fight just now to save my life."

"Well, you is right. You stop here an' git strong an' well. Me tell you stories 'bout Dick, or other mans if you likes. We'll have no fightin' to do. If there is, me take care of you. Me can doos a littil in that way."

March opened his eyes very wide at this, and stared at the pretty little vision in leather, but there was no smile or sly wrinkle on her countenance. She was looking quite gravely and sedately into the iron pot, which she happened to be stirring at that moment.

"Mary," he said, sitting down beside her, "Dick tells me you can read."

"Yis, me can read littil. But me only got one book." She sighed slightly as she said this.

"Would you like to have another book?"

"Oh, yis, very very much. Have you got one?"

"Ay, one; the only one I have in the world, Mary; an' you're

the only person in the world I'd give it to. But I'll give it to you, 'cause you've no chance of gettin' one like it here. It's a Bible—the one my mother gave me when I left home."

March pulled the little volume out of the breast of his coat as he spoke, and handed it to the girl, who received it eagerly, and looked at it with mingled feelings of awe and curiosity for some time before she ventured to open it.

"The Bibil. Dick have oftin speak to me 'bout it, an' try to 'member some of it. But he no can 'member much. He tell me it speak about the great good Spirit. Injins call him Manitow."

"So it does, Mary. I'll leave it with you when I go away. You say Dick couldn't remember much of it; neither can I, Mary. More shame to me, for many an' many a time has my poor mother tried to make me learn it off by heart."

"You mother?" repeated Mary, earnestly. "Is you mother livin'?"

"That is she. At least, I left her well an' hearty in Pine Point settlement not many weeks ago."

"Me wish me had mother," said Mary, with a sigh.

March gazed at the sad face of his fair companion with a perplexed yet sympathetic look. This was a new idea to him. Never having been without a mother, it had never entered into his head to think of such a thing as wishing for one.

"What you mother called?" said the girl, looking up quickly.

"Her name is Mary."

"Yis! that very strange. Call same as me."

"Not very strange, after all. There are a good number of Marys in the world," replied March, with a laugh. "See, here is her name on the fly-leaf of the Bible, written with her own hand, too: 'To my dear March, from his loving mother, Mary Marston, Pine Point settlement.' Isn't it a good round hand o' write?"

"Very pritty," replied Mary. But she had now begun to spell out the words of the book, which had at last fallen into her hands, and March could not again draw her into general talk; so he was fain to sit down and help her to read the Bible.

Leaving them thus occupied, we will now return to the trappers, three of whom, it will be remembered,—Bounce, Redhand, and Gibault,—had reached the Mountain Fort and given the alarm. Soon afterwards the Indians arrived there; but finding everything in readiness to give them a warm reception, they retired at once, preferring to wait their opportunity rather than have a fair stand-up fight with the white men. About an hour

after they had retired, Big Waller, Hawkswing, and the artist, came tearing towards the fort, and were at once admitted.

They had nothing new to tell. They had met together by accident, as the others had done, on nearing the fort, and would have been in sooner, had not Big Waller been obliged to take charge of poor Bertram, who, owing to the suddenness and violence of all these recent events in savage life, had got into a muddled condition of mind that rendered him peculiarly helpless. But they knew nothing of March Marston—they had expected to find him there before them.

As March was well mounted, and known to be well qualified to take care of himself, his non-arrival threw his friends into a state of the utmost anxiety and suspense. They waited a couple of hours, in order to give him a chance of coming in, hoping that he might have merely been detained by some trifling accident, such as having lost his way for a time. But when, at the end of that period, there was still no sign of him, they gave up all hope of his arriving, and at once set out to sweep the whole country round in search of him, vowing in their hearts that they would never return to Pine Point settlement without him if he were alive.

McLeod tried to persuade them to remain at the fort for a few days, but, feeling sympathy with them, he soon ceased to press the matter. As for the wretched chief of the fort, Macgregor,—the excitement of the recent transactions being over,—he had returned to his bosom friend, and bitterest enemy, the bottle, and was at that time lying, in a state of drivelling idiotcy, in his private chamber.

A few days after quitting the fort, Bounce and Gibault, who chanced to be riding considerably in advance of their companions, halted on the top of a ridge and began to scan the country before them. In the midst of their observations, Bounce broke the silence with a grunt.

"Fat now?" inquired his companion.

"What now?" replied Bounce, contemptuously. "Use yer eyes now: d'ye see nothin'?"

"Non, no ting."

"That comes o' the want of obsarvation, now," said Bounce, in a grave, reproachful tone. "Ye shouldn't ought to be so light-headed, lad. If ye wos left alone in them sort o' places, ye'd soon lose yer scalp. It's *obsarvation* as does it all, an' in your partikler case it's the want o' that same as doesn't do it, d'ye see?"

"Non, vraitment, me shockable blind dis day; mais, p'raps, git

more cliver de morrow," replied the good-humoured Canadian, with a grin. "Fat you see?"

"I see fut-prints," replied Bounce, dismounting; "an' as fut-prints implies feet, an' feet indicates critters, human or otherwise, it becomes men wot be lookin' for a lost comrade to examine 'em with more nor o'rnary care."

"Hah!" shouted Gibault, with unwonted energy. "Look! voila! behold! Bounce, you hab great want of 'obsarvation.' See!"

Now it chanced that, while Bounce was on his knees, carefully turning over every leaf and blade of grass, his comrade, who remained on horseback and kept gazing at the horizon, without any particular object in view, did suddenly behold an object coming towards them at full gallop. Hence the sudden outburst, and the succeeding exclamation from Bounce—"It's a hoss!"

"A hoss!" repeated Gibault. "Him be one buffalo, I see him bump."

"The bump that ye see is neither more nor less than a man leanin' forard—it is."

At this moment the rest of the party rode up, and Redhand confirmed Bounce's opinion.

"There's only one, I guess, an' he's in a powerful hurry," observed Big Waller. "But we may as well be ready to fix his flint if he means to cut up rough."

He brought forward his gun as he spoke and examined the priming.

"I b'lieve he's an evil spirit, I do," said Bounce; "wot a pace!"

"More like to de Vild Man of de Vest," observed Gibault.

"Think you so?" whispered Bertram in an anxious tone, with an involuntary motion of his hand to the pouch, in which lay that marvellous sketch-book of his.

"Think it's him?" said Redhand to Hawkswing.

The Indian gave a slight grunt of assent.

But the strange horseman soon put all doubt on the point at rest by bearing down upon them like a whirlwind, his long hair, and tags, and scalp-locks, streaming in the wind as usual. Dick had a distinct purpose in thus acting. He wished to terrify men, or, at least, to impress them with a wholesome dread of him, in order that he might simply be *let alone*!

He did not check his slashing pace until within four or five bounds of the party. Reining up so violently that he tore up the turf for a couple of yards under his horse's heels, he looked at the trappers with a grave, almost fierce expression, for a second or two.

"You come from the Mountain Fort?" he said.

"Yes," replied Redhand.

"All right there?"

"All right. The redskins threatened an attack, but we were too quick for em'."

A gleam of satisfaction passed across Dick's face as he added, "You've lost a comrade, han't ye?"

"We jist have," cried Big Waller, in surprise. "If you've seed him, I guess ye'd as well take us to his whereabouts."

"See you yonder pine?" said Dick, pointing back in the direction whence he had come. "One day's journey beyond that, as the crow flies, will bring ye to a valley, level an' well watered, with plenty o' beaver in it. You'll find him there."

Without waiting a reply, Dick turned to ride away.

"I say, stranger," cried Waller (Dick paused), "air you, or air you not, the Wild Man o' the West?"

"Wild fools of the West call me so," replied Dick, with a ferocious frown that went far to corroborate the propriety of the cognomen in the opinion of the trappers.

"Wall, I tell 'ee wot it is, stranger, Wild Man or not, I guess you'll have to take us to our comrade yourself, for I'm inclined to opine that you know more about him than's good for ye; so, if ye try to ride off, I'll see whither a ball—sixteen to the pound—'ll not stop ye, for all yer bigness."

A grim smile curled Dick's moustache as he replied, "If ye think a trapper's word an't to be trusted, or that committin' murder 'll do yer comrade a service, here's your chance—fire away!"

Dick wheeled about and cantered coolly away into the thickest part of the forest, leaving the trappers gazing at each other in amazement. Bertram was the first to speak.

"Oh, why did you not delay him a few seconds longer? See, I have him here—all but the legs of his splendid charger."

The others burst into a laugh.

"If ye've got the body all c'rect, it's easy to calculate the legs by the rules o' proportion, d'ye see?" observed Bounce.

"Come, lads, that's good news about March, anyhow," cried Redhand, "an' I'm of opinion that the Wild Man o' the West an't just so wild as people think. I for one will trust him. There's somethin' about the corner of a man's eye that tells pretty plain whether he's false or true. Depend on't we shall find March where he told us, so the sooner we set off the better."

Without waiting for a reply, Redhand urged his horse into a

gallop, and, followed by his comrades, made for the valley indicated by the Wild Man.

Meanwhile the Wild Man himself was already far ahead of them, keeping out of sight among the woods and galloping nearly in the same direction,—for his cave lay not more than four miles from the valley in question. Being much better mounted than they, he soon left the trappers far behind, and, when night closed in, he continued his journey instead of halting to eat and take a few hours' rest as they did. The consequence was that he reached his cave several hours before the trappers arrived at the valley, where they expected to find their missing comrade.

Of course March was filled with surprise at this second unexpected return of Dick, but the latter relieved his mind by explaining, in an off-hand way, that he had met a man who had told him the Mountain Fort was all safe, and that his comrades also were safe and wandering about in that part of the country in search of him. After a good deal of desultory conversation, Dick turned to his guest with a sad, serious air, and, fixing his large blue eyes on him, said,—

“March, lad, you an' me must part soon.”

“Part!” exclaimed the youth in surprise, glancing at Mary, who sat opposite to him, embroidering a pair of moccasins.

“Ay, we must part. You'll be well enough in a day or two, to travel about with yer comrades. Now, lad, I want ye to understand me. I've lived here, off and on, for the last fourteen or fifteen years—it may be more, it may be less; I don't well remember—an' I've niver suffered men to interfere wi' me. I don't want them, an' they don't want me.”

He paused. There was a slight dash of bitterness in the tone in which the last words were uttered, but it was gone when he resumed, in his usual low and musical voice,—

“Now, although I chose to bring you to my cave, because I found ye a'most in a dyin' state, an' have let ye into one or two o' my secrets,—because I couldn't help it, seeing that I couldn't stop up yer eyes an' yer ears,—yet I don't choose to let yer comrades know anything about me. They've no right to, an' *you* have no right to tell 'em; so, when ye meet 'em again ye mustn't talk about me or my cave, d'ye see?”

“Certainly,” said March, who was both surprised and annoyed by this speech, “certainly you have a perfect right to command me to hold my tongue; and, seein' that you've bin so kind to me, Dick, I'm in duty bound to obey; but how can you ask me to put

myself in such an awkward fix? You don't suppose I can make my comrades believe I've bin livin' on air or grass for some days past, an' they'll see, easy enough, that I've not bin in a condition to help myself. Besides, whatever your notions may be about truth, mine are of such a sort that they won't let me tell a parcel o' lies to please anybody."

"Far be it from me, boy, to ask ye to tell lies. You can tell yer comrades that you've bin took care of by a trapper as lives in a cave among the mountains; but you don't need to tell 'em where the cave is; an' if they worry ye to guide 'em to it, ye can refuse. Moreover, jist speak o' me in an off-hand, careless sort o' way, d'ye see, an' be partickler not to tell what I'm like, 'cause it might make 'em take a fancy to hunt me up."

"Well, I'm bound to think only o' your wishes in this matter," replied March, in a disappointed tone, "an' I'll do my best to prevent my comrades interfering with ye, tho', to say truth, I don't think you need be so cautious, for they ain't over-curious—none of 'em. But—" here March paused and glanced at Mary, who, he observed, had drooped her head very much during the conversation, and from whose eye at that moment a bright tear fell, like a diamond, on the work with which she was engaged.

"But—am I—the fact is, Dick, I feel a little sore that you should say ye had a likin' for me, an' then tell me I must be off an' never look near ye again."

"That's wot I never did say, boy," returned Dick, smiling. "Ye may come *alone* to see me as often as ye like, while ye remain in these parts. An', if it please ye, yer at liberty to come an' live wi' me. There's room in the mountains for both of us. The cave can hold three if need be."

March Marston's heart beat quick. He was on the eve of forming a great resolve! His bosom heaved, and his eye sparkled, as he was about to close hastily with this proposal, when again the memory of his mother crossed him, and a deep sigh burst from his lips as he shook his head and said, sorrowfully, "It can't be done, Dick. I can't forsake my mother."

"No more ye should, lad," said Dick, nodding approvingly; "but there's nothin' to prevent your spendin' the winter and spring here, an' returnin' home next summer."

"Done!" cried March, springing up as well as his bruised muscles would permit him, and seizing his friend enthusiastically by the hand, "I'll stop with you and send home word by my comrades that I'll be back in summer. That's capital!"

Mary seemed to be quite of the same opinion, for she looked quickly up with a beaming smile.

"Well, so it is a good plan," said Dick, somewhat gravely; "but don't act in haste, else ye may ha' to repent at leisure. Go an' speak to yer comrades, see what they advise ye to do, an' come again an' let me know. And, now we're on that pint, I may tell ye that yer friends will be at the head of a valley not four miles from here this very night, an' they expect ye there."

"How d'ye know that?" cried March, in amazement.

"Well, ye see, the Wild Man o' the West knows that you're in these parts; he has seed you an' knows where ye are, an' he met yer comrades, the trappers, no later than yesterday, an' told 'em they'd find ye in the valley I spoke of just now; so we must be up an' away to meet 'em."

Dick rose as he spoke and prepared to depart.

"But how came *you* to know this?" inquired the youth.

"Why, the Wild Man an' me's oncommon intimate, d'ye see; in fact, we're inseparable companions, an' so I come to know it that way. But make haste. We've no time to lose."

"Good-bye, Mary," cried March, with a cheerful smile, as he hurried out of the cave after his eccentric companion. "I'll be back before long, depend on't."

Mary nodded, and the two men were soon mounted and out of sight.

"I say," observed March, as they rode along, "you *must* get me to see the Wild Man of the West; if you're so intimate, you can easily bring him into the cave; now, *won't* you, Dick?"

"Hist!" exclaimed the hunter, pulling up suddenly, under the shelter of a cliff. "Yonder come yer friends, sooner than I expected. I'll leave ye here. They've not seed us yit, an' that wood'll hide me till I git away. Now, March," he added, solemnly, "*remember yer promise.*"

In another moment the wild hunter was gone, and March rode forward to meet his old comrades, who, having now caught sight of him, came up the valley at full speed, shouting and waving their caps joyfully as they approached. In a shorter space of time than it takes to tell, March was surrounded, dragged off his horse, passed from one to another, to be handled roughly, in order to make sure that it was really himself, and, finally, was swallowed up by Bounce in a masculine embrace that might almost have passed for the hug of a grisly bear.

(*To be continued.*)

CHESS.

BY GEORGE FREDERICK PARDON.

IN order that amateur players may thoroughly understand the several openings, we will play a game or two from the ordinary *débuts*. The study of these will do more than any amount of mere description.

GAME VI.

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 P. to K. 4	1 P. to K. 4
2 K. Kt. to B. 3	2 Q. Kt. to B. 3
3 P. to Q. 4	3 K. P. takes P.
4 K. B. to Q. B. 4	4 K. B. to Q. B. 4
5 Castles (a)	5 P. to Q. 3
6 P. to Q. B. 3	6 P. to Q. 6 (b)
7 P. to Q. Kt. 4	7 K. B. to Kt. 3
8 Q. takes P.	8 Q. B. to K. 3
9 K. B. takes Q. B.	9 P. takes K. B.
10 P. to Q. R. 4	10 P. to Q. R. 3
11 Q. Kt. to R. 3	11 P. to K. 4
12 Q. Kt. to B. 4	12 B. to Q. R. 2
13 Q. B. to K. 3	13 K. Kt. to B. 3
14 B. takes B.	14 R. takes B.
15 Q. R. to Q. sq.	15 K. Kt. to Q. 2 (c)
16 Q. to K. 3	16 P. to Q. Kt. 3.
17 P. to Q. Kt. 5	17 R. P. takes P.
18 R. P. takes P.	18 Q. Kt. to Kt. sq.
19 K. Kt. to Kt. 5	19 P. to K. R. 3
20 K. Kt. to R. 3	20 Castles
21 P. to K. B. 4	21 Q. to K. 2
22 K. R. to B. 3	22 Q. R. to R. 5
23 Q. Kt. to Q. 2	23 K. Kt. to K. B. 3
24 B. P. takes P.	24 Q. takes P.
25 P. to Q. B. 4	25 Q. Kt. to Q. 2
26 K. Kt. to B. 2	26 K. R. to K. sq.
27 P. to K. R. 3	27 Q. Kt. to Q. B. 4
28 Q. R. to K. B. sq.	28 P. to Q. 4 (d)
29 K. R. to K. B. 5 (e)	29 Q. takes R.
30 K. Kt. to Q. 3	30 Q. to K. 3
31 K. Kt. to K. B. 4	31 Q. to Q. 2
32 K. Kt. to Kt. 6	32 Q. Kt. takes K. P.
33 Q. Kt. takes Q. Kt.	33 K. R. takes Q. Kt.
34 Q. to K. Kt. 3	34 Q. R. takes B. P.
35 R. takes Kt.	35 Kt. P. takes R.
36 Kt. to K. 7 (double ch.)	36 K. to B. 2 (f)

and White resigns.

a This move seems less advisable than P. to Q. B. 3, since Black now retains the Gambit P. without risk.

b Q. P. takes B. P. would probably have been better. Thus—

WHITE.	BLACK.
7 Q. Kt. takes P.	6 Q. P. takes B. P.
8 K. Kt. to Kt. 5	7 K. Kt. to K. 2 (best)
9 P. to Q. Kt. 4	8 Q. Kt. to K. 4
10 Q. to Q. Kt. 3	9 K. B. to Q. Kt. 3
	10 Castles

and Black has by far the better game.

c If Black Castles now, White would probably move P. to Q. Kt. 5, and then Black R. P. takes P., and the advantage would be with Black.

d Exceedingly well played.

e A most unaccountable mistake, as White cannot take the Q. without losing his own Q. The R. is therefore lost, without a chance of recovery.

f White's game must now be lost in a few moves, do what he may. Try it.

GAME VII.

FRENCH OPENING.

1 P. to K. 4	1 P. to K. 3
2 P. to Q. 4	2 P. to K. Kt. 3
3 K. B. to Q. 3	3 K. B. to Kt. 2
4 Q. B. to K. 3	4 K. Kt. to K. 2
5 K. Kt. to K. 2	5 P. to Q. Kt. 3
6 Q. Kt. to Q. 2	6 Q. B. to Kt. 2
7 Castles	7 P. to Q. 4
8 P. to K. 5	8 Castles
9 P. to K. B. 4	9 P. to K. B. 4
10 P. to K. R. 3	10 Q. Kt. to Q. 2
11 K. to R. 2	11 P. to Q. B. 4
12 P. to Q. B. 3	12 P. to Q. B. 5
13 K. B. to Q. B. 2	13 P. to Q. R. 3

and White should win the game.

It is observable that in these games very few checks are given. The rule of useless checks being bad should never be forgotten—a check being only good where an advantage is to be gained; such as winning a P., or compelling your adversary to move his K. in the early part of the game. Black's second move transforms the French opening into a sort of irregular fianchetto. It is hardly so good as the usual move in this opening, P. to Q. 4.

GAME VIII.

SICILIAN OPENING.

1 P. to K. 4	1 P. to Q. B. 4
2 P. to Q. 4	2 B. P. takes P.
3 K. Kt. to B. 3	3 Q. Kt. to B. 3
4 K. B. to Q. B. 4	4 P. to K. 3
5 Castles	5 K. B. to Q. B. 4
6 P. to Q. B. 3	6 Q. P. takes P.

WHITE.

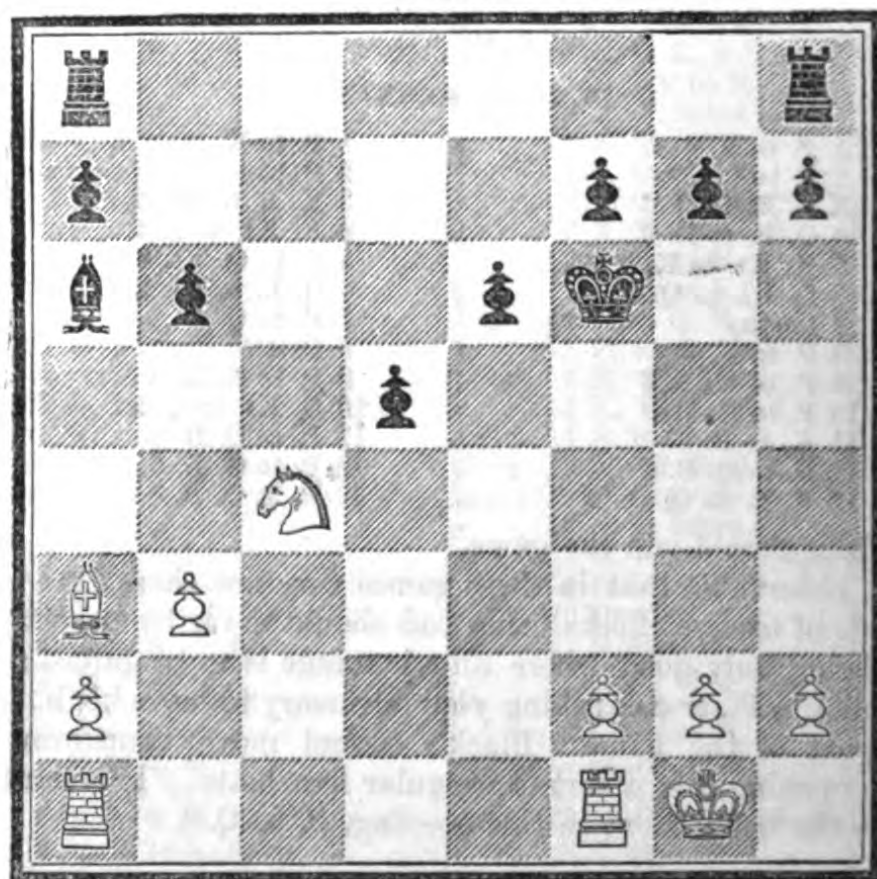
- 7 Q. Kt. takes P.
 8 P. to K. 5
 9 Q. Kt. to K. 4
 10 K. Kt. takes Q. Kt.
 11 Kt. takes K. B.
 12 Q. to Q. 4
 13 Q. takes Kt.
 14 Kt. to K. 4
 15 Kt. to Q. 6 (ch.)
 16 Kt. takes Q.
 17 P. to Q. Kt. 3
 18 B. to Q. R. 3 (ch.)

BLACK.

- 7 K. Kt. to K. 2 (a)
 8 K. Kt. to Kt. 3 (b)
 9 Q. Kt. takes K. P. (c)
 10 K. Kt. takes K. Kt.
 11 Q. to Q. B. 2 (d)
 12 Kt. takes K. B.
 13 P. to Q. Kt. 3
 14 Q. takes Q.
 15 K. to K. 2
 16 B. to Q. R. 3
 17 P. to Q. 4
 18 K. to B. 3

and the following position is then obtained—

BLACK.



WHITE.

by which Black eventually wins, as will be seen by playing out the game; but might have drawn the game by perpetual check: thus—

- 19 B. to Kt. 2 (ch.)
 20 B. to R. 3 (ch.)

- 19 K. to K. 2 (best)
 20 K. to B. 3 (best)

and the game is drawn. If the Black K. move to any square than that indicated, White frees his Kt. and R. from the attack of the B.

- a* It would appear preferable P. to Q. 3.
- b* P. to Q. 4 would have been better, as it would have freed his game.
- c* Black should have played K. B. to K. 2.
- d* If Black had played—

WHITE.

- 12 Q. to Q. 4
- 13 Q. takes K. Kt. P.
- 14 B. to K. R. 6

BLACK.

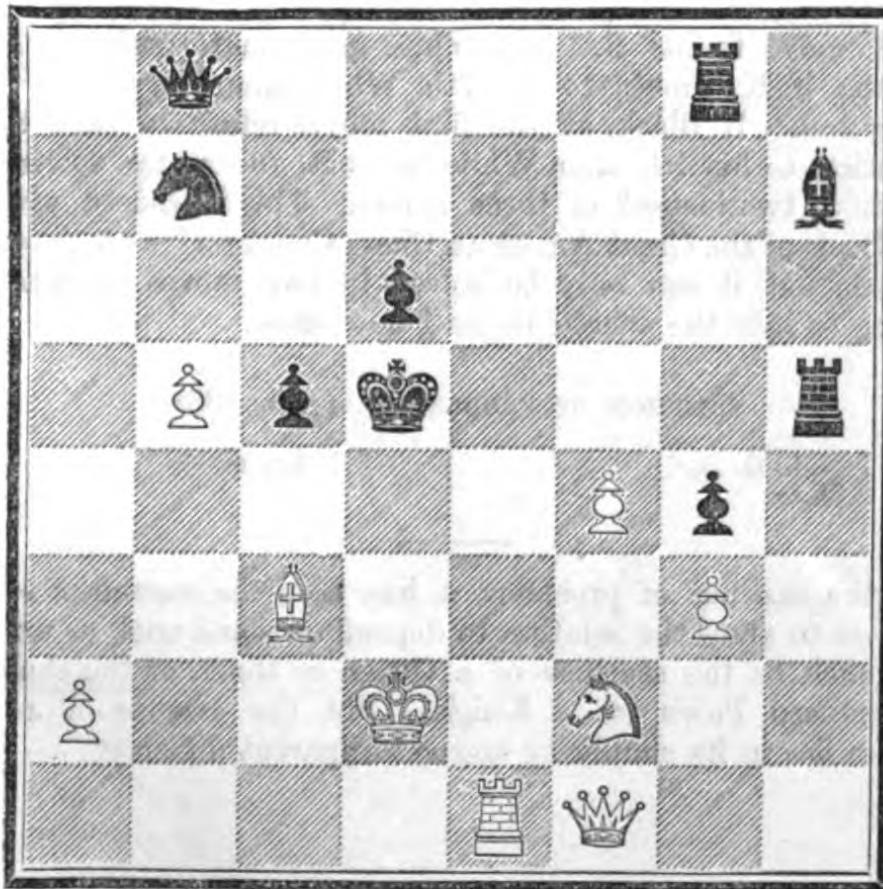
- 11 Kt. takes K. B.
- 12 P. to Q. 4
- 13 K. R. to B. sq.

and White must win, if he play carefully.

For the delectation of players of some experience, I subjoin a rather more difficult problem than any yet introduced.

PROBLEM III.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

Of course you will recollect what I told you about the initial move in solving a problem. Try to discover the move in this. It is a really good exercise for any clever boy's ingenuity. As Christmas time comes, there will be plenty of leisure to play chess and draughts; and I know not any more pleasant and instructive way of spending the long evening hours of winter. With a good fire, and good temper, and good understanding between the players, there is no game can vie with chess.

With solutions to the two problems previously introduced, I will now conclude this chapter.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM I. (*page 533*).

