

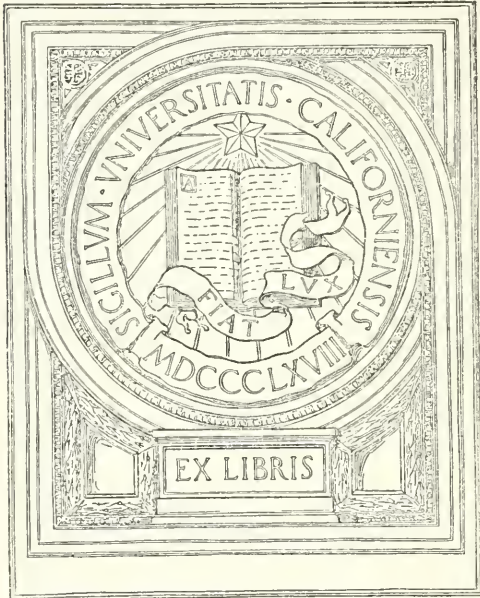
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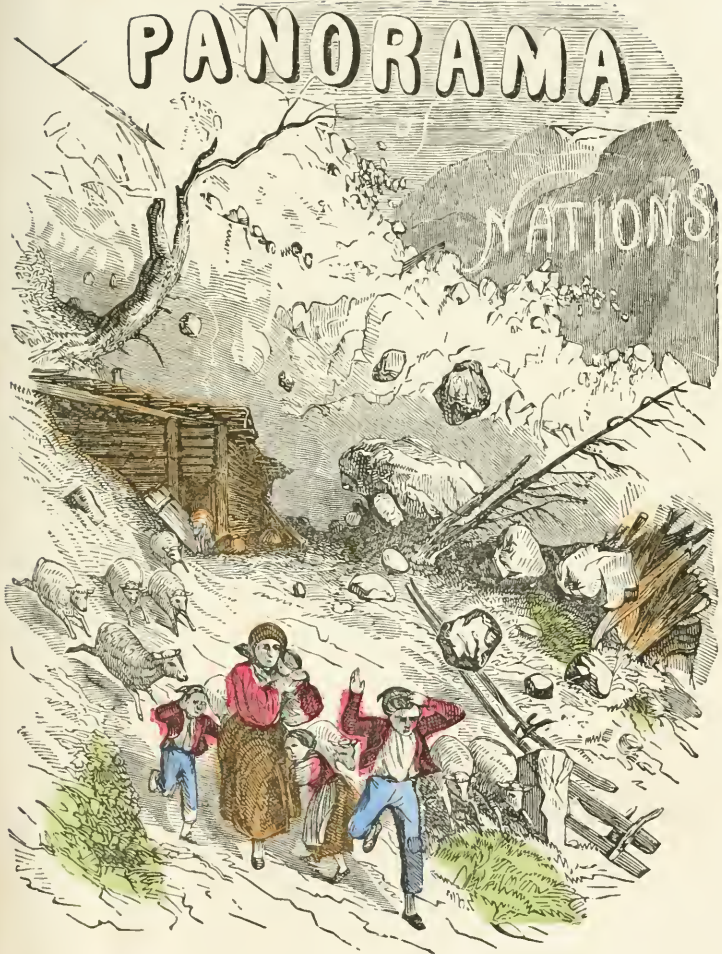
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



THE GIFT OF
MAY TREAT MORRISON
IN MEMORY OF
ALEXANDER F MORRISON



PANORAMA



Auburn:
ALDEN, BEARDSLEY & CO.
1853.



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THE
PANORAMA OF NATIONS.

COMPRISING

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF COURAGE, PERSEVERANCE, ENTER-
PRISE, CUNNING, SHREWDNESS, VIVACITY, INGENUITY,
CONTEMPT OF DANGER AND OF DEATH EXHIBITED
BY PEOPLE OF THE

PRINCIPAL NATIONS OF THE WORLD,

AS ILLUSTRATED IN NARRATIVES OF

PERIL AND ADVENTURE.

BY JOHN FROST, LL. D.

AUTHOR OF UNIVERSAL NAVAL HISTORY, ETC., ETC.

AUBURN AND BUFFALO:

JOHN E. BEARDSLEY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by

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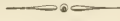
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GIFT OF MRS. A. F. MORRISON

PREFACE.



A BOOK of tales and sketches, illustrating the manners and customs of the nations of the earth, must possess a variety of interest and instruction. To the attraction of a common geographical panorama, it adds, life only to be found in stories of human passion and narratives of adventure; while the distinguishing features of national character,

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and the many differences in manners and customs among the population of the world may be noted and studied in such a book with decided benefit.

Here may be seen the restless, daring and inquisitive citizen of the United States—the noble, haughty but cruel Indian—the indolent, fickle and pleasure-loving Mexican—the degenerate descendant of the Spaniard in South America—the proud, substantial and dominion-loving Englishman—the hardy Highlander—the fun-and-fight-loving Irishman—the vain, but brave and lively Frenchman—the haughty, hot-blooded and vindictive Spaniard—the fickle, indolent and superstitious Italian—the strong-willed, plodding, industrious German—the bold and patriotic Swiss—the persevering and intelligent Swede and Norwegian—the stubborn, reverential Russian—the ease-loving, Christian-hating Turk—the daring and lively Greek—the handsome and manly Circassians—the roving Tartars—the ingenuous and industrious Chinese—the idol-worshipping Hindoo—the piratical inhabitant of the Barbary States—and the almost brutal

African—all acting out their characters—together with those people who may be said to be but tinged with the traits of these nations.

The book has numerous illustrations, which will serve to fix many thrilling incidents in the memory of the reader. Their use is now generally appreciated, and in a work intended, as the “Panorama of Nations” is, for popular circulation, they could not be omitted without a serious vacancy being felt. These are engraved from excellent designs by Croome and other distinguished artists.

The reader will travel the whole world in company with a narrator, whose endeavour it will be to rival in the interesting and vivid delineations of real events, the strong colouring, the romantic and thrilling incidents, the extraordinary vicissitudes and wild play of passions, which characterize the productions of the *improvisatori* of Italy or the story tellers of the Arabian caravanserais.

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THE
PANORAMA OF NATIONS.

To catch the distinguishing features and the common expression of national character is, or should be, one great object with those who consult history. Yet the assertion is well-founded, that the desire for such knowledge is more easily and more completely gratified by recourse to narratives of accident and adventure. These bring the qualities of men into full play, and set the national traits before us in boldest relief and freshest hues. The peculiarities of nature and habit, which mark the people of a particular country, seldom attract the notice of general history in its stately march. From it we are obliged to extort what we wish by a tedious and painful process. What more striking display of the pure American character can we find than the exploits and labors of the hardy borderers—the iron men of the west? Yet in what well-known history have they been awarded a place? Nor have the characteristic habits and achievements of the various nations of the Eastern World been better treated. Revolutions of state, and the monstrous deeds of war, fill up the measure of national record.

A series of narratives, in which the procession of nations shall pass before the mind, in their native garb, and performing their native parts, cannot but possess a powerful interest. The keen-eyed, restless, and daring American, full of enterprize and fun, and ready to meet death in any shape he may assume—the burly,

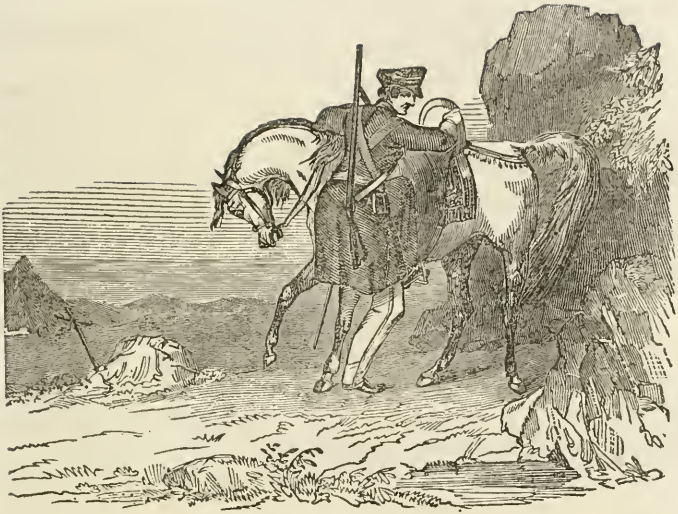
haughty, and reserved Englishman, coolly observing others, and while preferring home and quiet, ready upon occasion for the most daring enterprizes—the serious and shrewd Scot, the son of the heath and hill—the rollicking Irishman—the brisk, vain, showy, yet valorous Frenchman—the proud and chivalrous Spaniard—the indolent and intellectual Italian, interesting, even in his bandit life—the industrious, close-fisted, superstitious German—the firm, bold, rapacious Cossack—the laborious Scandinavian—the ingenious, but treacherous Chinese—and the almost apish Negro, are seen in the train, not performing the general part of men, but acting with individual and peculiar force. Here may they be studied to the best advantage. Here do they revel among their own loved scenes.

While such narratives awaken and satisfy a thirst for a knowledge of the traits of different nations; they furnish the lovers of adventure and thrilling incident with an abundance of food. Courage, daring, intelligence, skill, and virtue, are brought to the test of danger and temptation, and their triumphs or defeats are pregnant with interest and instruction for all mankind. Wisdom and virtue belong to no particular country, nor to any particular people. They are golden fruit, and are produced in every clime, and by every class. True courage, which dreads no danger in the search of right and in its support, will be found illustrated in the histories of all nations, together with its mimic, animal effrontery. The vices, too, are equally distributed among men. If, as a general thing, one people has more frankness than another, the account will be found balanced by its want of veneration for principle or something else.

Whatever is foreign to our customs and notions either excites our disgust, or interests us by its very novelty. The rage for a knowledge of the peculiarities of other nations, in America at least, proves that the latter is the most common result. It is hoped, therefore, that we shall be able, in the course of the present work, to convey a complete idea of the characteristics of all the different peoples, whose exploits and customs may be touched upon, and yet retain the interest of those who peruse it.



COLONEL FREMONT.



ASCENT OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS —

One of the best representatives of American energy and perseverance, and of a combination of those qualities which make the successful man, is Col. John C. Fremont. As the explorer of the far west, he has acquired a world-wide fame, while his name is strongly linked with the conquest and colonization of the vast region bordering upon the Pacific. In the records of few expeditions can be found so many deeds of daring, and displays of fortitude as in the first exploring tour of Col. Fremont. At the head of twenty-one men, he set out from St. Louis in May, 1842. Most of the men of the party were experienced hunters and were well acquainted with the region between St. Louis and the Rocky Mountains. The renowned Kit Carson was chosen for guide. This man had scarcely an equal in the west, and was regarded as the *bear ideal* of a mountaineer. Nothing daunted him, and his ingenuity surmounted many difficulties which seemed a bar to the progress of others. One great achievement, the

ascent to the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, will show the character of the party and its indomitable captain.

“Early in the morning,” says Fremont, “we left the camp, fifteen in number, well armed, of course, and mounted on our best mules. A pack-animal carried our provisions, with a coffee-pot and kettle, and three or four tin cups. Every man had a blanket strapped over his saddle, to serve for his bed, and the instruments were carried by turns on their backs. We entered directly on rough and rocky ground; and, just after crossing the ridge, had the good fortune to shoot an antelope. We heard the roar, and had a glimpse of a waterfall as we rode along, and crossing in our way two fine streams, tributary to the Colorado, in about two hours’ ride we reached the top of the first row or range of the mountains. Here, again, a view of the most romantic beauty met our eyes. It seemed as if, from the vast expanse of uninteresting prairie we had passed over, Nature had collected all her beauties together in one chosen place. We were overlooking a deep valley, which was entirely occupied by three lakes, and from the brink to the surrounding ridges rose precipitously five hundred and a thousand feet, covered with the dark green of the balsam pine, relieved on the border of the lake with the light foliage of the aspen. They all communicated with each other, and the green of the waters, common to mountain lakes of great depth, showed that it would be impossible to cross them. The surprise manifested by our guides when these impassable obstacles suddenly barred our progress, proved that they were among the hidden treasures of the place, unknown even to the wandering trappers of the region. Descending the hill, we proceeded to make our way along the margin to the southern extremity. A narrow strip of angular fragments of rock sometimes afforded a rough pathway for our mules, but generally we rode along the shelving side, occasionally scrambling up, at a considerable risk of tumbling back into the lake.

“The slope was frequently 60° ; the pines grew densely together, and the ground was covered with the branches and trunks of trees. The air was fragrant with the odor of the pines; and

I realized this delightful morning the pleasure of breathing that mountain air which makes a constant theme of the hunter's praise, and which now made us feel as if we had all been drinking some exhilarating gas. The depths of this unexplored forest were a place to delight the heart of a botanist. There was a rich undergrowth of plants, and numerous gay-colored flowers in brilliant bloom. We reached the outlet at length, where some freshly-barked willows that lay in the water showed that beaver had been recently at work. There were some small brown squirrels jumping about in the pines, and a couple of large mallard ducks swimming about in the stream.

"The hills on this southern end were low, and the lake looked like a mimic sea, as the waves broke on the sandy beach in the force of a strong breeze. There was a pretty open spot, with fine grass for our mules; and we made our noon halt on the beach, under the shade of some large hemlocks. We resumed our journey after a halt of about an hour, making our way up the ridge on the western side of the lake. In search of smoother ground we rode a little inland; and, passing through groves of aspen, soon found ourselves again among the pines. Emerging from these, we struck the summit of the ridge above the upper end of the lake.

"We had reached a very elevated point, and in the valley below, and among the hills, were a number of lakes of different levels; some two or three hundred feet above others, with which they communicated by foaming torrents. Even to our great height the roar of the cataracts came up, and we could see them leaping down in lines of snowy foam. From this scene of busy waters, we turned abruptly into the stillness of a forest, where we rode among the open bolls of the pines, over a lawn of verdant grass, having strikingly the air of cultivated grounds. This led us, after a time, among masses of rock which had no vegetable earth but in hollows and crevices though still the pine forest continued. Towards evening we reached a defile, or rather a hole in the mountains, entirely shut in by dark pine-covered rocks.

"A small stream, with scarcely perceptible current, flowed

through a level bottom of perhaps eighty yards width, where the grass was saturated with water. Into this the mules were turned, and were neither hobbled nor picketed during the night, as the fine pasturage took away all temptation to stray; and we made our bivouac in the pines. The surrounding masses were all of granite. While supper was being prepared, I set out on an excursion in the neighborhood, accompanied by one of my men. We wandered about among the crags and ravines until dark, richly repaid for our walk by a fine collection of plants, many of them in full bloom. Ascending a peak to find the place of our camp, we saw that the little defile in which we lay communicated with the long green valley of some stream, which, here locked up in the mountains, far away to the south, found its way in a dense forest to the plains.

“Looking along its upward course, it seemed to conduct, by a smooth gradual slope, directly towards the peak, which, from long consultation as we approached the mountain, we had decided to be the highest of the range. Pleased with the discovery of so fine a road for the next day, we hastened down to the camp, where we arrived just in time for supper. Our table-service was rather scant; and we held the meat in our hands, and clean rocks made good plates, on which we spread our macaroni. Among all the strange places on which we had occasion to encamp during our long journey, none have left so vivid an impression on my mind as the camp of this evening. The disorder of the masses which surrounded us—the little hole through which we saw the stars over head—the dark pines where we slept—and the rocks lit up with the glow of our fires, made a night-picture of very wild beauty.

“13th.—The morning was bright and pleasant, just cool enough to make exercise agreeable, and we soon entered the defile I had seen the preceding day. It was smoothly carpeted with soft grass, and scattered over with groups of flowers, of which yellow was the predominant color. Sometimes we were forced, by an occasional difficult pass, to pick our way on a narrow ledge along the side of the defile, and the mules were frequently

on their knees; but these obstructions were rare, and we journeyed on in the sweet morning air, delighted at our good fortune in having found such a beautiful entrance to the mountains. This road continued for about three miles, when we suddenly reached its termination in one of the grand views which, at every turn, meet the traveler in this magnificent region. Here the defile up which we had traveled opened out into a small lawn, where, in a little lake, the stream had its source.

“There were some fine *asters* in bloom, but all the flowering plants appeared to seek the shelter of the rocks, and to be of lower growth than below, as if they loved the warmth of the soil, and kept out of the way of the winds. Immediately at our feet, a precipitous descent led to a confusion of defiles, and before us rose the mountains. It is not by the splendor of far-off views, which have lent such a glory to the Alps, that these impress the mind; but by a gigantic disorder of enormous masses, and a savage sublimity of naked rock, in wonderful contrast with innumerable green spots of a rich floral beauty, shut up in their stern recesses. Their wildness seems well suited to the character of the people who inhabit the country.

“I determined to leave our animals here, and make the rest of our way on foot. The peak appeared so near, that there was no doubt of our returning before night; and a few men were left in charge of the mules, with our provisions and blankets. We took with us nothing but our arms and instruments, and, as the day had become warm, the greater part left our coats. Having made an early dinner, we started again. We were soon involved in the most ragged precipices, nearing the central chain very slowly, and rising but little. The first ridge hid a succession of others; and when, with great fatigue and difficulty, we had climbed up five hundred feet, it was but to make an equal descent on the other side; all these intervening places were filled with small deep lakes, which met the eye in every direction, descending from one level to another, sometimes under bridges formed by huge fragments of granite, beneath which was heard the roar of the water. These constantly obstructed our path, forcing us

to make long *detours*; frequently obliged to retrace our steps, and frequently falling among the rocks. Maxwell was precipitated towards the face of a precipice, and saved himself from going over by throwing himself flat on the ground. We clambered on, always expecting, with every ridge that we crossed, to reach the foot of the peaks, and always disappointed, until about four o'clock, when, pretty well worn out, we reached the shore of a little lake, in which was a rocky island. We remained here a short time to rest, and continued on around the lake, which had in some places a beach of white sand, and in others was bound with rocks, over which the way was difficult and dangerous, as the water from innumerable springs made them very slippery.

“By the time we had reached the farther side of the lake, we found ourselves all exceedingly fatigued, and, much to the satisfaction of the whole party, we encamped. The spot we had chosen was a broad flat rock, in some measure protected from the winds by the surrounding crags, and the trunks of fallen pines afforded us bright fires. Near by was a foaming torrent, which tumbled into the little lake about one hundred and fifty feet below us, and which, by way of distinction, we have called Island lake. We had reached the upper limit of the piney region; as, above this point, no tree was to be seen, and patches of snow lay everywhere around us, on the cold sides of the rocks. The flora of the region we had traversed since leaving our mules was extremely rich, and, among the characteristic plants, the scarlet flowers of the *dodecaethon dentatum* everywhere met the eye, in great abundance. A small green ravine, on the edge of which we were encamped, was filled with a profusion of alpine plants, in brilliant bloom. From barometrical observation, made during our three days' sojourn at this place, its elevation above the Gulf of Mexico is 10,000 feet. During the day, we had seen no sign of animal life; but among the rocks here, we heard what was supposed to be the bleat of a young goat, which we searched for with hungry activity, and found to proceed from a small animal of gray color, with short ears and no tail—probably the Siberian squirrel. We



ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT.

saw a considerable number of them, and with the exception of a small bird like a sparrow, it is the only inhabitant of this elevated part of the mountains. On our return, we saw, below this lake, large flocks of the mountain-goat. We had nothing to eat to-night. Lajeunesse, with several others, took their guns, and sallied out in search of a goat; but returned unsuccessful. At sunset, the barometer stood at 20.522; the attached thermometer 50°. Here we had the misfortune to break our thermometer, having now only that attached to the barometer. I was taken ill shortly after we had encamped, and continued so until late in the night, with violent headache and vomiting. This was probably caused by the excessive fatigue I had undergone, and want of food, and perhaps, also, in some measure, by the rarity of the air. The night was cold, as a violent gale from the north had sprung up at sunset, which entirely blew away the heat of the fires. The cold, and our granite beds, had not been favorable to sleep, and we were glad to see the face of the sun in the morning. Not being delayed by any preparation for breakfast, we set out immediately.

“On every side, as we advanced, we heard the roar of waters, and of a torrent, which we followed up a short distance, until it expanded into a lake about one mile in length. On the northern side of the lake was a bank of ice, or rather of snow covered with a crust of ice. Carson had been our guide into the mountains, and, agreeably to his advice, we left this little valley, and took to the ridges again, which we found extremely broken, and where we were again involved among precipices. Here were ice-fields; among which we were all dispersed, seeking each the best path to ascend the peak. Mr. Preuss attempted to walk along the upper edge of one of these fields, which sloped away at an angle of about twenty degrees; but his feet slipped from under him, and he went plunging down the plain. A few hundred feet below, at the bottom, were some fragments of sharp rock, on which he landed; and, though he turned a couple of somersets, fortunately received no injury beyond a few bruises. Two of the men, Clement Lambert and Descoteaux, had been taken ill, and lay down on the

rocks, a short distance below; and at this point I was attacked with headache and giddiness, accompanied by vomiting, as on the day before. Finding myself unable to proceed, I sent the barometer over to Mr. Preuss, who was in a gap two or three hundred yards distant, desiring him to reach the peak if possible, and take an observation there. He found himself unable to proceed further in that direction, and took an observation, where the barometer stood at 19.401; attached thermometer 50° , in the gap. Carson, who had gone over to him, succeeded in reaching one of the snowy summits of the main ridge, whence he saw the peak towards which all our efforts had been directed, towering eight or ten hundred feet into the air above him. In the mean time, finding myself grow rather worse than better, and doubtful how far my strength would carry me, I sent Basil Lajeunesse, with four men, back to the place where the mules had been left.

“We were now better acquainted with the topography of the country, and I directed him to bring back with him, if it were in any way possible, four or five mules with provisions and blankets. With me were Maxwell and Ayer: and after we had remained nearly an hour on the rock, it became so unpleasantly cold, though the day was bright, that we set out on our return to the camp, at which we all arrived safely, straggling in one after the other. I continued ill during the afternoon, but became better towards sundown, when my recovery was completed by the appearance of Basil and four men, all mounted. The men who had gone with him had been too much fatigued to return, and were relieved by those in charge of the horses; but in his powers of endurance Basil resembled more a mountain-goat than a man. They brought blankets and provisions, and we enjoyed well our dried meat and a cup of good coffee. We rolled ourselves up in our blankets, and, with our feet turned to a blazing fire, slept soundly until morning.

“13th.—It had been supposed that we had finished with the mountains; and the evening before it had been arranged that Carson should set out at daylight, and return to breakfast at the Camp of the Mules, taking with him all but four or five men, who



CHRISTOPHER CARSON.

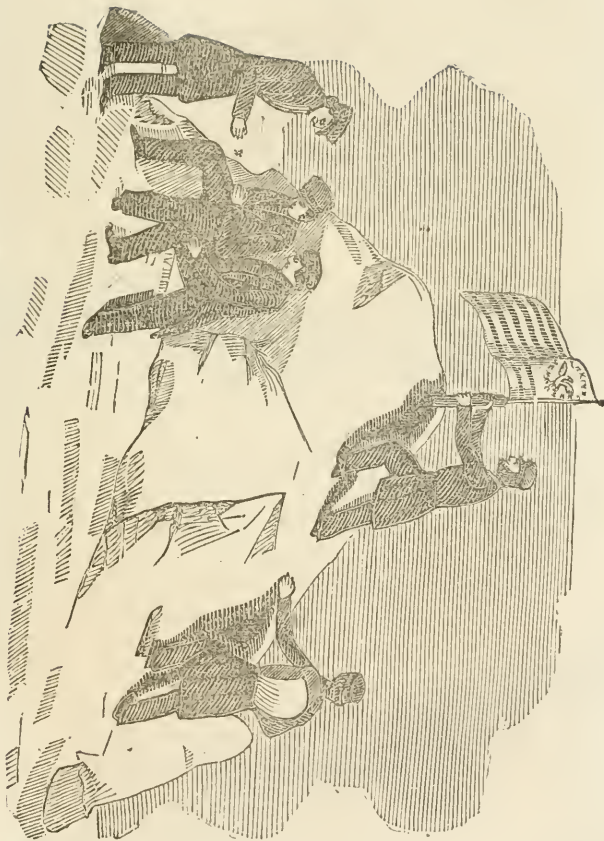
were to stay with me and bring back the mules and instruments. Accordingly, at the break of day they set out. With Mr. Preuss and myself remained Basil Lajeunesse, Clement Lambert, Janisse, and Descoteaux. When we had secured strength for the day by a hearty breakfast, we covered what remained, which was enough for one meal, with rocks, in order that it might be safe from any marauding bird, and, saddling our mules, turned our faces once more towards the peaks. This time we determined to proceed quietly and cautiously, deliberately resolved to accomplish our object if it were within the compass of human means. We were of opinion that a long defile which lay to the left of yesterday's route would lead us to the foot of the main peak. Our mules had been refreshed by the fine grass in the little ravine at the Island camp, and we intended to ride up the defile as far as possible, in order to husband our strength for the main ascent. Though this was a fine passage, still it was a defile of the most rugged mountains known, and we had many a rough and steep slippery place to cross before reaching the end. In this place the sun rarely shone; snow lay along the border of the small stream which flowed through it, and occasional icy passages made the footing of the mules very insecure, and the rocks and ground were moist with the trickling waters in this spring of mighty rivers. We soon had the satisfaction to find ourselves riding along the huge wall which forms the central summits of the chain. There at last it rose by our sides, a nearly perpendicular wall of granite, terminating 2,000 to 3,000 feet above our heads in a serrated line of broken, jagged cones. We rode on until we came almost immediately below the main peak, which I denominated the Snow peak, as it exhibited more snow to the eye than any of the neighboring summits. Here were three small lakes of a green color, each, perhaps, of a thousand yards in diameter, and apparently very deep. These lay in a kind of chasm; and, according to the barometer, we had attained but a few hundred feet above the Island lake. The barometer here stood at 20.450, attached thermometer 70°.

“We managed to get our mules up to a little bench about a hundred feet above the lakes, where there was a patch of good

grass, and turned them loose to graze. During our rough ride to this place, they had exhibited a wonderful surefootedness. Parts of the defile were filled with angular, sharp fragments of rock, three or four and eight or ten feet cube; and among these they had worked their way, leaping from one narrow point to another, rarely making a false step, and giving us no occasion to dismount. Having divested ourselves of every unnecessary encumbrance, we commenced the ascent. This time, like experienced travelers, we did not press ourselves, but climbed leisurely, sitting down so soon as we found breath beginning to fail. At intervals we reached places where a number of springs gushed from the rocks, and about 1800 feet above the lakes came to the snow line. From this point our progress was uninterrupted climbing. Hitherto I had worn a pair of thick moccasins, with soles of *parfleche*, but here I put on a light, thin pair, which I had brought for the purpose, as now the use of our toes became necessary to a further advance. I availed myself of a sort of comb of the mountain, which stood against the wall like a buttress, and which the wind and the solar radiation, joined to the steepness of the smooth rock, had kept almost entirely free from snow. Up this I made my way rapidly. Our cautious method of advancing at the outset had spared my strength; and, with the exception of a slight disposition to headache, I felt no remains of yesterday's illness. In a few minutes we reached a point where the buttress was overhanging, and there was no other way of surmounting the difficulty than by passing around one side of it, which was the face of a vertical precipice of several hundred feet.

"Putting hands and feet in the crevices between the blocks, I succeeded in getting over it, and, when I reached the top, found my companions in a small valley below. Descending to them, we continued climbing, and in a short time reached the crest. I sprang upon the summit, and another step would have precipitated me into an immense snow-field five hundred feet below. To the edge of this field was a sheer icy precipice; and then, with a gradual fall, the field sloped off for about a mile, until it struck the foot of another lower ridge. I stood on a narrow crest, about

COLONEL FREMONT AND HIS PARTY ON THE MOUNTAINS.



three feet in width, with an inclination of about 20° N. 51° E. As soon as I had gratified the first feelings of curiosity, I descended, and each man ascended in his turn; for I would only allow one at a time to mount the unstable and precarious slab, which it seemed a breath would hurl into the abyss below. We mounted the barometer in the snow of the summit, and, fixing a ramrod in a crevice, unfurled the national flag to wave in the breeze where never flag waved before. During our morning's ascent, we had met no sign of animal life, except the small sparrow-like bird already mentioned. A stillness the most profound and a terrible solitude forced themselves constantly on the mind as the great features of the place. Here, on the summit, where the stillness was absolute, unbroken by any sound, and solitude complete, we thought ourselves beyond the region of animated life; but while we were sitting on the rock, a solitary bee (*bromus*, *the humble-bee*) came winging his flight from the eastern valley, and lit on the knee of one of the men.

“It was a strange place, the icy rock and the highest peak of the Rocky mountains, for a lover of warm sunshine and flowers; and we pleased ourselves with the idea that he was the first of his species to cross the mountain barrier—a solitary pioneer to foretell the advance of civilization. I believe that a moment's thought would have made us let him continue his way unharmed; but we carried out the law of this country, where all animated nature seems at war; and, seizing him immediately, put him in at least a fit place—in the leaves of a large book, among the flowers we had collected on our way. The barometer stood at 18.293, attached thermometer at 44° ; giving for the elevation of this summit 13,570 feet above the Gulf of Mexico, which may be called the highest flight of the bee. It is certainly the highest known flight of that insect. From the description given by Mackenzie of the mountains where he crossed them, with that of a French officer still farther to the north, and Colonel Long's measurement to the south, joined to the opinion of the oldest traders of the country, it is presumed that this is the highest peak of the Rocky mountains. The day was sunny and bright, but a

slight shining mist hung over the lower plains, which interfered with our view of the surrounding country. On one side we overlooked innumerable lakes and streams, the spring of the Colorado of the Gulf of California; and on the other was the Wind River valley, where were the heads of the Yellowstone branch of the Missouri; far to the north, we could just discover the snowy heads of the *Trois Tetons*, where were the sources of the Missouri and Columbia rivers; and at the southern extremity of the ridge, the peaks were plainly visible, among which were some of the springs of the Nebraska or Platte river. Around us, the whole scene had one main, striking feature, which was that of terrible convulsion. Parallel to its length, the ridge was split into chasms and fissures; between which rose the thin lofty walls, terminated with slender minarets and columns. According to the barometer, the little crest of the wall on which we stood was three thousand five hundred and seventy feet above that place, and two thousand seven hundred and eighty above the little lakes at the bottom, immediately at our feet. Our camp at the Two Hills (an astronomical station) bore south 3° east, which with a bearing afterwards obtained from a fixed position, enabled us to locate the peak. The bearing of the *Trois Tetons* was north 50° west, and the direction of the central ridge of the Wind River mountains south 39° east. The summit rock was gneiss, succeeded by sienitic gneiss. Sienite and feldspar succeeded in our descent to the snow line, where we found a feldspathic granite. I had remarked that the noise produced by the explosion of our pistols had the usual degree of loudness, but was not in the least prolonged, expiring almost instantaneously.

“Having now made what observations our means afforded, we proceeded to descend. We had accomplished an object of laudable ambition, and beyond the strict order of our instructions we had climbed the loftiest peak of the Rocky mountains, and looked down upon the snow a thousand feet below; and, standing where never human foot had stood before, felt the exultation of first explorers. It was about two o'clock when we left the summit, and when we reached the bottom, the sun had already

sunken behind the wall, and the day was drawing to a close. It would have been pleasant to have lingered here and on the summit longer; but we hurried away as rapidly as the ground would permit, for it was an object to regain our party as soon as possible, not knowing what accident the next hour might bring forth.

"We reached our deposite of provisions at nightfall. Here was not the inn which awaits the tired traveler on his return from Mont Blanc, or the orange groves of South America, with their refreshing juices and soft fragrant air; but we found our little *cache* of dried meat and coffee undisturbed. Though the moon was bright, the road was full of precipices, and the fatigue of the day had been great. We therefore abandoned the idea of rejoining our friends, and lay down on the rock, and, in spite of the cold, slept soundly."



MEXICAN MULETEERS.



THE MOUNTAINEERS AND THE CALIFORNIANS.

The Mission of San Fernando is situated on a small river called Las Animas, a branch of the Los Martires. The convent is built at the neck of a large plain, at the point of influx of the stream from the broken spurs of the sierra. The savanna is covered with luxuriant grass, kept down, however, by the countless herds of cattle which pasture on it. The banks of the creek are covered with a lofty growth of oak and poplar, which near the Mission have been considerably thinned for the purpose of affording fuel and building materials for the increasing settlement. The convent stands in the midst of a grove of fruit-trees, its rude tower and cross peeping above them, and contrasting picturesquely with the wildness of the surrounding scenery. Gardens and orchards lie immediately in front of the building, and a vineyard stretches away to the upland ridge of the valley. The huts of the Indians are scattered here and there, built of stone and adobé, sometimes thatched with flags and boughs, but comfortable enough. The convent itself is a substantial building, of the style of architecture

characterizing monastic edifices in most parts of the world. Loopholes peer from its plastered walls, and on a flat portion of the roof a comically mounted gingall or wall-piece, carrying a two-pound ball, threatens the assailant in time of war. At one end of the oblong building, a rough, irregular arch of sun-burned bricks is surmounted by a rude cross, under which hangs a small but deep toned bell—the wonder of the Indian peones, and highly venerated by the frayles themselves, who received it as a present from a certain venerable archbishop of Old Spain, and who, while guarding it with reverential awe, tell wondrous tales of its adventures on the road to its present abiding place.

Of late years the number of the canonical inmates of the convent has been much reduced—there being but four priests now to do the duties of the eleven who formerly inhabited it; Fray Augustin, a Capuchin of due capacity of paunch, being at the head of the holy quartette. Augustin is the conventual name of the reverend father, who fails not to impress upon such casual visitants to that *ultima Thule* as he deems likely to appreciate the information, that, but for his humility, he might add the sonorous appellations of Ignacio Sabanal-Morales-y Fuentes—his family being of the best blood of Old Castile, and known there since the days of Ruy Gomez—el Campéador—possessing, moreover, half the “vega” of the Ebro, &c., where, had fate been propitious, he would now have been the sleek superior of a rich capuchin convent, instead of vegetating, a leather-clad frayle, in the wilds of California Alta.

Nevertheless, his lot is no bad one. With plenty of the best and fattest meat to eat, whether of beef or venison, of bear or mountain mutton; with good wine and brandy of home make, and plenty of it; fruit of all climes in great abundance; wheaten or corn bread to suit his palate; a tractable flock of natives to guide, and assisted in the task by three brother shepherds; far from the strife of politics or party—secure from hostile attack (not quite, by-the-by), and eating, drinking, and sleeping away his time, one would think that Fray Augustin Ignacio Sabanal-Morales-y Fuentes had little to trouble him, and had no cause to

regret even the vega of Castilian Ebro, held by his family since the days of el Campéador.

One evening Fray Augustin sat upon an adobe bench, under the fig-tree shadowing the porch of the Mission. He was dressed in a goat-skin jerkin, softly and beautifully dressed, and descending to his hips, under which his only covering—tell it not in Gath!—was a long linen shirt, reaching to his knees, and lately procured from Puebla de los Angeles, as a sacerdotal garment. Boots, stockings, or unmentionables, he had none. A cigarito, of tobacco rolled in corn shuck, was occasionally placed between his lips; whereupon huge clouds of smoke rushed in columns from his mouth and nostrils. His face was of a golden yellow color, relieved by arched and very black eyebrows; his shaven chin was of most respectable duplicity—his corporation of orthodox dimensions. Several Indians and half-breed Mexican women were pounding Indian corn on metates near at hand; while sundry beef-fed urchins of whitey-brown complexion sported before the door, exhibiting, as they passed Fray Augustin, a curious resemblance to the strongly marked features of that worthy padre. They were probably his nieces and nephews—a class of relations often possessed in numbers by priests and monks.

The three remaining brothers were absent from the Mission; Fray Bernardo, hunting elk in the sierra; Fray Jose, gallivanting at Puebla de los Angeles, ten days' journey distant; Fray Christoval, lassoing colts upon the plain. Augustin, thus left to his own resources, had just eaten his vespertine frijolitos and chile colorado, and was enjoying a post-cœnal smoke of fragrant pouche under the shadow of his own fig-tree.

While thus employed, an Indian dressed in Mexican attire approached him hat in hand, and, making a reverential bow, asked his directions concerning domestic business of the Mission.

"Hola! friend José," cried Fray Augustin in a thick guttural voice, "pensaba yo—I was thinking that it was very nearly this time three years ago when those 'malditos Americanos' came by here and ran off with so many of our cavallada."

"True, reverend father," answered the administrador, "just

three years ago, all but fifteen days: I remember it well. *Malditos sean*—curse them!”

“How many did we kill, José?”

“Quizas mōochos—a great many, I dare say. But they did not fight fairly—charged right upon us, and gave us no time to do any thing. They don’t know how to fight, these Mericanos: come right at you, before you can swing a lasso, hallooing like *Indios Bravos*.”

“But, Jose, how many did they leave dead on the field?”

“Not one.”

“And we?”

“Valgame Dios! thirteen dead, and many more wounded.”

“That’s it! Now if these savages come again (and the Chemeguaba, who came in yesterday, says he saw a large trail), we must fight adentro—within—outside is no go; for as you very properly say, José, these Americans don’t know how to fight, and kill us before—before we can kill them! Vaya!”

At this moment there issued from the door of the Mission Don Antonio Velcz Trueba, a Gachupin—that is, a native of Old Spain—a wizened old hidalgo refugee, who had left the mother country on account of his political opinions, which were staunchly Carlist, and had found his way—how, he himself scarcely knew—from Mexico to San Francisco in Upper California, where, having a most perfect contempt for every thing Mexican, and hearing that in the Mission of San Fernando, far away, were a couple of Spanish padres of “sangre regular,” he had started into the wilderness to ferret them out; and having escaped all dangers on the route (which, however, were hardly dangers to the Don; who could not realize the idea of scalp taking savages), had arrived with a whole skin at the Mission. There he was received with open arms by his countryman Fray Augustin, who made him welcome to all the place afforded, and there he harmlessly smoked away his time; his heart far away on the banks of the Genil and in the grape-bearing vegas of his beloved Andalusia, his withered cuerpo in the sierras of Upper California. Don Antonio was the walking essence of a Spaniard of the *ancien régime*. His family

dated from the Flood, and with the exception of sundry refreshing jets of Moorish blood, injected into the Trucas during the Moorish epoch, no strange shoot was ever engrafted on their genealogical tree. The marriages of the family were ever confined to the family itself—never looking to fresh blood in a station immediately below it, which was not *hidalgueno*; nor above, since any thing higher in rank than the Trueba y Trueba family, *no habia*, there was not.