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 R. takes B. (ch.)	1 K. takes R. (discovering ch.)
2 B. takes R. (ch.)	2 King moves
3 B. or R. mates	

If K. move to his B.'s 5th, White gives mate with his B. on Q.'s 6th; if K. moves to his 7th, White mates with his R. on Q. R.'s 2nd. If Black, at the first move, refuse to take the R. and retires to his 4th, then White takes R. and mates, solving the problem in two instead of three moves. This is, indeed, given in the "Book of the Great American Chess Congress" as a two-move problem; but it can only be solved in two moves by Black K. refusing to take the offered R., as I now show.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM II. (*page 538*).

1 R. to Q. B. 6	1 Any move
2 Mates	

In the making of problems, it has been the custom of writers on Chess to allow the solution to depend on some trick or unlikely move, such as the sacrifice of a Queen or Rook, or the changing an advanced Pawn for a Knight; but the essence of a good problem lies in its simplicity and yet apparent difficulty.



The Pike.

PIKE-FISHING.

By the Author of "The Cricket Field."



Now for a few words upon my favourite sport, Fishing; and, in the way of doing one thing only at a time, let us suit the word to the weather, and begin with Pike Fishing, as most appropriate to this autumnal season.

Pike-fishing has many advantages: for trolling is fine exercise; and you may spin your gudgeon over three or four miles of water or more in the course of a fine fresh blowing day between September and Christmas. This allows you about four months' fishing; and as you may begin again comfortably at the end of February, and fish till the trout-fishing begins, say the middle of April, pike-fishing affords a wider scope than almost any other kind, and fills up the time when there is little else about the water to be done.

I never can think about pike-fishing without all the freaks and fun of my boyish days passing in long succession, as if it were a moving panorama, through my mind.

Fancy a restless young urchin, of twelve years of age, on a clear bracing October day—time ten o'clock—in one of those dreary dens of desks and forms and inky floors, books, slates, and black-chalked boards, 'yclept a school-room, in "A Young Gentlemen's Classical and Everything-ological Academy;" fancy me with my eyes upon the *Propria quæ maribus*, while my mind was three miles off, among the reeds and rushes, striving desperately to learn that lesson which should set me on my journey to my favourite bridge and "lay-by" for pike, fearing all the time lest some one past the age of school-lessons should be there to try all the likely places before me!

How it ever was accomplished, that a head full of hooks, gudgeons, swivels, reels, rods, and pike-fish, should at the same time retain, long enough to repeat up at class, a page of unintelligible jargon, in the shape of Latin grammar—this is, indeed, among the curiosities of intellectual phenomena to solve. As to the fish I brought home with me, I really believe

that I went to the same place every half-holiday for two months, and never caught one. "Then, what in the world could have given you the patience to persevere?" Why, I had seen my father catch two monsters—one four pounds and the other six pounds; and, besides this, I was sure to fall in with the famous fisherman, Hawkins, and find that his basket always contained some of those fine fellows whose white bellies and dark speckled stripes, and shark-like jaws, all conspired to fill me with a noble ambition to astonish the household with one of those big fish too.

Every evening of an unlucky day I was doomed to answer the same vexatious question—"What sport?" and conscientiously fell back upon one of the many excuses—old fishermen alone can tell the number and variety—about "bad luck;" "wouldn't bite;" "water too muddy" at one time, and "too clear" at another: and, of course, every evening, I was obliged to endure all the many jokes and gibes in which those who have no Waltonian souls in their bodies are ever apt so heartlessly to indulge. At last I happened to overhear my father say, "I let the boy go because it amuses him; but when Hawkins begins at ten in the morning, and Harry takes his leavings at midday, it is not very likely he should catch a fish."

From that moment my tactics underwent a decided change. The fifth of November was a regular holiday—many thanks to Guy Fawkes for trying to blow up the Parliament; and on that happy day the most lively of baits, the sharpest of hooks, and the strongest of lines, did I determine to make ready and to start at daybreak for the wide water near Jackson's farm. In order to lose no time I prevailed on the cook to make me a basin of hot bread and milk as she lighted the kitchen fire; and, with some more prog in a flag-basket, off I set at daybreak to the scene of action.

The air was sharp and clear; a little mist was yet settled upon the meadows, and a kind of steam was on the water, when I first began, almost breathless with running and a sanguine humour, to put my rod together and to prepare for the day's sport. It was a very likely place for pike. Near where I stood there were rushes, forming a kind of fringe or edging for the water, three yards in width. In these rushes, as I sat in school, I was always picturing to myself the pike standing, as it were, on guard with their noses peeping out ready for a pounce on any little fishes that might be swimming innocently by.

Just at this very tempting spot, therefore,—my poor young

heart thumped almost through my jacket when I heard it,—there was all of a sudden a shrill cutting through the reeds, ending with a splash, as if a pig had tumbled into the water, and a general scrimmage of some twenty minnows and small fry, making ducks and drakes above the water and flying for their very lives. Just at that moment, whom should I see getting over the stile, about two fields off, but Hawkins! Had ever a poor fellow in this world such luck! No doubt, that dreadful man would come and catch that rattling great pike in a minute; whereas, give me but one half-hour, and the fish must be safe and beautiful to behold in my own flag-basket.

However, looking up, I saw, to my great joy and inexpressible relief, that the veteran Hawkins—to whom pike-fishing was no such matter of breathless haste and anxiety as it was to me—was still seated on the same stile, and was very leisurely lighting his pipe, while his rod was resting idly against the hedge.

Doubtless, he had not seen the splash; still, as to his loitering at the stile, such apathy and indifference seemed to me something marvellous. However, I made all possible haste to profit by the start allowed me; the only wonder was, I did not leave some tie unfastened, or my line in a tangle, through my breathless precipitation; and soon I had a tempting-looking gudgeon on a double-leaded gorge-hook dangling at the end of my line, ready to begin.

The few minutes that had intervened since I had heard the splash very luckily had allowed the pike time to return—perhaps a little more savage for his disappointment—and take up his old quarters, like a Malay pirate, ready to sally out upon a prize.

At all events, my bait no sooner began to dangle, through the nervous tremour of my shaky hand, a few inches above the water, than, with one seething rush through the rippling surface, like a boat being launched, and turning half upon his back to seize the prey, the largest pike I had ever seen carried away my line. Luckily the line was jerked clear of my fingers, and ran shrilly from the reel; and, after running gradually more and more slowly, at length it lay slack, and all was still and quiet as the monster took his usual three or four minutes to gorge in the middle of the stream.

I never shall forget my feelings during those few minutes. I had read of the Indian officer fishing with a lamb for his bait, filled with explosive combustibles, and using a metallic line with a galvanic battery to blow an immense crocodile all to shivers. Now,

this must have been rather exciting when the said officer once found he had a bite,—especially as he was bent on avenging the bloody murder of the drum-major of his regiment whom the same alligator had eaten up. But I am quite sure that even that officer's excitement could not have been greater than mine. Well, after pulling out my watch again and again—as I had somewhere read that five minutes was the time a pike took to swallow—I was just on the point of sticking—that is, of giving Mr. Pike that sharp prickly taste of a double hook in his inside which first informs him that his morning's meal is not the easiest of digestion, and, indeed, that, as there is nothing for nothing in this world, he will soon be called upon to make some slight return for his dinner-party—when I heard the well-known voice of Hawkins just behind me, calling out, "Halloa, halloa, young gentleman, you don't think you're agoing to have him all so easy, do ye now? Why, bless us, that's 'Old White-belly'—the very fish I've been after every day since Michaelmas; and all the good I have done with him is to let him walk away last week with two feet of my best gimp, three hooks, and five swan-shot off my line."

"Oh! pray, pray," I said, "don't stop me from catching him. Really, you shall have him all,—or papa will buy him of you—anything in the world, if I can but land him and get him safe home."

This I said because I was so used in those days to see the big boys impose upon the little ones. I thought it quite natural that a great rough, strong man like Hawkins should be greedy and domineering too. But I little knew the real good nature of the friend—most truly the friend in need—with whom I had to deal.

"Stop you, indeed! young gentleman," said he; "I am the wrong sort for that, as you'll see in a minute. Hold there,—don't check him; let him run on, or you'll lose him." This he said as the pike began to move, and I thought I must set to work to pull him right out at once. "But listen to me, and in five minutes you shall bag Old White-belly safe and sound. Now, then," he said, "give him line,—can't be better—he's going away,—yes, going clean away from the roots of the trees—clean away,—yes, there he goes—couldn't be better—clean away to open water—three quarters over to the other bank. The fish is ten pounds weight if he is one ounce."

"And shan't I pull him now, Hawkins?"

"Pull him!—not for the world. Let him bide easy and comfortable while he doesn't feel the hook,—but how ever shall we land

him! for, once under this bank, he will make for the weeds and the roots, and then it's all over with us. So, give me your rod; and do you run round over the bridge yonder, right round to the other side."

Away I fled, trusting Hawkins as if he had been a very magician; and, in half a minute, appearing just where the fish lay, I found my good friend had cleared my line from the rod and reel together; had tied a stone to the end, and, crying "Now look out," hurled it over to my side of the water. At the same time he said, "Just hold the line till I come to you—that's all."

Soon Hawkins was at my side; when, to run the line through the rings of the rod, and wind it once more on the reel, was, in his hands, but the work of a minute; and lo! and behold! to my great surprise—for then first did I understand the whole manœuvre—the fisherman had virtually crossed the water, rod and all, ready to play the fish on the clear and open side of the river.

Then I had the great joy of hearing Hawkins say, "He moves—he is firmly hooked; and, if your tackle's worth anything, we shall have it all our own way, 'like the cow in the crockery warehouse,' as the saying is."

After that, he almost held and guided my hand as I wound up my reel, till the line tightened, and the fish felt the hook. "Let him go," he cried, and the fish rushed away so violently that the line took the skin off my finger. "Pull in now—no, let out a little more—now hold him—no, let him go—well done—hold again." Such were the cries and directions, till Master Pike began to tire of that sort of work, when Hawkins, seizing the line, and carefully guiding the fish to the bank, said, "Let me once get a grip of him with my finger and thumb, which no pike ever got away from,"—and by a sudden fling, a ten-pound pike lay plunging and kicking on the grass.

It seemed like a dream—too good to be true; I threw myself upon him—dreadfully afraid he would, with his spasmodic bounds, leap back into the water; neither did I feel safe till Hawkins had placed him in my basket, and I stood in a perfect ecstasy admiring his fine condition, dark grey and blue streaks, some twenty yards from the water's edge.

The good fellow was particularly careful to make me keep my fingers away from the pike's fearful rows of teeth. His care and forethought I never fully appreciated till some years after, when I saw the finger laid open from the nail to the knuckle of a young

fisherman who made a grab at a pike when slipping back into the water.

After a minute or two, Hawkins said, "Now, then, let us see after my tackle." And, sure enough, there was his own piece of gimp and five swan-shots hanging from one corner of the voracious creature's mouth."

As to the voracity of the pike, many stories have been told. A mule, while drinking, has been seized by the nose; a girl, while washing, has been gripped by the hands. This implies large pike; for they are caught in some waters not uncommonly as heavy as from twenty to thirty pounds. At Slapton, near Dartmouth, a season rarely passes but a pike "fit to stuff" and preserve in a glass case is caught; and no one there thinks of stuffing any fish till full twenty pounds.

We have heard of pike reaching forty pounds in England; but these are nothing to the sturgeon of the Danube, where the fishermen catch one from three to four hundredweight, pass a rope through his gills, and leave him at anchor till he is wanted to kill.

No doubt, these must be rather too large for angling; for, if we caught hold of one of these, we should be afraid he would upset our boat, and should be too happy to let him go, remembering the fate of some sailors who pulled a large fish of another kind, a huge conger-eel, into their boat; and were but too glad to jump overboard and leave the dreadful creature in undisputed possession.

We did hear, also, of fishing in the large way, of a very queer and original kind: this was a sort of fly-fishing. Some officers near a moat in India used to attach a cord to a duck with plenty of large hooks, and set her to swim across the water, where an alligator would rise and take her down like a trout with a May-fly. These alligators, tradition said, used to be kept in the ditch of the fort by the Indian princes, to deter prisoners from attempting to swim across and escape.

But, to return to my pike-fishing. The great thing I learnt from this dodge of throwing the line across the water was, the utter hopelessness of holding a large pike amidst strong weeds or roots of trees. In the Avon, at Bath, we have taken very large pike; but never but once did we succeed without the help of a boat to clear our fish from the many sunken trunks of trees to which they obstinately will run.

(To be continued.)

THE MONTHS.—NOVEMBER.

NOVEMBER has the old reputation of being the dullest month of the year:—

Dull, misty, damp, and drear,
November, with its dark funereal sky,
Speeds gloomily the old and dying year
To its sad end.

But, in spite of fogs and early frosts,—in spite of short sunless days, and gloomy evenings fading into cheerless nights; in spite of its bad reputation, which, like other reputations, is painted in colours a little darker than necessary,—November has many fine days;—not days brilliant with sunshine, when the clouds stand like mountains in the sky, and the river ripples with gold, and the air is balmy with the scent of flowers,—but grave, quiet, gently-passing days, which tempt us to ponder in soft melancholy on the past, and to speculate on the coming again of bright springs and sunny skies. November is rather the advent of winter than winter itself. Amid its short dark days there are often, however, glimpses of beauty which belong especially to the late autumn of the year. Speeding through the leaden sky—sometimes singly, sometimes in pairs—geese and ducks, marsh-birds of various kinds, and especially wild-fowl, woodcocks, and golden plovers, come from colder climes to winter in England. Last of the migratory tribes come the wood-pigeons, in long close flights, like armies. Sea-gulls leave the shore and its fisheries, and come, as they did in the spring, to share with the rook in the harvest of insects. It is a pretty sight to see them wheeling about among their black-coated neighbours, industriously seeking in the moist ground for the grubs of beetles and various destructive insects. Listen how the grey gulls mingle their sharp screams with the incessant caw-caw of the rooks. Notice the busy, chattering flights of starlings swooping down among the rooks occasionally; and think how useful all these birds must be to mankind. And yet, so stupidly prejudiced are some people, that they kill all the little birds they can, and drive away the rooks, owls, and ravens whenever they see them in the fields. In France, indeed, this destruction of small birds has gone on to such an enormous extent that the crops of wheat and corn have some-

times been almost entirely destroyed by the ravages of the insects. At last the government has interfered to save at once the crops and the birds.

Our own song-birds are most of them insect-feeders; singing and working through the late autumn and the winter whenever a ray of sunshine invites a song. Observe the wren, the titmouse, and the creeper, how full of business they are, peeping into the holes and crannies of walls and trees, and examining all the leaf and flower buds for insects, grubs, and eggs. The large family of blackbirds perform the same useful office with destroyers of another kind, and search out the snails from their winter hiding-places, and cracking their shells, gobble up the soft morsels with a relish perfectly aldermanic.

In November the sparrows congregate in large numbers about our houses; and many a fierce battle they have among themselves. The insect world succumbs before the attacks of the cold and the birds, and daily decreases in numbers. Sometimes a peacock or red-tailed admiral butterfly may be seen, and in the evenings many small moths make their appearance. As the day-flyers decrease, the night-flyers multiply. The house-fly yet lives in a poor spiritless way, allowing itself to be caught very easily; while in the garden the gnats and midges may still be seen whenever there is a patch of sunshine. Caterpillars grow torpid for the winter, and in the evening the bat is abroad in search of his daily-decreasing stock of food. But the frost comes; and just as the earthworms are most plentiful amid the decaying leaves, which they convert by a cunning chemistry of their own into rich soft mould, Master Bat is suddenly brought up by the heels, by which he hangs himself in barn-roof or church-steeple for his long winter sleep.

The leaves are rapidly falling, and every gust of northern wind brings down its thousands to add to the brown withered heaps at the foot of the giant oak, or in the corners of the orchard, or in the hollows of the woods, or the gutters by the roadside. The cold gets more intense, and the sun's face looks bleared and red through the fog. But the nights are clear and starry, and the Great Bear shines brightly in the heavens. In the garden there are yet a few blossoms flowering through their second birth. In the woods, indeed, there are some plants that are scarcely ever out of flower; such as groundsel, shepherd's-purse, pansy, chickweed, and daisy. The broom and the furze show their yellow blossoms, and violets are still to be found in warm and sheltered spots. The ivy ceases to blossom, and its dusky green berries appear in company with the catkins of the hazel, the

beech, the alder, and the poplar. Mosses, and other plants of this class which bear no flowers, now show their fruit and shed their seed. The seeds which were scattered early in the year now spring up in numberless little plants, which will live through the winter and appear in their glory in the spring. But only in sheltered spots does the seed fructify thus early; in more exposed places it remains buried in the earth till the return of more genial weather.

Some trees at the beginning of November are in the height of their autumnal glory—gold and copper. But a day's sharp wind and frost bring their beauty suddenly to an end: their foliage drops silently and sadly to the earth, and presently bare branches give token that winter, stern and implacable, has really set in at last. But the grass is still green in the field; the holly, and the laurel, and the pine shine and live; the chrysanthemum and the gelder and China roses are in blossom on the lawn, and the birds make a merry noise about the newly-turned sod as they follow in the wake of the mottle-faced ploughman. Are there not beauty and poetry in all this, even though the month be November?

November is the month of all months for the huntsman. And a pleasant, exhilarating sight it is to see the jolly-faced squire take the field with a dozen or more gay young fellows in scarlet, mounted on thorough-bred horses, with a farmer riding here and there on a strong useful hack, with plenty of pace in it, though yesterday, perhaps, it was working at the plough!

Down in the copse the hatchet of the woodman may be heard crashing in the brushwood, and near at hand the lusty labourers are busy felling the timber-trees. In the reedy pool the trout is spawning, and towards night a thin white mist creeps over the landscape, and—

the antler'd deer,
Accompanied by many a dappled doe,
Inquisitive of every passer-by,
Seeks, with palatial grace, a deeper shade,
And, timid, turns with a suspicious eye
Into the sunlight from the shadowing tree.

November derives its name from the Romans, in whose calendar it was the ninth month,—*novem ab imbre*, the ninth from winter. The Saxons called it the *wint-monat*,—the wind-month; and the *blot-monath*, or blood-month, from the fact that about this time they killed their cattle for their sacrifices and winter stores of food. The zodiacal sign of the month is *Sagittarius*,—the archer, which sign the sun is said to enter on the 22nd.

The 1st day of November is the festival of All Saints, or All

Hallows,—a day which, in the Romish Church, is set apart for the commemoration of all those saints for whom, on account of their immense number, no particular days are set apart in the calendar. The 2nd is known in Catholic countries as "All Souls' Day" (*Le Jour des Morts*), when special masses are said for the repose of the dead. The 5th is well known to all boys as "Guy Fawkes' Day," the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot of 1605, when Guy Fawkes and his fellow-conspirators designed to blow up James I., the prince of Wales, and all the peers and commons of England in parliament assembled. Every boy knows how the plot was discovered, and how its authors were punished; and, modern prejudices notwithstanding,—

We know no reason
Why Gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot.

But the 5th is a day to be remembered also for the glorious battle of Inkermann, fought in the Crimea in 1854. The 9th is celebrated in London as Lord Mayor's Day, when the chief magistrate passes through the City to Westminster, in order that he may be sworn into office before her Majesty's chief justices and barons. In the evening a grand banquet takes place at the Guildhall, at which the chief officers of the city, the state, and the army "assist." St. Cecilia, "patroness of church music," has her day on the 22nd, St. Clement on the 23rd, and St. Catherine on the 25th. On these days our forefathers were wont to indulge in grand church processions. St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland, is commemorated on the 30th, which brings the month to an end.

Football, when the weather allows, fireworks for "Pope Day," and indoor games for dull weather, occupy the boys this month. At school, they are busy preparing for the Christmas examination; and then, hey for the holidays!

Winter is coming quickly on: the robin comes up to the window and pecks at the crumbs; bright, glorious Christmas, in anticipation, smiles upon us, as the old year, through many a fog and mist and rain-cloud, passes gently away.

Stern and dark and dismal as thou art,
O Winter, yet I love thee! 'Midst thy snows
I see the promise of a Spring. Ere thou depart,
The halo of a coming brightness o'er thee glows
And, like the closing of a goodly life, thy day
Shines brighter through the gloom of Time's decay!

G. F. P.

THE STORY OF CERVANTES.

CHAPTER XIX.—The City of Captivity.

LET us picture to ourselves a vast stone building, oblong in shape, two stories in height, and enclosing in the centre a paved yard measuring about seventy feet long by forty wide. Surrounding this yard runs a double row of small windows, closely barred with iron, and unprovided with glass. In the centre of it stands a large cistern; and at the lower end, close against the east corner of the building, may be seen a low doorway, over which a cross has been rudely sculptured. This doorway leads to a chapel. Opposite the chapel, at the west corner, and correspondingly at the north and south corners, at the upper end of the yard, three more small but massive portals open from the ground-corridors, and are each secured by a strong iron grate and an iron-plated door. The double row of windows lights two stories of stone cells, one window to each cell; and these cells open off from long stone corridors which run all round the building, and are dimly lighted by narrow loopholes pierced through the outer walls. Each cell is closed in by an iron-plated door, and contains no other furniture than a straw pallet. Far underground, so low that those in the ground-floors can hear no sound among their occupants, are more cells—dark, damp, lonely, terrible vaults, like places of unholy sepulture. This building is the Royal Bagnio, or prison of the galley-slaves in Algiers.

The Bagnio stands a little beyond the city walls, on an elevation which commands on one side the blue Mediterranean, and on the other the great plain of the Metidja, with the chain of the Lesser Atlas in the distance. The hills round about the city look brown and parched; and at intervals, all along the high white wall that circles in the town, may be observed large iron hooks projecting from the masonry, on which the Christian prisoners are horribly impaled, and there left till they die slowly in the burning sun. Within those walls lies the steep, dirty, tortuous, up-and-down labyrinth, called the city of Algiers. The streets are like flights of rough, irregular steps; so steep are they, so narrow, and so ill paved. In some, the buildings almost meet overhead; and in

others, passages are tunnelled through the lower stories of the houses; mere dark alleys, with an opening of daylight at each end. In all these dwellings there is a blind, windowless look, which strikes almost painfully upon the European stranger. Here and there a tiny casement breaks the blank surface of the walls; but it is barred and latticed, as if the creature within were a wild beast or a lunatic. Sometimes a projecting bar extends at right angles from the window, with an iron crescent at the end to warn off evil spirits from the house. Up and down the difficult streets, climbing as easily as cats, go long strings of mules with tinkling bells; beautiful sleek Eastern donkeys; and camels heavily laden, followed by their Moorish or Arabian drivers, the latter in long woollen robes and linen head-gear, bound round by a fillet of camel's hair-cord; now and then, a woman glides by, closely veiled, and robed all in white. Now and then a negro water-carrier; a Turk, insolently thrusting aside whatever impedes his passage; a troop of pale European captives, clanking their heavy chains at every step, and bending under cruel burthens; an Algerine seaman, with his belt full of weapons; or a Dervish, with his greasy robe and pointed cap. Down in the market-place, near the port, are fruit and sherbet sellers, dealers in tortoises and chameleons, fish, sweetmeats, and poultry; and in the bazaar may be found stores for woollen cloths, tobacco, pipes, jewellery, arms, coffee, rice, and other raw or manufactured goods. Highest up of all, on the crest of the hill upon which the city is built, stands the Cashbah, or palace of the dey, who, though actually but the lieutenant of the Sultan, is a despotic sovereign while his term of government endures. Adjoining this palace, which, with its gardens, seraglios, and outbuildings, is in itself a little town, stands another prison for the private slaves belonging to the dey. A mosque, a public bath-house, and several large barracks constitute the rest of the public buildings.

Such is the Royal Bagnio; such is Algiers, when Cervantes de Saavedra is brought thither into captivity, A.D. 1575. It was to be his dwelling-place for many a weary year; and therefore we have been at pains thus minutely to picture it as it was when he knew it, when he suffered in it, three centuries ago.

CHAPTER XX.—Cervantes the Slave.

POOR Cervantes! The very letters which he had hoped should make his fortune in Spain proved his perdition in Algiers.

He became, according to corsair law, the property of the cap-

tain of the galley in which he was conveyed to the coast. This captain was a Greek renegade, named Dali Mami; who, finding that his prisoner carried letters of recommendation from Don Juan of Austria and the duke of Sesa, and that he was described in these letters as the "esteemed friend" of these generals, at once concluded that he must be a nobleman of great rank and riches. Acting upon this supposition, he caused him to be loaded with irons and conveyed under a strict guard to the Royal Bagnio, where he hoped, by severe treatment, to exact from him a heavy ransom.*

In the neighbouring cells surrounding the inner yard of the Bagnio were many other Christian prisoners, chiefly Spanish and Portuguese. Those who inhabited opposite sides could see each other from their narrow windows, and converse by signs; and there were regular hours for exercise, when all (except those who had in some way offended, and been sentenced to extra punishment) were permitted to walk in the enclosure, to hear mass in the chapel, and to amuse themselves as they pleased.

Locked up in his cell for the first ten days or so, without even this scanty liberty, Cervantes watched the captives from his grated window, and saw his brother, his fellow-travellers, and

* It would appear, from the following passage in "Don Quixote," that this policy was invariably pursued towards the prisoners of distinction. Probably their treatment was according to the pleasure of their several owners,—private, public, and royal slaves being confined promiscuously in the one building:—"By this means I kept myself alive, shut up in a prison or house which the Turks call a Bagnio, where they keep their Christian slaves, as well those of the king as those who belong to private persons, and also those who are called *El Amacen*, that is, who belong to the public, and are employed by the citizens in public works. The latter do very difficultly obtain their liberty; for, having no particular master, but belonging to the public, they can find nobody to treat with about their ransom, though they have money to pay it. The king's slaves, which are ransomable, are not obliged to go out to work, as the others do, except their ransom stays too long before it comes; for, then to hasten it, they make them work and fetch wood with the rest, which is no small labour. I was one of those who were to be ransomed; for when they knew I was a captain, though I told them the impossibility I was in of being redeemed because of my poverty, yet they put me among the gentlemen that were to be ransomed, and to that end they put me on a slight chain, rather as a mark of distinction than to restrain me by it; and so I passed my life in that *Bagnio* with several other gentlemen of quality, who expected their ransom."—*Vide Don Quixote* (the Captive's Story), chap. xii. book iv. part 1.

others whom he had known in the army of Don Juan, trailing their chains sadly round and round the yard. There he recognized Don Francisco de Meneses, a captain of infantry who had been left with his company as part of the ill-fated garrison of the Goleta; and one Doctor Antonio Sosa,* a clergyman famous for his piety and learning; his old comrades the Ensigns de Castañeda; a gentleman volunteer named Osorio; Don Beltran de Castilla; Captain Geronimo Ramirez; and several others whom he remembered as having been left at Tunis, and who had all been taken prisoners in the subsequent siege.

Towards the end of the second week of his captivity, however, Cervantes found himself treated somewhat more indulgently. His heavy fetters were exchanged for lighter ones, and he was permitted to take exercise in the courtyard, to mix with the other prisoners, and to attend mass in the tiny chapel, where it was performed daily by Dr. Sosa.

It was a very melancholy society, at first, in the Bagnio. The prisoners were nearly all new comers, and not yet used to the loss of liberty. Most of them had been taken at the siege of Tunis; but some, like the crew of *El Sol*, on their way to their dear native country. These last were the saddest of all, and with good reason; for to be snatched away almost within sight of home was far more bitter than mere submission to the ordinary fortune of war.