Thus, in the male and female scions of the house, were plainly visible the ill effects of breeding “in and in.” The male Truebas were sadly degenerate Dons, in body as in mind—compared to their ancestors of Boabdil’s day; and the *senhoritas* of the name were all eyes, and eyes alone, and hardly of such stamp as would have tempted that amorous monarch to bestow a kingdom for a kiss, as ancient ballads tell.

“ Duena de la negra toea,
 Por un beso de tu boea,
 Diera un reyno, Boabdil
 Y yo por ello, Christiana,
 Te diera de buena gana
 Mil ceilos, si fueran mil.”

Come of such poor stock, and reared on tobacco smoke and “gaspacho,” Don Antonio would not have shone, even among pigmy Mexicans, for physical beauty. Five feet high, a framework of bones covered with a skin of Andalusian tint, the Trueba stood erect and stiff in all the consciousness of his “sangre regular.” His features were handsome, but entirely devoid of flesh, his upper lip was covered with a jet-black mustache mixed with gray, his chin was bearded “like the pard.” Every one around him clad in deer and goat-skin, our Don walked conspicuous in shining suit of black—much the worse for wear, it must be confessed—with beaver hat sadly battered, and round his body and over his shoulder an unexceptionable “capa” of the amplest dimensions. Asking, as he stepped over him, the pardon of an Indian urchin who blocked the door, and bowing with punctilious

politeness to the sturdy mozas who were grinding corn, Don Antonio approached our friend Augustin, who was discussing warlike matters with his administrador.

“Hola! Don Antonio, how do you find yourself, sir?”

“Perfectly well, and your very humble servant, reverend father; and your worship also, I trust you are in good health?”

“*Sin novedad*—without novelty;” which, since it was one hour and a half since our friends had separated to take their siestas, was not impossible.

“Myself and the worthy José,” continued Fray Augustin, “were speaking of the vile invasion of a band of North American robbers, who three years since fiercely assaulted this peaceful Mission, killing many of its inoffensive inhabitants, wounding many more, and carrying off several of our finest colts and most promising mules to their dens and caves in the Rocky Mountains. Not with impunity, however, did they effect this atrocity. José informs me that many of the assailants were killed by my brave Indians. How many said you, José?”

“Quizas mo-o-ochos,” answered the Indian.

“Yes, probably a great multitude,” continued the padre; “but, unwarned by such well-merited castigation, it has been reported to me by a Chemeguaba mansito, that a band of these audacious marauders are now on the road to repeat the offence, numbering many thousands, well mounted and armed; and to oppose these white barbarians it behoves us to make every preparation of defence.”*

“There is no cause for alarm,” answered the Andaluz. “I (tapping his breast) have served in three wars; in that glorious one ‘de la Independencia,’ when our glorious patriots drove the French like sheep across the Pyrenees; in that equally glorious one of 1821; and in the late magnanimous struggle for the legitimate rights of his majesty Charles V., king of Spain (doffing his hat), whom God preserve. With that right arm,” cried the spirited Don, extending his shriveled member, “I have supported

* From the report to the Governor of California by the Head of the Mission, in reference to the attacks by the American Mountaineers.

the throne of my kings—have fought for my country, mowing down its enemies before me; and with it," vehemently exclaimed the Gachupin, working himself into a perfect frenzy, "I will slay these Norte Americanos, should they dare to show their faces in my front. Adios, Don Augustin Ignacio Sabanal-Morales-y Fuentes," he cried, doffing his hat with an earth-sweeping bow; "I go to grind my sword. Till then, adieu!"

"A countryman of mine!" said the frayle, admiringly, to the administrador. "With him by our side we need not to fear; neither Norte Americanos, nor the devil himself, can harm us when he is by."

While the Trueba sharpens his Tizona, and the priest puffs volumes of smoke from his nose and mouth, let us introduce to the reader one of the muchachitas, who knelt grinding corn on the metate, to make tortillas for the evening meal. Juanita was a stout wench from Sonora, of Mexican blood, hardly as dark as the other women who surrounded her, and with a drop or two of the old Spanish blood struggling with the darker Indian tint to color her plump cheeks. An enagua (a short petticoat) of red serge was confined round her waist by a gay band ornamented with beads, and a chemisette covered the upper part of the body, permitting, however, a prodigal display of her charms. While pounding sturdily at the corn, she laughed and joked with her fellow-laborers upon the anticipated American attack, which appeared to have but few terrors for her. "Que vengan," she exclaimed, "let them come; they are only men, and will not molest us women. Besides, I have seen these white men before—in my own country, and they are fine fellows, very tall, and as white as the snow on the sierras. Let them come, say I!"

"Only hear the girl!" cried another; "if these savages come, then will they kill Pedrillo, and what will Juanita say to lose her sweetheart?"

"Pedrillo!" sneered the latter; "what care I for Pedrillo? Soy Mejicana, yo—a Mexican girl am I, I'd have you know, and don't demean me to look at a wild Indian. Not I, indeed, by my salvation! What I say, is, let the Norte Americanos



MEXICAN LADIES.

come." At this juncture Fray Augustin called for a glass of aguar-diente, which Juanita was dispatched to bring, and on presenting it, the churchman facetiously inquired why she wished for the Americans, adding, "Don't think they'll come here—no, no; here we are brave men, and have Don Antonio with us, a noble fellow, well used to arms." As the words were on his lips, the clattering of a horse's hoofs was heard rattling across the loose stones and pebbles in the bed of the river, and presently an Indian herder galloped up to the door of the Mission, his horse covered with foam, and its sides bleeding from spur-wounds.

"Oh, padre mio!" he cried, as soon as he caught sight of his reverence, "vienen los Americanos—the Americans, the Americans are upon us. Ave Maria purissima!—more than ten thousand are at my heels!"

Up started the priest, and shouted for the Don.

That hidalgo presently appeared, armed with the sword that had graced his thigh in so many glorious encounters—the sword with which he had mowed down the enemies of his country, and by whose aid he now proposed to annihilate the American savages, should they dare to appear before him.

The alarm was instantly given; peones, vaqueros hurried from the plains; and milpas, warned by the deep-toned bell, which soon rung out its sonorous alarum. A score of mounted Indians, armed with gun and lasso, dashed off to bring intelligence of the enemy. The old gingall on the roof was crammed with powder and bullets to the very muzzle, by the frayle's own hand. Arms were brought and piled in the sala, ready for use. The padre exhorted, the women screamed, the men grew pale and nervous, and thronged within the walls. Don Antonio, the fiery Andaluz, alone remained outside, flourishing his whetted saber, and roaring to the padre, who stood on the roof with lighted match, by the side of his formidable cannon, not to be affrighted. "That he, the Trueba was there with his Tizona, ready to defeat the devil himself should he come on."

He was deaf to the entreaties of the priest to enter.

“Siempre en el frente—Ever in the van,” he said, “was the war cry of the Truebas.”

But now a cloud of dust was seen approaching from the plain, and presently a score of horsemen dashed headlong toward the Mission. “El enemigo,” shouted Fray Augustin; and without waiting to aim, he clapped his match to the touch-hole of the gun, harmlessly pointed to the sky, and crying out “In el nombre de Dios”—in God’s name—as he did so, was instantly knocked over and over by the recoil of the piece, then was as instantly seized by some of the Indian garrison, and forced through the trap-door into the building; while the horsemen (who were his own scouts) galloped up with the intelligence that the enemy was at hand, and in overwhelming force.

Thereupon the men were all mounted, and formed in a body before the building, to the amount of more than fifty, well armed with guns or bows and arrows. Here the gallant Don harangued them, and infusing into their hearts a little of his own courage, they eagerly demanded to be led against the enemy. Fray Augustin re-appeared on the roof, gave them his blessing, advised them to give no quarter, and with slight misgivings, saw them ride off to the conflict.

About a mile from the Mission, the plain gradually ascended to a ridge of moderate elevation, on which was a growth of dwarf oak and ilex. To this point the eyes of the remaining inmates of the convent were earnestly directed as here the enemy was first expected to make his appearance. Presently a few figures were seen to crown the ridge, clearly defined against the clear evening sky. Not more than a dozen mounted men composed this party, which all imagined must be doubtless the vanguard of the thousand invaders. On the summit of the ridge they halted a few minutes, as if to reconnoiter; and by this time the Californian horsemen were halted in the plain, midway between the Mission and the ridge, and distant from the former less than half-a-mile, so that all the operations were clearly visible to the lookers on.

The enemy wound slowly, in Indian file, down the broken ground of the descent; but when the plain was reached, they

formed into something like a line, and trotted fearlessly toward the Californians. These began to sit uneasily in their saddles; nevertheless they made a forward movement, and even broke into a gallop, but soon halted, and again huddled together. Then the mountaineers quickened their pace, and their loud shout was heard as they dashed into the middle of the faltering troop. The sharp cracks of the rifles followed, and the duller reports of the smooth-bored pieces of the Californians, flying like mad across the level. The little steady line of the mountaineers advanced, and puffs of smoke arose, as they loaded and discharged their rifles at the flying horsemen. As the Americans came on, however, one was seen to totter in his saddle, the rifle fell from his grasp, and he tumbled headlong to the ground. For an instant his companions surrounded the fallen man, but again forming, dashed toward the Mission, shouting fierce war-whoops, and brandishing aloft their long and heavy rifles. Of the defeated Californians some jumped off their horses at the door of the Mission, and sought shelter within; others galloped off toward the sierra in panic-stricken flight. Before the gate, however, still paced valiantly the proud hidalgo, encumbered with his cloak, and waving with difficulty his sword above his head. To the priest and women, who implored him to enter, he replied with cries of defiance, "Viva Carlos Quinto," and, "Death or glory." He shouted in vain to the flying crowd to halt; but, seeing their panic was beyond hope, he clutched his weapon more firmly as the Americans dashed at him, closed his teeth and his eyes, thought once of the vega of his beloved Genil, and of Granada la Florida, and gave himself up for lost. Those inside the mission, when they observed the flight of their cavalry, gave up the defence as hopeless; and already the charging mountaineers were almost under the walls, when they observed the curious figure of the little Don making demonstrations of hostility.

"Wagh!" exclaimed the leading hunter, "here's a little crittur as means to do all the fighting;" and seizing his rifle by the barrel he poked at the Don with the butt-end, who parried the blow, and with such a sturdy stroke, as nearly severed the stock

in two. Another mountaineer rode up, and swinging his lasso overhead, threw the noose dexterously over the Spaniard's head, and as it fell over his shoulders, drew it taut, thus securing the arms of the pugnacious Don as in a vice.

"Quartel!" cried the latter; "por Dios, quartel!"

"Quarter be d—!" exclaimed one of the whites, who understood Spanish; "who's a-goin to hurt you, you little crittur?"

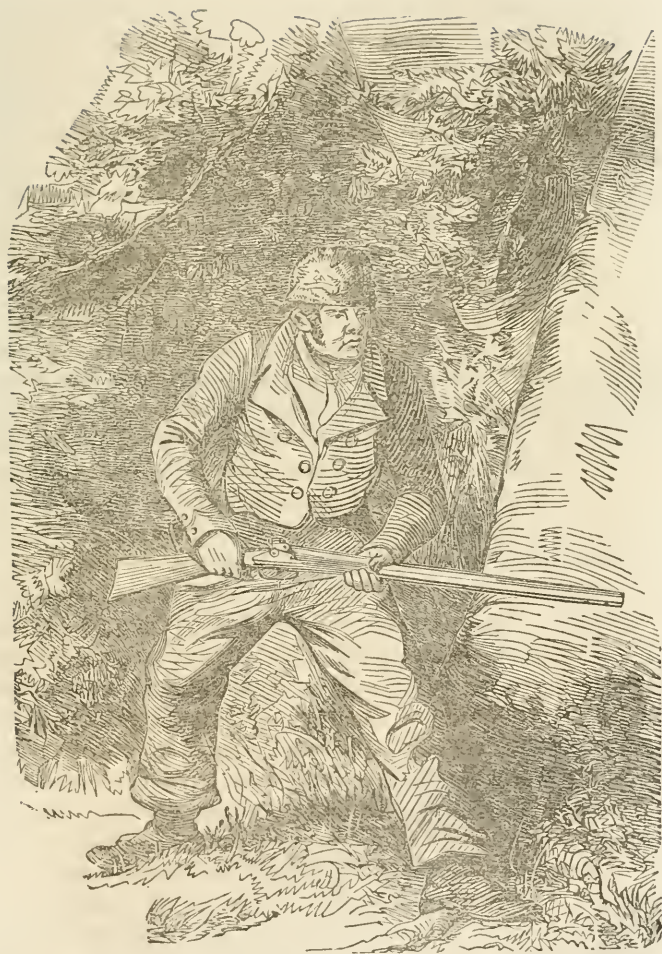
By this time Fray Augustin was waving a white flag from the roof, in token of surrender; and soon after he appeared trembling at the door, beseeching the victors to be merciful and to spare the lives of the vanquished, when all and every thing in the Mission would be freely placed at their disposal.

"What does the niggur say?" asked old Walker, the leader of the mountaineers, of the interpreter.

"Well, he talks so queer,, this hos can't rightly make it out."

"Tell the old coon then to quit that, and make them darned greasers clear out of the lodge, and pock some corn and shucks here for the animals, for they're nigh give out."

This being conveyed to him in mountain Spanish, which fear alone made him understand, the padre gave orders to the men to leave the Mission, advising them moreover, not to recommence hostilities, as himself was kept as hostage, and if a finger was lifted against the mountaineers, he would be killed at once, and the Mission burned to the ground. Once inside, the hunters had no fear of attack, they could have kept the building against all California; so, leaving a guard of two outside the gate, and taking up one of the party who had been severely wounded, they entered, made themselves at home, and soon were paying attention to the hot tortillas, meat, and chile colorado, which were quickly placed before them, washing down the hot-spiced viands with deep draughts of wine and brandy. It would have been amusing to have seen the faces of these rough fellows as they gravely pledged each other in the grateful liquor, and looked askance at the piles of fruit served by the attendant Hebes. These came in for no little share of attention, it may be imagined; but the utmost respect was paid to them, for your mountaineer, rough and bear-



A MOUNTAINEER.

like though he be, never by word or deed, offends the modesty of a woman, although sometimes obliged to use a compulsory wooing, when time is not allowed for regular courtship, and not unfrequently known to jerk a New Mexican or Californian beauty behind his saddle, should the obdurate parents refuse consent to their immediate union. It tickled the Americans not a little to have all their wants supplied, and to be thus waited upon, by what they considered the houris of paradise; and after their long journey, and the many hardships and privations they had suffered, their present luxurious situation seemed scarcely real.

The *hidalgo*, released from the durance vile of the lasso, assisted at the entertainment; his sense of what was due to the "sangre regular" which ran in his veins being appeased by the fact, that he sat *above* the wild, uncouth mountaineers, these preferring to squat crosslegged on the floor in their own fashion, to the uncomfortable and novel luxury of a chair. Walker, indeed, seemed to have quite forgotten the use of such pieces of furniture. On Fray Augustin offering him one, and begging him, with many protestations, to be seated, that old mountain worthy looked at it, at the padre, turned it round, and at length comprehending the intention, essayed to sit. This he effected at last, and sat grinly for some moments, when seizing the chair by the back, he hurled it out of the open door, exclaiming—"Wagh! this coon aint hamshot anyhow, and don't want such fixins, he don't;" and gathering his legs under his body, reclined in the manner customary to him. There was a prodigious quantity of liquor consumed that night, the hunters making up for their many banyans; but as it was the pure juice of the grape, it had little or no effect upon their hard heads. They had not much to fear from attacks on the part of the Californians; but, to provide against all emergencies, the padre and the Gachupin were "hobbled," and confined in an inner room, to which there was no ingress nor egress save through the door which opened into the apartment where the mountaineers lay sleeping, two of the number keeping watch. A fandango with the Indian girls had been proposed by some of them, but Walker placed a decided veto on this. He said "they

had need of sleep now, for there was no knowing what to-morrow might bring forth; that they had a long journey before them, and winter was coming on; they would have to 'streak' it night and day, and sleep when their journey was over, which would not be until Pike's Peak was left behind them. It was now October, and the way they'd have to hump it back to the mountains would take the gristle off a painter's tail."

Young Ned Wooton was not to the fore when the roll was called. He was courting the Sonora wench, Juanita, and to some purpose; for we may at once observe, that the maiden accompanied the mountaineer to his distant home, and at the present moment is sharing his lodge on Hard-scrabble creek of the upper Arkansas, having been duly and legally married by Fray Augustin before their departure.

But now the snow on the ridge of the Sierra Madre, and the nightly frosts; the angular flights of geese and ducks constantly passing overhead; the sober tints of the foliage, and the dead leaves that strew the ground; the withering grass on the plain, and the cold gusts, sometimes laden with snow and sleet, that sweep from the distant snow-clad mountains; all these signs warn us to linger no longer in the tempting valley of San Fernando, but at once to pack our mules to cross the dreary and desert plains and inhospitable sierras; and to seek with our booty one of the sheltered bayous of the Rocky Mountains.

On the third day after their arrival, behold our mountaineers again upon the march, driving before them—with the assistance of half a dozen Indians, impressed for the first few days of the journey until the cavallada get accustomed to travel without confusion—a band of four hundred head of mules and horses, themselves mounted on the strongest and fleetest they could select from at least a thousand.

Fray Augustin and the Hidalgo, from the house-top, watched them depart; the former glad to get rid of such unscrupulous guests at any cost, the latter rather loth to part with his boon companions, with whom he had quaffed many a quartillo of Californian wine. Great was the grief, and violent the sobbing, when

all the girls in the Mission surrounded Juanita to bid her adieu ; as she, seated *en cavalier* on an easy pacing mule, bequeathed her late companions to the keeping of every saint in the calendar, and particularly to the great St. Ferdinand himself, under whose especial tutelage all those in the Mission were supposed to live. Pedrillo, poor forsaken Pedrillo, a sullen, sulky half-breed, was overcome, not with grief, but with anger at the slight put upon him, and vowed revenge. He of the "sangre regular," having not a particle of enmity in his heart, waved his arm—that arm with which he had mowed down the enemies of Carlos Quinto—and requested the mountaineers, if ever fate should carry them to Spain, not to fail to visit his quinta in the vega of Genil, which, with all in it, he placed at their worships' disposal—con muchísima franqueza.

Fat Fray Augustin likewise waved his arm, but groaned in spirit as he beheld the noble band of mules and horses, throwing back clouds of dust on the plain where they had been bred. One noble roan stallion seemed averse to leave his accustomed pasture, and again and again broke away from the band. Luckily old Walker had taken the precaution to secure the *bell-mare* of the herd, and mounted on her rode ahead, the animals all following their well-known leader. As the roan galloped back, the padre was in ecstasy. It was a favorite steed, and one he would have gladly ransomed at any price.

"Ya viene, ya viene !" he cried out, "now, now it's coming ! hurra for the roan !" but, under the rifle of a mountaineer, one of the Californians dashed at it, a lasso whirling round his head, and turning and twisting like a doubling hare, as the horse tried to avoid him, at last threw the open coil over the animal's head, and led him back in triumph to the band.

"Maldito sea aquel Indio—curse that Indian !" quoth the padre, and turned away.

And now our sturdy band—less one who had gone under—were fairly on their way. They passed the body of their comrade who had been killed in the fight before the Mission ; the wolves, or Indian dogs, had picked it to the bones ; but a mound near

by, surmounted by a rude cross, showed where the Californians (seven of whom were killed) had been interred—the pile of stones at the foot of the cross testifying that many an *ave Maria* had already been said by the poor Indians, to save the souls of their slaughtered companions from the pangs of purgatory. *Ruxton's Life in the Far West.*



A MEXICAN INN.



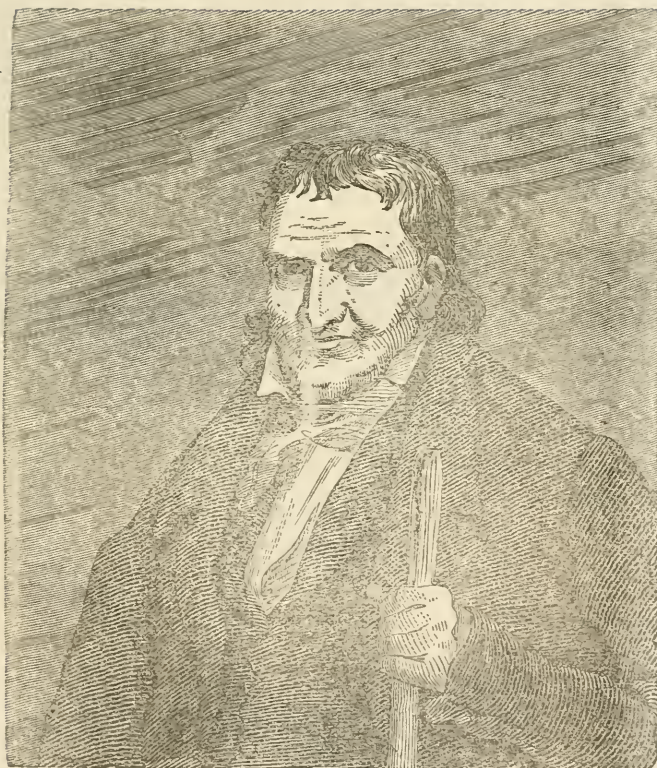
DANIEL BOONE.

The spring of 1769 rose calmly over the broad woodlands which lay immediately beyond the mountains to the west of Virginia. It was a beautiful wilderness, known as yet only to the red Indian, but abounding in game and wild fruits, and whatever can form a temptation to man seeking for a residence. At that time there lived in Yadkin valley, in North Carolina, a hardy peasant of about thirty-seven years of age, a native of the county of Somerset in England, but long naturalized to America, and now married, with a family of several children. A born hunter Daniel was, and fond of nothing but hunting—a man who preferred to roam the mountain, and sleep in a cavern, or camp by a rushing spring, to the dull farm life and the home fire-side. We say he was a born hunter; he possessed the instinct of the bee, and could go to his own dwelling in a *bee-line* from any point to which his wanderings might carry him. Fatigue, hunger, and exposure, he could bear like any Indian. Strong, but light, active as a deer, courageous, but cautious, kind, silent, thoughtful, he was the very

man to act the part of pioneer. Two years before the above date, a man named Finlay had gone afar in the land of the red man upon a mercantile expedition. Him Daniel sought out, and learned that of a truth there was a country to the north-west where buffalo swarmed like flies in summer, and where the wild turkey and the deer were scarce worth wasting powder upon. He meditated and dreamed upon it for a year, talked with his wife about it, who endeavored to drive it from his mind; and finally, tightening his belt, and putting a new edge upon his knife, he shouldered his rifle, bade his little family good-by, and, in company with five comrades, started in quest of the country of Kentucky.

Finlay led the way. For five weeks did the little band toil on and on through hill and valley, gushing stream and tangled woods, enduring all the inclemency of the elements, till at length they came to the Red river, a branch of the Kentucky. For months they hunted with success; but at length, in December, Boone and one of his companions fell into the hands of the Indians, from whom they only escaped by stratagem. On returning to their camp, they found it deserted by the rest. Determined to persevere, they remained in it, using great precautions against the hostile Indians; until Squire, a brother of Boone, joined him with another man, and entered upon the same kind of life. A few months after, by the death of one man, and the desertion of another, the two Boones were left alone; and thus they continued to be for several months, when Squire was compelled to return to the settlements for a supply of ammunition, and Daniel was left without a dog for company—the sole white man in all that vast region.

It is impossible for men who have grown up in our tame civilization to enter into the feelings of one so situated. Many hundred miles from all to whom he could look for aid; in a boundless wood, filled with subtle and cruel enemies; dependent upon his gun, yet with a scanty store of ammunition; without a comrade, or the hope of one—and still contented and cheerful, nay, very happy. Every day he changed his position; every night he slept in a different place from the one he had occupied the night before;



SIMON KENTON.

constantly in danger, he was forced to be constantly on his guard; but freedom, the love of nature, the excitement of peril, and the pleasures of the chase, appear to have repaid him for all his trials, toils, and watchfulness. One circumstance, which helps us to explain Boone's security while among the bands of roaming savages, and as we should suppose, in hourly dread of losing his life, was this: the forests of Kentucky, at that early period, were filled with a species of nettle, which, being once trodden on, retained for a long time the impression of the foot, even a turkey might with ease be tracked in it. This weed the Indians, numerous and fearless, took no pains to avoid, while the solitary hunter never touched it; it thus became to him a sure and easy means of knowing the presence, position, and numbers of his enemies, without betraying his own whereabouts. There is an anecdote of Boone, referrible to a different period, which gives a striking idea of such a stealthy life as he now led. He had approached the Licking river from the west, at the same time that another adventurer, Simon Kenton, had reached the borders of the valley from the east. Each paused to reconnoitre, before he left the covert of the woods; and each ascertained the presence of another human being in the neighborhood. Then commenced a process on the part of each for learning who the other was, without revealing himself; and such was their mutually baffling power of concealment, that forty-eight hours passed before either could satisfy himself that the other was not an Indian, and a foe!

Squire Boone returned at the end of June, (1770,) and the two brothers continued to hunt together. Meanwhile a band called the Long Hunters, led by Captain James Knox, entered the territory on the south, and spent some time in it; but Boone knew nothing of their proceedings. He and his brother remained about the vale of the Kentucky till the ensuing March, and then returned home, in order to bring more settlers, including Daniel's family.

In the autumn, Boone was passing again into Kentucky, with five families besides his own, and forty other men, when, upon the 10th of October, unlooked-for as thunder from a clear sky, a

band of Indians poured upon the rear of the little emigrant army a deadly fire. Women shrieked, children squalled, the cattle broke and ran, horses reared and plunged, the young men drew their rifles to their shoulders, and the old "treed" instantly. A few moments decided the matter: the whites were victors; but six dead men, and one badly wounded, gave them an idea of the nature of frontier life. Among the dead was Daniel's eldest son. The party retreated, and Boone spent another year in inactivity. During this time land-speculators and surveyors poured into the land of Kentucky, and roused the hostility of the Indians to a high pitch. A party of eight hundred of them were only saved from destruction by Boone's undertaking, at the request of the governor of Virginia, (the Earl of Dunmore,) to bring them off; in which duty he was perfectly successful.

The contention between the colonists and the mother country was now coming to a head; and it was in the midst of terrors, inspired by the policy of the British in employing the Indians as allies, that the colonization of Kentucky took place. James Harrod was the first to build a house in that region; this was in 1774. Then one Richard Henderson, a Carolinian, by Boone's assistance, made a treaty with the Cherokees for certain lands lying between the Kentucky and Cumberland Rivers, where it was proposed to establish a colony. The ground had still to be fought for with other tribes; but in spite of all obstacles, a fort of block-houses and cabins was planted in the summer of 1775, at Boonesborough—the pioneer working with his axe in one hand and his rifle in the other. A sort of legislative council made laws for the new settlement, which was regarded as an off-shoot from the state of Virginia.

Boone then returned to his family, which, with three others, he brought into Kentucky in September. The four women of this party—Mrs. Boone, Mrs. M'Garry, Mrs. Denton, and Mrs. Hogan—were the first of white complexion who entered the country—the "mothers of the west." The war just then breaking out, and all the horrors of Indian hostility impending, the heroism of these women deserves especial honor.



SHAWANEE CHIEF.

It soon became necessary to keep a careful watch upon the movements of the Indians. All along the border the impression gained strength that savages, instigated and backed by the British, would suddenly swoop down and lay all waste. The hated race of "cabiners," those speculators who came out to obtain a preemption right by building a cabin and planting a crop; the wretched traders who were always wandering about the frontier; the hunters, who were revelling among the countless herds of game, now for the first time seen—all began, during the winter and spring of 1776, to draw closer to the stations. And within these stations men sat round the fire with loaded rifles, and told their tales of adventure and peril with new interest, as every sound reminded them how near their deadly enemies might be. And from hour to hour scouts came in with rumors of natives seen here and there; and parties of the bold rangers tightened their belts, and left the protection of their forts, to learn the truth of these alarms. But there was one who sat at such times silent, and seemingly unheeding, darning his hunting-shirt, or mending his leggins, or preparing his rifle-balls for use; and yet to him all eyes often turned. Two or three together, the other hunters started by day-light to reconnoitre; silently he sat working until nightfall. Then noiselessly he went: none saw him go. But when they observed him gone, they would say, "Now we shall know something sure, for old Daniel's on the track." And when, by and bye, some one yet wakeful saw the shadow of Boone, as he reëntered the cabin, he found, as usual, that the solitary scout had learned all that was to be known, and the watchful slept in peace.

In July the storm broke upon the poor colonists, most of whom fled before the wrath of the Shawanese and Cherokees, leaving only a few determined little bands in the forts. It was a terrible time; yet Daniel Boone was never dismayed. One day his daughter and two other young girls were amusing themselves in a skiff on the Kentucky, while several of the male settlers looked on. Suddenly they felt the boat taking a direction for the opposite shore. A lurking Indian had swam in, and caught hold of

it, and the poor children quickly found themselves prisoners amongst a band who had posted themselves in a little thicket close to the river. The settlers heard their scream as they were caught and hurried off. It was some time before Boone, and a little party of friends, could cross to commence a pursuit, so that the Indians got the start for several miles. At daybreak he recovered their trail, but soon lost it again in a thick wood, to penetrate which would have sadly impeded him. Life and death, freedom or captivity, hung upon the right use of every moment. Boone was not long at a loss; turning southward with his companions, so as to leave the track upon his left, having carefully observed its general direction, and feeling sure that the captors would take their prisoners to the Indian towns upon either the Scioto or Miami, he boldly struck forward, and travelled with all speed thirty miles or more; then turning at right angles towards the north, he looked narrowly for marks of the passage of the marauders. It was a bold and keen device, and the event proved it a sagacious one; for, after going a few miles they came upon the Indian trail in one of the great buffalo paths. Inspired with new hope and strength, the whites pushed forward quickly, but quietly, and on the alert, lest unexpectedly they might come upon the red men. And well was it that they used great caution; for when, after going ten miles, they at length caught sight of the natives as they were leisurely, and half-stripped, preparing their dinner, the quick-eyed sons of the forest saw them as soon as they were themselves discovered. Boone had feared that, if their approach was known, the girls would be killed instantly, and he was prepared for instant action. So soon, therefore, as the savages were seen, he and his companions fired, and then the whole body rushed forward so suddenly, as to cause their opponents to take to their heels, without waiting for scalps, guns, knives, moccasins, or blankets; and the three terrified girls were recovered unhurt.

For two years the gallant Kentuckians maintained their posts amidst incredible hardships and dangers. It became difficult to supply themselves with food, as there was hardly any safety for



CAPTURE OF DANIEL BOONE.

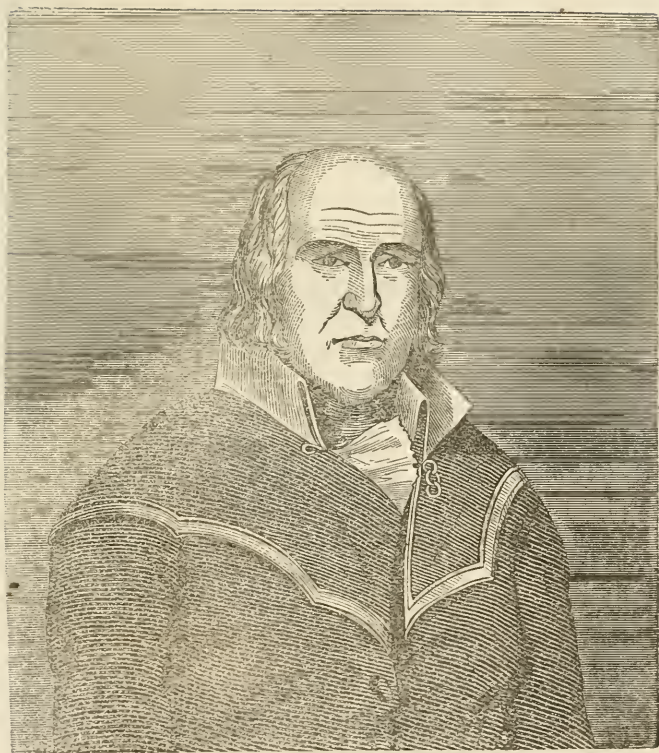
cattle; and in hunting, men were frequently cut off by the prowling enemy. One day, as the women of Logan's fort were milking the cows, attended by a guard of men, the Indians made a sudden attack, and killed several persons. Such incidents were very harassing. The commander of this fort, after being beleaguered by the savages for some weeks, found himself running short of powder and shot, so that unless relief should come soon, it seemed inevitable that they should have to surrender. The required ammunition could only be got two hundred miles off, across a wild and mountainous country. Yet he resolved to make the attempt; and he succeeded. Over mountain and vale, through tangled wood and brake, this man sped his way with two companions, and on the tenth day he was once more within the fort. It is pleasant to know that the party was thus able to hold out till relieved.

At the beginning of 1778 there were but three stations left, containing in all a hundred and ten men; but the Indians had been baffled, and forced to retire behind the Ohio; so that a small breathing-time was afforded to the settlers. At this time Boone was compelled to go, with thirty men, to the Blue Licks, in order to prepare salt for the use of his people. He had succeeded so far in his object, when a band of Indians fell upon him as he was hunting singly in the woods. He fled, but was soon overtaken, and made prisoner. His companions, obeying gestures made by him at a distance, surrendered, and the whole party was then marched off to a British post, where several officers interceded for the ransom of Boone, but without success, for the chief had taken a fancy to him, and determined to make him one of themselves. Boone was actually obliged, for some months, to act the part of a Shawanese Indian, and to affect a reconciliation to their habits. He was made a son in some family, and caressed by father and mother, brothers and sisters, till he was thoroughly sick of them. Yet, to appearance, he was cheerful and happy. He took his part in their games and romps; shot as near the centre of the target as a good hunter ought to do, and yet left the savage marksmen a chance to excel him; and smiled, in his quiet eye, when he witnessed their joy at having done better than the best of the

Long Knives. He grew into favor with the chief, was trusted, treated with respect, and listened to with attention. After some months of captivity, he was called upon to accompany a salt-making party to Chillicothe; there he saw a body of 450 painted warriors, whom he guessed to be on their way to Boonesborough, to make final work of it. Could he do nothing to save his family and friends? It was 160 miles of wild country to Boonesborough, and not a friend by the way. Yet it was necessary he should try. So, on the morning of the 16th of June, he stole away without any breakfast, leaving an Indian father and mother inconsolable for his loss. Over hill and valley he sped, for four successive days, forty miles a day, eating but one meal all the way. Such power there is in the human frame of withstanding all fatigue and hunger when the soul is alive and strong within us.

He reached Boonesborough—and where was his wife? Why did she not rush to meet him? “Bless your soul,” said his old companions, as they hailed him like one risen from the dead, and shook his hand till it tingled, “she put into the settlements long ago; she thought you was dead, Daniel, and packed up, and was off to Carolina, to the old man’s.” There was no time for regrets, for the Indians were expected. Days, however, passed without showing them; and it was then ascertained that they were brought to a stand by his flight, believing that he must have given warning of their approach. Some weeks after, learning that the country was clear of the Indians, he started with a party of nineteen for the town on Paint Creek, intending probably to make some kind of reprisals. But this had nearly proved a fatal step, for, by the way, he suddenly popped upon an Indian party going in the contrary direction. Judging from this circumstance that a larger body must be on its way to attack the settlements, he immediately turned back; and it was well he did so just then, as he only got back a day before the Indians and British appeared in strength at Boonesborough.

It was on the 8th of August that, with British and French flags flying, the dusky army gathered round the little fortress of logs, defended by its inconsiderable garrison. Captain Du-



GEORGE ROGERS CLARKE.