One month, however, had hardly gone by, before the indomitable spirit of Cervantes had already conquered the first hopeless lassitude of captivity. It was not in that active nature to despond for long, or to sit down with folded hands before any difficulty which human courage, or patience, or wisdom might surmount.

He made up his mind to escape.

He knew all the difficulties of such an enterprise. He knew the watchfulness of the gaolers, the strength of the iron bars, the thickness of the walls, the dangers of the open country. He also knew how cruelly all those who attempted flight were punished by their owners: how they were impaled, hung upon iron hooks, bastinadoed, left to languish in subterraneous dungeons, or chained to the oars of corsair galleys. He knew all this; but there was one thing that he did not know, and that was—fear. To escape, and to carry with him in his flight all his friends and

* Some of the most interesting and authentic of extant documents relating to the adventures of Cervantes in Algiers are from the learned pen of Dr. A. Sosa.

comrades in arms, became the one dream and object of his life. Night after night he lay awake on his straw pallet, revolving in his mind every possible chance for the furtherance of this great end; weighing danger against danger; measuring means against obstacles; reviewing all his resources; calculating all his difficulties. Like a skilful general, he surveyed his ground from every point of view, and rejected every plan that failed to meet all the exigencies of the situation.

In the meantime he kept his own counsel so strictly that not even his brother suspected what was passing through his mind. He knew that a confidence once made could never be recalled, and that no large number of persons, however faithful, could safely be entrusted with a secret. They might talk of it together, and so be overheard. Even in sleep, one or other of the number might reveal it to the ever-watchful ears of the prison spies. Nay, the very cheerfulness of their aspect, the very light of hope in their faces, might arouse suspicion, and so defeat all.

At the same time, Cervantes, with the intuitive foresight of genius, exerted himself to prevent his comrades from falling into any condition of languor which might, hereafter, render them less capable of action. He set all kinds of amusements on foot. He busied his fertile brain in the invention of games which should occupy their minds, and trials of skill and strength which should keep up the physical condition of their bodies. By his advice they portioned off the day into three parts, and assigned to each its habitual employment. Thus, in the early morning they wrestled, lifted weights, ran races in their chains, and practised the national dances of Spain. During the heat of midday, they conversed on literary matters, recited poetry, and related stories from history, or narratives of their own travels and adventures. In the evening they got up representations of public meetings and entertainments. Sometimes they organized a mock parliament, and debated questions of war, finance, and foreign policy. Sometimes they formed themselves into a court of justice, where one played the judge, one the prisoner at the bar, some the witnesses, some the advocates, and others the gentlemen of the jury. But their favourite pastime of all was a concert, performed by those who could sing, or imitate instruments with their voices; or a play, in which the actors composed their parts as they went on, like the performers of the mercenary comedy of the ancients. At such times, a dozen or so would take it in turn to act, the youngest and best-looking being chosen for the heroine; and the rest sitting in judgment, as audience.

Thus, their minds and muscles alike retained their activity, and were even invigorated within the walls of the Bagnio; and many an eloquent orator, many an extempore poet, many an admirable actor, discovered talents hitherto unsuspected by himself.

One very aged captive there was, named Juan de Timoneda, who had been so long a slave that he had grown grey in his chains. For a long time he sat silently at these prison entertainments, seldom smiling, never speaking, and at times seeming scarcely to comprehend what was going forward. One evening, however, to the amazement of all present, this old man rose suddenly in his place, and volunteered a recitation from one of the pastoral comedies of Lope de Rueda. Whatever might have been their surprise at his offer, his fellow-prisoners were still more astounded at his performance. Age, feebleness, tremulousness of voice, all vanished, as if by magic. The old man stood erect; his dim eye lighted up; and, with all the rich, oily, bucolic accent of the great comedian himself, he delivered a dialogue between two Biscayan boors.

When he had done, the prisoners crowded round him, applauding.

"I have heard nothing like it," said Cervantes, "since I was a boy, and saw Lope himself. You, senor, must have often witnessed his performance!"

"I was his most intimate friend," replied the old man, sadly. "Ah me! we shall never see his like again!"

And repeating to himself, over and over, "We shall never see his like again," the white-headed captive crept back to his accustomed corner, relapsed into his habitual apathy, and from that day forth could never be induced to repeat another line.

Such were the pleasures by which these poor prisoners beguiled the monotony of their existence. Without them, their pains and privations, bitter as they were, would have been still more bitter.

Taken prisoners in the burning midsummer, and robbed of all that they possessed when captured, Cervantes and his comrades were half naked by the time the cool season and the wintry rains came on. Their boots were worn out, their doublets were threadbare, and at night, not being allowed even an extra rug, they suffered cruelly from the cold. Besides this, their food was neither nutritious nor sufficient; and to complain of anything was to be punished.

Their greatest grief, however, was when they had to stand helplessly by, and witness the tortures inflicted on their companions.

The Bagnio, as we have already related, was a place of confinement for the ransomable slaves of any owner who chose to send them there. Sometimes the owners would come to inspect the condition of their captives, as the owner of a kennel might drop in to glance at the hounds. These visits were terrible trials to the prisoners. Questioned about their means and families, browbeaten about their ransoms, disbelieved if they protested their inability to meet the price set upon their liberty; contradicted, threatened, and stormed at alternately, they dreaded the sight of their captors even more than they detested their chains. It was the policy of the owners always to assume that their prisoners were rich and noble. When the unhappy men denied that they were both, or either, the masters insulted or laughed at them; brought perjured witnesses to prove that they were governors, counsellors, or, at the least, generals of division;* and then, if they still persisted, or, being provoked beyond endurance, dared to utter an impatient word, punished them severely. To see a prisoner flung down and bastinadoed on the spot, was no unusual event.† Sometimes a poor

* The following account of the manner in which these negotiations were conducted is from the narrative of Doctor Sosa:—"What are we to think of the depth of their infernal devices, when out of me, who am a poor clergyman, they have already upon their own authority, *et plenitudine potestatis*, made a bishop, and soon afterwards secretary to his holiness, his great counsellor and plenipotentiary; nay, closeted me together with his holiness for eight hours a day at a sitting, treating together of most grave and weighty matters connected with the interests of Christendom! When I denied having ever attained to such great honours, they made me a cardinal. When that also I disclaimed, they declared me to be the governor of Castelnuovo at Naples; and as that would not serve their turn, they now make me father confessor and master, as they call me, to the queen of Spain. To establish this fact, as they stoutly maintain it, they have not scrupled to suborn both Turks and Moors who should affirm it; and there were not wanting bad Christians, in this house as well as out of it, who, the better to please my master, averred that they knew it to be the case; nay, so great is their assurance as almost to confound me, for they brought forward some Turks, lately escaped from Naples, who, being confronted with me, declared that they had been engaged in my service when governor of Castelnuovo, in Naples, as cooks and scullions. In the same way, poor Juan Botto, who is now at my elbow, is declared to be not only a very rich man, but a celebrated knight of Malta, and our friend Antonio Garces, one of the most distinguished nobles in Portugal."—*Vide Appendix to Roscoe's Life of Cervantes.*

† "Nothing gave us such affliction as to hear and see the excessive cruelties with which our master used the other Christian slaves. He would hang one one day, then impale another, cut off the ears of another; and this upon such

fellow was, for a mere word, hurried away and deprived of both his ears. Sometimes he never returned at all; and they afterwards learned that he had been impaled or beheaded. On one occasion the learned and pious Dr. Sosa was, for some trifling offence, dragged away from his companions, mercilessly beaten, and flung into an underground vault, where, stripped, loaded with chains, and tied to a stone pillar, he was left for eight-and-forty hours without food, water, or daylight. From this dungeon he was carried back to the Bagnio in a fainting state, and there left to die or recover as he best could.

This last outrage determined Cervantes to hasten his preparations. He tended Dr. Sosa as if he had been his son. He communicated his plan to his friends, one by one, under a solemn oath of secrecy. He concerted a system of signals, fixed the day and hour when the attempt was to be made, and promised, in case of discovery or failure, to take the whole blame of the enterprise upon his own head.

The day—the prayed-for, dreaded, desired day—came at last. It was the anniversary of a religious festival among the infidels. There were guns firing all the morning from the forts; salutes from the ships in the harbour; voices of priests in the minarets calling to prayers; clash and clang of cymbals in the streets, as the janizaries went to and fro upon horseback; and all the universal life and movement of a public holiday. At mid-day, when the Mahommedan takes his siesta, a long interval of quiet fell upon the busy town; but towards evening, the rejoicings broke out with renewed vehemence. As it grew dusk the air was lighted up by showers of green and crimson rockets; the mosque, the citadel, the walls, and even the shipping, were illuminated with millions of lamps; and the guns thundered from height to height, and from galley to galley, as if Algiers were besieged by all Christendom.

Under cover of the noises from without, and at a given signal which sounded like the hooting of an owl, eighteen Spanish prisoners dropped that evening from the iron-barred windows of their cells in the Bagnio down upon the pavement of the courtyard below. Every night, for the last week, they had been filing those bars till only a slender support was left at the top and bottom of each; and this support they had now broken away at a blow.

slight occasions, that often the Turks would own he did it only for the pleasure of doing it."—*Vide Don Quixote* (the Captive's Story), chap. xii. book iv. part 1.

Armed each with the heavy iron stanchion which he had so detached, they stole silently along in the gloom of the wall, and waited on each side of the grated door through which the gaolers would presently enter on their evening round. Half an hour went by thus, during which they could almost hear the beating of each other's hearts. Then came the echo of footsteps in the corridor—the flashing of a torch—the sound of approaching voices, jesting roughly—the grating of a key in the lock; and then

—Then a sudden darkness, a stifled cry, a silent struggling, as of dumb animals in deadly fight!

Then the grating of the lock again—a sound of retreating footsteps—the opening and shutting of distant doors.

Then, silence.

Some hours later, when three of the gaolers, who had been absent in the town amusing themselves after their own noisy, barbaric, national fashion, came back to the Bagnio, they found four of their fellow-officers lying gagged and bound upon the pavement of the courtyard; eighteen iron bars wrenched from their places, and eighteen Spanish prisoners—nowhere.

CHAPTER XXI.—Across the Desert.

ABOUT two hundred miles to the west of Algiers, lying nearly opposite Cape de Gata, in Spain, stood, and stands, the fortified coast-town of Oran, a harbour and colony belonging to the Spanish crown. Across these two hundred miles of sand and desert lay the path of the fugitives.

Once fairly out of the Bagnio, they had but to follow the faint light that still hovered over the west, and push on for the open country. Fortunately for them, the prison lay nearly half a mile beyond the town walls, so they had no gates or sentries to encounter. Fortunately, also, in passing through the gaoler's guard-room, they had secured a loose Turkish robe and cap, which Cervantes immediately put on, and a scimitar, which he carried naked in his hand. Thus disguised, he pretended to drive his friends before him for the first two or three miles of the road, so that those who met them might take him for an overseer in charge of his master's slaves. When they had gone about two leagues, and found themselves leaving the cultivated ground in their rear, they flung away the heavy iron bars which they had hitherto carried as weapons of defence, and trusted to speed for their safety.

During the whole of that first night they travelled steadily forward, keeping the sea always on their right, and taking it in turn to give Doctor Sosa, who was still suffering, the support of an arm on each side. Towards dawn they rested for an hour in a natural cavern by the shore; resuming their march as soon as the sun was up, and toiling forward till noon, when they reached a forest of prickly pears which seemed to stretch away for miles before them. Plunging into this forest, every tree of which was a giant cactus rooted in sand, they encamped for the day, and took the rest which they so greatly needed. The ripe pear-like fruit yet loaded the trees, and was eagerly gathered by the thirsty fugitives, each of whom carried a little store of bread and rice, which he had put aside of late from his daily rations.

Having fed and slept undisturbed by any sign of pursuit, they started off again at twilight, always following the shore; and so travelled for miles with the cactus forest on one hand and the moaning waves on the other. Now and then they heard the howling of a jackal, or the distant roar of some more formidable forest-brute; but their numbers ensured them against any danger of attack. By-and-by, they left the forest behind them, and emerged upon an endless expanse of desolate sand-hills, which, seen by the uncertain moonlight, looked like a world in ruins. Through this weary waste they toiled again till dawn, again rested for an hour, and again resumed their journey with the day. As the sun rose higher they began to look round anxiously in search of some sheltered spot in which to rest till night. On one side lay the blue, restless sea. Everywhere else, hemming them in like another ocean, stretched, far and near, the undulating desert. Sand—burning, shifting, tawny sand—hot under the feet; parching on the lips; smarting to the eyes; sinking an inch at every step; here piled in hillocks; there furrowed in valleys. Sand—sand—everlasting sand!

Coming, presently, to a low line of sand-heaps, it was proposed that one of their number should climb the highest and take a reconnoissance. Cervantes, as the leader of the party, went first; and a gentleman named Baltazar del Salto followed him. On reaching the summit, a sight as extraordinary as it was unexpected burst upon them. An immense lake, like an inland sea, dotted over with wooded islands, and bounded by a range of purple hills, lay stretched before their eyes. On one of these islands stood an Oriental city, with domes and minarets that glittered in the sun, and were reflected in broken outlines upon

the quivering waters beneath. An exclamation of surprise and delight broke from their lips at the same instant. They turned to cheer on their companions; and, turning, saw to their dismay—almost to their terror—that the whole desert over which they had just been toiling presented the same appearance. Everywhere water—everywhere islands, trees, palaces, and minarets!

“*Sancta Maria!*” cried Don Baltazar, crossing himself devoutly, “is this sorcery, or the work of the Evil One?”

“Neither,” replied Cervantes, sadly. “It is the mirage of the desert! I have heard of it often. ’Tis a mere mockery of the eye. Let us forward!”

On they went again, till nearly an hour past noon, when, quite suddenly, about half a mile from the coast, they came upon a little green valley, a well, a group of palm-trees, and a Moorish village. On the sands beside the sea, some three or four boats were lying high and dry; and on a row of stakes, close by, hung a few tattered nets. Footsore, fainting with thirst, and heart-sick as they were, this settlement of primitive fishers seemed to them a paradise. They marched boldly up to the huts. The dogs barked furiously; the women and children fled in terror; but the men received them gravely, bade them welcome, and placed milk and bread before them. Presently the women and children ventured back, and stood at a little distance, watching them as they ate in the shadow of the palms.

Having satisfied their hunger and thirst, the fugitives crept thankfully under a shed, and slept till Cervantes woke them at dusk. In the meantime, like a wise leader, he had engaged a Moorish guide; for the direct route across the desert was shorter than the shore by fifty miles; but hitherto, having neither guide nor compass, they had not dared to attempt it. The Moor, they agreed, was to be paid on their arrival; and Cervantes promised him, in the name of the governor of Oran, a reward of ten golden Spanish pistoles.

Leaving the fishing hamlet behind them, and seeming, for the first time, to turn their backs to the sea, they now struck across the desert, and travelled all that night in a north-westerly direction. In the morning, as usual, they halted and slept; marched on again when the sun was up; and paused for the day in the shelter of some rocks, at the foot of which grew a few stunted aloes, and, half buried in the sand, some dozen or more of the precious melon-cacti, beneath whose thorny rind lies a well of delicious juice for the refreshment of the traveller in the desert.

Here the poor wanderers pierced the welcome fruit and made their midday meal; after which they slept profoundly.

When they awoke next it was dusk, and their guide was gone. In vain they waited, shouted, climbed the rocks, and tried through the gathering twilight to discern some sign of his whereabouts. Whether his heart had failed him in the vastness of the desert, or whether he mistrusted the proffered payment, they knew not. They only knew that he was gone; and that, having left the coast-road, they were lost and alone in the pathless wilderness.

That night a detachment of mounted janizaries arrived at the fishing village, and heard that the "Christian dogs," in search of whom they had been scouring the desert for the last three days, were but a few hours in advance of them.

"Five gold sequins to the man who tracks them to their hiding-place!" shouted the officer in command.

A Moor stepped forward, and volunteered. If the captain would lend him a horse, he undertook to find the slaves within three hours; but he had walked some leagues that day, and was footsore.

The captain dismounted one of his own men, and lent him the horse; and away they galloped, raising a cloud of sand at every hoof-print, Moor and janizaries together.

But the traitor was careful not to tell the captain that he had, that very morning and the night preceding, acted as a guide to those very fugitives whom he was betraying.

They overtook them some three hours before dawn. The Christians were weary and defenceless; the Turks were mounted, armed to the teeth, and nearly twice their number. Even to attempt resistance was impossible.

"Dogs!" cried the captain, "ye shall all die for this—ay, ye shall die a thousand deaths!"

"Let me suffer them all," said Cervantes. "I planned it. I persuaded the rest. I alone am criminal."

The captain stared. He thought the Spaniard must be mad, or a fool.

"Nay, by the Prophet!" said he, "tell that, an' thou wilt, to Hassan Aga; but I warn thee the Dey is no woman-heart. He will have thee put to death piecemeal."

Cervantes was no boaster. He smiled, and was silent.

As for the Moor, he covered his face with his cloak, took his five gold sequins, and slipped away in the darkness like a thief.

The next night they were all lying, doubly and trebly fettered, in the lowest dungeons of the Bagnio at Algiers.

CHAPTER XXII.—Treateth of many things which are matters of history.

THE Dey, at this time in Algiers, was named Hassan Aga. He was, as we have said elsewhere, a viceroy of the Sultan, and despotic while his temporary sovereignty lasted. One of the privileges of his office was a right of seizure, by means of which he became master of all slaves who, having attempted to escape, were retaken and brought back to Algiers. This, however, was a privilege which disuse had rendered obsolete; and to which the slave-owners were so unanimously opposed that no viceroy, for many years past, had ventured to enforce it. Hassan Aga, nevertheless, was determined to re-establish it, if possible, and for that purpose caused the fugitives to be brought before him. Having heard the particulars, he then, to the amazement of all present, declared the offenders forfeit to the Sultan, and straightway ordered them to be conveyed to the viceregal Bagnio. In vain Dali Mami and the other slave-owners remonstrated, implored, even menaced the representative of the Ottoman empire. Hassan Aga had said it, and the captives were his. The slave-owners, however, were too large and powerful a body to be trifled with. Most of them were corsair captains, or privateers commanding piratical crews, and well provided with munitions of war. A revolt on their part would have been equivalent to a siege; and Hassan Aga was not prepared to meet the exigencies of so extreme a case. He therefore took counsel with his chief officers, and, having wisely determined that it was not worth while to risk Algiers for a few slaves more or less, returned Cervantes and his friends to their former masters.

They now found themselves more closely guarded than ever, and there were times when even Cervantes almost gave up the hope of ever achieving his liberty. The mild African winter thus went by, and the spring and summer of 1576. In October, some few Christians were ransomed by their relatives, and departed for Spain, carrying with them abundant store of messages and letters from those who were left behind. Amongst others, a young ensign named Gabriel de Castañeda, whom Cervantes had known at Messina, took a letter for him to Alcala de Henares, in which he described the miserable condition of his brother and himself, and implored his father to draw up an appeal to the king on their behalf.

Don Rodrigo received this letter as his own sentence of perpetual poverty. Too proud to ask help from his family, and too obscure

to hope for a hearing at the court of Madrid, he at once mortgaged his little estate, and reserved for himself only a bare subsistence. Even the small sum which he had destined for the marriage portions of his two daughters was, with their consent, given up for the same loving purpose. When all was done, Don Rodrigo wrote to his sons, and informed them that Don Martin de Cordova, the governor of Oran, had his authority to treat for their ransom to the amount of four hundred golden crowns of Spain. Almost wild with joy, Cervantes sent for Dali Mami, and offered him two hundred for his own liberty, and two hundred for his brother's; but that sum, though fully as much as was ever demanded for the ransom of a volunteer, or non-commissioned officer, fell far below the exorbitant expectations of the corsair-captain. Still believing that Cervantes must be a man of high position, if not of august rank, he disdainfully rejected the proposition, declared he would not hear of a less sum than five hundred crowns for Miguel and two hundred and fifty for Rodrigo, and swore by the Prophet that, sooner than part with them for less, he would hang them both from the top-mast of his galley.

After this, all hope for Miguel seemed gone. He knew that, without selling the roof from over his head, and depending on charity for daily bread, his father could never raise so large an amount as seven hundred and fifty crowns. His disappointment was heavy; but he met it like a man, and, if he sighed, sighed in secret. Rodrigo, like a generous fellow, was for at once returning the whole sum, that his father might redeem the mortgage; but Miguel would not hear of it.

"No, brother," he said; "thou, at least, shalt be saved. Our father must not be without one son in his old age; and our sisters need a protector. For thy ransom there is enough and to spare. Go; and when thou art free, hire an armed bark, and send it to the coast here, near Algiers, for my deliverance and the deliverance of our brave friends!"

So Rodrigo agreed to be ransomed, and Cervantes treated for his liberty with Dali Mami, who consented to set him free at the price of two hundred and thirty crowns. Such, however, were the heart-wearing delays, and so many the difficulties to be encountered, that it was not till the month of August, 1577, that the elder Saavedra finally obtained his freedom and set sail for Spain.

In the meantime, Miguel had already begun to make preparations for the escape of those who remained; and this time the

nature of his plan compelled him to take several persons into his confidence. About three miles from the coast, to the eastward of Algiers, and about two miles and a half from the Bagnio, lay a garden and pleasure-house belonging to a rich Greek renegade, named Azan, who held the rank of an alcaid, and lived in a sumptuous palace near the Cashbah of the Dey. This garden and pleasure-house were kept in order by a Christian slave, called Juan,* a native of Navarre, who had a brother in the Bagnio, whom he occasionally came to visit. During one of these visits, he became acquainted with Cervantes; and, being a brave and faithful fellow, offered to help him by any means in his power. There was, he said, a cavern in his master's garden which had formerly been used as an ice-store; and in this cavern he could, if necessary, conceal from twelve to fifteen persons. Here was precisely what Cervantes wanted for the completion of his plans. One by one, with the aid of files, disguises, and such other appliances, no less than fifteen Christian captives contrived to escape; all at separate times and long intervals, so that no suspicion of a general plot became aroused in the minds of the gaolers. As they fled, they each took refuge in the alcaid's ice-house, where Juan, being supplied with money by Cervantes, faithfully concealed them. Finding it, however, impossible to keep watch over their safety, and yet go down frequently to the market of Algiers to purchase provisions for their maintenance, the gardener was compelled to trust the secret to a young man called *El Dorador*,† who had once been a renegade, but now again professed the Christian faith. This man, on whom both Juan and Cervantes placed firm reliance, undertook to act as their messenger and buyer, and occasionally relieved guard with Juan when the captives ventured out at night for air and exercise. So well had all been managed, and so carefully had the secret been kept, that by the time Rodrigo de Cervantes sailed from Algiers, the whole fifteen Spaniards were already safe in the cavern. Cervantes now alone remained, and, on the 20th of September, when his brother had been gone nearly a month, he also escaped and followed them. To his deep sorrow, Doctor Sosa, who had been his most intimate friend in captivity, and whom he loved almost as a father, was no longer capable of encountering the difficulties of the enterprise. The disastrous

* *Vide* Roscoe's "Life of Cervantes," and Don Diego de Haedo's "Historia y Topografia de Argel."

† *Id est*, the gilder; gilding being, probably, his trade.—*Vide* Roscoe.

attempt of 1575 had been too much for his strength, and, since then, he had broken down suddenly, and become an old man.

By this time, Rodrigo had hired and despatched a brigantine commanded by an experienced seaman named Viana, who had himself once been a slave, and who was acquainted with the coast of Barbary. Having set sail from Valencia about the 25th, he neared Algiers after dark on the evening of the 28th, and dropped anchor in a little cove, which was the nearest point along-shore to the Alcaid's garden. Here he lowered a boat and despatched a messenger to summon the fugitives on board. Before the messenger, however, could gain the beach, some Moorish fishermen caught sight of the brigantine, and, knowing her to be of Spanish build, raised so loud an alarm that the boatmen had to row back as fast as they could, and Viana was compelled to put off to sea with all speed. On the night of the 30th, he coasted up again to the same point, under cover of the darkness, but with no better success. Perhaps suspicion had been roused along that part of the shore, or, perhaps, the fish abounded in that direction. The cove, at all events, was full of Moorish barks, and it was with difficulty that Viana and his crew escaped falling into their hands and being taken prisoners.*

Meanwhile, Cervantes and his fellow-Christians waited patiently for the help that never came. Crowded together in that damp and dreary cavern, with scarcely a gleam of daylight or a breath of wholesome air, they consoled themselves with the hope of coming freedom—that freedom of which Cervantes himself is recorded to have said, “that it is, next to honour, the most precious gift of Heaven; in order to regain which we ought to risk life itself, since slavery is the greatest evil that can fall to the lot of man.”

Fortune, however, was against them. The brigantine came, indeed; but they knew it not. Had all gone well they might have embarked on the night of the 28th or the 30th, and have been free and happy men, treading their own dear Spanish ground before the next sun went down. Of this blessing they were defrauded by an evil chance; and even here their misfortunes were not permitted to end. Treachery was yet destined to consummate what chance had left undone. At about mid-day on the 31st of September, a

* Contemporary authorities differ widely upon the subject of this attempt. Roscoe is of opinion that Viana and his crew were taken by the Moors; others aver that they never neared the land sufficiently, and failed only for want of courage. Dr. Sosa, however, testifies to their having twice approached the shore.

troop of twenty-four foot soldiers and ten mounted janizaries appeared at the gate of Alcaid's garden, seized the gardener, surrounded the ice-house, and took every fugitive into custody. El Dorador had turned traitor at the last moment, and betrayed them all into the hands of the Dey.

Dragged before Hassan Aga for the second time, Cervantes again declared that it was he who organized the plot, who persuaded the rest, and who was alone deserving of punishment. The Dey, however, would not believe that neither the Governor of Oran nor the Padre Olivar (who was agent for the redemption of slaves in Algiers) had been concerned in the plot. He questioned, cross-questioned, flattered, persuaded, menaced; but all to no purpose. Neither promise of pardon nor threat of torture could induce Cervantes to waver for one moment; so Hassan Aga was forced to content himself with again appropriating the fugitives, and confining them in his own private Bagnio. As for Cervantes, he was loaded with heavy chains, consigned to a subterraneous dungeon, and there kept on bread and water till the close of the year 1577, when he was for a short time returned to Dali Mami, his former master. Poor Juan, in the mean time, had been cruelly put to death by the Alcaid's own hands; and El Dorador, having relapsed into Mohammedism, was rewarded with an official situation in the city, where he died on the 30th of September, 1580, exactly three years from the time of his treachery.

Early in the year 1578, the Dey, Hassan Aga, bought Cervantes from his master for five hundred escudos, in order that he might keep him imprisoned in his own dungeons. He was, indeed, so apprehensive of his valour and ingenuity, that, but for the hope of some day receiving a large ransom for him, he would undoubtedly have put him long ago to an ignominious death. He was even in the habit of acknowledging, that "so long as the one-handed Spaniard was well watched, Algiers, with all its wealth of slaves and shipping, was in safety."