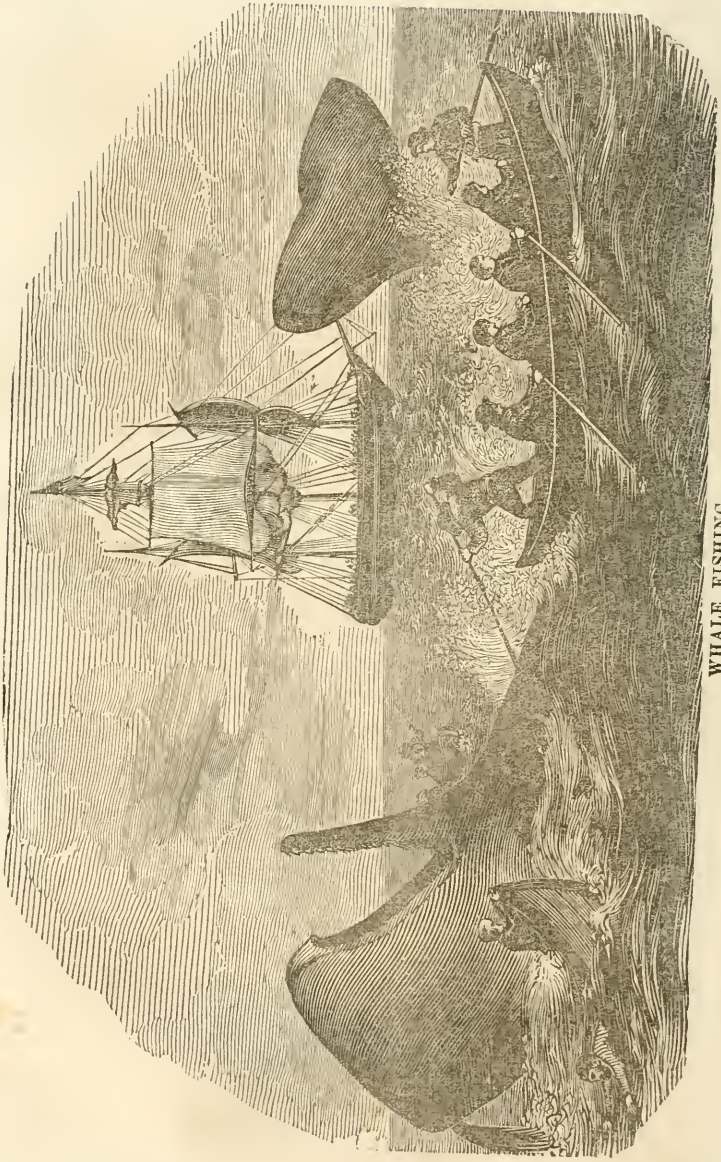
quesne, on behalf of his majesty King George III., summoned Captain Boone to surrender. It was, as Daniel had acknowledged in his journal, a critical period for him and his friends. Should they yield, what mercy could they look for? and he especially, after his unkind flight from his Shawanese parents? Should they refuse to yield, what hope of successful resistance? And they had so much need of all their cattle to aid them in sustaining a siege, and yet their cows were abroad in the woods. Daniel pondered the matter, and concluded it would be safe, at any rate, to ask two days for consideration. It was granted, and he drove in his cows! The evening of the 9th soon arrived, however, and he must say one thing or another; so he politely thanked the representative of his gracious majesty for giving the garrison time to prepare for their defence, and announced their determination to fight. The British officers professed so much apparently sincere regret for this resolution, that Daniel was induced, after all, to come to a negotiation. It was to take place immediately beyond the walls of the fort, between nine of the garrison and a party of the enemy. To guard against treachery, the sharpest shooters stood upon the walls, ready to defend their friends. The treaty was made and signed; and then the Indians, saying it was their custom for two of them to shake hands with every white man when a treaty was made, expressed a wish to press the palms of their new allies. Boone and his comrades must have looked rather queer at this proposal; but it seemed safer to accede than to refuse; so they presented each his hand. As anticipated, the warriors seized them with rough and fierce eagerness; the whites drew back struggling; the treachery was apparent. The rifle-balls from the garrison struck down the foremost of the assailants of the little band; and, amid a fire from friends and foes, Boone and his fellow-deputies bounded back into the station, with the exception of one, unhurt.

The treaty-trick having thus failed, Captain Duquesne had to look to more ordinary modes of warfare; and opened a fire, which lasted ten days; though to no purpose, for the woodsmen were determined not to yield. On the 20th of August the In-

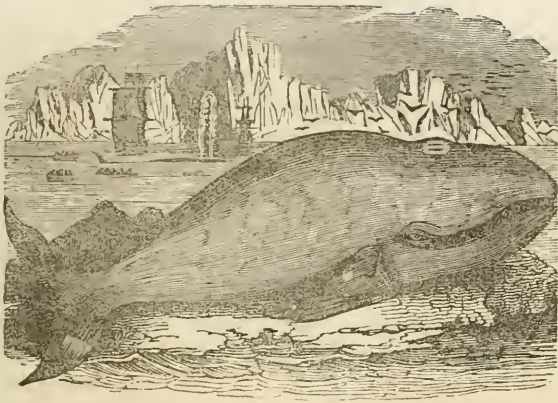
dians were forced unwillingly to retire, having lost thirty-seven of their number, and wasted a vast amount of powder and lead. The garrison picked up from the ground, after their departure, one hundred and twenty-five pounds of their bullets.

It was amidst such scenes that the foundation of the state of Kentucky was laid, by a mere handful of rough, but high-spirited men. The year '78 was the crisis of its fate. But for the stand then made, it would probably have been no part of the American Union. Animated by the reports of the courage of the first settlers, multitudes now poured in, and soon placed it beyond all danger. In the ensuing events, the conspicuous man was George Rogers Clark, who took the British governor, Hamilton, prisoner at Vincennes. It is undoubted, however, that the real hero of the settlement was he who had first entered upon it, and who had stood by it through all its earliest and worst struggles—Daniel Boone. This remarkable man closed his career in 1818, having lived to see Kentucky one of the most flourishing and populous states of the Union.





WHALE FISHING.



WHALING ADVENTURES.

The American spirit has found no more brilliant fields for the display of hardihood and enterprise than whaling affords. The dangers to be encountered in the pursuit are recommendations rather than objections in the eyes of the bold and persevering seamen of New England. Long ago were the deeds of these men eulogized in one of the glorious speeches of Edmund Burke, which all must have read and admired; and since the period when they called forth such praise, there has been no falling off in the character, while there has been a great increase in the extent of their exploits. New Bedford, Nantucket, New London, and Sag Harbor yearly send forth many ships for the prosecution of this profitable business.

At those ports strange scenes occur, belonging exclusively to America. There the Yankee tar may be seen in his full perfection; with long and wiry limbs, hard features, keen eyes, nasal voice, and yarns that stretch to the "crack of doom." The Pacific is the destination of most of the vessels that sail from the New England ports. But many go to search for the valuable Greenland whale in the North Atlantic. The voyages frequently last three or four years—a long time for men to be absent from

their native land, and from their families and friends. Yet the number of persons engaged in the fishery shows that it possesses charms other than those of pecuniary profit. Its very perils—and they are numerous—cause many to join in it. They seek adventure as they seek food, and to be without some daring and difficult exploit or “hair-breadth ’scape,” which may form the burden of a brag, is to them a sore deprivation.

The whale is the largest of all known animals. Three varieties are distinguished; the Greenland, called by the sailors the right whale, as being most highly prized by them; the great northern rorqual, called by fishers the razor-back; or finner, and the cachalot, or spermaceti whale. The common whale measures from sixty to seventy feet in length; the mouth when open, is large enough to admit a ship’s jolly boat, with all her men in it. It contains no teeth; and enormous as the creature is, the opening to the throat is very narrow, not more than one inch and a half across in the largest whale. The food of the whale consists of shrimps, small fishes, sea-snails and innumerable minute creatures, called medusæ, which are found in those seas where the whales feed, in such vast quantities that they make the water of a deep green or olive color. In swallowing these, the whale takes in a great quantity of water, which passes back through the nostrils, and is collected in a bag, placed at the external orifice of the cavity of the nose, whence it is expelled by the pressure of powerful muscles through a very narrow opening in the top of the head. In this way, it spouts the water in beautiful jets from twenty to thirty feet in height. But enough information concerning the whale, the whale fishery, and the American whale-fishermen will be found in the following interesting narratives, to enable us to dispense with further description.

No finer ship than the Essex ever sailed upon a whaling voyage. She belonged to Nantucket, in whose harbor many a noble craft finds anchorage. But the Essex was considered a stouter ship and a better sailer than any of her neighbors. She rode the waves as if a favorite of the winds. Her Captain, George Pollard, was a fine specimen of the New England tar. His voyages

had been many, and his experience was such as to entitle him to be called "an old salt." Firm, determined, skilful, ready witted and good-humored, he was equally desirable as a commander or a companion. No one who had sailed under him had just cause to complain of his severity, while most loved him as if he were a provident father. Captain Pollard had a wife and daughter at Nantucket, who mourned his absence during his long and distant voyages; and he had more than once resolved to abandon his sea life and seek some other means of procuring comfort and independence for his family. Yet the resolution was not performed. However, it was understood, that the captain was about to make his last voyage.

In August, 1819, the *Essex* was prepared for sea. Her whaling equipment was renewed, and a plentiful stock of provisions was shipped. Her crew consisted of 21 men, fourteen of whom were whites, mostly belonging to Nantucket; the remainder were blacks. She was destined for the Pacific. Every thing being ready, Captain Pollard bade his weeping wife and daughter an affectionate farewell, brushed the tear from his manly cheek, stepped aboard of his vessel—his kingdom, and ordered his men to weigh anchor. As the vessel was moving out, a violent storm arose, and she was forced to put back. The Yankee sailors are not very superstitious, but they have their notions of signs and omens, and such an incident was not regarded as favorable. But the storm soon passed, and once more the *Essex* set her bow seaward. As the houses of Nantucket were lessening in the distance, and as the town assumed the appearance of a black line upon the waves, Captain Pollard and the first mate, Owen Chase, stood upon the deck in conversation. Owen, a long and hungry-looking creature, as hard as the granite of his native New Hampshire, had observed the captain wearing an unusually solemn countenance, and as he gazed intently at his fading home, biting his lip to suppress his emotion.

"Nantucket 'll soon be jest any where but in sight, Cap'n. It 'll be a short spell afore we get it within range again," said the mate, prying indirectly at the Captain's thoughts and feelings.

“Yes, Chase, a long time will elapse before we’ll touch home again. Confound it! I don’t know what has come over me. I never felt so streaked and down in the mouth on leaving land before.”

“Better take a glass of grog, Cap’n. Perhaps your stomach’s out of order, and that makes you feel queerish,” said the mate.

“Well, that may be the case,” replied Pollard, unwilling to let the mate into the real state of affairs. “That may be the case. You must come and take a glass with me. But, I say, did you ever take to mind what an unfortunate name for a vessel, this Essex is? I don’t think there ever was a lucky vessel that bore it.”

“Wull, now I come to think, there have been several vessels that have been christened so, that have gone down. Some names seem to have a hard fate always tied to them. But this is a noble ship, and arter all’s said and done, there’s no rule on the subject.”

“Just so,” said the Captain, whatever he thought, and the two descended to his cabin. We pass over the monotonous days of the voyage which ensued. That monotony was unbroken until the Essex arrived at the whaling ground. The sailors laughed and joked, and spun yarns, and wormed themselves into each other’s secrets; and then, becoming tired, longed for new faces and new scenes. In November of the next year, in latitude $0^{\circ} 40' S.$, longitude $119^{\circ} W.$, the crew had the gratification of discovering a school of whales. The boats were instantly manned; they were always equipped with lines, harpoons, &c., and prepared for service. The Captain commanded in one boat; the first mate and the second mate controlled the movements of the other two.

The experienced eye of the first mate soon detected a young whale beside its dam. The whale shows great affection for her young, which is called the calf. The fishermen well know this, and turn it to their own account. They try to strike the young with the strong barbed harpoon, and if they do this they are al-

ture of securing the mother also, as nothing will induce her to leave it. Boswell caused his men to row towards the calf, which was about half the size of its monstrous mother; and when within about fifty feet of it, he struck the harpoon into its back, forwards, towards the fins. The first effort of the stricken fish was to escape from the boat by sinking, its mother remaining alongside of it. Down—down it went, taking the line with it at such a rapid rate, that the side of the boat was several times on fire from the friction. But the fish cannot remain long under water; it was forced to rise in about a quarter of an hour, and by that time, the other two boats were in the vicinity. The mother rose about the same time, and expressed her sympathy with the convulsive throes of her calf, by striking the water with her fins and tail with such tremendous force, that the sea was covered with foam, and the boats were in great danger of being destroyed. In these circumstances, Pollard and his men displayed great presence of mind and daring courage. Three or four more harpoons were thrown at the calf, lances pierced its vitals; it spouted streams of blood, and at length lay dead upon the water. The mother now displayed her affection by swimming around it, rolling over with it, and furiously striking around with her tail. She made no attempt to escape, though the fatal harpoon was thrown into her body; and after receiving many wounds from the persevering foe, she died beside her offspring. The sea around was dyed with blood, and covered with foam. The death of the game, which was made evident by their lying still, and upon their sides, was welcomed with loud hurrahs and striking of flags. Every boat fast to a living whale carries a flag, and the ship to which such boat belongs also wears a flag until the whale is either killed or makes its escape. These signals serve to indicate to surrounding ships the exclusive title of the “fast ship,” to the entangled whale, and to prevent their interference, except in the way of assistance in the capture.

Both these whales were secured within forty minutes from the time of the throwing of the first harpoon. The average length of time consumed in the capture of a whale may be stated

at an hour. But active and skillful fishermen, under favorable circumstances will often secure their prey within one-half that time.

Our triumphant hunters of the sea had now to perform the more laborious, though less dangerous part of their work. Two holes were pierced in the tail of each, and a rope passed several times through them was fastened to the bows of the boats of the Captain and first mate. The difficult operation of freeing the whales from the entanglement of the lines was then attempted. As the whales lay on their sides, the lines and harpoons were far under water. As they hung obliquely they were hooked up with a grapnel, though not without considerable exertion, and cut. While this was in progress, the men of the second mate's boat employed themselves in fastening their boat to the bow of the first mate's to aid in towing the large whale towards the ship. Signals being made, the ship steered for the boats.

The fish being towed to the vessel, were taken to the larboard side and arranged for flensing, as the operation of securing the whalebone and blubber is called. The following account of the arrangement and performance may not be uninteresting.

“Towards the stern of the ship, the head of the fish is directed, and the tail, which is first cut off, sent abreast of the fore chains. The smallest or posterior part of the whale's body, where the tail is united, is called the rump, and the extremity or anterior part of the head is drawn in an opposite direction by means of the nose tackles. Hence, the body of the fish is forcibly extended. The right-side fin, being next the ship is lashed upwards towards the gunnel. A band of blubber, two or three feet in width, encircling a fish's body, and lying between the fins and the head, being the fat of the neck, or what corresponds to the neck in other animals, is called the *kent*, because by means of it the fish is turned over or *kented*. In the commencement of this band of fat or kent is fixed the lower extremity of a combination of powerful blocks, called the *kent purchase*. Its upper extremity is fixed round the head of the main mast, and its *fall* or rope is applied to the windlass, drawn tight, and the upper surface of the

fish rising several inches above the water. The enormous weight of a whale prevents the possibility of raising it more than one fourth, or one fifth part out of the water, except, indeed, when it has been some days dead, in which case it swells in consequence of air generated by putrefaction, until one third of its bulk appears above the surface; the fish then lying belly upwards, extended and well secured, is ready for the operation of flensing.

“After the whale is properly secured along side of the ship, the harpooners, having their feet armed with spurs, to prevent them from slipping, descend upon the fish. Two boats, each of which is under the guidance of one or two boys, attend upon them, and serve to hold all their knives, and other apparatus. Thus provided, the harpooners, directed by the specksioner,* divide the fat into oblong pieces, or ‘slips,’ by means of ‘blubber spades’ and ‘blubber knives;’ then affixing a ‘speck-tackle’ to each slip, flay it progressively off, as it is drawn upwards. The speck-tackles, which are two or three in number, are rendered effective by capstern winches, or other mechanical powers. The flensers commence with the belly and under jaw, being the only part then above water. The blubber, in pieces of half a ton each, is received on deck, and divided into portable, cubical, or oblong pieces, containing near a solid foot of fat, and passed down between decks, when it is packed in a receptacle provided for it in the hold, or other suitable place, called the flens-gut, where it remains until further convenience.

“All the fat being taken away from the belly, and the right fin removed, the fish is then turned round on its side by means of the kent, which, by the power of the windlass, readily performs this office. The upper surface of fat is again removed, together with the left fin, and after a second kenting, one of the ‘lips’ is taken away, by which the whalebone of one side of the head, now lying nearly horizontal, is exposed. The fish being a little further turned, the whalebone of the left side is dislodged by the

* The name of this officer was introduced by the Dutch, and is derived from the word *speck*, which, in their language, is applied to the fat of the whale, as well as to that of other animals.

use of "bone hand-spikes," "bone knives," and "bone spades." These constitute what are called "bone geer," and are used, with the assistance of speck-tackles, for taking up the whalebone in one mass. On its arrival on deck it is split with bone wedges into 'junks,' containing five to ten blades each, and stowed away. A further kenting brings the fish's back upward, and the next exposes the second side of bone. As the fish is turned round, every part of the blubber becomes successively uppermost, and is removed. At length, when the whole of the blubber, whalebone, and jaw bones have been taken on board, the kent, which now appears a slip of perhaps 30 feet in length, is also separated, together with the rump rope, and nose tackle, on which the carcass, being at liberty, generally sinks in the water and disappears.

"When sharks are present, they generally help themselves very plentifully during the progress of the flensing; but they often pay for their temerity with their lives. Fulmars pay close attendance in immense numbers. They seize the fragments occasionally disengaged by the knife, while they are swimming in the water; but most of the other gulls, who attend on the occasion, take their share on the wing. The burgomaster is decidedly master of the feast. Hence every bird is obliged to relinquish the most delicious morsel, when the burgomaster descends to claim it.

"When despatch is seconded by ability, the operation of flensing can be performed on a whale, affording 20 or 30 tons of blubber, in the space of three or four hours. Flensing in a swell is a most difficult and dangerous undertaking, and when the swell is considerable, it is commonly impracticable. No ropes or bleeks are capable of bearing the jerk of the sea. The harpooners are annoyed by the surge, and repeatedly drenched in water, and are likewise subject to be wounded by the breaking of ropes, or hooks, or tackles, and even by strokes from each other's knives. Hence, accidents in this kind of flensing are not uncommon. The harpooners not unfrequently fall into the fish's mouth, when it is

exposed by the removal of a surface of blubber; where they might easily be drowned, but for prompt assistance."

Our fishermen performed the flensing process with much good humor and activity. The kreng, or carcass of the large whale was out adrift, and the flensing of the young one was completed, when a terrible accident occurred. |

Chase stood on one of the jaw bones of the fish, with a boat by his side. In this situation, while he was in the act of cutting the kreng adrift, a boy inadvertently stuck the point of the boat-hook, by which he usually held the boat, through the ring of Chase's spur, and in the same act seized the jaw bone of the fish with the hook of the same instrument. Before this was discovered the kreng was set at liberty, and began instantly to sink. The mate then threw himself towards the boat, but being firmly entangled by the foot, he fell into the water. Providentially he caught the gunwale of the boat with both hands; but overpowered by the force of the sinking kreng, he was on the point of relinquishing his grasp, when some of his companions got hold of his hands while others threw a rope round his body. The carcass of the fish was now suspended entirely by his body, which was consequently so dreadfully extended, that there was some danger of his being drawn asunder. But such was his terror of being taken under water, that notwithstanding the excruciating pain he suffered, he constantly cried to his companions to "haul away the rope." He remained in this dreadful state until means were adapted for hooking the kreng with a grapnel, and drawing it back to the surface of the water.

Chase was not much injured by the immense strain which he had endured. He received the congratulations of his companions upon his escape. Pollard expressed the opinion that he was worth a dozen men yet.

The crew now set about "making off," the finishing process of the fishery. While the line-managers and a few others were engaged in clearing out the hold, the rest of the crew on deck arranged all the variety of apparatus used for the preparation of the blubber before it is put into the casks. The "krengers"

cleared it of the muscular and sinewy parts: the "skimmers" removed the skin; the "choppers" cut the blubber into oblong pieces, not exceeding four inches in diameter, and the men in the hold, packed it in casks, which were arranged in tiers.

In the meantime, a good look out was kept from the "crow's nest" in the maintop, for more game. So far the Essex had been fortunate, and the gloom had passed from her captain's mind. A good lot of blubber was in the hold, and much profit was promised. But a few days after, misfortune began to assert her sway. The look-out gave the signal of a school of whales being in sight. In pursuing them, the mate's boat was stove, and he was forced to return to the ship to repair damages. The captain and second mate were left with their boats pursuing the whale.