"Well watched" as he was, though, Cervantes was not yet daunted. For two years longer he remained the slave of the Dey, and during those two years made no fewer than three fresh efforts to regain his liberty. On one of these occasions, when he was discovered to be in communication with the Governor of Oran, an unfortunate Moor, whom he had engaged as his messenger, was impaled alive. Another time he was convicted of having employed one Giron, a Spanish renegade, to purchase a twelve-oared brigantine for the purpose of conveying himself, and sixty other captives,

to the coast of Spain. Of the third, and last, of these subsequent attempts no distinct account has been preserved. All that we know amounts to a mere outline of the facts. There were at that time, in Algiers, twenty-five thousand Christian captives of various nations, of whom but a very small per-centage could ever hope to regain their liberty. Cervantes proposed to unite these twenty-five thousand men in a vast confederacy; to organize a sudden and simultaneous rising; to take possession of the city and port of Algiers, and deliver it up for ever to the Spanish monarchy. Had this grand scheme been successfully carried out, it would have made one of the noblest episodes of mediæval history. Cervantes would, probably, have become a great general; "Don Quixote" would never have been written; and while the military annals of Spain would have been emblazoned with the name of another hero, the literature of all the world would have lost one of its rarest treasures. But these things were not to be. The great project, however subtly planned, was, as usual, betrayed; and brave men suffered, while traitors prospered.

In the meantime, there were loving hearts at home that yearned for Miguel—yearned and ached for him, and refused to be comforted. The mother, though she rejoiced to have her eldest boy once more in her arms, wept for the youngest till her pillow every night was wet with tears. His sisters prayed for him when they rose up or lay down; were proud of him in the midst of their sorrow; loved to whisper to each other of his exploits; and comforted themselves, poor, fond souls! by working delicate shirts and embroidering ruffles for him against the time when he should come back to Alcala de Henares. Then came the recollection of how his dear wrists were even now wearing the cruel iron; and their tears dropped fast to think of the lost hand and the lifelong scars those ruffles would conceal.

And all this time, while the mother and sisters waited and hoped, after their sweet womanly fashion, the father and brother of the captive bent every energy to the task of redeeming him. Too poor to amass sufficient for his ransom, they drew up a petition recounting his military services, his captivity,—age, birth, family, and literary abilities. To this paper Don Beltran de Castilla, the Ensigns De Castañeda and De Sansisteban, and one Sergeant Antonio de Monsalve, all lately ransomed out of Algiers, appended their signatures as witnesses; while the duke of Sesa, who had just returned from Sicily, signed a certificate of his merit, and recommended him to the favour and compassion of his sove-

reign. Just as these papers were in readiness, and an Alcaid of the court had undertaken to present them in due form, old Don Rodrigo de Cervantes died suddenly, and the younger Rodrigo became the responsible head and sole support of the family.

Thus time went on, and brought the midsummer of the year 1579. King Philip, it was said, was about to despatch a mission to Algiers for the redemption of Spanish slaves, and the Padre Juan Gil, procurator of the order of the Holy Trinity, was nominated ambassador from the court of Spain. The poor mother and sisters consulted together. The petition had been presented long ago, and nothing had come of it. They resolved to make one last desperate effort. They sold their jewels, their library, and a few acres of meadow land, which were all that was now left of their little patrimony; and, with the sum which these produced, waited upon the Padre Juan Gil, and implored him to ransom Miguel de Cervantes. They had but three hundred ducats. It was a very tiny sum to offer for a prisoner so famous and so dreaded as Cervantes; but they hoped against hope, and sent up a second petition to the king, and were so humble, so earnest, so devoted, that all Madrid came, before long, to compassionate and respect them.

We will give what follows in the words of Roscoe,* for we are dealing here with simple facts, and cannot do better than let the historian relate them in his own language.

"Donna Leonora" (the mother of Cervantes), "in order to increase this sum, renewed the application which had been begun by her husband, and presented to the king a petition, supported by the judicial information and certificate from the duke de Sesa, praying that his Majesty, in consideration of the meritorious services of her son, and in compassion to their impoverished circumstances, would grant an aid for his ransom. The king listened graciously to this petition, and on the 17th of January, 1580, granted Donna Leonora permission to export from the kingdom of Valencia merchandise not prohibited to the amount of ten thousand ducats, the profits to be derived from which might be sent for the ransom of her son; but such was the ill fortune of the family, that this favour was of no avail, the profits not realizing more than sixty ducats. In the meanwhile, the Fathers of Redemption had proceeded on their voyage to Algiers, where they arrived on the 29th of May, 1580, the day of the most Holy Trinity, and began to treat immediately for the redemption of the

* "Life and Writings of Cervantes."

captives. The difficulty which they experienced in ransoming Cervantes delayed them some time, for the Dey insisted on receiving for him a thousand pieces, thus doubling the price of his purchase, and threatening that, if they should not advance this sum, he would carry him with him to Constantinople. For Hassan Aga's term of government having now expired, and Jafer Basha being appointed his successor by the Grand Turk, he was now on the eve of departing for that capital with four barks belonging to himself and his *chaya*, or major-domo, armed with his own slaves and renegades, and carrying with them a convoy of seven other vessels on their return to Turkey. Cervantes was already on board, loaded with chains and fetters, when the Padre Gil, compassionating his situation, and fearing that he might lose for ever the opportunity of recovering his liberty, did not rest until he succeeded in redeeming him for five hundred pieces of gold of Spain, raising this amount from the merchants, and applying towards it a sum from the redemption fund and particular charities to make up the requisite payment. The bargain being concluded, and the officers of the galley being gratified by nine dollars for their fees, Cervantes was disembarked on the 19th of September, at the very moment that Hassan Aga set sail for Constantinople."

It was now just five years, all but seven days, since the galley *El Sol* was overtaken and captured in the blue waters off the isle of Majorca, on that fatal morning of the 26th of September, 1575. Cervantes could scarcely believe that he was once more a free man: free to come and go in the streets, in the harbour, on the beach, even in the weary Bagnio; free, above all, to seek his passage back to Spain in the first vessel that offered.

Five years! He kept repeating the words to himself with a kind of melancholy wonder, as he lay down to rest that first night in a little hostelry occupied by the Spanish embassy. Five years of heart-sickness, exile, and bondage! Five years stolen from the very summer-time of his life! Five long, long years—so long, that, to look back upon them, they seemed like twenty!

Free though he was, Cervantes was yet unable to return at once to his native country. He had to wait for a ship, in the first place; and there were but few vessels regularly authorized to carry ransomed prisoners to and fro between Spain and the coast of Africa. In the next place, he exerted himself to assist the commissioners of redemption in their work of mercy, and devoted several weeks to visiting the prisons, collecting particulars of cases from the captives themselves, and endeavouring from his own

scanty purse to alleviate their sufferings. At the same time he took the opportunity to collect testimonials of his own conduct during the five years that he had lain in the Bagnios of Algiers; believing that they might advance his interest with the king, and strengthen his chances of promotion. Almost worshipped, as he was, by his fellow-sufferers, he found these testimonials pour in upon his hands in such numbers, that he scarcely knew how to dispose of them. Probably no captive ever returned to Spain with such credentials, or left so many friends behind him. The obscurer slaves bore grateful witness to his unwearying charity, his sympathy with them in sickness, and his universal benevolence. The nobler prisoners testified their admiration of his high mental and moral qualities, his gallantry, magnanimity, and unblemished honour. Dr. Sosa, and some other captive priests, certified that he had been, "during this period, most punctual and exact in all the religious duties of a Catholic Christian; and that the fervour of his zeal, and his knowledge of the grounds of his faith, assisted him many times in defending his religion at the risk of his life, and in imparting the same spirit to the timid and disheartened."

It was, in fact, for this purpose solely, and on this occasion, in the month of October, 1580, that Dr. Antonio Sosa wrote that narrative to which of late we have so frequently had occasion to allude.

* * * * *

On a misty November evening, about seven weeks from the time of Miguel's release, a party of four persons was assembled in a large and barely-furnished sitting-room, on the second floor of a gloomy old house, in a still more gloomy street, in the north quarter of Madrid. They had evidently tried to make the place look as pleasant as they could. A bright wood-fire blazed upon the hearth; some old tapestries of faded serge had been nailed against the walls; and a few autumnal flowers, placed here and there in antique china vases, helped to give an air of somewhat cheerless festivity to the dull room. The party consisted of a white-haired widow, two younger ladies, and a bronzed soldierly man of about thirty-four or thirty-five years of age. Possessed, apparently, of a nervous impatience, over which he had no control; this man kept pacing to and fro between the window and the door, only pausing now and then to listen with suspended breath, or fling a fresh log on the fire. Equally nervous, but subduing their nervousness to a semblance of self-possession, the younger ladies

sat together by the window, whispering anxiously from time to time, and peering out into the dark street below, whenever a horseman clattered past, or a foot-patrol with measured step went by. The only one who neither spoke nor stirred was the white-haired widow, who, with hands fast locked and eyes fixed on the fire, sat, pale and silent, in her high-backed chair.

Thus a long time went by, and the outer darkness gathered closer, and the city grew more silent, and the church bells chimed the quarters sady and solemnly, with voices muffled in the mist, like the voices of mourners. Then, as the hours went on, the sisters ceased to whisper; the soldier flung himself into a chair and buried his face gloomily in his hands; the fire was left un replenished, and the lamp untrimmed; but the widow still sat in the same attitude, motionless as a statue on a tomb. They remained thus till within a few minutes of midnight, waiting still, but hoping no longer. .

Suddenly, in the midst of the silence—a silence so profound that even the gentle falling of the wood-ashes was distinctly audible—a distant sound as of a horse approaching at full speed—a sound growing every instant nearer and louder—was heard at the same moment by all present. The soldier started to his feet—the sisters seized each other by the hand—the old lady, still looking steadfastly into the fire, moved her lips silently, as if in prayer.

Yes, yes, the sound draws nearer—nearer still! Their hearts tell them what it is. Have they not been listening for it these five long years, and more?

Hark! It is at the door—it slackens—it stops—there is a voice in the hall—there is a step on the stairs—there is a figure on the threshold. Oh, Heaven! it is he at last; and the white-haired mother, who has so prayed to see him once again before she dies, is folded in his arms!

Could the Spanish people have known, three centuries ago, all that they, and we, know now upon the subject, methinks they would that night have rung every bell in Madrid—ay, and have fired every cannon, to boot—to do honour to the returned wanderer, Miguel de Cervantes!

(To be continued.)

THE WILD MAN OF THE WEST.

CHAPTER XXII.

March Marston is perplexed, so are his friends—An unlooked-for meeting—Terrible news—The attack—The Wild Man of the West once again renders signal service to the trappers—Wild doings in general, and March Marston's chagrin in particular.

"MARCH MARSTON," said Bounce—and Bounce was sitting beside the camp-fire, smoking his pipe after supper when he said it—"you may think ye're a 'cute feller, you may, uncommon 'cute; but if you'll listen to wot an oldish hunter says, an' take his advice, you'll come to think, in a feelosophical way, d'ye see, that you're not quite so 'cute as ye suppose."

Bounce delivered this oracularly, and followed it up with a succession of puffs, each of which was so solidly yellow as to suggest to the mind of Bertram, who chanced to be taking his portrait at that moment, that the next puff would burst out in pure flame. Gibault and Big Waller nodded their heads in testimony of their approval of the general scope of the remark; the latter even went the length of "guessing that it was a fact," and Redhand smiled. Hawkswing looked, if possible, graver than usual.

"As," resumed Bounce, after a long pause, during which March looked and felt very uncomfortable, "the nat'ral eyes of old men becomes dimmer, d'ye see? their mental eyes, so to speak, becomes sharper, so as that they can see through no end o' figurative millstones. That bein' the case when there's no millstone to be seen through at all, but only a uncommon thin trans—trans——"

"Ollification," suggested Waller, modestly.

"Not at all," retorted Bounce, with much severity in his tone. "I *wos* goin' to have said—transparientsy; but I'll not say that now, seein' it's too feelosophical for the likes o' you; but, as I *wos* sayin', that bein' the case, d'ye see? it's quite plain that——"

Here Bounce, having got into depths unusually profound, even for his speculative and philosophical turn of mind, sought refuge in a series of voluminous puffs, and wound up, finally, with an emphatic assertion that "there *wos* somethin' wrong, an' it *wos* o' no manner o' use to try to throw dust in *his* eyes, seein' that his

winkin' powers wos sich as to enable him to keep it out, no matter how thick or fast it should come."

"Ah, that's yer sort! I calc'late you're floored there, March," said Waller, gravely. "The fact is, boy, that it won't do; you've got somethin' in the background that Mr. Bertram talks sich a heap about. You ought to be above-board with comrades, ye ought."

"Oui," added Gibault. "Of course, you have live somever, an' somehow, all dis time. It am not posseeble for live nowhere on noting."

"Well, I tell you I have lived with a hunter, who treated me very well, and told me I'd find you here; having learned that, as I understand, from the Wild Man o' the West himself."

"Very true," said Bounce; "but where does the hunter live?"

"In the mountains," replied March.

"So does the Blackfeet an' the Peigans an' the Crows, and the foxes an' wolves an' grisly bars," retorted Bounce, drily.

"I'll tell ye what it is," cried the exasperated March; "the curiosity of you fellers beats the squaws out an' out. Now, I'll be open with ye, an' then ye must hold your tongues. This man that I've been stayin' with is a very fine fellow, an' a very wonderful fellow, an' his name's Dick——"

"Dick what?" inquired Bounce.

"Dick nothing," said March.

"Ah! that's a odd name."

"No, I mean he's only called Dick, an' he wouldn't tell me his other name if he has one. Well, he said to me I was not to tell where he lived, as he don't like company, an' so he made me promise, an' I did promise, d'ye see; so I mean to stick to my promise, and that's all about it. I would like to tell ye about him, comrades, but you wouldn't have me break my word, would you?"

"Cer'nly not, by no means," said Bounce. "Does he live alone?"

"No—eh—ah! Well, I fancy it's not breakin' my word to tell ye that—no, he has a little gal, an adopted daughter, livin' with him."

"Is she good-lookin'?" inquired Bounce, quickly, with a sharp glance at the youth.

March looked a little confused, and, in a hesitating manner, admitted that she was.

"Ah! I thought so," observed Bounce, gravely, shaking his head and looking unutterably profound, while Gibault gave a low whistle and winked at Big Waller, who returned the mystic signal with the addition of a knowing nod, all of which movements were observed by poor March, who became very red in the face and felt

very angry and remarkably uncomfortable, and quite unable to decide whether it were better to laugh or storm. He was saved from all further perplexity on this point, however, by the sudden appearance of a horseman on the distant plain, who seemed to be approaching the valley in which they were encamped. At first, he looked like a black speck or a crow on the horizon, and, in the uncertain light of the rapidly closing day, it would have been difficult for any unaccustomed eye to make out what the object was.

In a short time he drew near enough to be distinguished clearly, and the rapid patter of the horse's hoofs on the turf told that the rider was flying over the ground at unusual speed. Passing round a clump of low trees that stretched out from the mouth of the valley into the plain, he came dashing towards the camp—a wild-looking, creature, seemingly in a state of reckless insanity.

"The wild man again, surely," said Bounce, who, with his companions, had risen to await the coming up of the stranger.

"D'you think so?" cried March Marston, eagerly.

"Ye—eh! why, I do b'lieve it's Mr. Macgregor," cried the astonished Bounce, as the reckless rider dashed up to the camp-fire, and, springing from his horse with a yell that savoured more of a savage than a civilized spirit, cried—

"Look out, lads; up with a pile o' rocks an' trees! They'll be on us in a jiffy! There's five hundred o' the red reptiles if there's one. The Mountain Fort's burned to cinders—every man and woman dead and scalped—look alive!"

These words were uttered hastily, in broken exclamations, as Macgregor seized the logs that had been cut for fire-wood, and began violently to toss them together in a pile; while the trappers, although much amazed and horrified at the news, seized their hatchets and began to make instant preparation to resist an attack, without wasting time in useless questions. They observed that the commander of the Mountain Fort was pale as death, that his eyes were bloodshot, his clothes torn, and his hands and face begrimed with powder and stained with blood.

March Marston worked like a hero at the rude breastwork for some time, although the effort caused him so much pain that he could not help showing it in his countenance.

"March," said Bounce, seizing him suddenly by the shoulder, "You're not fit to work, an' much less fit to fight. I'll tell ye wot to do, lad. Jump on my horse, an' away to yer friend the trapper, an' bring him here to help us. One stout arm 'll do us more good this night than ten weak bodies sich as yours, poor feller.

March felt the truth of this, so, without delay, turned to obey. Just as he was about to leave, he heard a deep groan, and turning round, saw Macgregor fall to the ground.

"You're ill," he cried, running to him and kneeling down.

"No—not ill, just a scratch from an arrow," gasped the trader, with an oath. "I believe the head's stickin' in my back."

"Away, March," cried Redhand, "we'll look to this. Waller, out wi' the fire, man; ye used to be more spry when—ah! too late, there they are, they've seen us."

"Into the fort, boys," cried Bounce, alluding to the breastwork, "we don't need to care; with plenty o' powder and lead we can keep five thousand redskins off."

March heard no more. Dashing up the glen at full speed, he disappeared from the spot, just as the yell of the savage host came floating upon the wings of the night air, apprising the trappers that their fire had been observed, and that they would have to fight manfully if they hoped to carry their scalps home with them.

In a few minutes the Indians drew near, and scattering themselves round the little intrenchment, began to discharge clouds of arrows at it, but, fortunately, without doing any damage. An inaccessible cliff protected their rear, and behind a projection of this the trappers' horses were secured. The breastwork lay immediately in front.

Again and again the savages let fly their shafts, but without drawing any reply from the trappers, who kept close under cover, and reserved their fire. This tempted their enemies to approach, and, when within short range, they seemed about to make a rush, supposing, no doubt, that the party concealed behind the breastwork must be Indians, since they did not use fire-arms. Just then Redhand gave a preconcerted signal; three sheets of flame spouted from their guns, and three of the foremost Indians fell dead from their horses.

With a terrible yell the others turned to fly, but before they had retreated a yard three more shots were fired with deadly effect. They now took shelter behind trees and rocks, and attempted to dislodge the trappers by discharging arrows into the air at such an angle that they should drop into their fortress. One or two endeavoured to ascend the steep cliff; but the instant an arm or shoulder appeared, a ball from Redhand's deadly rifle struck it, so the attempt was abandoned.

While this was going on, March Marston galloped to Dick's cave, and startled poor Mary not a little by the abruptness of his

entrance. But to his mortification, Dick was not at home. It so chanced that that wild individual had taken it into his head to remain concealed in the woods near the spot where he had parted from his late guest, and had not only witnessed the meeting of March with his friends, but had seen the arrival of Macgregor, the subsequent departure of March in the direction of the cave, and the attack of the Indians. When, therefore, the youth was speeding towards his cavern, the Wild Man (who was not sorry to see him go off on such an errand) was busily planning the best mode of attacking the enemy so as to render effectual aid to the trappers.

Observing that the Indians had clustered together at the foot of a rugged cliff, apparently for the purpose of holding a council of war, Dick made his way quickly to the summit of the cliff, and, leaving his charger on an eminence that sloped down towards the entrance of the valley, quickly and noiselessly carried several huge stones to the edge of the precipice, intending to throw them down on the heads of his foes. Just as he was about to do so, he observed an overhanging mass of rock, many tons in weight, which the frosts of winter had detached from the precipice. Placing his feet against this, and leaning his back against the solid rock, he exerted himself with all his might, like a second Samson. No human power could have moved such a rock had it not been almost over-balanced; but, being so, Dick's effort moved it. Again he strained until the great veins seemed about to burst through the skin of his neck and forehead. Gradually the rock toppled and fell, and the Wild Man fell along with it.

In the agony of that moment he uttered a cry so terrible that it might well have been supposed to have come from the throat of a supernatural being. The Indians had not time to evade the danger. The ponderous mass in its descent hit a projecting crag and burst into smaller fragments, which fell in a rattling shower, killing two men and wounding others. Those of the group who escaped, as well as those who chanced to be beyond the danger, saw, by the dim moonlight, the Wild Man of the West descending, as it were, like a furious demon in the midst of the dire confusion of dust and rocks. They knew him well. It wanted but this to fill them to overflow with superstitious dread. They turned and fled. The trappers, although amazed beyond measure and half suspecting who it was that had thus suddenly come to their aid, mounted their horses, and, leaping over their barricade, rushed down the valley in pursuit, firing a volley at starting, and loading as they rode at full speed. In his descent Dick made what might

well be termed a miraculous escape. Near the foot of the cliff he went crashing through a thick bush, which broke his fall. Still he retained impetus sufficient to have seriously injured if not killed him, had he not alighted in the midst of another bush, which saved him so completely that he was not even hurt.

Dick could scarcely believe his own senses, but he was not a man given to indulge much wandering thought in times of action. Giving himself one shake, to make sure of his being actually sound in wind and limb, he bounded away up the precipice by a path with which he was well acquainted, reached his horse, flew by a short cut to the mouth of the valley, and, wheeling suddenly round, met the horrified Indians in the very teeth!

The roar with which he met them was compound in its nature, and altogether hideous! His mind was in a mingled condition of amazement and satisfaction at his escape, triumph at the success of his plan, and indignation at the cowardly wickedness of the savages. A rollicking species of mad pugnacity took possession of him, and the consequence was, that the sounds which issued from his leathern throat were positively inhuman.

The rushing mass of terror-stricken men, thus caught as it were between two fires, divided in order to escape him. Dick was not sorry to observe this. He felt that the day was gained without further bloodshed. He knew that the superstitious dread in which he was held was a guarantee that the savages would not return; so, instead of turning with the trappers to join in the pursuit, he favoured them with a concluding and a peculiarly monstrous howl, and then rode quietly away, by a circuitous route, to his own cavern.

Thus he avoided March Marston, who, on finding that his friend Dick was out, had returned at full speed to aid his comrades, and arrived just in time to meet them returning, triumphant and panting, from their pursuit of the foe!

"Are they gone?" cried March in amazement.

"Ay, right slick away into the middle o' no whar," replied Big Waller, laughing. "Did ye iver hear such a roarer, comrades?"

"Have you licked 'em out an' out?" continued March.

"Ay, out an' out, an' no mistake," replied Bounce, dismounting.

"Well that *is* lucky," said March, "for my friend Dick, I found, was not——"

"Ah! ve not have need him," interrupted Gibault, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, "de Vild Man of de Vest hims come, an'—oh! you should see vot hims have bin do!"

"The Wild Man again?" exclaimed March in dismay—"an' me absent!"

At that moment an exclamation from Redhand attracted the attention of the whole party. He was kneeling beside Macgregor, who had dismounted and lain down.

"I believe they've done for me," said the fur-trader, faintly. "That arrow must have gone deeper than I thought. You will find a flask in the bag at my saddle-bow. Bring it here."

"I know that Dick is a good hand at doctoring," said March, "What a pity he is not here. We might carry you there, sir."

"Carry me," laughed the fur-trader, fiercely, "no, I'll never be carried till I'm carried to my grave. How far off is his place? Where stays he?"

"Four miles from this. I'll take you if you can ride," said March.

"Ay, that I can, bravely," cried the trader, who, having taken a deep draught of spirits, seemed to be imbued with new life. "Come, young sir, mount."

The trappers endeavoured to dissuade the violent man from the attempt, but he could not be controlled; so March, hastily observing that he would see him safe to the hunter's abode and return without delay, mounted his horse and rode away, followed by the wounded man.



CHAPTER XXIII.

The wounded fur-trader.

WHEN they reached the entrance to the cavern, March and his companion dismounted, but the latter was so weak from loss of blood that he stumbled at the foot of the track, and fell to the earth insensible.

March ran hastily in for assistance, and was not a little surprised to find Dick sitting alone beside the fire, and so absorbed in the perusal of a little book that he had not noticed his entrance—a very singular and unaccountable piece of absence of mind in one so well trained in the watchful ways of the backwoods.

"Ho! Dick!" cried the youth.

"What, March—March Marston!" exclaimed the Wild Man, springing up, seizing him by the shoulders, and gazing intently into his face, as if to assure himself he was not dreaming.

"Ay, no doubt I'm March Marston; though how you came to find out my name I don't know——"

"Easy enough that, lad, when you leave your mother's bible behind ye," cried Dick, with a wild laugh. "She must be a good mother that o' yours. Is she alive yet, boy?"

"That is she, an' well I trust——"

"An' your father," interrupted Dick, "how's he, lad? eh!"

"I don't know," said March, frowning; "he forsook us fourteen years ago; but it's little good talking o' such matters now, when there's a poor fellow dyin' outside."

"Dyin'?"

"Ay, so it seems to me. I've brought him to see if ye can stop the bleedin', but he's fainted, and I can't lift——"

Dick waited for no more, but, hasting out, raised Macgregor in his arms, and carried him into the inner cave, where Mary was lying sound asleep on her lowly couch.

"Come, Mary, lass, make way for this poor feller."

The child leaped up, and, throwing a deer-skin round her, stepped aside to allow the wounded man to be placed on her bed. Her eye immediately fell on March, who stood in the entrance, and she ran to him in surprise.

"What's de matter, March?"

"Hush, Mary," said Dick, in a low voice, "we'll have to speak soft. Poor Macgregor won't be long for this world, I'm affeared. Fetch me the box o' things."

"You know him, then," whispered March, in surprise.

"Ay, I've often bin to the Mountain Fort and seed him there. See, he's comin' to. Put that torch more behind me, lad. It'll be better for him not to see me."

As he spoke, the wounded man sighed faintly. Opening his eyes, he said, "Where am I?"

"Speak to him," whispered Dick, looking over his shoulder at March, who advanced, and, kneeling at the side of the couch, said:

"You're all right, Mr. Macgregor. I've brought you to the hunter's home. He'll dress your wound and take care of you, so make your mind easy. But you'll have to keep quiet. You've lost much blood."

The fur-trader turned round and seemed to fall asleep, while Dick bound his wounds, and then, leaving him to rest, he and March returned to the other cave.

During that night Dick seemed in an unaccountably excited

state. Sometimes he sat down by the fire and talked with March, in an absent manner, on all kinds of subjects—his adventures, his intentions, his home at Pine Point ; but from his looks it seemed as if his thoughts were otherwise engaged, and occasionally he started up and paced the floor hurriedly, while his brows darkened and his broad chest heaved as though he were struggling with some powerful feeling or passion.

"Could it be," thought March, "that there was some mysterious connection between Dick and the wounded fur-trader." Not being able to find a satisfactory reply to the thought, he finally dismissed it, and turned his attentions altogether towards Mary, whose looks of surprise and concern showed that she, too, was puzzled by the behaviour of her adopted father.

During that night and all the next day the wounded man grew rapidly worse, and March stayed with him, partly because he felt a strong interest in and pity for him, and partly because he did not like to leave to Mary the duty of watching a dying man.

Dick went out during the day, in the same excited state, and did not return till late in the evening. During his absence, the dying man's mind wandered frequently, and in order to check this as well as to comfort him, March read to him from his mother's Bible. At times he seemed to listen intently to the words that fell from March's lips, but more frequently he lay in a state apparently of stupor.

"Boy," said he, starting suddenly out of one of those heavy slumbers, "what's the use of reading the Bible to me? I'm not a Christian, an' it's too late now—too late!"

"The Bible tells me that '*now*' is God's time. I forget where the words are, an' I can't find 'em," said March, earnestly; "but I *know* the're in this book. Besides, don't you remember the thief who was saved when he hung on the cross in a dyin' state?"

The fur-trader shook his head and muttered, "Too late, too late."

March now became deeply anxious about the dying man, who seemed to him like one sinking in the sea, yet refusing to grasp the rope that was flung to him. He turned over the sacred pages hurriedly to find appropriate texts, and blamed himself again and again for not having made himself better acquainted with the Word of God. He also repeated all he could think of from memory; but still the dying man shook his head and muttered, "Too late." Suddenly March bent over him and said:

"Christ is able to save to the *uttermost* all who come unto God through Him."

The fur-trader looked up in silence for a few seconds. "Ay," said he, "many a time have I heard the old minister at Pine Point say that."

"Pine Point!" exclaimed March, in surprise.

"Perhaps they're true, after all," continued Macgregor, not noticing the interruption. "Oh! Mary, Mary, surely I did the uttermost when I forsook ye. Let me see the words, boy; are they there?"

A strange suspicion flashed suddenly on the mind of March as he listened to these words, and he trembled violently as he handed him the book.

"What—what's this? Where got ye my wife's Bible? You must" (he added between his teeth, in a sudden burst of anger) "have murdered my boy."

"Father!" exclaimed March, seizing Macgregor's hand.

The dying man started up with a countenance of ashy paleness, and leaning on one elbow, gazed earnestly into the youth's face—"March! can it be my boy—" he fell back with a heavy groan. The bandages had been loosened by the exertion, and blood was pouring freely from his wound. The case admitted of no delay. March hurriedly attempted to stop the flow of the vital stream, assisted by Mary, who had been sitting at the foot of the couch bathed in tears during the foregoing scene.

Just then Dick returned, and seeing how matters stood, quickly stanchd the wound; but his aid came too late. Macgregor, or rather Obadiah Marston, opened his eyes but once after that, and seemed as if he wished to speak. March bent down quickly and put his ear close to his mouth; there was a faint whisper, "God bless you, March, my son," and then all was still.

March gazed long and breathlessly at the dead countenance; then, looking up in Dick's face, he said, pointing to the dead man, "My father!" and fell insensible on the couch beside him.

We will pass over the first few days that succeeded the event just narrated, during which poor March Marston went about the wild region in the vicinity of the cave like one in a dream. It may be imagined with what surprise the trappers learned from him the near relationship that existed between himself and the fur-trader. They felt and expressed the deepest sympathy with their young comrade, and offered to accompany him when he laid his father in the grave. But Dick had firmly refused to allow the youth to bring the trappers near his abode, so they forbore to press him, and the last sad rites were performed by himself and

Dick alone. The grave was made in the centre of a little green vale which lay like an emerald in the heart of that rocky wilderness, and a little wooden cross, with the name and date cut thereon by March, was erected at the head of the low mound to mark the fur-trader's last lonely resting-place. March Marston had never known his father in early life, having been an infant when he deserted his family; and the little that he had seen of him at the Mountain Fort, and amid the wild scenes of the Rocky Mountains, had not made a favourable impression on him. But now that he was gone, the natural instinct of affection arose within his breast. He called to remembrance the last few and sad hours which he had spent by his parent's dying bed. He thought of their last few words on the momentous concerns of the soul, and of the eagerness with which, at times, the dying man listened to the life-giving Word of God, and the tear of sorrow that fell upon the grave as he turned to quit that solitary spot, was mingled with a tear of joy that God had brought him there to pour words of comfort and hope into his father's dying ear.

That night he spent in the cave with Dick; he felt indisposed to join his old comrades just then. The grave tenderness of his friend, and the sympathy of little Mary, were more congenial to him.

"March," said Dick, in a low sad tone, as they sat beside the fire, "that funeral reminds me o' my friend I told ye of once. It's a lonesome grave his, with nought but a wooden cross to mark it."

"Had you known him long, Dick?"

"No, not long. He left the settlements in a huff—bein', I b'lieve, crossed in love, as I told ye."

Dick paused, and clasping both hands over his knee, gazed with a look of mingled sternness and sorrow at the glowing fire.

"Did ye ever," he resumed, abruptly, "hear o' a feller called Louis, who once lived at Pine Point—before ye was born, lad; did ye ever hear yer mother speak of him?"

"Louis? Yes—well; I believe I do think I've heard the name before. Oh, yes! People used to say he was fond o' my mother when she was a girl; but I never heard her speak of him. Now ye mention it, I remember the only time I ever asked her about it, she burst into tears and told me never to speak of him again. Thadwick was his name—Louis Thadwick; but he was better known as Louis the Trapper. But he's almost forgotten at the settlement, now; it's so long ago. Every one thinks him dead. Why d'ye ask?"

"Think he's dead?" repeated Dick, slowly. "An' why not?"

My poor friend that was killed when he left his native place swore he'd never go back, an' no more he did—no more he did; though he little thought that death would step in so soon to make him keep his word."

"Was Louis your friend who died?" inquired March, with much interest, and not a little pity; for he observed that his companion was deeply affected.

Dick did not reply. His thoughts seemed to be wandering again, so March forbore to interrupt him, and, turning to Mary, said in a more cheerful tone: "Whether would ye like to go to Pine Point settlement and stay with my mother, or that I should come here and spend the winter with you and Dick?"

Mary looked puzzled, and after some moments' consideration replied, "Me don't know." Then, looking up quickly, she added, "Which *you* like?"

"Indeed, I must make the same reply, Mary,—‘I don't know.’ But as I can't expect my friend Dick to give up his wild life, I suppose I must make up my mind to come here."

"March," said Dick, quickly, "I've changed my mind, lad. It won't do. You'll have to spend next winter at home—any how ye can't spend it with me."

Had a thunderbolt struck the earth between March and Mary they would not have been filled with half so much consternation as they were on hearing these words. It was plain that both had thoroughly made up their minds that they were to be together for many months to come. Dick noted the effect of his remark, and a peculiar frown crossed his countenance for a moment, but it gave place to a smile, as he said,—

"I'm sorry to disappoint ye, lad; but the thing cannot be."

"Cannot be!" repeated March, in a tone of exasperation, for he felt that this was an unwarrantable piece of caprice on the part of his friend; "surely you don't claim to be chief of the Rocky Mountains! If I choose to come an' spend the winter in this region, you have no right to prevent me. And if I offer to bring you furs and venison, besides pretty good company, will ye be such a surly knave as to refuse me a corner of your cave?"

"Nay, lad. Right welcome would ye be, with or without furs or venison; but I mean to leave the cave, and quit this part of the country altogether. The fact is, I'm tired of it, an' want a change."

"Very good, all right, an' what's to hinder my going with you? I'm fond o' change myself. I'd as soon go one way as another."

Dick shook his head. "It's o' no use, March, I've my own reasons for desirin' to travel alone. The thing cannot be."

This was said in such a decided tone that March looked at Mary in dismay. He gathered no consolation from her countenance, however.

"March," said Dick, firmly, "I'm sorry to grieve ye, lad, but it can't be helped. All I can say is, that if ye choose to come back here next summer you'll be heartily welcome, and I'll engage that ye'll find me here; but I'm sartin' ye won't want to come."

"Won't want to come! I'll bet ye a hundred thousand million dollars I'll want to come, ay, and *will* come, cried March."

"Done!" said Dick, seizing the youth's hand, "an' Mary's a witness to the wager."

It is needless to say that the conversation did not rest here. The greater part of that night and during great part of the week that March remained there he continued to press the Wild Man of the West to alter his purpose, but without avail. Each day he passed with his comrades, hunting and trapping, and each night he bade them adieu and returned to sup and sleep in the cave, and persecuted Dick all that time; but Dick was immovable.

Of course the trappers renewed their attempts to get March to show them Dick's abode; but he persistently refused, and they were too good-natured to annoy him, and too honest to follow his trail, which they might easily have done, had they been so disposed.

At last the time arrived when it became necessary that the trappers should return to Pine Point settlement. In the midst of all their alarms and fights they had found time to do, what Big Waller termed, a "pretty considerable stroke o' business." That is to say, they had killed a large number of fur-bearing animals by means of trap, snare, and gun, so that they were in a position to return home with a heavy load of valuable skins. The day of their departure was, therefore, arranged, and March, mounting his steed, galloped, for the last time, and with a heavy heart, towards the cave of his friend Dick.

As he passed rapidly over the wild country, and entered the gloomy recesses that surrounded the Wild Man's home, he thought over the arguments with which he meant to make a last and, he still hoped, successful appeal. But March might have spared himself the trouble of all this thought, for when he reached the cave Dick was absent. This grieved him deeply, because every preparation had been made by his companions for starting on their homeward journey that evening, so that he had no time to spare.

Mary was at home, however; so March felt a little consoled, and, seating himself in his wonted place beside the fire, he said:

"When will Dick be home, Mary?"

"Me no' can know 'xactly. To-morrow hims say, prehaps."

"Then it's all up," sighed March, leaning recklessly back against the wall, "all up! I'm off to-night, so I'll not be able to spend the winter with you after all."

Had Mary burst into tears on hearing this, March would have felt satisfied. Had she groaned or sobbed, or even sighed, he would have experienced some degree of relief; but when Mary, instead of any such demonstration, hung down her head so that the heavy masses of her soft brown hair hid her pretty face and said, in a tone which March fancied was not very genuine—"What a pity," he became exasperated and deemed himself ill-used.

During the half-hour that succeeded he endeavoured to converse in a pleasant tone of voice, but without success. At last he rose to go.

"Must you go 'way dis night?" said Mary with a look of concern.

"Ay, Mary, an' it's not much matter, for ye don't seem to care."

The girl looked at him reproachfully, "You is not please' with me, March—why?"

The question puzzled the youth. He certainly was displeased, but he could not make up his mind to say that he was so because Mary had not fallen into a state of violent grief at the prospect of a separation. But the anxious gaze of Mary's truthful blue eyes was too much for him, he suddenly grasped both her hands, and, kissing her forehead, said:

"Mary, dear, I'm not displeased. I'm only sorry, and sad, and annoyed, and miserable—very miserable—I can scarcely tell why. I suppose I'm not well, or I'm cross, or something or other. But this I know, Mary, Dick has invited me to come back to see him next year, and I certainly shall come if life and limb hold out till then."

Mary's eyes filled with tears, and as she smiled through them, March, being very near her face, beheld in each eye an excessively miniature portrait of himself gazing out at him lovingly.

"Perhaps!" faltered Mary, "you no' want for come when it be nixt year."

Poor March was overwhelmed again, absolutely disgusted, that she could entertain a doubt upon that point!

"We shall see," he cried, with a sudden impulse, pressing his lips again to her forehead. "May the Great Spirit bless and keep you. Good-bye, Mary,—till next spring."

March burst away from her, rushed out of the cave in a tumult of conflicting feelings and great resolves, and, despite a little stiffness that still remained to remind him of his late accident, flung himself into the saddle with a bound that would have done credit to the Wild Man himself, and galloped down the rocky gorge at a pace that threatened a sudden and total smash to horse and man. Had any of his old comrades or friends witnessed that burst, they would certainly have said that March Marston was mad,—madder, perhaps, than any March hare that ever marched madly through the wild regions of insanity.

CHAPTER XXIV.

March Marston at home—His narrative—A strange interruption—Recovery of a lost lover—A double wedding and great excitement—The Wild Man of the West the wisest man in Pine Point settlement.

THREE months passed away, and at the end of that period March Marston found himself back again in Pine Point settlement, sitting on a low stool at that fireside where the yelling and kicking days of his infancy had been spent, and looking up in the face of that buxom, blue-eyed mother, with whom he had been wont to hold philosophical converse in regard to fighting and other knotty—not to say naughty—questions, in those bright but stormy days of childhood when he stood exactly "two-foot-ten," and when he looked and felt as if he stood upwards of ten feet two!

Three months passed away, and during the passage of that period March Marston's bosom became a theatre in which, unseen by the naked eye, was a legion of spirits, good, middling, and bad, among whom were hope, fear, despair, joy, fun, delight, interest, surprise, mischief, exasperation, and a military demon named General Jollity who overbore and browbeat all the rest by turns. These scampered through his brain and tore up his heart and tumbled about in his throat and lungs, and maintained a furious harlequinade, and in short behaved in a way that was quite disgraceful, and that caused the poor young man alternately to amuse, annoy, astonish, and stun his comrades, who beheld the exterior results of those private theatricals, but had no conception

of the terrific combats that took place so frequently on the stage within.

During those three months March saw many things. He saw his old friends the prairie-dogs, and the prong-horned antelopes, and the grisly bears, and the wolves: more than that, he chased, and shot, and ate many of them. He also saw clouds of locusts flying high in the air, so thick that they sometimes darkened the very sky, and herds of buffaloes so large that they often darkened the whole plain.

During those three months March learned a good deal. He learned that there was much more of every sort of thing in this world than he had had any idea of—that there was much, very much, to be thankful for—that there were many, very many, things to be grieved for, and many also to be glad about—that the fields of knowledge were illimitably large, and that his own individual acquirements were preposterously, humbly, small!

He thought much, too. He thought of the past, present, and future in quite a surprising way. He thought of his mother and her loneliness, of Dick and his obstinacy, of Mary and her sweetness, of the Wild Man of the West and his invisibility. When this latter thought arose, it had the effect invariably of rousing within him demon Despair; also General Jollity, for the general had a particular spite against that demon, and, whenever he showed symptoms of vitality, attacked him with a species of frenzy that was quite dreadful to feel, and the outward manifestations of which were such as to cause the trappers to fear seriously that the poor youth had “gone out of his mind,” as they expressed it; but they were wrong—quite wrong—it was only the natural consequence of those demons and sprites having gone into his mind, where they were behaving themselves—as Bounce, when March made him his confidant, said—with “horrible obstropolosity.”

Well, as we have said, March was seated on a low stool, looking up in his mother's face. He had already been three days at home, and, during every spare minute he had, he sat himself down on the same stool, and went on with his interminable narrations of the extraordinary adventures through which he had passed while among the Rocky Mountains and out upon the great prairies.

Widow Marston—for she knew that she was a widow now, though the knowledge added but little to the feeling of widowhood to which she had been doomed for so many years—widow Marston, we say, listened to this interminable narration with untiring patience and unmitigated pleasure. There was as yet no symptom

of the narrative drawing to a close, neither was there the slightest evidence of the widow Marston becoming wearied. We have seen a cat worried and pulled and poked by its kitten almost beyond endurance, and we have observed that the cat endured it meekly—nay, evidently rejoiced in the annoyance: it was pleasurable pain. As it is with feline, so is it with human mothers. Their love overbears and outweighs *everything*. Ah! good cause have the rugged males of this world to rejoice that such is the fact; and although they know the fact well, we hold that it is calculated to improve the health and refresh the spirit of men to have that fact brought prominently and pointedly to their remembrance!

Had March Marston talked the most unutterable balderdash, widow Marston would have listened with unwearied delight as long, we believe, as her eyes and ears could do their duty. But March did *not* talk balderdash. For a madman, he spoke a great deal of common, besides a considerable amount of uncommon sense, and his mother listened with intelligent interest; commenting on what he said in her quiet way, as she found opportunity—we say this advisedly, for opportunities were not so frequent as one might suppose. March had always been possessed of a glib tongue, and he seemed, as Bounce remarked, to have oiled the hinges since his return to Pine Point settlement.

“Mother,” said March, after a short pause that had succeeded an unusually long burst, “Do you know it’s only a few months since I left you to go on this trip to the Mountains?”

“I know it well,” replied the widow, smiling at the question.

“And do you know,” he continued, “that it seems to me more like five years? When I think of all that I’ve heard and all that I’ve done, and all that I’ve seen; it seems to me as if it had took—as if it *must* have took—five years to have heard and done and seen it all in!”

“And yet,” said the widow, musingly, “you failed to see the Wild Man o’ the West after all.”

“Mother, I’ll be angry with you if you say that again.”

“Well, I won’t,” she replied, taking his hand in hers and stroking it. “Tell me again, March, about Dick of the Cave and his little girl. I like to hear about them; they were so kind to you, and that Dick, from your account, seems to be such a fine fellow; tell me all about them over again.”

“I will, mother,” said March, clearing his throat, and commencing in a tone that showed clearly his intention of going on indefinitely.

Widow Marston's cottage had a pretty, comfortable-looking flower-garden behind it. In front the windows looked out upon a portion of the native woods which had been left standing when the spot for the settlement was cleared. In the back garden there was a bower which the widow's brother, the blacksmith, had erected, and the creepers on which had been planted by the widow's own hand when she was Mary West, the belle of the settlement. In this bower, which was a capacious one, sat a number of sedate, quiet, jolly, conversable fellows, nearly all of whom smoked, and one of whom sketched. They were our friends Redhand, Bounce, Big Waller, Gibault, Hawkswing, and Bertram.

It is observable among men who travel long in company together in a wild country, that, when they return again to civilized, or to semi-civilized life, they feel a strong inclination to draw closer together, either from the force of habit, or sympathy, or both. On reaching Pine Point the trappers, after visiting their friends and old chums, drew together again as if by a species of electrical attraction. In whatever manner they chanced to spend their days, they—for the first week at least—found themselves trending gradually each evening a little before sunset to a common centre.

Widow Marston was always at home. March Marston was always with his mother—deep in his long-winded yarns. The bower was always invitingly open in the back garden: hence, the bower was the regular rendezvous of the trappers. It was a splendid evening that on which we now see them assembled there. The sun was just about to set in a flood of golden clouds. Birds, wild-fowl, and frogs held an uproarious concert in wood and swamp, and the autumnal foliage glowed richly in the slanting beams as it hung motionless in the still atmosphere.

"D'ye know," said Redhand, removing his pipe for a few minutes and blowing aside the heavy wreaths of tobacco-smoke that seemed unwilling to ascend and dissipate themselves, "d'ye know, now that this trip's over, I'm inclined to think it's about the roughest one I've had for many a year. An' it's a curious fact, that the rougher a trip is the more I like it."

Bertram, who was (as a matter of course) sketching, turned over a few leaves and made a note of the observation.

"I guess it was pretty much of a middlin' jolly one," said Big Waller, smoking enthusiastically, and with an expression of intense satisfaction on his weather-beaten countenance.

"An' profitable," observed Bounce, gravely.

"Ah! oui, ver' prof'able," echoed Gibault. "Dat is de main

ting. We have git plenty skins, an' have bring hom' our own skins, w'ich I was not moche sure of one or two times."

"True," said Bounce; "that's wot we've got for to be thankful for. Skins is skins; but the skin of a human ain't to be put in the balance wi' the skin o' a beaver, d'ye see?"

Bounce glanced at Hawkswing as he spoke, but the Indian only looked stolid and smoked solemnly.

"Yes," he continued, "a whole skin's better nor a broken one, an' it's well to bring back a whole one, though I'm not agoin' for to deny that there's some advantage in bringing back other sorts o' skins too, d'ye see, w'ich goes for to prove the true feelosophy of the fact, d'ye see?"

Bounce paused, in the midst of his mental energy, to take a parenthetic whiff. His thoughts, however, seemed too deep for utterance, for he subsided quietly into a state of silent fumigation.

"What a splendidly picturesque scene!" exclaimed Bertram, pushing back his brigandish hat, in order the better to get a view, at arm's length, of his sketch and compare it with the original.

"Wot's the meanin' o' pikter-esk?" inquired Bounce.

Theodore Bertram looked and felt puzzled. He was not the first man who thought that he knew the signification of terms well, and found himself much perplexed on being suddenly called upon to give a correct definition of a well-known word. While he is labouring to enlighten his friend, we shall leave the bower and return to the hall, or kitchen, or reception-room,—for it might be appropriately designated by any of these terms,—where March is, as usual, engaged in expounding backwoods life to his mother. We have only to pass through the open door and are with them at once. Cottages in Pine Point settlement were of simple construction: the front door opened out of one side of the hall, the back door out of the other. As the weather was mild, both were wide open.

March had just reached an intensely interesting point in his narrative, and was describing, with flashing eyes and heightened colour, his first interview with the "Vision in Leather," when his attention was attracted by the sound of horses' hoofs coming at a rapid pace along the road that led to the cottage. The wood above referred to hid any object approaching by the road until within fifty yards or so of the front door.

"They seem in a hurry, whoever they be," said March, as he and his mother rose and hastened to the door, "an' there's more

than one rider, if I've not forgot how to judge by sounds. I should say that there's——HALLO!"

The exclamation was not unnatural by any means, for at that moment a very remarkable horseman dashed round the point of wood and galloped towards the cottage. Both man and horse were gigantic. The former wore no cap, and his voluminous brown locks floated wildly behind him. On they came with a heavy, thunderous tread, stones, sticks, and dust flying from the charger's heels. There was a rude paling in front of the cottage. The noble horse put its ears forward as it came up, took two or three short strides, and went over with the light bound of a deer, showing that the strength of bone, muscle, and sinew were in proportion to the colossal size of the animal. The gravel inside the paling flew like splashing water as they alighted with a crash, and widow Marston, uttering a faint cry, shrank within the doorway as the wild horseman seemed about to launch himself, with Quixotic recklessness, against the cottage.

"*Dick!*" shouted March, who stared like one thunderstruck as the rider leaped from the saddle to the ground, sprang with a single bound to the widow's side, seized her right hand in both of his, and, stooping down, gazed intently into her alarmed countenance. Suddenly, the blood rushed violently to her temples as the man pronounced her name in a low, deep tone, and, with a look of wild surprise mingled with terror, she exclaimed,—

"Louis!"

The colour fled from her cheeks, and uttering a piercing cry, she fell forward on the breast of her long-lost lover.

March Marston stood for some time helpless; but he found his voice just as Redhand and the other trappers, rushing through the house, burst upon the scene—" *Dick!*" shouted March again, in the highest pitch of amazement.

"THE WILD MAN O' THE WEST!" roared Bounce, with the expression of one who believes he gazes on a ghost.

"Fetch a drop o' water one o' you fellers," said the Wild Man, looking anxiously at the pale face that rested on his arm.

Every one darted off to obey, excepting Bertram, who, with eyes almost starting out of their sockets, was already seated on the paling sketching the scene, for he entertained an irresistible belief that the Wild Man of the West would, as he had already done more than once, vanish from the spot before he could get him transferred to the pages of his immortal book!

Trappers are undoubtedly men who can act with vigorous promptitude in their own peculiar sphere; but when out of that sphere, they are rather clumsy and awkward. Had they been in the forest, each man would have fetched a draught of clear water from the nearest spring with the utmost celerity; but, being in a settlement, they knew not where to turn. Big Waller dashed towards a very small pond which lay near the cottage, and dipping his cap into it, brought up a compound of diluted mud and chickweed. Gibault made an attempt on a tiny rivulet with the like success, which was not surprising, seeing that its fountain-head lay at the bottom of the said pond. Bounce and Hawkswing bolted into the cottage in search of the needful fluid, but being unused to furniture, they upset three chairs and a small table in their haste, and scattered on the floor a mass of crockery, with a crash that made them feel as if they had been the means of causing some dire domestic calamity, and which almost terrified the household kitten into fits.

Then Bounce made a hopeful grasp at a teapot, which, having happily been placed on a side-table, had survived the wreck of its contemporary cups and saucers, and the Indian made an insane effort to wrench the top off a butter-churn, in the belief that it contained a well-spring of water.

Of all the party old Redhand alone stood still, with his bald head glistening in the last rays of the sinking sun, and his kindly face wrinkled all over with a sympathetic smile. He knew well that the young widow would soon recover, with or without the aid of water, so he smoked his pipe complacently, leaned against the door-post, and looked on.

He was right. In a few minutes Mrs. Marston recovered, and was tenderly led into the cottage by her old lover, Louis Thadwick, or, as we still prefer to call him, the Wild Man of the West. There, seated by her side, in the midst of the wreck and *débris* of her household goods, the Wild Man, quite regardless of appearances, began boldly to tell the same old tale, and commit the same offence, that he told and committed upwards of sixteen years before, when *he* was Louis the Trapper, and *she* was Mary West.

Seeing what was going forward, the judicious trappers, and the enthusiastic artist, considerably retired to the bower behind the house. What transpired at that strange interview no one can tell, for no one was present except the kitten. That creature, having recovered from its consternation, discovered to its inexpressible joy, that, an enormous jug having been smashed by

Bounce along with the other things, the floor was covered in part with a lakelet of rich cream. With almost closed eyes, intermittent purring, quick-lapping tongue, and occasional indications of a tendency to choke, that fortunate animal revelled in this unexpected flood of delectation, and listened to the conversation, but, not being gifted with the power of speech, it never divulged what was said—at least to human ears, though we are by no means sure that it did not create a considerable amount of talk among the cat-population of the settlement.

Be this as it may, when the Wild Man at length opened the door and cried, "Come in lads, it's all right," they found the widow Marston with confusion and happiness beaming on her countenance, and the Wild Man himself in a condition that fully justified Bounce's suggestion that they had better send for a straight-waistcoat or a pair of handcuffs. As for March, he had all along been, and still was, speechless. That the Wild Man of the West was Dick, and Dick the Wild Man of the West, and that both should come home at the same time in one body, and propose to marry his mother, was past belief, so of course he didn't believe it.

"Hallo! wait a bit; I do b'lieve I was forgettin'—" cried the Wild Man, springing up in his own violent impulsive way, upsetting his chair (as a matter of course, being unused to such delicacies), dashing through the lake of cream to the all but annihilation of the kitten, opening the door, and giving vent to a shrill whistle.

All rushed out to witness the result. They were prepared for anything now—from a mad bison to a red warrior's ghost, and would have been rather disappointed had anything feebler appeared.

Immediately there was a clatter of hoofs; a beautiful white pony galloped round the corner of the wood, and made straight for the cottage. Seated thereon was the Vision in Leather—not seated as a woman sits, but after the fashion of her own adopted father, and having on her leathern dress with a pair of long leggings highly ornamented with porcupine-quills and bead-work. The Vision leaped the fence like her father, bounded from her pony as he had done, and rushed into the Wild Man's arms, exclaiming, "Be she here, an' well, dear fader?"

"Ay, all right," he replied; but he had no time to say more, for at that moment March Marston darted at the vision, seized one of her hands, put his arm round her waist, and swung her, rather than led her, into his mother's presence.

"Here's Mary, mother!" cried March, with a very howl of delight.

The widow had already guessed it. She rose and extended her arms. Mary gazed for one moment eagerly at her and then rushed into them. Turning sharp round, March threw his arms round Bounce's neck and embraced him for want of a better subject; then hurling him aside he gave another shout, and began to dance a violent horn-pipe on the floor, to the still farther horrifaction of the kitten (which was now a feline maniac), and the general scatteration of the mingled mass of crockery and cream. Seeing this, Bounce uttered an hysterical cheer. Hawkswing, being excited beyond even savage endurance, drew his scalping-knife, yelled the war-cry, and burst into the war-dance of the Seneca Indians. In short, the widow's cottage became the theatre of a scene that would have done credit to the violent wards of a lunatic asylum,—a scene which is utterly beyond the delineative powers of pen or pencil,—a scene which defies description, repudiates adequate conception, and will dwell for ever on the memories of those who took part in it like the wild phantasmagoria of a tremendous dream!

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Of course a wild man could not be induced, like an ordinary mortal, to wait a reasonable time in order to give his bride an opportunity of preparing her trousseau. He was a self-willed man, and a man of a strong mind. He insisted upon being married "out of hand, and have done with it." So he *was* married—whether "out of hand" or not we cannot tell—by the excellent clergyman of Pine Point settlement. On the same day, and the same hour, March Marston was married—"out of hand," also, no doubt—to the Vision in Leather!

There was something rather precipitate in these proceedings, unquestionably; but those who feel disposed to object to them must bear in mind, first, that backwoodsmen are addicted to precipitancy at times, and, secondly, that facts cannot be altered in order to please the fastidious taste of the so-called civilized world.

Public opinion in the settlement was strongly in favour of the doings of the Wild Man of the West. Delay was deemed by all to be unnecessary, and all the more so that the double wedding-day was to be celebrated as a species of public event.