During this interval, the mate discovered a large spermaceti whale near the ship, but not suspecting the approach of any danger, since, as a general thing, these monsters of the deep are very timid, it gave him no alarm until he saw the whale coming with full speed towards the vessel. In a moment, the crew was astonished by a tremendous crash. The whale had struck the ship a little in front of the fore-chains. It was some minutes before the men recovered from their panic so far as to examine whether any damage had been sustained. They then tried their pumps and found that their ship was sinking. A signal was immediately set for the boats. The whale now appeared again making for the ship. Coming with astonishing swiftness, and with the water foaming around him, he struck the vessel a second blow, which nearly stove in her bows. There was now no hope of saving the ship, and the only course to be pursued, was to be prepared to leave her with all possible haste. The crew collected a few things, hove them into the boat and shoved off. The Essex immediately fell upon one side and sunk to the water's edge. When the other two boats arrived, such was their consternation that for some time, not a word was spoken. The captain was the first to speak the words of hope, and promising his men safety would reward their determined efforts, he succeeded in

getting them to work. They remained by the wreck two or three days, in which time they cut away the masts, which caused her to right a little. Holes were then cut in the deck, through which the crew obtained about 600 pounds of bread, as much water as they could take, and other articles which were likely to be of use to them. They then bade the sinking Essex farewell.

The prospects of Captain Pollard and his men were as appalling as can well be imagined. The nearest land was about 1000 miles to the windward of them. They were in open boats which were also weak and leaky, with a very small pittance of bread and water for the support of so many men during the time they must be at sea. Sails had been prepared for the boats before leaving the ship, which proved of material benefit. Steering southerly by the wind, they hoped to fall in with some ship, but days passed and no ship appeared. After being in the boat 28 days, experiencing much suffering from gales, want of water, and scant provisions, they reached Duncie's island, latitude $24^{\circ} 40'$ S. longitude $124^{\circ} 40'$ W., where they were doomed to be disappointed, in not finding enough food for so large a company. The boats were hauled on shore and repaired. Fortunately, a spring of fresh water was discovered flowing out of a rock, at about half ebb of the tide, from which the crew filled their kegs. Three of the men chose to stay on the island, and take their chance for some vessel to take them off.

Leaving this island, Pollard ordered the boats to be steered for Easter Island; but they passed it far to the leeward. They then steered for Juan Fernandez, which was about 2500 miles east by southeast of them. The death of Joy, the second mate, a man of rather weak constitution, was a severe stroke, and exciting terrible forebodings in the minds of all. His body was launched into the deep. Soon after, the mate's boat parted from the other two, and did not fall in with them afterwards.

The situation of the mate and his crew, became daily more distressing. The weather was mostly calm, the sun scorching. They were growing weaker and weaker for want of food, and yet such was their distance from land, that they were obliged to lea-

sen their allowance nearly one-half. On the 20th of January, a black man died. Eight days after, the crew found that their allowance, only one and a half ounces of bread per day to a man would be exhausted in fourteen days; and that this allowance was not enough to sustain life. They therefore determined to extend the indulgence and take the consequences, whether life or death. On the 8th of February, another of the crew died. From this time to the 17th, their sufferings were extreme. The look of despair had settled upon every face.

On the morning of that day, they were aroused from their lethargy by the cheering cry of the steersman, "there's a sail!" The boat was soon deserted by the vessel, the brig Indian, Captain Grosier, of London, which took them on board. They were treated by the humane captain with all the care and tenderness that their weak condition required. They were taken to Valparaiso. The other boats made what progress the weak condition of the men would permit, towards the island of Juan Fernandez; but contrary winds and calm weather, together with the extreme debility of the crew, prevented their making much headway. On the 29th of January, the second mate's boat parted from the Captain's in the night, at which time, their provisions were totally exhausted. The crew of that boat were never heard from afterwards. Captain Pollard and Charles Ramsdell, the only survivors in the Captain's boat, were taken up on the 23rd of February, 1821, by the ship Dauphin, of Nantucket, Captain Zimri Coffin. They were both nearly exhausted, though men of iron frames. The three men left on Duncie's Island were taken off after they had endured extreme misery. Captain Pollard reached his home at Nantucket in safety, and had the great happiness of once more meeting his wife and daughter, and recounting the sufferings of his men and himself, by his own fireside. That unfortunate voyage was his last. He had saved sufficient to secure his family the comforts of life, and the profits which he derived from his interest in other whaling vessels added to that sum, made him independent. His old mate, Owen Chase, continued to follow the sea. When told of

its dangers, he replied philosophically, "Well, there 's danger everywhere, and there 's a heaven above us all."

There are only two cases on record of the whale attacking a ship. One is included in the above narrative, and the other, of more recent occurrence, is thus narrated in a late number of the *Panama Herald* :—

"The ship *Ann Alexander*, Captain S. Deblois, sailed from New Bedford, Mass., June 1st, 1850, for a cruise in the South Pacific for sperm whale. Having taken about five hundred barrels of oil in the Atlantic, the ship proceeded on her voyage to the Pacific. Nothing of unusual interest occurred until when passing Cape Horn, one of the men, named Jackson Walker, of Newport, N. H., was lost overboard in a storm. Reaching the Pacific, she came up the coast and stopped at Valdivio, Coast of Chili, for fresh provisions, and on the 31st of March last, she called at Paita, for the purpose of shipping a man. The vessel proceeded on her voyage to the South Pacific.

"On the 20th of August last, she reached what is well known to all whalers as the Off-Shore-Ground, in lat. $5^{\circ} 50'$ South, lon. 102° West. In the morning of that day, at about 9 o'clock, whales were discovered in the neighborhood and about noon, the same day, they succeeded in making fast to one. Two boats had gone after the whales—the larboard and starboard, the former commanded by the first mate, and the latter by Captain Deblois. The whale which they had struck, was harpooned by the larboard boat. After running some time, the whale turned upon the boat and rushing at it with tremendous violence, lifted open its enormous jaws, and taking the boat in, actually crushed it into fragments as small as a common-sized chair! Captain Deblois immediately pulled for the scene of the disaster with the starboard boat, and succeeded against all expectations, in rescuing the whole of the crew of the boat—nine in number.

"There were now eighteen men in the starboard boat, consisting of the captain, the first mate, and the crews of both boats. The frightful disaster had been witnessed from the ship, and the waist-boat was called into readiness, and sent to their relief.

The distance from the ship was about six miles. As soon as the waist-boat arrived, the crews were divided, and it was determined to pursue the same whale, and make another attack upon him. Accordingly they separated and proceeded at some distance from each other, as is usual on such occasions, after the whale. In a short time they came up to him and prepared to give him battle. The waist-boat, commanded by the first mate, was in advance. As soon as the whale perceived the demonstration being made upon him, he turned his course suddenly, and making a tremendous dash at this boat, seized it with his wide-spread jaws, and crushed it into atoms, allowing the men barely time to escape his vengeance, by throwing themselves into the ocean.

“Captain Deblois again seeing the perilous condition of his men, at the risk of meeting the same fate, directed his boat to hasten to their rescue, and in a short time succeeded in saving them all from a death little less horrible than that from which they had twice so narrowly escaped. He then ordered the boat to put for the ship as speedily as possible; and no sooner had the order been given than they discovered the monster of the deep making towards them with his jaws widely extended. Fortunately the monster came up and passed them at a short distance. The boat then made her way to the ship and they all got on board in safety.

“After reaching the ship a boat was despatched for the oars of the demolished boats, and it was determined to pursue the whale with the ship. As soon as the boat returned with the oars, sail was set, and the ship proceeded after the whale. In a short time she overtook him, and a lance was thrown into his head. The ship passed on by him, and immediately after they discovered that the whale was making for the ship. As he came up near her, they hauled to the wind, and suffered the monster to pass her. After he had fairly passed they kept off to overtake and attack him again. When the ship had reached within about fifty rods of him, they discovered that the whale had settled down deep below the surface of the water, and as it was near sundown, they concluded to give up the pursuit.

“Captain Deblois was at this time standing in the night-heads on the larboard bow, with croft in hand, ready to strike the monster a deadly blow should he appear, the ship moving about five knots; when working on the side of the ship, he discovered the whale rushing towards her at the rate of fifteen knots! *In an instant, the monster struck the ship with tremendous violence, shaking her from stem to stern!* She quivered under the violence of the shock, as if she had struck upon a rock! Captain Deblois immediately descended into the fore-castle, and there, to his horror, discovered that the monster had struck the ship about two feet from the keel, abreast the foremast, knocking a great hole entirely through her bottom, through which the water roared and rushed impetuously! Springing to the deck, he ordered the mate to cut away the anchors and get the cables overboard, to keep the ship from sinking, as he had a large quantity of pig iron on board. In doing this, the mate succeeded in relieving only one anchor and cable clear, the other having been fastened around the foremast. The ship was then sinking rapidly. The Captain went to the cabin, where he found three feet of water; he however, succeeded in procuring a chronometer, sextant and chart. Reaching the decks, he ordered the boats to be cleared away, and to get water and provisions, as the ship was keeling over. He again descended to the cabin, but the water was rushing in so rapidly that he could procure nothing. He came upon deck, ordered all hands into the boats, and was the last himself to leave the ship, which he did, by throwing himself into the sea and swimming to the nearest boat! The ship was on her beam-ends, her top-gallant yards under water. They then pushed off some distance from the ship, expecting her to sink in a very short time. Upon an examination of the stores they had been able to save, he discovered that they had only twelve quarts of water, and not a mouthful of provisions of any kind! The boats contained eleven men each, were leaky, and night coming on; they were obliged to bail them all night to keep them from sinking.

“Next day, at daylight, they returned to the ship, no one dar-

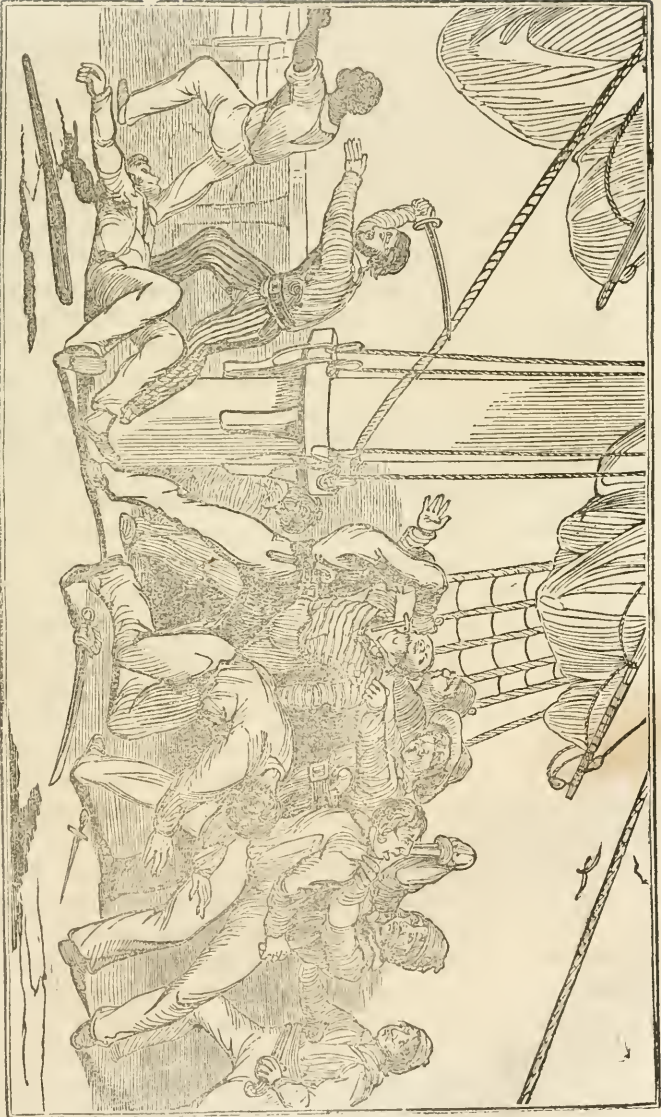
ing to venture on board but the captain, their intention being to cut away the masts, and fearful that the moment that the masts were cut away the ship would go down. With a single hatchet, the Captain went on board, cut away the mast, when the ship righted. The boats then came up, and the men, by the sole aid of spades, cut away the chain cable from around the foremast, which got the ship nearly on her keel. The men then tied ropes round their bodies, got into the sea, and cut a hole into the decks to get out provisions. They could procure nothing but about five gallons of vinegar and twenty pounds of wet bread. The ship threatened to sink, and they deemed it imprudent to remain by her longer, so they set sail in their boats and left her.

“On the 22nd of August, at about five o’clock, P. M., they had the indescribable joy of discerning a ship in the distance. They made signal and were soon answered, and in a short time they were reached by the good ship Nantucket, Mass., Captain Gibbs, who took them all on board, clothed and fed them, and extended to them in every way the greatest possible hospitality.

“On the succeeding day Captain Gibbs went to the wreck of the ill-fated Ann Alexander, for the purpose of trying to procure something from her, but as the sea was rough, and the attempt considered dangerous, he abandoned the project. The Nantucket then set sail for Paita, where she arrived on the 15th of September, and where she landed Captain Deblois and his men. Captain Deblois was kindly and hospitably received, and entertained at Paita by Captain Bathurst, an English gentleman residing there, and subsequently took passage on board the schooner Providence, Captain Starbuck, for this port, arriving here on Sunday last, the 12th instant.

“At Paita, Captain Deblois entered his protest at the U. S. Consulate, which was authenticated by the following officers and seamen, on board at the time of the disaster; the two officers and the rest of the crew having shipped on board other vessels: Joseph K. Green, first mate; James Smith, third do.; John Morgan, carpenter; James Riley, cooper; James McRoberts, John

THE MUTINY.



Smith, William Smith, Henry Reid, and Charles F. Booth, seamen."

"The whaling ship Sharon of Fairhaven, having been some time cruising for whales in the vicinity of the Caroline Islands, put in at Ascension, the 15th of October, 1842, for wood, water and recruits. The requisite supplies being obtained, preparations were made to proceed upon the voyage, when eleven of the crew deserted, and being secured and protected on shore, all efforts to retake them were fruitless. The ship sailed again on the 27th October, with a crew of seventeen men, all told, four of whom were natives of King's Mill Groupe, and two of other islands in the South Sea. The intention was to touch at Bay of Islands or Port Jackson, to make up the complement of men.

"On Sunday, Nov. 6th, lat. $2^{\circ} 20' N.$, lon. $162^{\circ} E.$, whales were raised, and both boats lowered in chase, leaving Captain Norris, a Portuguese boy, named Manuel Jose des Reis, who acted as steward, and three of the King's Mill Islanders, on board. The boats soon succeeded in capturing a whale, which the ship ran down to and took alongside—they continuing in pursuit of others. At 3 o'clock, P. M., the mate's boat being about a mile and a half from the ship, her signal was discovered at half mast, and he immediately pulled towards her. The singular and unaccountable management of the ship for some time previous had already been remarked by those in the boat, and excited the liveliest apprehensions as they approached her. Coming up upon her quarter within speaking distance, the boy who was aloft, and had cut the main-top gallant halyards, told Mr. Smith, the mate, that the Islanders had killed Captain Norris, and were in possession of the ship. Just then, one of them, armed, with a cutting spade and entirely naked, leaped upon the taffrail, and, brandishing his weapon with most furious and menacing gestures, dared the crew to come on board. The other two were also naked, and stationed one at each side of the ship, where they had collected all the whaling craft, billets of wood, hammers, belaying-pins, in short, every thing that would serve as a missile or offensive weapon, determined to repel any attempt

to board. The fourth native of the same islands, was in the boat, and one of the mutineers addressed him in his own language, telling him, it was supposed, what they had done, and inviting him to join them. He made a gesture of disapproval, upon which the other caught up the cook's axe and hurled it at him with such precision of aim, though a ship's length distant, that it cut through the back of his shirt as he stooped to avoid the blow. A shower of missiles followed, thrown with such force, that the bone belying-pins were broken into several pieces on striking the boat, but fortunately no one was seriously injured by them. The mate then ordered Manuel to cut the maintopgallant sheets and maintopsail halyards, and to go forward on the stay and cut the halyards of the head sails and clear them from the yards, which was done. The task of retaking the ship was evidently one of extreme difficulty and danger, for the mutineers had the advantages of position and a plentiful supply of arms, with the resolution and skill to use them effectively, so that the second mate and his crew, who had in the mean time come up, were called to consult upon the best course to pursue.

“It was proposed that both boats should advance and board the ship, one upon each side, at the same time; but Mr. Smith, upon whom by the melancholy catastrophe on board, the responsibility and duties of master had devolved, thought that a proper regard for the interest of the owners, as well as for the safety of the men under his command, required him to avoid all personal risk, for which reason he proposed that both crews should take the other boat and proceed to the ship, leaving him alone to await the issue. This proposal met with no favor, the men declaring a wish rather to start for the nearest land, five or six days sail distant, and the second mate relishing it so little that he suffered his boat to drop astern out of talking distance. Mr. Clough, the third mate, who acted as Mr. Smith's steersman since the ship was short manned, had darted his lance several times at the naked savage on the rail, but for want of sufficient warp it fell short three or four feet at each trial; he requested therefore that the boat might be pulled within reach, as the fel-

low kept his position without flinching, and insolently defied him; but the mate thought the danger too great, and refused to gratify him. He then offered to go on board over the bows, if the boy would cut the fore-royalstay and let the end fall overboard, so that he could ascend by it to the jib-boom with a lance-warp in his teeth: but Manuel had become so exhausted, by fright and fatigue, that he was unable to get up to the royal mast-head to execute his part of the task.

“His next plan, and the one he executed, was, that both boats should pull ahead of the ship, and when it was quite dark, taking every precaution to avoid exciting the suspicions of the mutineers, he would jump into the sea, and passing close by the side of the ship, enter her by the cabin windows. The ship and boats were surrounded by sharks, attracted probably by the carcass of the whale killed in the morning, to defend himself against which, he took a boat-knife in his teeth, and let himself into the water as silently as possible. At the same moment the ship took aback, and it became necessary to swim—but to ‘strike out’ and make the best of his way, would cause a sparkling of the water, and betray his approach to the look-out, so that he was obliged to ‘walk water,’ by which scarcely any agitation was made, and almost as little progress. It was a tedious passage of more than an hour and a half in duration, terminated at length by diving under the ship, seizing the rudder at the heel, and ascending by the after part of it to the starboard cabin window, through which he made his entry. Two large sharks were close to the boat when he left her, and kept him company the whole time without offering to molest him, and the knife, which luckily had been useless, he left upon the transom as he got in at the window.

“He then divested himself of his clothing, that the enemy might have no advantage over him on the score of nakedness should they come to close quarters, and applied himself to listening to the movements upon deck; as these indicated that there were yet no suspicions of his presence, he proceeded to search for arms and ammunition. Two cutlasses were soon found, and amongst all the muskets, two only were fit for service, so far as

he could judge by careful handling—it was too dark to see. Every locker and drawer in the cabin was ransacked for powder and ball, which being found, the muskets were loaded and placed with the cutlasses at the foot of the cabin stairs. While engaged in loading a fowling piece, he heard a step on the gangway, and some one descended the stairs, hitting the arms at the bottom and knocking them down upon the floor. Mr. Clough ran to the spot, but unable to see anything, groped about by the intruder's feet, till he caught hold of a cutlass, with which he run him through the body; as he drew it out, a struggle ensued for the weapon, and both fell on the floor—the officer, luckily, uppermost; planting his knee upon his breast, he took out one of his eyes, and with a good deal of trouble, brought the edge of the sword to bear upon the back of his neck, and made an attempt to cut off his head—he pulled it back and forth several times; but it was an awkward operation, for the other kept hold of the sword and struggled violently, wounding Mr. C. severely, by twisting the blade several times in his hand.