The romance connected with the previous life of Dick, and especially his singular and unexpected return to his first love, created quite a sensation, even in a region in which wild deeds and wonder-

ful events were so common that it required a man to be a real hero to enable him to rise conspicuous above his fellows. Many trappers came in from a considerable distance to take part in the rejoicings of that day, and from the dance which followed the ceremony, there was not absent a living creature belonging to the settlement.

Every dog was there, of course, adding its vocal melody to the dulcet tones of the blacksmith's violin. Even the cats of the settlement were present, including that celebrated kitten which had been reduced to a state of drivelling imbecility by the furious advent of the wild man. Owls and other sagacious birds also came from afar to see the fun, attracted by the light of the fire; for the ball-room was the green sward of the forest, which was illuminated for the occasion by a bonfire that would have roasted a megatherium whole, and also would have furnished accommodation for a pot large enough to boil an elephant. Don't think, reader, in the vanity of your heart, that you have conceived that fire! You have not, as a Yankee would say, the most distant conception of the small end of a notion of what it was! A hundred brawny arms, accustomed to wield the broad axe, had lent their aid to rear the mighty pile and feed the ravening flame.

It was kindled on a wide level plot in the outskirts of the settlement, around which the trees spread their sheltering arms. On a plank raised on two casks sat the blacksmith with his fiddle. The carpenter sat beside him with a kettle-drum—more literally a kettle-drum even than the real thing, for that drum *was* a kettle! On a little mound that rose in the centre of the plot sat, in state, Dick and Mary, March and the Vision in Leather, their respective thrones being empty flour-casks. Around them danced the youth and beauty of the settlement. These were inclosed by a dense circle, composed of patriarchal, middle-aged, and extremely juvenile admirers. The background of the picture was filled up with the monstrous fire which saturated that spot in the forest with light—bright as the broadest day. The extreme foreground was composed of the trunk of a fallen tree, on which sat our friend the artist, delineating the whole with the eagerness of an enthusiast who had at last fallen upon a scene truly worthy of his genius.

How Bounce did dance to be sure! How the young trappers and the blooming backwoods maidens did whirl and bound, on heel and toe, and, to a large extent, on the whole sole of the foot! Yes, there souls were in the work, and their spirits too; and that although there was not a drop of spirits in the settlement.

Happily, owing to the unaccountable delay of a provision-boat, there was not a glass of "fire-water" in the place at that time. The whole affair was got up, carried on, and concluded on tea. It was a great teetotal gathering, which would have drawn tears of joy from the heart of Father Mathew and all his successors, whether Romanist or Protestant, had they witnessed it.

Yet the excitement was tremendous. The Wild Man of the West, strange to say, and, owing to some peculiar contradictoriness of character which was unaccountable, was almost the only sane man of the whole party. He flung himself on the ground beside his wife, and locking his arm round the tough root of a pine-tree refused to budge from the spot. As the united efforts of all the men who could lay hold of him at one time failed to root him up, he was suffered to lie there and amuse himself by watching the dancers, looking up occasionally at Mary's blue eyes, and playing with such of the juveniles as he could attract within the reach of his long arm.

As for March Marston, he was mad now if ever he had been so in his life! He danced with all the girls, and wrestled with all the men, and played hide-and-seek with all the boys, and fraternized with all the old people, and chased all the dogs, and astonished, not to say horrified, all the cats. Yet, although he did all this he did not neglect the Vision in Leather, by no manner of means.

Long before the dawn of early morning that jovial party drank a parting cup of cold tea, and, dispersing to their several homes, left the field in possession of the village curs.

Now, dear reader—with a feeling of sadness we write it—all things must have an end! We make this unquestionable assertion in order to break to you, as gently as may be, the news that our tale has reached its close. Had we taken in hand to write the life and adventures of our hero and his friends from first to last, we should have had to prepare pens, ink, and paper for a work equal in size to the "Encyclopædia Britannica." We have only detailed one or two episodes in their wild career. What they did, and said, and saw in after years must be left to future historians, or to the imagination of romantic readers. This only will we say in conclusion, that of all the men who dwelt in Pine Point settlement, for many years after the events narrated in these pages, the kindest, the wisest, the gentlest, the heartiest, the wildest, and the most courageous was—the Wild Man of the West.

THE MONTHS.—DECEMBER.

THE last month of our Christian year should be gay and jolly, for Christmas—glorious Christmas—is the season of fun and merriment. Jack and Tom and Harry and Charlie are home for the holidays, and sister Emily and cousins Kate and Letty and Mary are ready at all times for a game at romps or an acting charade, a carpet dance or a bout of forfeits, as soon as the lamps are lighted. And then, when the Yule log is crackling and sparkling up the chimney, how pleasant it is to draw round the blaze and tell stories and make riddles, while papa gravely pretends to read his paper, and mamma tries to go on with her knitting, till, unable to resist the joviality of the season, they throw aside news and work and join the youngsters, and prove as good playmates as the best of them all. How gay the house looks, decked out with holly and mistletoe, and laurel, and bright-looking evergreens. And how pleasant to sit in the warm, cozy house, and watch the snow come down in great white flakes, which presently hide up the beds in the garden and envelop the walks, and spread a mantle of purity over the trees and the shrubs, and invest even the commonest details of the homestead with poetry and beauty. And then the outdoor fun! How gaily and merrily the skaters and sliders—ladies and gentlemen, young lads and lasses, brave little children, and bluff old uncles and grandfathers, and kind-looking aunts and grandmothers, and poor relations—catch up the spirit of the season! What intense fun in a good game of snow-ball, goodnaturedly and noisily carried on! What so capital in the way of sport as a warm tussle in the attack and defence of a great snow castle? Who does not remember how his blood tingled with excitement and warm life in a Christmas outdoor game, and how generous sentiments and good resolves seemed to come naturally with the season and the sport?

And then the pudding and the turkey, and the mince-pies and the snapdragon, and the blindman's buff and the forfeits—why, what can exceed the pleasure of a Christmas dinner and a Christ-

mas party, when all the family assemble round the hospitable board, and laughter and song and merriment go hand in hand till midnight steals upon the group, and they wonder it is so late! Our English Christmas is, indeed, a festival—a great national festival, in which rich and poor, gentle and simple, old and young, seem to join hands in simple faith and enjoyment; when the mistletoe bough in dining-room and hall, and hanging between the folding doors of the parlours, invites young and old to submit to the good old custom of kissing and being kissed—a mystic ceremony peculiar to Christmas, common to our ancestors, but whence derived is one of the secrets “not generally known.”

But, in gossiping about Christmas, I have almost forgotten the month in which the happy festival falls. December, like the two previous months, derives its name from the Romans—*decem ab imbre*, the tenth month from the snows. Before the time of Romulus, the founder of Rome, the months were reckoned from the winter period, before or after the snows. Our Saxon ancestors called December the *winter-monat*, or winter month; but after they became Christians, they called it the *heligh-monat*, or holy month, in memory of the birth of Christ, who on Christmas Day was born into the world,—coming as a little child, and being laid in a manger, “because there was no room at the inn.” The Saxons also called it the *midwinter-monat*, or middle month of winter. They also named it the *giul-erra*, or first giul. The feast of Thor, which was celebrated at the winter solstice, was called giul, from *iol* or *ol*, which signifies ale, afterwards corrupted into *yule*, the festival of Christmas. Hence *yule-log*, the Christmas log for the fire, which in old times was cut down in the woods, and was brought with great ceremony into the homestead. The Christmas festival was kept up with great rejoicing through part of January. On the 21st the sun enters the tropic of Capricorn, and forms the winter solstice.

The first Sunday nearest to St. Andrew's Day is known as Advent Sunday. The Advent Sundays are four, during which and on Christmas Day our churches and houses are usually decorated with evergreens.

The weather during December is often cold and cheerless; though many bright bracing days make the holidays cheerful. Though darkness sets in immediately after sunset—though the trees are all bare, and the farmyard looks dismal; though there is little to do in the garden, and the flowers have all closed their pretty eyes; though signboards creak, and the ivy clings dismally

to the walls; though the cattle are all housed, and melancholy seems to hang over all the landscape—

Yet there is life
And beauty too amid this wintry gloom,
Spite of the cheerless sky.

For does not the robin come fearlessly up to the window, and beg for a crumb? Does not the holly put forth its scarlet berries with which to garland hall, and kitchen, and modest homes, where children love to romp and play, and fathers and mothers join in the boisterous fun? Not altogether mute is the song of the birds; and crocuses and snowdrops, and mosses, and elders, and hawthorns are to be found in blossom and leaf in the woods and the fields; and then, while the mole and the lizard, the frog and the toad, the hedgehog, the tortoise, and the fieldmouse, lie torpid under the snow; while the buds are wrapped so closely up that no cold can reach them; while the smaller plants have crept into the earth and forced their little fibres far beneath the surface; while the bat flies abroad in the evening, and the owl hoots fitfully through the darkened air—what joy and merriment are going on within doors. Dance and jocund mirth fill the rooms with life; while outside in the cold, the music of the waits, celebrating Christmastide, wakes the dull night with a carol that sends us pleasantly to our dreams.

What a long history could be told of Christmas carols and Christmas customs, had I but time and space allowed for the telling. But no; I must draw my gossip of the month to a close with just a few added words. The last month of the year is suggestive, nay provocative, of love and brotherhood. We exchange gifts and good wishes and blessings one with another. Friend to friend, relative to relative, neighbour to neighbour, rich men to poor men, send pleasant greetings; and how many a simple word said kindly is prized at this blessed season!

I had thought of writing at some length of the anniversaries in December,—of births and marriages and deaths, and such like memoranda, as in other months,—but I forbear. All over Christendom,—in every land where Englishmen—nay, white men, dwell,—Christmas is held as a time of festival. It needs no persuasion of mine, boys, to make you so hold it; and I trust that when we meet again, you will have so passed your holidays that you will be prepared to walk bravely and wisely in your several paths, and to grow up useful men as you have been gallant boys. And so I wish you all a “Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.”

G. F. P.

PIKE-FISHING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CRICKET-FIELD."

(Continued from p. 614.)

ONE thing more I learnt that day ; namely, the way poachers (for it is not fair fishing) take pike with trimmers.

Sometimes the pike are less valuable than the trout or other fish in any piece of water ; then, as in this case, the proprietor will employ a fisherman to destroy the pike by the shortest and quickest means he can devise ; and no plan is so deadly as by trimmers. Accordingly, Hawkins had come that day by appointment to meet farmer Jackson, and avenge the slaughter of his trout, for the farmer was a most determined fly-fisher ; and more than once, to his sore disappointment, had had a fine trout carried off by a pike while playing it at the end of his line.

I soon understood that there was little use in my fishing while the trimmers were sailing about ; indeed, they told me I should do more harm than good. So, exulting in my pike, and looking into the basket, and admiring it every ten minutes for the first hour, I was contented to stand by and enjoy the fun of the trimmers.

Soon about a dozen trimmers were set sailing about all over the water—Hawkins showed me one. It consisted in a bung of cork with a peg through the middle, and a dozen yards of line made fast at one end, and wound round the bung so that only about a yard of the line was hanging free. In the peg there was a slit to hold the line, and to prevent it from unwinding by the mere pulling of the live bait ; but so slightly was the line held by this slit that the tug of a pike would unwind all the line in a moment.

I did not wait long before I saw a practical illustration of the whole manœuvre. "There he goes," cried the farmer, and immediately I saw one of the bungs tumbling over and over, and then bobbing up and down, and pulled away for three or four yards, evidently by some big fish.

About five minutes was to be allowed for paunching the bait ; but as usual with large fish, after remaining quiet less than two minutes, the pike set off again, and, feeling the hook, swam desperately all about the pond, the bung all the while dragging after him, and showing exactly whereabouts he was.

The way to get at him was to me a puzzle—but a puzzle soon solved. The men had provided a string with a plummet of lead at the end, and this they easily threw across the trimmer line, so as to sink between the bung and the fish, and a pike of five pounds—it looked small by the side of mine; was quickly brought to shore.

About a dozen in all were caught in the same way. The only variety in the performance was a curious and amusing one. Old Mr. Wilder, the crazy gentleman, came along the tow-path with his water-spaniel, and when a pike was running away with one trimmer, the dog caught hold of the bung. Then began the struggle—pull dog, pull pike; but after awhile the pike got tired, and master poodle swam victoriously ashore, trailing the captive pike behind him, which the poor gentleman claimed as his own, because his dog caught it. We were all much amused: but the farmer kindly let him have it, and he went away delighted as any child with his booty.

It will easily be supposed, that where pike-fishing is encouraged, no trimmers are allowed. Pike, though easily caught in boisterous heavy water, are as shy as any other fish where the water is clear, easily decrying the deception and the guile of two or three triple hooks; but, when attacked with trimmers, however shy and suspicious, they naturally return to a state of fatal security when the same innocent-looking gudgeon has been swimming about, as if for their special amusement and observation for half an hour. So Mr. Pike makes a grab, and is hooked in a jiffy.

At Hampton Court there is a piece of water with many pike, but weedy on both sides, and with only a small space of clear water in the middle. A kind friend of mine, who was once in charge of the water, at one weak moment allowed a day's fishing to two hard-worked dressers of the Middlesex Hospital. He said, "It will serve to amuse them no doubt; but, as they do not understand our weeds, it will cost us nothing in fish." But the supposed inexperienced youths happened to understand cross-fishing. So one of them took each side of the water, and having joined their lines together with a pendant bait and short line in the middle, with this contrivance they dabbled into every part of the usually inaccessible water, and when the good easy gentleman made inquiry, he found that half the hospital knew the taste of the Hampton pike, for above forty pound weight had been bagged.

This cross-fishing is much used in the lakes of Ireland between

two parties in boats, but it is usually practised for trout, with a long line covered with drop-flies.

Pike are also caught with flies; and, that they will take pretty big ones, may be learnt from an amusing incident which happened near Chippenham. In a garden which was bounded by the river Avon, a party of ladies and gentlemen were diverting themselves with a parrot. Pretty Poll, after fluttering from one place to another, tried to perch somewhat perilously on a railing, and dropped into the water. A rake was quickly in requisition to rescue the favourite, when a monstrous pike made one prodigious splash in the water, and drew down poor Poll, never to be seen again!

Pike often carry away young ducks and moorhens, and it is perhaps that they are thinking of young waterfowl, rather than of flies, that the end of a calf's-tail armed with hooks is in some places the substitute for a large fly. Pike-flies, however, are sold at the tackle-shops, and we remember seeing a dozen fine pike—one thirteen pounds, and one seventeen—caught at Slapton Lea, in South Devon, by a distinguished foreigner.

Fly-fishing for pike is a method, we are happy to mention, as if to redeem one's character after recognizing trimmers and cross-fishing, because no mode of pike-fishing is more amusing or more like a good sportsman than catching them with a fly.

Fishing with a dead bait and gorge hook is almost unavoidable where the water is full of weeds, otherwise it is not to be recommended. But, next to the fly, which only serves in windy weather, and in the early autumn, spinning is the correct style of pike-fishing; and since every fisherman you meet, and every fishing-tackle maker can explain all that is most obvious about spinning, it were superfluous to address my reader as an utter novice.

My advice in spinning, as in every other branch of fishing, is to take an opportunity of watching some man who is known to excel; such men are always to be found whenever there is fishing to be had. One thing, however, which they may not be likely to teach is, that coarse tackle, however successful in thick and heavy water, when there is wind and a good ripple to conceal the line, is not to be recommended when the pike are not keen and sharp-set, and when the water is clear.

For, if pike are "keen," that is, well upon the feed, they dart at their prey so impetuously that, whether coarse or fine, the tackle is immaterial. But it is very different when they approach the bait less eagerly, and in clear water. Here it is that the good

fisherman has a decided advantage. And the Thames boatmen and men of that class are so long accustomed to cheap, and therefore coarse tackle, that they are likely to mislead you. The old argument that "they never used," or "they never found the want" of fine tackle means nothing. We strongly suspect that we could name the days on which certain empty baskets would have come home full if finer tackle had been used. The question is not whether coarse lines will not do much on some days, but whether fine tackle will not alone succeed on others. We therefore recommend you to buy good gut traces with only three inches of gimp just within reach of the fish's teeth. That will be gimp enough for spinning, because then the fish should never have a slack line; though a cunning old pike in the weeds will take the opportunity of turning round like a dog and biting off the line by his tail. We once saw a line as thick as a mackerel-line bitten off in this way, and when a pike has the time that weeds allow him, we have more than once seen gimp bitten asunder.

Of spinning-traces and hooks, you should have different sizes, according to the size of your bait and the thickness of the water. A very easy kind of spinning, though not very sportsman-like, consists in trailing a line after a boat, and in windy weather, when the boat does not scare away the fish, no spinning is more effective. This method is much practised by the Etonians at Windsor: it also furnishes an exciting amusement for ladies on large pieces of water, as at Slapton and the meres in Cheshire. As to the kind of traces to use, those with three triple hooks, sold at Farlow's in the Strand, which Mr. Jesse, author of "The Angler's Rambles," claims to have invented, are very good: but at the present time the trace with fewer hooks, very skilfully arranged by Mr. Pennell, whose little book every pike-fisher should read; which trace is made also by Farlow, according to that author's directions—is one that we strongly recommend for a trial.

And now we need say no more on spinning, except to advise the young fisherman to seek good instruction from some adept as to the size of baits and the size of hooks: for many a day's sport has been spoilt by using heavy baits and hooks in clear water where the pike are not large.

As to artificial baits, they are very useful because sometimes you can get no others. Also in heavy water when the fish are keen they do as well as any: but we say of artificial baits as we say of coarse tackle, it will not do when the water is clear and the fish are shy. For this there is one reason in particular, namely,

that the deception is apparent the moment the bait stops spinning, and many a fish have we seen nose the bait and turn away because, most provokingly, we had at that moment got to the end of our spin, and space would allow of not the least motion or deception more.

As to the rod, for bank fishing about twelve feet is the best length. Good rods are made of cane. One of Farlow's two-guinea rods we have used for many years, and cannot believe that anything can surpass it, being both strong and light; and unless your rod is powerful you will often be unable to keep a pike clear of dangerous places.

We never could have believed the perseverance with which a hooked pike seeks refuge in weeds and roots had we not experienced it on the occasion we will describe.

We were fishing near Dartmouth, in Devonshire, from a boat in a wide piece of water, with a rod and line not fit to handle fish above one or two pounds in weight when we hooked a six-pound pike. As we did not dare to put any sufficient strain upon him he at once shot ahead and was buried in a cluster of weeds. We soon weighed anchor and came up with him, and by help of the boat-hook we poked him out. It was just like turning a fox out of his hole. Like the fox he made straight—while whiz! whiz! whiz! went the reel—to a second cover and thence to a third, a fourth, and a fifth, as we successively rowed after and started him off afresh. At length, after nearly a quarter of an hour, he was tired out and could but gain one cover more. "And why do not these difficulties and this continued struggle happen more frequently?" Only because pike are encountered with strong lines and heavy rods; and as to a fish once or twice resolutely checked and feeling the balance of power against him, we may soon say, in the words of Thompson's Seasons, that soon while—

Floating broad, and to his fate abandon'd,
You slowly draw your unresisting prize.

This kind of experience has made me very particular about the strength of my pike-lines. I would have a line as strong as wire if I could get one—not but a good hand in clear water will kill a fine fish with a single hair; still, the question is, what will serve when—as happened to me a short time since—a pike of thirteen pounds is struggling for the roots of a willow-tree, and your only chance depends on keeping him from it. On this occasion I seized the

line—yielded by inches only to his spasmodic struggles—brought him round and round in circles continually smaller, and eventually killed him almost within the space of a loo-table.

Such are the critical moments in which you want strong tackle; and, not to depreciate gut traces—salmon gut is strong enough for any purpose—the strength required is in the line.

As to pike-lines, avoid everything of a twisted manufacture. The only lines to be trusted are plaited lines. All others “kink” and curl into the most provoking state of entanglement.

But I have one word more about my old friend Hawkins. I left the neighbourhood of Bath and my favourite haunts for fishing some thirty years. During this time, my life of course, like that of other mortal men, had its ups and downs, its cloudy and its cheering days, its sunshine and its smiles; but at every heart-wrenching or brain-racking chance and change, my truant thoughts instinctively fled back to those happy hours when I shared my bread and cheese under the hedge with Hawkins, and received his kind good services and attention—though sixpences and shillings he could only expect from older persons, rather richer, too, than my weekly allowance could make me—all under the hanging wood at Jackson’s farm.

After a thirty years’ absence—even as the hunted hare returns, though with many a winding, to its form from which it started—a happy fortune sent me back to take up my abode near the very scene of my boyish hopes, and fears, and plans of the future, as well as the haunts of long-remembered pleasures. When I was settled down there, I could hardly hope that the same fisherman was still picking up a precarious subsistence from—it must have been the great-great-grandchildren of the pike we had caught in company; but, going one day by the tackle-shop on the bridge, I ventured to ask of some old widow, who now had succeeded to the hooks and lines and gaudy floats which used to look so tempting in the window to my longing eyes, whenever as a boy I passed that way, whether there was any man who could show me the fishing within an easy distance.

“Certainly, sir; Hawkins has known it all for many years back,” was the ready reply.

I could hardly believe my ears; but leaving my name and address at the shop, one Hawkins, undeniably the same—only a somewhat stiffer and more angular edition of his former self—came respectfully to receive my orders.

I can truly say that, apart from any interested motives, and

from the genuine emotions with which heart answereth to heart, we were both more than happy to see each other. Still our meeting was a happy day for the faithful Hawkins. Times had now changed with both of us. The very crumbs from my table would enable me to add no little to the (now) old man's comforts, while to him the opening prospect was of this kind:—"He had outlived many a friend. Mr. White, who was so fond of catching pike, was somewhere in the Indies, and Mr. Black had died in foreign parts." No doubt, in me he saw a perfect California. Neither was he much disappointed. Mindful of his unpaid attentions to me as a boy, many was the meal I had the pleasure of giving him, when the rivers were bound in icy fetters, when man must have a bite at something, though the fish would not, and when, all sporting men shying the water, it was truly for the time "Othello's occupation gone." And to poor Hawkins it was.

However, the old man's health was breaking; for three seasons, by the help of my dog-cart to take him to the river, and good meals at all times, he was able to attend upon me and aid and abet in the slaughter of many a good fish. Still more and more plainly did I see that his life-long drenchings by the riverside were telling in the form of asthma and rheumatics. One winter he tided over because I found him a vacant house to keep warm and aired: still, even then, that which is the poor man's destiny, to live at the expense of life itself, and risk his life for the means of living, was painfully realized in my old friend. For, the snow water burst through the roof, and half one winter's night was the poor invalid knee-deep in slush and snow water.

Nature could endure no more. True, next summer brightened and cheered him up a little, but towards autumn more and more tearing was his cough. His wife being dead, he was alone in the world—there were none to nurse or care for him, and one day, even though he had not an utterly empty cupboard, I found him so weak and powerless to cater for himself, that he was well nigh dying of inanition. I therefore removed him to an hospital, after which he spoke hopefully and cheerfully; but he was suffering from a malady that is proverbially delusive. At last—one day he was reported worse—I went to see him. "You have been to me, dear sir, the best of friends," he faintly whispered; "but—but—I shall never catch no more pikes; I feel I shan't." And in a few hours he died.

C H E S S.

By GEORGE FREDERICK PARDON.



My young friends will now have obtained a tolerably good idea of the general principles and main characteristics of the noble game of chess. I proceed, however, to a few more of the principal openings, leaving amateurs to play out the games thus begun.

GAME IX.

PETROFF'S DEFENCE.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 P. to K. 4	1 P. to K. 4
2 K. Kt. to B. 3	2 K. Kt. to B. 3
3 K. Kt. takes K. P.	3 P. to Q. 3
4 K. Kt. to B. 3	4 K. Kt. takes K. P.
5 P. to Q. 4	5 K. B. to K. 2
6 K. B. to Q. 3	6 P. to K. B. 4
7 P. to Q. B. 4	7 Castles
8 Castles	8 P. to Q. Kt. 3
9 Q. to Q. B. 2	9 K. Kt. to Kt. 4
10 K. Kt. takes K. Kt.	10 K. B. takes K. Kt.
11 P. to K. B. 4	11 K. B. to K. B. 3
12 Q. B. to K. 3	12 Kt. to B. 3
13 P. to Q. 5	13 Kt. to Kt. 5
14 Q. to Q. 2	14 Kt. takes K. B.

From this opening Black should win the game.

GAME X.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT REFUSED.

1 P. to Q. 4	1 P. to Q. 4
2 P. to Q. B. 4	2 P. to K. 3
3 P. to K. 3	3 K. Kt. to B. 3
4 Q. Kt. to B. 3	4 K. B. to K. 2
5 K. Kt. to B. 3	5 P. to Q. Kt. 3
6 P. to Q. Kt. 3	6 Q. B. to Kt. 2
7 Q. B. to Kt. 2	7 Castles
8 K. B. to K. 2	8 K. B. to Q. Kt. 5
9 Castles	9 K. B. takes Q. Kt.
10 Q. B. takes K. B.	10 K. Kt. to K. 5

WHITE.	BLACK.
11 Q. B. to Kt. 2	11 P. to K. B. 4
12 Q. to Q. B. 2	12 Q. Kt. to Q. 2
13 Q. R. to Q. B. sq.	13 Q. R. to Q. B. sq.
14 B. P. takes P.	14 K. P. takes P.
15 K. B. to Q. 3	15 P. to Q. B. 4
16 Q. to Kt. sq.	16 B. P. takes P.
17 Q. R. takes Q. R.	17 B. takes Q. R.
18 Q. B. takes P.	18 B. to Kt. 2

From this point the game is equal.

GAME XI.

THE EVANS GAMBIT.

1 P. to K. 4	1 P. to K. 4
2 K. Kt. to B. 3	2 Q. Kt. to B. 3
3 K. B. to Q. B. 4	3 K. B. to Q. B. 4
4 P. to Q. Kt. 4	4 K. B. takes Kt. P.
5 P. to Q. B. 3	5 K. B. to Q. R. 4
6 Castles	6 P. to Q. 3
7 P. to Q. 4	7 K. P. takes P.
8 B. P. takes P.	8 K. B. to Kt. 3
9 P. to Q. 5	9 Q. Kt. to R. 4
10 P. to K. 5	10 Q. Kt. takes K. B.
11 Q. to Q. R. 4 (ch.)	11 Q. B. to Q. 2
12 Q. takes Q. Kt.	12 Kt. to K. 2
13 P. to K. 6	13 B. P. takes P.
14 Q. P. takes P.	14 Q. B. to B. 3
15 B. to K. Kt. 5	15 Castles

and White ought to win.

GAME XII.

KING'S KNIGHT'S GAMBIT.

1 P. to K. 4	1 P. to K. 4
2 P. to K. B. 4	2 P. takes P.
3 K. Kt. to B. 3	3 P. to K. Kt. 4
4 K. B. to Q. B. 4	4 K. B. to Kt. 2
5 P. to Q. 4	5 P. to Q. 3
6 Castles	6 Q. B. to K. 3
7 K. B. to Q. Kt. 3	7 P. to K. R. 3
8 P. to Q. B. 3	8 Q. Kt. to Q. 2
9 K. B. takes Q. B.	9 B. P. takes B.
10 Q. to Q. Kt. 3	10 K. Kt. to B. 3
11 Q. takes Q. P. (ch.)	11 Q. to K. 2
12 Q. takes Q. (ch.)	12 K. takes Q.
13 Q. Kt. to Q. 2	13 K. Kt. to Kt. 5
14 Q. Kt. to B. 4	14 P. to Q. Kt. 3

and Black should win.

In these dozen games I have shown how to open properly the pleasant contest over the checquered board. But it must by no

means be supposed that you have learned all that you need to learn in reading over and practising these lessons. You must beware, in playing with a stronger adversary, that you do not fall into any of the little traps commonly set for tyros. Such as, for instance, the

FOOL'S MATE.

WHITE.		BLACK.
1 P. to K. Kt. 4		1 P. to K. 3 (or 4)
2 P. to K. B. 3		2 Q. to K. R. 5 (mate)

Or, the rather more complicated, but equally dangerous

SCHOLAR'S MATE.

WHITE.		BLACK.
1 P. to K. 4		1 P. to K. 4
2 K. B. to Q. B. 4		2 K. B. to Q. B. 4
3 Q. to K. B. 3		3 P. to Q. 3
(or Q. R. 5)		
4 Q. mates by taking		
K. B. P. (ch.)		

Or the opening which follows, and by which many a young player is speedily beaten: of course the moves are the same, whether White or Black have the first move.

WHITE.		BLACK.
1 P. to K. 4		1 P. to K. 4
2 Q. to K. R. 5		2 P. to K. Kt. 2
3 Q. takes P. (ch.)		3 Q. to K. 2 (best)
4 Q. takes R.		

and the Black has lost a R., and therefore the game, if it be properly played on both sides. The proper defence to the Q.'s second move is P. to Q. 3, or Q. to K. 2, when the Q. must retire, and the attack comes to nothing; or resolves itself into a modification of the scholar's Mate. Thus:—

WHITE.		BLACK.
1 P. to K. 4		1 P. to K. 4
2 Q. to K. R. 5		2 P. to Q. 3
3 K. B. to Q. B. 4		3 P. to K. Kt. 2
4 Q. to K. B. 3		

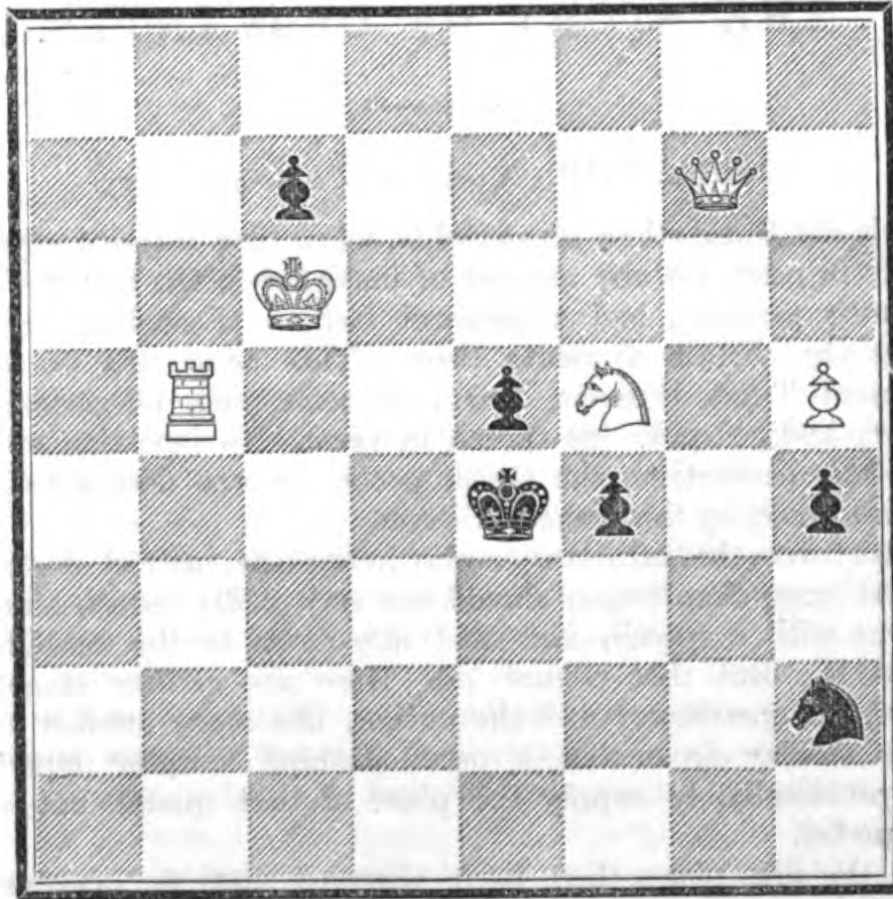
and in order to prevent the impending Mate, Black moves his Kt. to K. R. 3.

WHITE.		BLACK.
5 P. to Q. 3		4 Kt. to K. R. 3

when Black moves his Q. to K. 2, or her own second square. If not properly defended, this is a powerful attack.

PROBLEM IV.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM III.

WHITE.

- 1 P. to K. B. 5
- 2 Kt. to K. R. 3
- 3 R. to K. 4
- 4 Q. mates

BLACK.

- 1 B. takes P.
- 2 P. takes Kt.
- 3 Any move

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM IV.

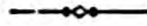
- 1 R. to Kt. 3
- 2 Q. takes Kt.
- 3 R. to K. 3 (mate)

- 1 Kt. to Kt. 5
- 2 P. moves

There are four other ways of effecting mate in three moves. If the K. takes Kt., mate is given in two moves.

And now I conclude my lessons on chess. I would willingly extend them, but I think enough has been said to show clearly how to begin and end a game. Excellence in chess, as in everything else, can only be obtained by long practice and patient perseverance. Farewell!

THE STORY OF CERVANTES.



CHAPTER XXIII.—A prologue to a picture-gallery.

THE old Elizabethan playwrights, when they found it expedient briefly to pass over any number of incidents in the career of their *dramatis personæ*, had a pleasant fashion of sending an actor before the curtain to relate them. This actor was dressed to represent Time, Rumour, Envy, or some such allegorical character; and he spoke his speech in verse. In imitation of those still older dramatists, the Greek poets, he was designated, in a general sense, by the name of Chorus.

Alas! were this little story a play in five acts, instead of a tale in a great many chapters, we should now very gladly furnish Monsieur Chorus with a speech, and send him down to the footlights to repeat it. But that cannot be. Here are neither stage, nor actors, nor spectators; and the author, like many another author under similar circumstances, must attempt, however imperfectly and prosaically, to supply the place of that quaint but useful interpreter.

In the first place, then, be it observed that, for genuine and authentic detail, we have very nearly come to the end of our resources in this story of Cervantes. History, henceforth, takes note of his career at capricious intervals, meagrely mapping out his course from time to time, often losing sight of him for years together, and but very seldom preserving for us those minute and familiar traits which give its chief value to biographical portraiture. The years immediately following upon his release from Algiers in 1580, up to about 1598 or 1600, when he began to write "Don Quixote," are among the most obscure and the least interesting of his life. Here and there, perhaps, we meet with an incident of travel or military service which, however drily narrated by the historian, calls up a sudden picture before the "mind's eye" of the reader. Sometimes we come upon a fact with which we have been familiar long ago in the pages of some of Cervantes' own dramas or romances, and are pleased to find how the poet loved to draw upon his past experience. Yet these are but infrequent chances, and can scarcely be said even to relieve the monotony of much dull reading. Such as they are, we (in the character

of Chorus) will do our best to present them to the reader; putting them before him like cosmoramic glimpses snatched from the gloom of history.

Before we undraw the curtain, however, we have another word or two of prologue to deliver.

Cold, bigoted, ambitious of conquest, and alike absorbed in the consolidation of his own power and the extermination of the Protestant religion, Philip II. of Spain suffered his conscience to be governed by priests, and his funds to be administered by favourites. From such a course, only the rankest injustice could be expected to arise. Brave soldiers who had devoted all their lives to the service of the state—who had taken part in battles which were the glory of Spain, who had exposed themselves again and again to slavery and death—were left unrewarded and unpromoted to the close of their days. Men of letters who, in other lands, would have been welcomed at the council-tables of kings, were allowed to languish in debtors' prisons, or starve in garrets. Painters who, in England, Italy, or France, would have been ennobled and enriched, found themselves neglected, and their art only valued as it adorned the chapel of a convent, or the oratory of a noble. In the meantime political faction, favouritism, and bribery regulated the distribution of patronage at court. The duke of Lerma, who was the king's prime minister, literally "held the fortunes of all Spaniards in his hands." Of uncultivated mind, imperious temper, and reckless prodigality, this nobleman employed his power with as much injustice as ignorance. High civil and military dignities were conferred by him upon men who were neither acquainted with politics nor war. Distant governorships were bestowed upon youths who had never travelled beyond Salamanca; naval commands upon courtiers who had never seen the sea; collegiate preferments upon dissolute younger sons, who knew no more Latin than their paternosters. Under such circumstances, we need no longer be surprised that Cervantes was suffered to lie for so many years in the dungeons of Algiers. We cannot even wonder when we learn that liberty and the proud consciousness of an honourable life were his only rewards after such heavy tribulation. Ay, it was even so. Mutilated as he was; captive as he had been; furnished with testimonials signed by nearly a hundred names, and supported by the commendations of his old commander the duke of Sesa, Miguel de Cervantes received no kind of indemnity, no fraction of reward from the Spanish authorities. No; not so much as a metal cross—not so much as even the paltry grade of sergeant

in the regiment to which he had so long been attached as a volunteer.

And now, it will be asked, what course did he pursue towards this ungrateful government? He declined, doubtless, ever to draw sword again in its defence? Sat down, probably, to pen satires against favourites, or petitions to the king? Or, perhaps, shook the dust from off his feet at the gates of Madrid, and carried his good right arm and active brain to the service of some wiser sovereign?

Nothing of the kind. There never lived a man with less of personal conceit than Miguel Cervantes. He knew that he had deserved better treatment; but he also knew that others were as much neglected as himself, and by no means rated his own merits and grievances at a higher ratio than theirs. On the contrary, having presented his credentials, and found that neither king nor ministers were disposed to do anything in his favour, he just turned a cheerful face upon the future, and asked himself what he should do for a living. His mother and sisters implored him to stay at home and devote himself to literature. His brother urged him to rejoin the army, and help to conquer Portugal for King Philip. Once again he hesitated between the sword and the pen, and again decided on the sword.

"If I take service under the Muses," said he, "I shall certainly starve; and starvation is not amusing. If I take service under Figueroa, I shall at all events live; and if at the expense of my enemies, so much the better! *Va pour la guerre!*"

And so, having once more taken a loving farewell of home and its dear inmates, he rejoined his old regiment under his old commander, and in the summer of 1581 embarked with the forces sent out to protect the Spanish merchant vessels, and attack the islands of the Azores, then a possession of the Portuguese crown.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Picture glimpses.

LET us take, for our first glimpse, the island of Terceira. It is not a very mighty territory; being, indeed, scarce fifty miles in circumference. But it is a place of some "mark and likelihood," nevertheless, and presides over a group of still smaller islands, like a whale among the minnows. These tiny oases in the great sea-desert are called by the collective name of the Azores. They lie considerably less than half-way between the Portuguese coast and the North American continent; and at the time which we are now supposing are garrisoned by the allied troops of Portugal and France.

It is a glorious Midsummer's day of the year 1583. Tranquil as a lake, the great ocean reaches to the uttermost horizon on every side, reflecting the white clouds that travel slowly by in long procession, and breaking into foamy waves upon the rock-bound islands at our feet. Yonder, where the surf runs highest, lies Terceira. Approached by a crescent-shaped harbour between two lofty mountains, bristling with forts and battlemented walls, and protected by far-stretching reefs of sunken rocks, over which the sea boils and frets unresistingly, this island would appear impregnable as Gibraltar. Inland we see dim outlines of fertile corn-fields, and sloping downs pastured by herds of half-tame oxen; while, nearer, low-lying in the shelter of the forts and the mountains, nestle the spires, pinnacles, tiled roofs, and white-walled convents of Angra, which is the chief town and seaport of the Azores.

To-day, bright Midsummer though it be, there is gloom in Angra. The market-place is empty; the quays are deserted; the windows of the dwelling-houses are closely shuttered up; and, from time to time, the church-bells are mournfully tolling. But for these bells, one might believe it a city of the dead. There is not a living soul in the streets. There is not even a fishing-bark out upon the tranquil sea. They are all moored in a little cove on the other side of the island, and the fishers are on their knees in the churches. Down yonder, however, among the forts and batteries, there is no lack of men. Drawn up along all the length of the battlemented walls, posted in little knots at every gun, the Portuguese and French soldiers occupy every inch of the great ramparts which line the harbour and command the sea. There they stand, like men of painted stone, with the sunlight glittering on their helmets; armed, silent, steady, and compact—their own living fortification.

And now, from behind the lofty headlands of the neighbouring isle of Santa Maria, a huge war galleon heaves slowly into sight, her deck crowded with armed soldiers, and the Spanish eagle flying at her masthead. She is followed by another, and another, and another, till a fleet of twelve have assembled together in the straits between Santa Maria and Terceira. Unable to venture in among the rocks and shallows, and driven back from the mouth of the harbour by the raging surf, the galleons form in line of battle, and fire a broadside of defiance. The batteries at each extremity of the harbour return the fire. Both, however, are beyond gunshot range, and the balls fall harmlessly into the sea, half-way between the ships and the forts. Now the galleys lower boats—the soldiers pour down the gangways—the sailors seize their oars,

and pull manfully towards the middle of the harbour. Thrice they are driven back by the fury of the waves. The besieged raise a shout of triumph. No ship, no boat, need ever hope, unpiloted, to pass that harbour-bar of nature's own building. But, hark! the shout is answered. The Spanish officers rise up in their places, wave their caps, and jump, sword in hand, into the surging sea. The soldiers follow them, to a man. The sea is covered with swimmers. They rise and fall with the waves; they heed not the balls that whistle over their heads. One by one, they struggle forward—leap on shore—climb the ramparts, and, though repulsed with fearful slaughter, return again and again; till, having planted the Spanish flag upon the walls, they take possession of a fort, turn the enemy's own guns against himself, and achieve a complete victory!

This action is known in history as the famous battle of the Azores; and the first men who leaped that day into the sea were three thousand seven hundred of Figueroa's veteran troops. Among these, one of the foremost was Miguel Cervantes. He wrote a sonnet upon the battle, years afterwards; which sonnet may yet be found by the curious in an antiquated account of the capture of the Azores, written and published by a certain licentiate, Cristobel Mosquera de Figueroa, of whom time would seem to have preserved no more than his book and his name.

Another glimpse, and we are back again in Africa; this time, however, at Mostagan, a fortified seaport, the property of the Spanish crown. Here, towards the latter end of 1583, we find Cervantes, who has been sent from Madrid with despatches to the governor of the fort. Detained month after month, he wearies hourly of the monotonous garrison life, and of the profitless slavery of the sword. The place, too, reminds him painfully of Algiers. The same burning sky glows overhead. The same restless blue sea, beating against the same barrier of white rock and tawny sand, lies ever before him. To while away the tedious hours, and divert his thoughts from the sad prison-scenes to which they keep recurring, he amuses himself by writing a romance. Having begun it (in pure idleness, observe, and without the least thought of ever even finishing it), he becomes interested in the task, takes it up each day with increasing pleasure, and ends by devoting himself to it heart and soul, like an author "to the manner born."

The story is a pastoral, and he calls it "*Galatea*." It is composed in the false taste of that age, and relates the loves, travels,

and misfortunes of a shepherd named Elicio and a fair shepherdess named Galatea, who both dwell on the banks of the Tagus, and are as beautiful and unhappy as the most exacting novel-reader could desire. It is doubtful if we could read the book at all nowadays. The taste for pastoral has gone by, and we moderns find it impossible to be interested in a race of imaginary beings who never could have existed under any circumstances, and who, if they did exist, would have as little affinity with the rest of human-kind as a nation of Dresden china figures. They had their day, however, and it lasted long, and it has set, we devoutly hope, for ever. The "Galatea" of Cervantes lies side by side with the "Arcadia" of Sir Philip Sydney, the "Grand Cyrus" of Made-moiselle de Scuderi, and many another long-forgotten folio. Peace be with them, and the reverend dust of antique libraries lie light upon them !

It is pleasant, however, to fancy Cervantes at his work, beguiling the sultry hours there, in Mostagan. Let us picture him sitting alone in some little upper chamber of a tower looking to the sea ; his papers before him on the table, his sword and cuirass hanging behind the door, and, perhaps, a little black crucifix beside his bed, and a flower on the table. The flower will probably be a gorgeous cactus blossom, tasselled and crimson, like a Moorish *fez*.

On he writes, rapidly and boldly, often dashing his pen through a sentence, seldom pausing, and tossing the pages on the floor beside him as he goes on. Presently he lays the pen down, and seems to be lost in thought. One might take his portrait as he sits thus : one arm—the maimed one—hanging idly down ; the other elbow resting on the table, and his head supported by his hand. He is now just thirty-six years of age. His hair is chestnut-coloured, with a dash of gold bronzing where the crisp curls catch the light. His forehead is lofty and open ; his complexion clear ; his nose high and curved like an eagle's beak, but by no means disproportionately large, with delicate nostrils that expand and quiver when he is earnest or angry, like the nostrils of a war-horse. His mouth is small and delicately curved ; his smile is singularly sweet, and his beard would be quite golden but for a thread of silver that peeps out here and there. The great charm of his face, however, lies in his eyes, which are large, dark, and animated without being restless. "I hate an eye that twinkles like a star," writes a modern poet ; but Cervantes' eyes were not in the least like stars. They had more of the serene and steady

radiance of the planets, and could be tender as well as brilliant "upon occasion." Just now, even as we are looking at them, they wander towards the window, and seem suddenly to grow quite sad and abstracted. He sighs, pushes back his chair, rises, throws the lattice open wider, and leans out into the air. He remains thus for a long time, gazing fixedly at the sea. He is thinking, perhaps, of the Spanish coast, far, far away, across those wastes of blue; or, it may be, remembering how his heart ached and his eyes grew dim when he so gazed towards home from his prison in Algiers.

And now a quick voice and a clang of steel arouse his attention. They are relieving guard on the ramparts some forty feet below his window; and the fierce African sun glares down upon the paved yards and white walls of the fort, and flashes on the accoutrements of the soldiers as if it would wither them to ashes on the spot. Cervantes draws back quickly, and closes the lattice with a gesture that may imply impatience, or disgust, or perhaps both. It will be his turn to go the rounds by-and-by, buckled up in leather and steel, as if climate were a mere imaginary condition, or the soldier a patent machine ingeniously constructed of asbestos.

Heigho! let us, at least, make the most of the time which is our own, calling up pleasant images of groves and brooks; uplands where the bees haunt in the thyme-banks; rose-thickets where beautiful shepherdesses retire to write sonnets and sing canzonets; and old mossy oaks, upon whose gnarled roots sit innocent shepherd-boys, "piping as though they should never grow old."

By St. Jago, this life of the sword hath grown strangely wearisome! Methinks fourteen years of it are enough . . . especially without promotion.

Our next peep must be into the gardens of a private villa at Esquivias, near Madrid. The place is one which, could he have been born fifty years earlier, and have travelled to Spain to see it, would have delighted the heart of our English Cowley. He confessed that it had been his life-long desire to possess "a small house with a large garden;" and this villa at Esquivias answers precisely to the description. It is one story high; the rooms are few, and the furniture is neither particularly rich nor particularly tasteful. But the grounds are large, well laid out, traversed by winding walks, and shaded by fine old trees. Both house and garden are the property of one Don Francisco de Salazar, a worthy

old bachelor of moderate means and honourable descent, who lives there with his widowed sister and her only daughter, Catalina, whom he has adopted and educated.

Let us suppose that it is the month of October, A.D. 1584. The day has been unusually warm and bright, even for Spain, at this season; and the sun is going down like a shield of fire, glowing through the close trunks of the eastward trees, and casting long lines of steadfast light across the open sward. Under the verandah, in front of the little white villa, sit five persons—a portly, cheerful old gentleman, with a peaked grey beard, and a cheek wrinkled and ruddy as a winter apple; an equally portly and cheerful-looking elderly lady, who knits, and talks, and laughs as merrily as a girl of eighteen; another and much older lady, with a sad and dignified face, and very white hair; and two younger women, dark-haired, dark-eyed, and olive-skinned; true daughters of Spain. We have already recognized the three last as the mother and sisters of Cervantes. The portly old gentleman and the lively old lady are Don Francisco de Salazar and his widowed sister, Donna Palacios. Before them stands a table with wine, fruit, and coffee, and the chequered shadows of the vine-leaves fall upon them where they sit.

They are talking of Miguel. His sisters, pardonably proud of a brother whom they adore, tell of his valour at Lepanto and Terceira, and love to relate how the prisoners honoured, and the Pasha feared him, at Algiers. His mother, remembering how he suffered, sighs when they speak of glory, and is silent. Presently Don Francisco brings a book from his pocket. It is "*Galatea*,"—the pastoral romance, written at Mostagan nearly a year ago. This little volume is just published, and has already made the fame of its writer. All the wits and poets of the court are loud in its praise, and those who know the author amuse themselves by discovering, or fancying that they discover, among the shepherds and shepherdesses of the story, not only Miguel himself and all his family, but portraits of every living celebrity in Spain.

The book is no sooner brought forth than the conversation takes a fresh turn. The sisters remind each other of a thousand half-forgotten traits of their brother's boyhood. How, as a young child, he stole away to scribble stories and read books of chivalry; how he wrote that unfortunate romance of "*Don Florianus*," and ran off to Segovia with Lope de Rueda; how he was afterwards known throughout Salamanca for his epigrams, and wrote the best elegiac poem on Queen Isabel—all these things are remembered

and told to loving listeners as the sun goes down, and the tender twilight creeps up through the trees in that garden at Esquivias. Then the elder sister takes the book and reads aloud a sonnet from its pages; for there is as much poetry as prose scattered through the tale, and the type is large, and it is not yet too dusk to see.

Just as she has read the last line a moving shadow is seen among the poplars, and two persons, a lady and a gentleman, come slowly up from the further end of the garden. The lady is tall and graceful, and holds her mantilla across her bosom with one hand, while she rests the other on the arm of her companion. Twilight though it be, we can see that she is young and very lovely. As for the gentleman, we know him, at a glance, for Miguel de Cervantes. He now wears the close dark dress of a civilian; for he has left the army, and is a soldier no longer. That lady is Catalina, the niece of Don Francisco and the daughter of Donna Palacios. See how he bends down and murmurs in her ear, as if he would not suffer even the birds among the boughs to overhear him. See how he puts the leaves aside, lest they should brush against her dress—how his breath seems to come and go when she is speaking!

"Tush! the book is but a book, after all," says Don Francisco, as he laughs and fills another glass of Amontillado; "but yonder is the real romance, my children—the only real romance, depend upon it!"

And so it is—the romance of Cervantes' life has come at last, after so many years of hard battling with the world. The steel is put off for ever; the sword hangs up to rust. He loves; and the Paradise of home is opening before him.

Another picture.

We see the interior of a little antique church, and a group of people standing before the altar. A wintry sunbeam slants faintly through an upper window of old stained glass, and falls, like a halo, on the amber stole and shaven head of the priest. Face to face with him, just beyond the sunlight, stands a young lady, clothed from head to foot in a long white veil, and a gentleman, who holds her by the hand. Close behind them, still deeper in shadow, is gathered a group of some six or eight older persons, and beyond these the church lies all in gloom. Down in the deep twilight of the side aisles there are a few candles feebly flickering before the shrines of Saint Anne and Saint Jerome. The air of the church is heavy with incense. Now and then the voices of

the priests and the acolytes blend together in a few words of chanted Latin; now and then a tender chord, or a silvery flute-like passage, is breathed forth from an unseen organ behind the oaken stalls in the choir. Presently a bell rings. Those before the altar fall upon their knees; the priest holds up his hands, invoking the marriage blessing; the voices of the choristers break into a glad hymn of rejoicing; and the deep soul of the organ is poured forth in a flood of harmony, like the rolling of a mighty sea!

It is the 12th day of December, 1584; and we are spectators of the ceremony of marriage between Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra and Catalina de Palacios Salazar y Vozmediano, daughter of Fernando de Salazar y Vozmediano, deceased, and of Catalina de Palacios: both descended from honourable families of Esquivias, near Madrid.

We are no longer in a church, but in a theatre. This theatre (the largest in Madrid) is so unlike those of the present day, that we must devote a few moments to examining it in detail.

In the first place, it is not called a theatre, but a *Corrale*, which means literally a courtyard; in the second, it is almost square in shape, which is a national peculiarity, and only to be met with in Spain. Antiquaries affirm that the earliest Spanish dramas, when Lope de Rueda was a boy, were ordinarily performed in the courtyards of private palaces, inns, and other open places; whence the improved theatre, of the time of Cervantes, derived both its shape and name. This square edifice is built entirely of wood. Outside, it looks like a barn; but inside, displays some meagre attempt at decoration. Three rows of railed galleries, corresponding to three rows of modern boxes, run along the sides and across the upper end of the hall. These galleries are divided off in compartments, one of which is occupied only by women, one by priests, and one by the corregidores, or lieutenants of police. For the pit, or body of the hall, there are no seats. None but men, and those only of the poorer classes, frequent this part of the *Corrale*. At the upper end of the hall, somewhat higher than the pit, but lower than the level of the first gallery, the stage is erected. A curtain of dark crimson, which works by means of large rings upon a pole and reaches about half-way to the ceiling, conceals the scene; and the musicians, as usual, are out of sight.

We will suppose ourselves to be among the spectators in one of these galleries. The crowd of soldiers, students, muleteers, and other "groundlings," as an old poet called them, has poured into

the pit, after waiting nearly two hours at the door. The dark-eyed Spanish beauties, with their fans and mantillas, fill one of the central galleries. A sombre crowd of abbates, inquisitors, lawyers, notaries public, and other dark-robed functionaries occupy another compartment. A miscellaneous company of officers, noblemen, and gentlemen throng all the rest of the seats; and the entrances and staircases are kept by sentinels, who admit no person without a ticket. The theatre is imperfectly lighted by rows of oil lamps suspended along the galleries, which fill the air with an abominable odour, and leave half the building in darkness. The floor of the pit is strewn with sand, and the stage with rushes. The spectators talk, laugh, smoke, spit, and eat sweetmeats in all parts of the house indiscriminately. Presently, a bell is rung, and the musicians behind the stage begin to play; but nobody listens, and the performance ends without having been heard. Then a trumpet is sounded; a chair is placed upon the stage on the side to the left of the audience, and the Alcaid de Corto, whose official duty it is to be present at all theatrical performances, enters, accompanied by two of his officers. He seats himself, the officers take up their position behind his chair, the signal is given, and the curtain rises.

The piece, according to the hand-bill, is a tragedy, called "El Trato de Argel; or, Life in Algiers," and purports to be written by the author of "Galatea." Now, and not till now, the hubbub subsides into a deep under-current of murmured conversation; and throughout the first scene or two, people leave off discussing the last victory, or the last bull-fight, to gossip, somewhat in this fashion, about the author of the play which they have come to witness:—

"You have read the 'Galatea,' doubtless?"

"Why, yes—in parts. But there are so many new books now-a-days that we had need live a quarter of a century longer than our forefathers."

"That is true—and there is even talk of a news-journal to be printed and published twice a week in Madrid! Ten years ago we should have laughed at such a scheme. But have you seen the Señor Cervantes?"