“After a while he became quiet, and supposing him to be dead, Mr. C. got up; but the other immediately rose and struck about furiously with the cutlass, hitting him at almost every pass, until exhausted probably by loss of blood, he uttered a slight groan and fell upon the floor. Going again to the stairs the officer saw another in the gang-way with a cutting spade pointed towards him, when feeling for a loaded musket, he succeeded, after snapping twice, in putting a ball through his heart. At the same moment the spade dropped, or was thrown down, taking effect in the thick part of Mr. Clough's arm, and the blood gushed so violently from the wound, that he supposed the artery to be severed, and began to give way to unpleasant reflections, when the third came to the gangway, armed also with a spade, and endeavored to look into the darkness below. Mr. C. made several ineffectual attempts to gain another musket, but his right hand and left arm were both disabled. The man stood still a few minutes, then dropped his spade and walked forward. Mr. Clough now hailed the boats, which were so near that he

could hear the conversation going on amongst the men. He told them that two of the mutineers were dead, himself dangerously wounded, and urged them to hasten on board. They said they did not believe that more than one had been killed, as they had heard but one gun, and did not consider it prudent for them to come near him; so the wounded man had to sit down and suffer his blood to flow, for his right hand had become so stiff and sore that he could not use it to place a bandage on his arm. More than half an hour having elapsed since the hail, and no further news being heard, the boats ventured alongside.

A light being struck and brought into the cabin, the floor was found covered with the blood of both combatants. The man who had first entered the cabin was reclining on the transom, still grasping the cutlass, and with it the boat knife left by Mr. C. when he came on board; one of his eyes hung upon his cheek, and his body was covered with gore; he was still alive, but did not move, and made no noise but a kind of suppressed groan. One of the men stabbed him twice with a boat spade, and Mr. Smith discharged a musket at him; he was then caught by the hair, dragged upon deck, and thrown into the sea. The deck presented a shocking spectacle—all dabbled and tracked with clotted blood; the mangled and headless body of the unfortunate captain was lying there, as was that of one of his murderers, which was unceremoniously thrown over the side, while the remains of Captain Norris were collected and reserved for burial the next day. The surviving mutineer jumped overboard and swam some distance from the ship, but returned during the night and hid himself in the forehold. When the crew attempted to take him out, the next day, he made some show of resistance, but at last came on deck and surrendered himself. He was put in irons, and taken to Sydney, where he was left in prison when the ship sailed.

“The Sharon completed her voyage, under the command of Mr. Smith, more successfully than could have been expected after such a melancholy and disheartening interruption—Mr.

Clough remaining on board as second mate. To his daring and almost unaided exertions are to be attributed the return of a valuable ship and cargo, and what is far more important, the preservation of the surviving crew from the miserable fate which must have overtaken them, had they persisted in seeking the nearest land in their boats."

A SPANISH BULL-FIGHT.

THE most remarkable amusement of the Spaniards is the bull-fight. The following description will give an idea of this sport.

The bulls were confined in an area behind the amphitheatre. Before they were admitted into the theatre, three combatants on horseback placed themselves at some distance, one on each side of, and another opposite the door, at which the bull was to enter. A trumpet was then sounded, as a signal to let in the bull, and the man who opened the door got behind it immediately. During a quarter of an hour preceding this period, the bulls had been teased by persons placed on the ceilings of the stables, pricking them on the backs. The bull made directly at the first horseman, who received it on the point of the spear, held in the middle tight to his side, and passing under his arm-pit—This weapon making a wide gash in the bull's shoulder, occasioned it to draw back. A fresh bull now entered, staring wildly about, and frightened by the clapping and hallooing of the assembled multitude. It then ran successively against the other two combatants, and from each received a deep wound. A signal was now given with the trumpet for the horseman to retire, when the men on foot began their attack, who struck barbed darts in every part of the animal's body. The trumpet again sounding, the matador appeared, carrying in his left hand a cloak, extended on a short stick, and in his right a two-edged sword. At the moment when the bull made furiously at him, he plunged his sword into its neck behind the horns, by which it instantly fell down dead. If the matador miss his aim he rarely escapes with his life. The dead bull was immediately dragged out of the area by three horses on a full gallop, whose traces were fastened to the horns.



A SPANISH BULL FIGHT.

ADVENTURE ON THE CORCOVADO.

THE Corcovado mountain is situated near Rio Janeiro, the chief city of Brazil and of South America. It rises from a range which forms the wall separating the city from the interior. Its summit is lofty, its sides precipitous, and covered with a dense forest of a rich dark green. The following account of the ascent of this well-known and much admired mountain, is given by a recent Rambler at Rio.

“Well, my companion and I ascended the path, and moved up the country along the line of the aqueduct. We had not walked half an hour ere we found ourselves winding through a regular South American forest. I never in my life saw such vegetation. Were you to take a cart-load of leaves, and empty them in a heap, I do not think they could hardly lie closer than they did upon the branches of this wood; and all green, of a color most lovely, though monotonous; for here the tree in no season is unclad, nor does the summer which they have for a winter ever sear the hue of any foliage. The water was conducted downwards along the precipitous sides of different prongs of the parent chain of highland, and often along the very narrow edge of such steeps, where you had views of deep well-like valleys, their nearly perpendicular sides all wood-clad, and green as a garden arbor, that green being variegated by the snowy walls of plantation houses, and the bright red cultivated soil at the bottom. The clear ‘un-European’ laugh of the negroes rose, refined by height and distance, in tinkling reverberations from precipice to precipice, emulating the shrillness and melody of the cicada piping on every twig. It was an awe-striking sight, standing on the edge of the narrow pathway, to part the clustering bushes, and look down the wood-mantled precipices; for the tree trunks

seemed to shoot clusteringly from out the all but perpendicular steeps, and rising branchless to a great height, till, by loftiness of stem, they had gained a small distance from the face of the rocks, gave out a dense mass of foliage impervious to light as so much solid stone. The trees rising to a height of fifty or sixty, often of at least seventy feet, ere they had room to bear a leaf, their foliage looked like a vast green mat hung up in the sun upon the face of the hills, and supported in that position by innumerable gigantic poles, stuck against rather than into rocks, as a dirty kitchen wench would fix a candle against the wall. And when you looked down among these naked stems, they and the dense brushwood at their roots seemed steeped in a faint greenish light, or rather dimness, that far away down towards the valleys, became a dark verdant mistiness, through which objects were no longer clearly distinguishable; while everywhere above and below, guanas, lizards, birds, and butterflies, all tinted alike in this mystic light, flitted and flew from stem to stem in the silent, cool, and fragrant greenness. And when we rolled stones, and threw them down, and they went smashing now against the rocks, now against the trunks,—anon crashing and tearing their way through the thick topmost foliage of a lofty tree, which topmost foliage was not ten feet distant from the face of the rock that held its root some sixty feet farther down; and when these stones went rolling and knocking, their sounds growing fainter in the leafy green mists far below, till only a louder smash could reach the ear, we experienced a feeling as closely approaching the sublime as I can well conceive; and, considering that a slip of the foot might precipitate ourselves after the stones, were glad to draw close to the wall of the aqueduct. But all overhead was light, and beauty, and stirring life. Blossoms of every description sprang up by the path; birds of all shapes and plumage, fluttered and chirped among the branches; and big butterflies, of every gorgeous hue, and villanous looking dragon-flies, with their sealy blue lustre and halo-like flutter of misty gauze wings, continually crossed us, leading us often in fruitless chase. Far above us might be seen the magnificent man-of-war bird, the

most graceful in form and flight of all winged creatures, leisurely sailing the air from his nest in the untrodden clefts of the mountain to seek his prey, pirate-like, upon the sea. From branches over our heads hung suspended, by invisible thread, the tree spider, in his little silken nest, popping his head out and in, and heaving in or paying out his cable as he desired to rise or fall. Bees and all winged insects hummed through the air, while the earth teemed with ants and every creeping insect; a tiny stir among the grass or leaves indicating the rapid dart of the lizard, guana, or some other reptile. And over all glowed, in his full majesty, the life-inspiring sun; not, as in other climes, giving coy and temporary glances of his glory from between the veils of clouds, but rolling alone in the blue sky, the sole object in heaven.

“Up we went, rounding now one angle, anon another precipice, and at each obtaining new views of the rich country below, with its woods, fields, and lagoons; of the bay, with its innumerable islands and multitude of ships dotting its surface; of the battery, or church-crowned rocks that abound in the vicinity of the town; and of Rio itself, sleeping obscure beneath its cloud of dusty haze.

“At length, when we had marched about five miles, and were now some fifteen hundred feet above the town, we came to the immediate source of the lower aqueduct, where a small mountain stream rushing into the cistern in part supplied it; a second portion being brought round in a little artificial gutter from another part of the mountain. This second source we followed; but soon left it, striking up a path alongside a wattle-built cottage, where resided a Brazilian soldier, a sort of perpetual sentry upon the good repair of the water-works near this point. Shortly after passing the cottage the path became exceedingly wild; on one side of it generally rose a precipice; on the other an abyss descended, where the mighty trees grew with their naked stems shooting far aloft, one from almost every square yard of surface, frequently shutting out from us all view of sun or sky; the only thing we could see besides stems, rocks, and foliage,

being the winding path stretching a little in advance or behind, as it were under an arcade of verdure, while a subdued, cool, greenish light showed us the damp trodden soil of the pathway, and the brushwood so luxuriantly dense as almost to appear of massive solidity. Here we saw the coffee-bush growing wild, with its cherry-red berries—there the cocoa-nut tree, bare, however, of fruit, for the season was their winter. Guavas, mangos, plantains, and bananas, and all tropical plants, were here; for their seeds wafted by the winds from the rich plains below, had caught root and sprung into forest existence as trees or bushes.

“In this wild path we walked on about two miles more, till we reached another portion—the highest of these waterworks. A small rivulet of crystal water was brought round in hollow tiles from far behind the shoulder of the mountain. After following this a little, we came upon what you could hardly call a hamlet; it consisted of one house and two or three huts, while an open shed, with a bench under it for working, stood in the midst. The house was inhabited by a Brazilian and his family, the huts by negroes. Thereafter there was about half a mile of ascent—tremendous climbing!—they were no ordinary lungs that could serve a man up those dizzy steep. Nevertheless we bent our breasts forward to the task, and, panting and exhausted, even after very frequent stoppages, at last found ourselves close to the summit, which is two thousand three hundred and sixty feet above the town’s level. This summit is double; consisting of two points of rock, with a gash about forty feet deep between them. A small bridge of iron, placed by one of the emperors, formerly connected them, and an iron chain-rail surrounded each to prevent people from tumbling off and going sheer down the precipices. There were also a flag-staff for signaling, and a small iron house or box for shelter. All is now gone, save the slender iron posts that supported the chain, and a few steps cut in the rock that formerly led to the bridge. Each of the summits is a separate rock; not flat, but rounded on the upper surface, so that a puff of wind would blow you off; indeed you have hardly room to stand secure, for neither of the rocks is more

than twenty feet across, and hardly a square yard is level enough to stand upon securely, it being gradually rounded off into the stupendous bare precipices that form three sides of the Corcovado or Humpback mountain."

Many stories are told of adventures met with on the Corcovado. Persons, making a single misstep, have been precipitated hundreds of feet to certain destruction. Each lovely or extraordinary formation is covered with romance. For the Brazilians have the active imagination of the Spaniards and Portuguese, and where startling incidents do not occur, they take care to fill the vacuum by invention. But the appended narrative of a young European merchant, who settled in Rio, contains a thrilling adventure, the truth of which can scarcely be doubted.

"When I first came out to Brazil, I got a situation as clerk in the counting house of Diaz, Brown, and Company, the extensive merchants at Rio Janeiro. The only other white clerk in their place of business was one Lopez de Pereira, a Portuguese by descent and birth, but educated in England. Of course we became companions; and although he was eccentric to absurdity, I found him a very agreeable fellow on the whole; his whims being often irresistibly ridiculous, while he was not at all annoyed at laughter, but would laugh himself with his whole heart, while he still persisted in the proceedings that caused it. These were often, while very odd, both hurtful to himself and painful to his friends; as for instance:—

"The inhabitants of Madeira have a singular head-dress; it consists of a little blue scull-cap, lined with red, not sufficient to cover the head of an infant, and having a small stiff pig-tail, about four inches in length, projecting into the air from the middle of it. This curious affair they perch on a bushy head of hair, and certainly acquire thereby an aspect sufficiently remarkable to a stranger. Now this cap Pereira had seen at that island, on his voyage out from England, and once he took it into his head to wear one, made under his direction, of a similar construction, at Rio; nor did he leave off his noticeable head-piece till an attack of brain fever made him adopt a more shady covering. He

was of course a Roman Catholic, and devoutly believed in the agency of the devil, upon whom, when his whims had left him, he invariably laid the blame.

“One day, when we had been about a year together, the day being a holiday, we resolved upon an expedition to the top of the Corcovado. Accordingly, hiring horses, we rode up till horses could go no farther. As we rode I began to laugh and question him with regard to his singular weakness. My thoughts were directed to this subject by seeing him turn round on the horse’s back and ride with his face to the tail; and this though the animal was very spirited, and the path was so narrow that one horse only had room to go upon it; with the stone wall of the aqueduct on one side, and a succession of wooded precipices on the other. On my inquiring the cause of this remarkable manœuvre, he replied, laughing loudly himself, that he thought it was a good idea, as he could talk to me better face to face, for I was riding in the rear. But I remarked that we could converse quite well without seeing each other, and reminded him of the misers, who talked in the dark to save candles. Upon this, he stated that as all the view lay behind us and nothing in front but woods, this was the most rational way of riding for an admirer of the picturesque. I bantered him out of this argument also, when he plainly confessed that he rode in that way from an internal impulse, no more to be resisted or controlled by him than the decrees of fate—that there was a devil within him who prompted him to make himself ridiculous, and that he could no more gainsay this mastering spirit than fly in the air. For the rest of the ride he continued to practise this uncavalier-like style of horsemanship, to the vast entertainment of sundry blackies we encountered, working at small repairs on the aqueduct, or bringing down loads of sticks from the woods. Nevertheless he continued to talk with infinite good humor of his own curious turn of mind. He told me that this devil of his ceased its malicious promptings at all times when heavy business occupied him—that cold bathing went far against it; and that once, when for a considerable

time under anti-inflammatory treatment for some complaint, it entirely disappeared.

“At length we arrived at the last collection of houses on the ascent, and here we left our horses, mounting the last steep on foot.

“As soon as we stood upon the rocky ball, and looked around us, overwhelmed by the grandeur and danger of the scene, I was full of exclamations. From the brim of the rock we stood on, the sight leaped down direct to fields and lagoons, two or three thousand feet beneath us; and the precipices, from what I could see of them, made my blood cold. The vastness of the horizon, with the distance and diversity of the parts filling it up—the silence, the solitude, the apparent eternal nature of the mighty rocks—even of the forest—all these ideas, combined with the precarious nature of our position on this airy and often cloud-covered pinnacle, and the certain dreadful fate that awaited one who should topple from such a stupendous height (for on three sides were precipices of from one to two thousand feet,) raised my mind to a very high state of excitement. But when I looked at Pereira, expecting to see in him an equal enjoyment, I observed his dark Portuguese features pale with that tawny color which constitutes the pallor of southern Europeans. His bloodless lips quivered, and there was a sort of convulsive starting of different muscles of his body.

“‘What,’ said I, ‘you surely are not afraid of falling?—come near to the centre, and your head will not swim so much.’

“‘Afraid!’ he replied, vaguely and incoherently. ‘No!—Yes—afraid for you;—save yourself, D——! for God’s sake, save yourself!’

“‘Why, man, there is no fear—get you down first, you are nearest the path.’

“‘No! we shall never go down that path—the demon, D——, the demon in my heart prompts me to throw you from this pinnacle sheer to destruction, and he will not but be obeyed!

○ Mother of Deity! Queen of Heaven! look on me in mercy!

“As he spoke, my heart smote my side violently; and I felt

for a moment sick to death, for the recollection of his character and strange eccentricities arose before my mind.

“ ‘Gracious Heaven!’ said I, ‘you cannot mean what you say?’ As I stood horror-stricken, he clasped his hands, and wringing them slowly, but with his whole strength, raised them above his head, looking upward at the same time with eyes sparkling from unnatural fire, and grinding his teeth, as if with anguish, a moment—and, with a wild howl of despair that rung like the cry of a vulture, he sprang upon me!

A mercy it was that he gave me that warning! I was prepared so far, that his onset drove me back but one step: another step would have been death to me! He grasped me with his whole strength, and with the convulsive gripe of mortal fear I closed upon him; and thus, in dread embrace, we stood straining with the whole power of every sinew. It could not be called struggling, it was the slow and steady application of every force and every art of two athletic young men striving, the one in the frenzy of madness, the other in the dread of immediate dissolution. Now he would bend me a little, now I him! Oh what an agony that minute was to me!

At length, in about two minutes, I knew that his strength was giving way: we were equally matched in strength, but I had the full chest, and long wind, produced by hard exercise through all my youth in a far northern climate; he was narrow-chested, and soon began to pant. Perceiving this, I compressed his ribs with my whole strength, and, bending in his back, gradually brought him down on the rock. But the moment he was down he commenced struggling violently, and rolled us both over towards the awful brink. I thought I was gone, and clutched the rough rock with my fingers till the nails were torn from them. Providentially my hand came against one of the rusted iron supports that had, of old, upheld the chain, and I grasped it with that clutch commonly called the death-gripe. Holding on by this, and getting my legs about it so as to have a good purchase, while he still struggled carelessly with hand and teeth to dislodge me, I caught hold of the hair of his temples and dashed

his head violently against the rock. The blow affected his brain; the eyes which had just been glaring upon me in maniacal fury now rolled obliquely in their sockets, and its motions were no longer directed against me. With both hands I repeated the blow, and he remained motionless; still I was not sure of him, for I had read and heard that the insane are very cunning, and adopt many schemes to accomplish their ends; so, putting one hand to his heart, and being able to perceive only a very faint and scarcely discernible beating, I got up and drew him to the middle of the rock. Then, resting for a moment to breathe and to thank Heaven that I had been saved alive from this fearful encounter, I began to descend the rock, dragging him after me till I got on a secure path, when I shouldered him and carried him to where we had left our horses. Here I got some blacks to carry him down to the city of Rio Janeiro, and conveyed him to the house of our mutual employer, Mr. Brown.

“As we were quite by ourselves, I might have accounted for his injuries by a supposed fall among the rocks, but I preferred telling the truth as it is written here. An inquiry was made according to the law of Brazil, and I was declared free of all blame; whilst Pereira, who was then recovering his bodily health, was condemned to restraint in a madhouse for life.