"Yes—I met him at the house of Juan Velasco, the secretary of council of land revenue. A personable man, truly, and a poet of whom Spain may be proud! Some of the sonnets and redondillas of the 'Galatea' might fairly meet a comparison with the pastorals of Garcilaso de Vega."

"Hath been a soldier, hath he not?"

"Ay; and lost a hand at Lepanto. Yonder's his wife—do you mark her?—that beautiful woman at the corner of the cazuela.* Money? Oh, no—quite a love-marriage. She was Salazar's adopted daughter, and he gave her, 'tis said, but a hundred ducats when she married."

"And the king hath granted no pension to this Señor Cervantes?"

"Not a maravedi. He holds now, however, some small government office under the commissary-general; but 'tis a paltry matter, and bringeth him no more than three thousand rials† by the year."

"I' faith, a niggardly guerdon! No wonder that the state is ill served, when brave men are thus forgotten. I have heard that he was in slavery among the Moors."

"Ay, that was he, indeed, for five long years. This piece, doubtless, doth set forth much of his own story. Hush! Here is Zapata."

A tempest of applause breaks forth simultaneously from all parts of the theatre as Zapata makes his entrance upon the stage, and is succeeded by a profound silence. Till now, no real attention has been paid to the piece by any but the poorer part of the audience; but the favourite actor at once effects what the poet has failed to command.

The plot of the play is simple enough. Two Christian lovers, named Aurelio and Sylvia, have been enslaved and carried to Algiers. Sylvia is purchased by the Dey, who persecutes her for her beauty, and desires to place her in his seraglio. Aurelio becomes the property of a Moorish princess, named Zara, who employs enchantments to win his love and convert him to Moham-medism. To the development of this double situation the early scenes are devoted. The language is poetical, but declamatory. The soliloquies and speeches are somewhat long. The audience listens coldly, and the connoisseurs whisper criticisms when Zapata is not on the stage.

"This Cervantes is a delightful pastoral poet," says one; "but methinks he would do well not to stray beyond the bounds of Arcadia."

"The dramatic and idyllic powers differ essentially," observes another, "and are seldom to be found conjoined together."

"He hath not sufficiently applied himself unto the study of Greek models," adds a third, very sagaciously.

* The ladies' gallery at a theatre.

† About £100 English.

Presently, however, the scene is supposed to change to the slave-market. A Christian family, consisting of a father, mother, and two children, are seen crouched in a corner of the stage. Sailors and merchants walk to and fro, and a public crier offers the Christians for sale. The mother clasps her children in her arms; while the father, firm in faith, prays aloud that they may, at least, be all sold together. While he is yet speaking, a merchant steps forward, takes the younger boy from his mother's embrace, and forces him to open his mouth, as one would open the mouth of a young colt. The child burst into tears.

"I have no tooth that aches, sir," he cries, piteously; dreading lest the stranger should be about to extract one, and little dreaming, alas! of the grief so near at hand.

By this touch of nature, the whole audience is suddenly affected. The women sob aloud; the men draw their hands hastily across their eyes; the critics forget the Greek models. It is as if a sorrowful hand had been laid on every heart in the theatre. The child is then sold for one hundred and thirty piastres, and the act closes upon the anguish of the parents. From this moment the play is successful. Aurelio and Sylvia, faithful under every trial, and Alvarez, their friend and fellow-captive, who escapes to the desert, and is rescued by the special intervention of the virgin of Montserrat, carry the sympathies of the spectators along with them, till, at the close of the last act, a monk of the Trinity arrives from Spain with money and jewels for the redemption of the sufferers. The prisoners then fall upon their knees; Aurelio and Sylvia rush into each other's arms; the good monk stands amidst them with uplifted hands; the curtain falls, and the piece is ended.

"Cervantes! Cervantes!" resounds now from every corner of the theatre. "Bravo, Cervantes!" Even the alcaid, from his chair of honour, taps the floor softly with his cane, and nods approval. Even the trio of critics clap their hands, and admit that the play is worth applauding. Then the curtain is pushed aside, and a pale, soldierly-looking man, who keeps his left arm muffled in his cloak, and is dressed all in sober black and violet, steps forward—bows to the right and left—draws back—is recalled—bows again and again—presses his right hand, with a singularly dignified and graceful gesture, to his heart, and so retires.

He is very happy at that moment, and his heart beats high with a poet's triumph; but he is no whit happier than that lady in the

corner-seat of the cazuela, whose eyes filled up with tears of joy when he was called forth to receive the general homage, and who now weeps silently behind her veil.

Oh, the sweet, sweet pride that knows no thought of self, and exists only in and for another !

CHAPTER XXV.—“Don Quixote.”

DESTINED all his life to poverty, and scarce able, despite every effort, to keep himself clear of serious pecuniary difficulty, Cervantes struggled on, year after year, accepting whatever honest employment he could get, and devoting all his leisure to literature. During the years 1591 and 1592, he held a subordinate post in the office of the commissary-general; and in 1594, obtained the king's permission to act as one of his majesty's collectors of revenue in the provinces. Having faithfully and punctually fulfilled his duties in this capacity up to the year 1597, he was dismissed from his employment for no other reason than that he had intrusted the transmission of a small sum to a merchant named Freire, who failed and absconded from Madrid, but who left property to more than the amount. Upon this property the government immediately seized, by special mandate, and repaid itself; but discharged Cervantes, nevertheless, and imprisoned him for fourteen days in the debtors' prison at Madrid. After this, he is supposed to have depended for some time partly on private agencies, and partly upon his pen. His tragedy of “Life in Algiers;” another, written about the same time, called “Numantia;” his “Galatea,” and other writings, chiefly stories and short poems, continued to be popular, and brought him, from time to time, some trifling addition to his means. His wife's uncle had also died, and bequeathed them a small legacy; and one of his sisters had married, and so was no longer dependent on his exertions. Thus he fought on in the weary battle of life, a mere foot-soldier still, and ever in the van. Alas! had it not been for the sweet sunshine of love about his hearth, how utterly hopeless and unrewarded a life it would have been! Hero and poet as he was, could he have borne up so gallantly against neglect and injustice had he been alone? Would not his arm have fallen powerless to his side, and his voice have died away into silence long since?

La Mancha! No province in Spain is better known to us by name and description: no province in Spain is so unattractive in

itself, and so interesting in its associations. It is a treeless, tawny district, bleached by the winds, dried by the sun, dotted over with sordid villages of mud huts, and interspersed here and there with stunted vineyards, fields of saffron and corn, and little solitary clusters of cork-trees and palms. Deep in the very heart of the province lies the little town of Argamasilla, with its two churches, its magistrate, its schoolhouse, its notary public, its market-place, and its fountain. Close against the market-place stands a square house built of grey stone, called *De Medrano*, which serves for the prison; but it is seldom inhabited, unless by a stray gipsy caught in the act of sheep-stealing, or by three or four drunken rustics on fair-days and festivals.

We are in La Mancha, then, at the remote country town of Argamasilla; and it is somewhere about the middle of summer, *Anno Domini* 1599 or 1600, or perhaps 1601—for history has left the date uncertain. The townspeople have gathered here and there, in little angry knots about the market-place and at the thresholds of their dwellings.

"Tax-collector, indeed!" says one. "Enough that we pay the king's taxes, I should think, without being called upon for more by these greedy priests. Let the grand prior of St. Juan take what tithe we can spare from year to year, and be thankful. What business has he to demand arrears, I should like to know?"

"What business has he, say I, to send round his collector, just as if he were King Philip himself?" ejaculates another. "I'll see his collector burned alive before he shall have a maravedi of mine!"

"Things have come to a pretty pass, when priests lord it over us thus, methinks!" says a third.

"I'll be hanged if I pay!"—"Or I!"

"Let us give the collector a ducking!"

"Tie him up to the whipping-post!"

"Put him in the pillory, and send his ears to the grand prior!"

And, thus excited by their mutual vociferations, the little knots of malcontents merge one into another, become a roaring surging stream, and pour by one consent in the direction of the magistrate's house; where the magistrate himself and the notary-public are at that very moment engaged in angry discussion with the unlucky object of the riot.

"A most annoying proceeding on the part of the grand prior, señor," says the magistrate; "and as unusual as it is annoying."

"Likewise an illegal proceeding," observes the notary-public, very solemnly.

The envoy of the grand prior of St. Juan smiles and shrugs his shoulders. He is a very handsome, gentlemanly man, and has lost his left hand, having been a soldier in his youth.

"You will allow me to remark," he replies politely, "that the offence, gentlemen, is not mine. I am but employed by another in this matter, and——"

"Down with the collector!—To prison with the collector!" shouts the mob in the courtyard.

The magistrate and the notary-public exchange glances.

"You hear what our good townfolk say, *senor*?" growls the magistrate. "I must detain you for the present."

"How! Imprison me?" cries the envoy, flushing up with rage, and clapping his hand to his sword. "This is villanous injustice!"

"It is the law," retorts the magistrate; and herewith he signs the paper of committal, and the collector is marched off to prison between four alguazils, amid the shouts and hisses of the whole enraged population of Argamasilla.

And this same collector is Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra.

Yet a few days more, and he is formally committed to the gaol for such period as may seem just and fitting to the authorities pending certain legal proceedings between the burghers of Argamasilla and the grand prior of the order of St. Juan. Such a dreary little gaol as it is too! and such a comfortless room, if one could but peep into it! The walls are whitewashed; the floor is of bare stone; the window is high, narrow, and closely barred with iron stancheons; a truckle-bed occupies one corner; a wooden chair and a plain deal table stand in the middle of the room where the light falls strongest; and a gentleman paces wearily to and fro, between the barred window and the bolted door, like a lion in a cage.

"Oh, Fortune! Fortune!" mutters he, "what an ill-natured hag thou hast been to me! Were not five years of an Algerine prison enough for me, but thou must needs pen me up in this sordid den at the pleasure of some score or two of illiterate La Manchans boors, whose wits are as barren as their pasture-lands? Confound the grand prior of St. Juan, and his tithes, and his commission, and the whole province of La Mancha to boot! Now the spirit of prose and dulness light on me for evermore if, once out of this dungeon, I again put my neck under the yoke! Farewell to tax, tithe, and revenue collecting! Farewell to all manner of account-keeping, and clerkship, and office drudgery! Pegasus never yet prospered in the plough, and Miguel Cervantes was a fool to believe it!"

Thus talking to himself, he slackens his pace, falls into thought, stands motionless with folded arms, and presently sits down on the side of his bed, pondering and silent. An hour goes by, and still he neither looks up nor rises. The town clocks strike two in the afternoon; and the gaoler, entering noisily, sets down the prisoner's dinner, and vanishes. Another hour goes by, and the gaoler, returning for the empty dishes, finds the prisoner still in the same place and the same attitude, and the food untouched upon the table. "How now, hast no stomach for thy meat to-day, Señor?" says he, roughly.

Cervantes starts—looks up—passes his hand over his brow, like a man waking from sleep, and bursts into a hearty laugh.

"By St. Jago, friend," he replies, "I had forgotten the olla, and my appetite too; but, now that you remind me of it, I am as hungry as a soldier on the march. See, now—wilt do me a kindness this afternoon?"

"Ay, if I may, señor."

"Then take this crown-piece, and go buy me half-a-dozen quires of paper, a bundle of quills, and a bottle of ink, while I clear out the dishes; and take the change to drink my health with at your leisure." The gaoler nodded, vanished again, and re-appeared with the purchases just as the prisoner had finished his dinner.

And that very afternoon (would we knew the date of it, that we might keep it for a holiday all the years of our life!)—that very afternoon, as the golden sunlight poured in like a fiery shaft through the prison window, casting sharp shadows of barred iron on the floor and table below, our friend and hero tore off his first half-sheet of paper, carefully mended his quill, scrawled a big number 1 at the right-hand corner of the page, and wrote, in his own free careless writing, the following memorable words:—

THE LIFE AND ACHIEVEMENTS OF DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

PART I.—BOOK I.

CHAPTER THE FIRST—Which treats of the quality and manner of living of the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha.

Having got so far, he then went on to tell how this same Don Quixote possessed a lance, a buckler, a lean horse, and a coursing

greyhound ; and how he lived chiefly on soup and cold mutton, ate lentils on Fridays, and feasted on Sundays upon a pigeon extraordinary. Writing thus, he smiled to himself from time to time ; paused now and then to think ; and so went on, and on, till the sunlight faded off the floor and travelled up the wall, and finally died away altogether into grey twilight. The darkness came too soon that evening, and he put away his papers with a sigh ; but he had finished the first chapter, for all that ; and, when he went to bed, lay awake for hours in the moonlight, thinking of the chapters that were to come.

CHAPTER XXVI.—“Puesto ya el pie en el estribo.”*

WE are not going to describe “Don Quixote,” or analyze it, or criticise it, or do more, indeed, than relate the circumstances under which it was written and published, and advise all those who have not yet read it to procure themselves that pleasure with the least possible delay. For it is one of the great books of the world, and was, unquestionably, the grand event of all Cervantes’ life. It may be doubted whether he had himself any idea of this fact when he began that memorable first chapter in the dreary little prison at Argamasilla. He most probably preferred his tragedies, or his “Galatea ;” little suspecting that the new story was destined to be, not only his *chef-d’œuvre*, but the *chef-d’œuvre* of Spanish literature for evermore.

The beginning of “Don Quixote,” as we have just related, was written in prison ; but we have no means of ascertaining how far the story had progressed before the author obtained his liberty, nor how long his imprisonment lasted. The history of Cervantes becomes, indeed, extremely vague about this time—as vague as would that of any private individual who lived quietly at home, was too poor to go into society, and took no pains to flatter the great or conciliate his contemporaries. It appears, however, that he was residing in 1604 at Valladolid, and applied on the 26th of September in that year for the royal license to print and publish the first part of “Don Quixote.” The book appeared, accordingly, early in 1605, with a dedication to the duke of Bejar—a nobleman of fine taste, a patron of the arts, and a descendant of the illustrious house of Navarre. The public, it is said, appeared at first neither to understand nor appreciate “Don Quixote.” The learned,

* “With foot already in the stirrup.”

believing it to be a mere romance of chivalry, passed it by unopened; while the ignorant, hoping to find in it a budget of marvels and fairy tales, and incapable of comprehending its exquisite humour, threw it aside in disgust, and attributed to it the dulness which was all their own. Thus, except by a limited few, the book continued unread, and the bookseller's stock undiminished. Determined, at any risk, to rouse the public attention, and procure, at least, a hearing, Cervantes hit at last upon a somewhat novel expedient. He wrote an anonymous critique upon his own production, asserting that "Don Quixote" had not yet been understood by the Spanish public; drawing attention to the fact that it "abounded in instruction and entertainment;" and proving that it was written "in the spirit of satire, and composed with the laudable design of banishing the pernicious reading of books of chivalry." This little scheme succeeded beyond his expectations. The book became suddenly popular. No less than four editions were brought out before the close of the first year; and we have the authority of Cervantes himself for the fact that thirty thousand copies had already been sold before the close of the year 1615. Since that time, "Don Quixote" has become naturalized throughout Europe. The English have eleven translations; the French have ten, one of which, alone, has gone through more than fifty editions; the Germans have two; an Italian version was published in Venice during the life of Cervantes; and Portugal, Holland, and Belgium have each their own adaptation. Of the original Spanish, there were published, between the years 1605 and 1814, eight editions of the first part, five of the second part, and forty-eight of the complete work; since when, many others have appeared in England, Germany, and France. Nor was this all. As early as 1617, one Francisco de Avila, a native of Madrid, brought out a dramatic interlude of "The Invincible Deeds of Don Quixote de la Mancha;" in 1637 a comedy called "Don Quixote" was represented before Philip IV. and his queen; the French have seven plays taken from the same source; and a pastoral drama called "The Wedding of Camacho," founded on an episode in the second part of "Don Quixote," formed, until very lately, one of the stock pieces of the English theatre. Of imitators, commentators, editors, and critics, who have devoted themselves to the elucidation of this one book, there is, literally, no end. We have a "Don Quixote in Verse," by Ward; a "Modern Don Quixote;" "a Spiritual Quixote;" a "Don Quixote in Paris;" a "Quixote of Castile," and, above all,

the "Hudibras" of Samuel Butler, which, though confessedly an imitation in general outline, is a poem of such rare merit and admirable wit, that it has been said to place its author "the nearest upon an equality with his admirable original."

So signal and unprecedented a success as this which began to be achieved by "Don Quixote" even within the first year of its publication, could not fail to arouse the envy and enmity of a swarm of petty authorlings. All the writers of chivalrous romances, all the dramatists, all the sonneteers and poetasters, were up in arms. Some attacked Cervantes in anonymous verses; some openly, in acrimonious prose; while the followers and admirers of Lope de Vega, who had just begun to usurp the dominion of the stage, engaged in the contest with even more than the ordinary virulence of party-spirit. In the mean time, Cervantes was residing at Valladolid, whither the court had temporarily removed; and there, weary of the persecutions of rivals, disappointed in his hopes of advancement, and still earning a precarious livelihood as an estate-agent and collector of rents, he lived in strict retirement, "seeking refuge," as he himself expresses it, "once more in his ancient leisure," and devoting that leisure to study, to literature, and to works of piety and benevolence. His family, at this time, consisted of his wife, one daughter; his sister Andrea, who was now a widow; her daughter; and a female cousin, named Magdalena, who was a sister of charity.

In 1606, the court returned to Madrid, whither Cervantes followed it; possibly for the purpose of continuing near his employers, or possibly for the sake of residing in the neighbourhood of Alcala de Henares, where his relations were established. In this city he is recorded to have lived in a house at the back of the College of Notre Dame de Loretto, where, in 1608, he revised and re-edited the sixth edition of the first part of "Don Quixote," carefully correcting it throughout, and adding several important passages as he went on. Hence the sixth edition of the first part is held to be the most authentic, and has been the received text for all subsequent editions. In 1610, he is known to have removed to house number 9 in the street of Leon; about which time he became a member of a religious association, called the Oratory of Olivaro of Canizares. To this society the king of Spain, the duke of Lerma, and many distinguished nobles, councillors, and men of letters were affiliated, between the years 1609 and 1611; after which, in consequence, it is supposed, of the discredit brought upon it by some of the younger members, the association was

summarily dissolved. Somewhat later, according to Roscoe, both Cervantes and Lope de Vega enrolled themselves in another benevolent brotherhood, called the Oratory of the Caballero de Gracia, whilst Donna Catalina and Donna Andrea attached themselves to a similar community, under the protection of the ancient order of St. Francisco.

Thus, in good works, in the fulfilment of his home duties, and in that round of daily cares and toils from which he was destined to know no rest, Miguel de Cervantes passed onward into the decline of life. He was now more than sixty years of age. The curling auburn hair and golden beard were silvered by time; the athletic form had lost its military uprightness; and the tread, once so elastic, had become lame and feeble. His mother, his brother Rodrigo, and his younger sister were all no more. Manuel, the friend of his youth, the companion of his soldier-life, was long since dead—having fallen a victim to malignant fever while serving with his regiment in Mexico. The world, in short, was sadly changed for Cervantes; and even the honest satisfaction which his literary successes must have afforded him was too largely alloyed by the neglect and enmity of his contemporaries. Time, however, which bereft him of so much and disappointed him so heavily, had no power to subdue his dauntless spirit, or impair the sweetness of his disposition. No man ever met poverty more cheerfully, drudgery more manfully, or abuse with a gayer scorn of those from whose lips it proceeded. Fostered, as it were, by the perpetual sunshine of his temper, his genius seemed to develop and his judgment to ripen with every succeeding year. The very flavour of his wit grew more keen and delicate with age, like that of a generous old wine; and, as his imagination continued to supply him with an inexhaustible bounty of material, so his style seemed perpetually to be gaining in vigour, polish, and brilliancy.

In the course of the year 1612, Cervantes, who was still residing in Madrid, completed a series of twelve tales, which he dedicated to the count of Lemos, a nobleman whose high poetical and diplomatic attainments, and whose munificence as a patron of the arts, caused him at that time to be regarded as the Mæcenas of Spain. To these tales, which were especially written with a view to combining instruction with amusement, and conveying a moral lesson to society, Cervantes gave the name of "Exemplars," or "Exemplary Novels." They were much admired by his contemporaries, who repeatedly imitated and dramatized them, with indifferent success.

His next undertaking was to begin the second part of "Don Quixote." "It is clear," says Monsieur Viardot, in his notice of the "Life and Writings of Cervantes," "that the author did not originally propose to extend the work any further. It was customary at that time not to complete such productions of the imagination. An author finished his book, as Ariosto the cantos of his poem, in the very midst of the most complicated adventures, and in the most interesting part of the action." Fortunately, however, for the unity of "Don Quixote," and fortunately, also, for the world, Cervantes conceived the happy determination of sending his hero forth upon another set of adventures, and continuing his career to its close. Having embarked in this project with unabated enthusiasm, Cervantes devoted himself to it with such ardour that, before the end of the year 1614, it was already advertised for speedy publication. It was now his darling work, and he laboured to make the second part surpass the first. He poured into it all the fruits of his experience—all the wealth of his imagination. He touched and retouched it, as a painter might finish up a favourite picture, or a sculptor linger over the delicate surface of his "stone ideal." "It was," says Roscoe, "the casket which Cervantes delighted to store with all his most ingenious thoughts;" to which happy remark he elsewhere adds, that "no work, in any language, ever exhibited a more delicate or a more lively satire, combined with a richer vein of invention, and wrought with happier success." Before he could finish it, however, and while all Spain was eagerly looking forward to its appearance in type, some base and unknown writer, who called himself Alonzo Fernando de Avellaneda, had the audacity to bring out a spurious second part, or continuation to "Don Quixote," which was not only a wretched production in respect of literary merit, but was also a mere vehicle for every kind of personal libel upon Cervantes himself. Amazed and justly indignant as he was, this great and good man forbore to prosecute his enemy according to law, or even to betray his real name to the public. He contented himself, instead, with exposing the defects of his style, holding up his ignorance and malignity to everlasting ridicule, and setting him up, in the remaining chapters of "Don Quixote," as in a pillory, for the scorn of all future generations. This affair seemed, also, to act as an additional stimulant to the active genius of Cervantes, since we find that he had concluded his work by the beginning of the new year (1615), and was already soliciting the necessary license for printing it. So anxious was he, however, to correct

and polish it to the last degree of excellence, that it did not appear till near the end of October in that year. In the meantime, he had, in his intervals of leisure, written and published a poem, called "The Voyage to Parnassus;" and in the summer of 1615, before the second part of "Don Quixote" had yet reached the public, he brought out a volume of comedies and dramatic interludes, dedicated to his friend and patron, the count of Lemos. This collection was coldly received by the public, and none of the pieces were adopted in the theatres; but the count of Lemos, not long after, conferred a small pension upon the author, who now stood more than ever in need of pecuniary assistance.

For age, alas! was gaining upon Miguel Cervantes, and his health was failing fast. Towards the close of the year 1615, and in the early spring of 1616, his malady declared itself to be an incurable dropsy, and he was for some weeks confined to the house. Even then, though frequently incapacitated by pain and debility, he was engaged upon a new romance, upon which he laboured from time to time with a mind still radiant and unclouded, and an invention as playful, as varied, and as fertile as ever. This work was called "Persiles and Sigismunda," and was composed, according to Roscoe, "with as much fire, vigour, and brilliancy of imagination as any in the most florid years of his youth." As the spring progressed, and the book was undergoing its last corrections, Cervantes removed for a few weeks to Esquivias—seeking rest and change of air. Here, an old and dying man, he revisited the scenes of his youth; and, feebly pacing the moss-grown paths of the garden which once belonged to Don Salazar, went back in thought to those sweet evening hours when, thirty-two years before, he lingered in the shade of the poplars with her whose love had never failed, and without whose dear companionship his life would have been poor indeed.

He had not been many days, however, in Esquivias, before he grew rapidly worse, and felt that he had but a short time before him. To die at home, under his own humble roof and in the arms of his wife and daughter, became now his only desire; and he hastened back to Madrid, attended by a couple of friends, and mounted, strangely enough, upon a horse, which he himself describes as "somewhat mettlesome." This brief journey was infinitely painful to the invalid. His circulation was alternately torpid and accelerated; he was tormented with a raging thirst; and his strength scarcely sufficed to keep him in his saddle. In this melancholy state, he reached home on the 14th of April. On

the 15th, during a brief interval of comparative ease, he sat up and wrote a preface for his yet unpublished romance of "Persiles and Sigismunda."

"My life," he says, in this preface, "is drawing to a close, and I find, by the daily journal of my pulse, that it will have finished its course by next Sunday at the latest. Adieu to gaiety—adieu to humour—adieu, my pleasant friends! I must now die; and I wish for nothing better than speedily to see you—well contented in another world."

On Sunday, the 17th of April, his life, as he had predicted, seemed to be ebbing fast. He took leave of his friends in the morning, and prepared with calmness for that awful moment which no man can contemplate with indifference. But his presentiment, after all, proved fallacious. Towards evening he rallied, and, divided between his human affections and his religious aspirations, wavered awhile between hope and resignation. This uncertainty was not destined, however, to be of long duration. On the Monday he relapsed, and his disease made, within a few hours, such alarming progress that hope became no longer reasonable, and the last sacraments of the Roman Catholic church were administered. Still he lingered—still he suffered—still waited for death, and found no release from pain. Even in this extremity, his mind remained serene and unclouded as a summer sky when the sun is going down. Too feeble to hold a pen, he dictated his will; gave directions for his interment in the cemetery of the Trinitarian convent, where his daughter had not long since taken the veil; and dedicated his last work to his benefactor, the count of Lemos.

"Your excellency may remember," says he, in this affecting fragment, the last of which he was the author, "an ancient couplet commencing '*Puesto ya el pie en el estribo,*' and I may commence in the same words; for I may truly say that, with my foot already in the stirrup, and even now experiencing the anguish of death, I address this letter to you. Yesterday I received Extreme Unction. To-day I am writing this. My time is short; my pains increase; my hopes vanish; yet do I greatly desire that my life might be prolonged till the return of your excellency to your native country. But, as Heaven has decreed otherwise, we must bow to its will; and all that remains will be to acquaint your excellency with the deep sentiments of affection towards you which I bear with me to my grave."

The count of Lemos was at this moment returning home from

an Italian tour, and expected daily in Madrid. When he arrived, Cervantes was no more. He died on Saturday, the 23rd of April, 1616, aged sixty-seven years—five days after the Extreme Unction had been administered to him, and four days after he had composed this dedication. Of his last moments we have no record; and, were it not for his own preface to "*Persiles and Sigismunda*," we should never even have known the disease by which he died. Since then, the very spot in which his bones are now resting has been forgotten; and the only authentic portraits of him which were known to exist, and for which he sat to Yauregni and Pacheco, have disappeared. Thus the great men of this world pass away like shadows, and leave only their labours to mark the period of their sojourn. Thus a broken statue stands to us for Phidias; a poem, for Homer; "*Don Quixote*," for Cervantes. They lived; they died; and their works form, after all, their truest biographies and their noblest monuments.

The wife of Cervantes survived him for ten years, and died on the 31st of October, 1626. Of his daughter we know no more than that she became a nun, and bore the name of Isabel.

The story of Miguel Cervantes is told. It is the story of a great and good man; of one who, in all the relations and obligations of an eventful life, was uniformly true to himself and his fellow-men; who was a true soldier, a true patriot, a true friend, a true poet, a true gentleman, and a true Christian. The language of panegyric can add nothing to facts like these. They speak for themselves—as the record of his life speaks for him—and need no commentator.

THE END.