“I never afterwards could look up to the pinnacles of Corcovado without feelings of horror being called up in my mind; and so painful was this to me, that I was ultimately led to transport myself and my fortunes to Monte Video.”





THE PERUVIAN INDIANS.

THE traveller in the land of the Incas, upon his first entrance into the country, is not very favourably impressed with its features. But as he progresses towards the interior, scenes and persons present themselves which win his attention. When he has passed over the elevated plains of Bombon, and gains a glimpse of Cerro de Pasco, he feels that he is again approaching the home of civilization.

It is but a sordid civilization, however; the love of silver has collected, in a dreary clime bordering on the eternal snow, the men of various nations—Spaniards, Germans, Englishmen, Swedes, Americans, and Italians. The first glimpse of a considerable town in such a region is a pleasure and surprise; but little is found on a nearer approach, to please the eye. The beauty of the place is subterraneous—in its rich silver mines. Many a tale of wild speculation belongs to this remarkable town. Gambling is the favourite amusement. The Indians employed in the mines of Cerro de Pasco are among the most degraded inhabitants of Peru. Some stories are related of the faculty of secretiveness, as developed among these natives, who have been made the slaves of European rapacity. We cannot decide on the probability of these tales; but instances as striking are recorded of the Indians of Mexico:—

“The Indians have discovered that their silver mines have made their condition rather worse than better. They determine, therefore, to keep secret their knowledge of some rich veins of silver not yet explored by Europeans. Traditions of these mines have been handed down, it is supposed, from father to son, through centuries. Even brandy, which will open the Indian’s mouth on any other subject, fails in this case. A few years ago, there lived, in the large village of Huancayo, the brothers Don Jose and Don Pedro Irriarte—who were among the wealthiest mine-proprietors of Peru. As they had reason to suspect the existence of rich unexplored veins among the neighbouring hills, they sent out a young man in their employ to examine the country, and use the likeliest means of discovery. Accordingly, he repaired to a village, where he found lodgings in the hut of an Indian shepherd—from whom he concealed his object. In the course of a few months, an attachment had grown up between the young adventurer and the shepherd’s daughter; and, at last, the young man succeeded so far in his object as to win from the girl a promise that she would point out to him the mouth of a rich silver-mine. She directed him to follow her at some distance, on a certain day when she should go out to tend her flock on the hills; and to notice where she dropped her ‘manta,’ (a woollen shawl.) There, she told him, he would find the entrance of the mine. The young agent obeyed her directions; and, after some digging, found his way into a moderately deep shaft, which led to a rich vein of silver. He was busily engaged in breaking off some specimens of the ore, when he was surprized by the old shepherd, who congratulated him on the discovery, and offered assistance. After working together for some hours, they rested; and the Indian offered to the young man a cup of *chicha*, which he drank. Soon after drinking, he felt unwell; and, as a suspicion of being poisoned flashed upon his mind, he instantly packed the specimens of ore in his wallet, hastened back to the village, and thence rode to Huancayo. He had only time to explain his adventure to his employers, and point out as well as he could, the locality of the mine; for he died in the night.

Another exploring party was immediately sent in the neighbourhood, but without success : the Indian and his family had vanished from the place, and no trace of the mine could be discovered."

Another story is the following :—

"A certain Franciscan monk, a passionate gambler, lived at Huancayo. By his friendly offices, he had become a favourite among the Indians, to whom he often applied when in want of money. One day, when he had suffered losses at the hazard-table, he begged of an Indian, who was his relative, to help him out of his poverty. The Indian promised assistance on the following evening ; and arrived punctually at the appointed time, with a bag full of silver-ore for the monk. This process was repeated several times ; until the still needy monk earnestly prayed that he might be favoured with a view of the source from which his wants had been so often supplied. This request also was granted by the friendly relative ; and, accordingly, on the appointed night three Indians came to the house of the Franciscan—desired that he would allow them to bandage his eyes—and, he assenting, carried him away, on their shoulders, some miles among the mountains. There, they lifted him down—conducted him down a shaft of little depth—and displayed to him a rich and shining vein of silver. When he had amply feasted his sight, and had taken ore enough for his present necessities, his eyes were again bandaged and he was carried home on the shoulders of his guides. On the road, he slyly untied his rosary ; and dropped a bead here and there, that he might have a clue to the mine. Arrived at home, he lay down to rest, in the comfortable hope of exploring the path to wealth on the following day ; but, in the course of about two hours, the Indian, his relative, came to the door, with his hands full of beads—'Father,' said he, as he gave them to the monk, 'you lost your rosary on the road.'"



A HUANACA OR GUANACÓ.

ADVENTURE ON THE PUNA OF PERU.

THE adventures of travellers among the mountains and mountaineers of Peru are frequently of a wild and startling character. The country and the natives are equally remarkable for their savage peculiarities. The following adventure narrated by a recent traveller, will illustrate what many have experienced :—

“I had now reached the high plain, 14,000 feet above the level of the sea. On each side rose the peaks of the Cordilleras clothed in eternal ice—gigantic pyramids towering into the heavens. It seemed to me as if nature on these snowy plains of the Cordilleras, breathed out her last breath. Here life and death met together; and I seemed to be arrived at the boundary-line between being and annihilation. On which side would my lot fall? I could not guess. How little life had the sun awak-

ened around me; where the dull-green puna-grass, hardly the height of a finger, mingled its hue with the mountain glaciers! Yet here I saluted with pleasure, as old friends, the purple-blue *gentiana* and the brown *calceolaria*. * * As I rode further, life awakened in richer variety around me: animals and birds appeared—few in species but rich in individuals. Herds of vicuñas approached me—then fled away with the speed of the wind. I saw in the distance, quiet troops of huánacas gazing suspiciously at me, and passing along. * * I had ridden on for several hours, observing the varieties of life in this elevated plain, when I came upon a dead mule which had been left here by its driver to die of hunger and cold. As I approached the carcass, three condors rose from their repast; and hovered, for a while, in narrowing circles round my head, as if threatening punishment for the interruption. It was now two o'clock in the afternoon, and I had ridden on a gradual ascent since the break of day. My panting mule slackened his pace, and seemed unwilling to toil up an elevation which lay in my route. I dismounted: and to relieve the beast and exercise my limbs, began walking at a rapid pace. But, in a short time the rarity of the air began to be felt; and I experienced an oppressive sensation which I had never known before. I stood still that I might breathe more freely; but there was no support in the thin air. I tried to walk; but an indescribable distress compelled me to halt again. My heart throbbed audibly against my side; my breathing was short and interrupted; a world's load seemed laid upon my chest; my lips were blue and parched, and the small vessels of my eyelids were bursting. Then, my senses were leaving me; I could neither see, hear, nor feel distinctly; a grey mist was floating before my eyes—tinged, at times with red, when the blood gathered on my eyelids. In short, I felt myself involved in that strife between life and death, which I had before imagined in surrounding nature. My head became giddy, and I was compelled to lie down. If all the riches of the world or the glories of heaven had been but a hundred feet higher, I could not have stretched out my hand towards them. I lay in this half-senseless condition for some time—

until rest had so far restored me that I could mount my mule. One of the Puna storms now suddenly gathered, and the snow began to fall heavily. The sun looked out at intervals—but only for a moment. My mule could scarcely wade through the increasing snow. Night was coming on; I had lost all feeling in my feet, and could hardly hold the reins in my benumbed fingers. I was about to yield myself up for lost, when I observed an overhanging rock sheltering a cave. I hastened to explore the spot—and found there a shelter from the wind. I unsaddled the mule, and made a bed of my cloak and trappings. After tying the animal to a stone, I appeased my hunger with roasted maize and cheese, and lay down to sleep. But scarcely had my eyes closed, when an intolerable burning pain in my eyelids awakened me. There was no more hope of sleep. The hours of the night seemed endless. When I reckoned that day must be breaking, I opened my eyes, and discovered all the misery of my situation. A human corpse had served as my pillow. Shuddering, I hastened out of the cave, to saddle my mule and leave this dismal place; but the good beast was lying dead upon the ground;—in his hunger he had eaten, as it appeared, the poisonous *garbancillo*. Poor beast! he had shared some hard adventures with me. I turned again towards the cave. The sun had risen upon this frozen world; and encouraged by signs of light and life around me, I ventured to inspect the body of my lifeless companion. It was the corpse of a half-Indian; and several deadly wounds in the head explained that he had been murdered by the slings of Indian robbers, who had taken away his clothes. I seized my gun, and shot a mountain hare—which served for breakfast; then waited for help. It was near noon when I heard a monotonous, short cry, now and then breaking the stillness. Recognizing the tones, I mounted on the nearest point of rock; and, looking down, discovered the two Indian lama-drivers whom I had met on the previous day. I hastened to them, and persuaded them, by the gift of a little tobacco, to leave one of their lamas with me, to carry my baggage.”



ROSAS.

TREATMENT OF PRISONERS BY ROSAS.

THE history of the civil war in the Argentine republic of South America, presents many instances of atrocity which are almost without parallel among civilized nations. The perpetrator of most of these outrages, was General Rosas, the leader of the Federalist faction—a man of decided ability, but selfish in his aims, and unscrupulous in his means. The treatment of prisoners by both parties was marked with savage zeal. Quarter was seldom given, each faction looking upon the other as composed of traitors. The following illustration of the bloody policy pursued by Rosas is well authenticated :—

“Near his encampment were two or three country mansions; one of which, not more than three hundred yards from the scene, was occupied by Don ——, whose lady chanced to be on the asote when three prisoners were brought into the camp. The

natural sympathies of a woman's heart were at once excited in their behalf, and she watched with great anxiety the course pursued toward them. Each having been divested of his coat, vest, and hat, was brought out upon the plain and placed in what is called stae; that is to say, they were placed upon their backs on the ground, their arms extended and secured in that position by thongs tied about the wrists, and fastened to stakes driven in the ground for that purpose, with their feet in the same manner; and the poor fellows were thus left in the sun, with their faces upward. When the lady saw this, she hastened to inform her husband, and entreated of him to intercede for their liberation; but he answered, that to interfere with a decree of Rosas, would be to endanger his own life without a possibility of saving the victims. The lady's anxiety increased. Again and again, during the day would she go to the housetop in hopes of finding that they had been removed; but as often did she see them in their helpless position broiling in the sun! As the shades of night came on and found them still there, she became almost frantic: in vain had her husband urged and entreated her to remain below—there was a horrible infatuation that drew her, spite of her will, to look upon the scene until it had unfitted her for every other thought. At night she could not sleep: the vision of those miserable men was constantly before her eyes, and at the earliest dawn she was again at the housetop. They were still in view, stretched out as she had last seen them, and where they had now remained during the space of at least twenty hours.

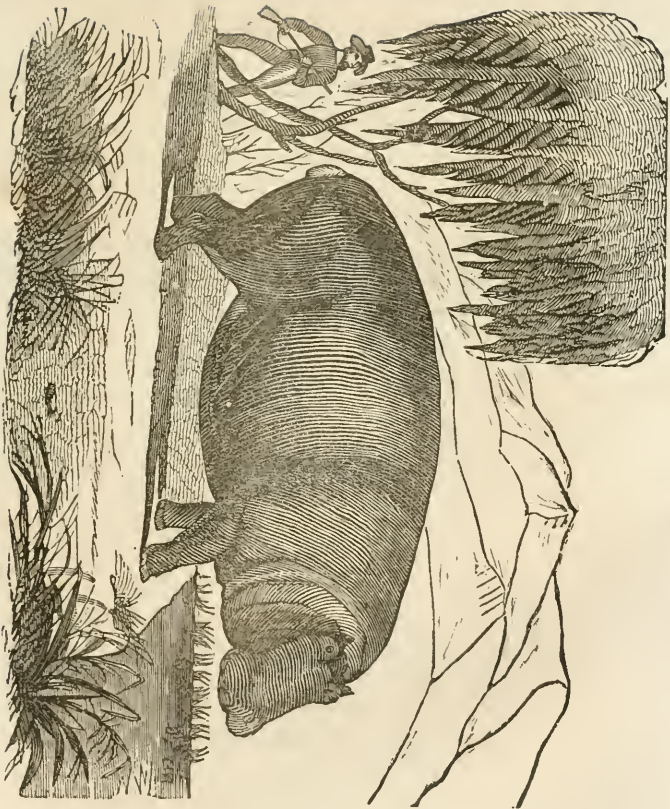
“At last they were unbound; and the lady, clapping her hands with joy exclaimed, ‘they have taken them up! they have taken them up!’ But her joy was of short duration; the poor fellows, blinded and scarcely able to stand, were staggering about on their feet as Rosas came from his tent; and in a few minutes after, a volley of six muskets brought them to the ground, and put an end to their mortal agony.”

The cruel Rosas was overthrown in a great battle fought Feb. 3rd, 1852, by General Urquiza, who succeeded to his power. Rosas had been dictator for about twenty years.

SCOTCH AND ENGLISH HUNTERS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The interior of South Africa has become famous for the abundance and noble character of its game, and the singular beauty of its scenery.

“Everything upon which the eye rests has the appearance of having been cast in a mould, nowhere else made use of in the system of nature. Among the terrestrial animals what bulk and fantastic formations! How numerous and strikingly contrasted are the groups that present themselves! In their character and habits what extremes appear to meet! How unspeakably lavish seems to be the waste of vitality! Yet who would dare to say, that in this prodigious outpouring of animal life, there is a single creature that does not enjoy and adorn the scene on which it moves? If there be anything we should be disposed to think out of place, it is the stunted representatives of humanity, which, under the name of Bushmen, roam in indescribable misery and degradation over those sublime savannas. To a man of imagination, nothing more inspiring can be conceived than climbing one of the breezy peaks overlooking that strange wilderness, at the moment that the dawn is busily unfolding all its varied features. From every tree the heavy dew-drops pour like rain: streams of white mist, smooth and glassy as a tranquil river, float slowly down the valleys, reflecting from their surface the trees, and cliffs, and crags on either hand. Here, through openings between feathery mimosas, weeping willows, and tall trembling reeds, we catch a glimpse of some quiet lake, the haunt of the hippopotamus; while a herd of graceful purple antelopes are seen drinking on its further margin. There, amidst thick clumps of camel-thorn, we behold a drove of giraffes, with heads eighteen feet high,



HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNTING.



HUNTING THE RHINOCEROS.

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browsing on the tops of trees. Elsewhere the rhinoceros pokes forth his long ugly snout from a brake. While the lion, fearless in the consciousness of his own strength, parades his tawny bulk over the plain, or reclines in sphinx-like attitude beneath some ancient tree."

Many Englishmen have visited this teeming country for the sole purpose of enjoying the exhilarating sport. Mr. Gordon Cumming, Sir Cornwallis Harris, and others, have published well written narratives of their adventures and achievements, some of which display much heroism on the part of these enthusiastic Nimrods. Mr. Cumming was, perhaps, as daring, persevering, and successful a hunter as ever lived. During five years, the term of his residence in South Africa, he brought down more than fifty elephants, upwards of twenty lions, and many other animals, some of which were equally formidable. The following relations will illustrate the character of the sport and the character of the sportsman.

"On the 23rd of September, although harassed in my mind, and fearing to lose all my horses if I did not speedily forsake the country, I yielded to my inclination, and the persuasions of Mutchuisho, once more to take the field, and follow the spoor of two bull elephants, reported to have visited a distant fountain. Before starting I gave Johannus my phlegme, and a hasty lesson in the art of bleeding, with instructions to bleed copiously any of my stud evincing the slightest symptoms of distemper. We held an easterly course, and at sundown on the second day I bagged a white rhinoceros and a fine old bull elephant, beside whose carcass I bivouacked as usual. On the forenoon of the 25th I saddled up and held for camp, accompanied by only one attendant.

"It was a glorious day, with a cloudy sky, and the wind blew fresh off the Southern Ocean. Having ridden some miles in a northerly direction, we crossed the broad and gravelly bed of a periodical river, in which were abundance of holes excavated by the elephants, containing delicious water. Having passed the river, we entered an extensive grove of picturesque camel-dorn

trees, clad in young foliage of the most delicious green. On gaining a gentle eminence about a mile beyond this grove, I looked forth upon an extensive hollow, where I beheld for the first time for many days a fine old cock ostrich, which quickly observed us and dashed away to our left. I had ceased to devote my attention to the ostrich, and was straining my eyes in an opposite direction, when Klienboy called out to me, 'Dar loup de ould carle;' and turning my eyes to the retreating ostrich, I beheld two first-rate old bull elephants, charging along at their utmost speed within a hundred yards of it. They seemed at first to be in great alarm, but, quickly discovering what it was that had caused their confusion, they at once reduced their pace to a slow and stately walk. This was a fine look-out, the country appeared to be favourable for an attack, and I was followed by Wolf and Bonteborg, both tried and serviceable dogs with elephants. Owing to the pace at which I had been riding, both dogs and horses were out of breath, so I resolved not to attack the elephants immediately, but to follow slowly, holding them in view.

"The elephants were proceeding right up the wind, and the distance betwixt us was about five hundred yards. I advanced quietly towards them, and had proceeded about half way, when, casting my eyes to my right, I beheld a whole herd of tearing bull elephants standing thick together on a wooded eminence within three hundred yards of me. These elephants were almost to leeward. Now the correct thing to do was to slay the best in each troop, which I accomplished in the following manner,—I gave the large herd my wind, upon which they instantly tossed their trunks aloft, 'a moment snuffed the tainted gale,' and wheeling about, charged right down wind, crashing through the jungle in dire alarm. My object now was to endeavour to select the finest bull, and hunt him to a distance from the other troop, before I should commence to play upon his hide. Stirring my steed, I galloped forward. Right in my path stood two rhinoceroses of the white variety, and to these the dogs instantly gave chase. I followed in the wake of the retreating elephants, trac-



DRIVING IN AN ELAND.

ing their course by the red dust which they raised and left in clouds behind them.

“Presently emerging into an open glade, I came full in sight of the mighty game ; it was a truly glorious sight ; there were nine or ten of them, which were, with one exception, full-grown, first-rate bulls, and all of them carried very long, heavy, and perfect tusks. Their first panic being over, they had reduced their pace to a free, majestic walk, and they followed one leader in a long line, exhibiting an appearance so grand and striking, that any description, however brilliant, must fail to convey to the mind of the reader an adequate idea of the reality. Increasing my pace, I shot alongside, at the same time riding well out from the elephants, the better to obtain an inspection of their tusks. It was a difficult matter to decide which of them I should select, for every elephant seemed better than his neighbour ; but, on account of the extraordinary size and beauty of his tusks, I eventually pitched upon a patriarchal bull, which, as is usual with the heaviest, brought up the rear. I presently separated him from his comrades, and endeavoured to drive him in a northerly direction. There is a peculiar art in driving an elephant in the particular course which you may fancy, and, simple as it may seem, it nevertheless requires the hunter to have a tolerable idea of what he is about. It is widely different from driving in eland, which also requires judicious riding : if you approach too near your elephant or shout to him, a furious charge will certainly ensue, whilst, on the other hand, if you give him too wide a berth, the chances are that you will lose him in the jungle, which, notwithstanding his size, is a very simple matter, and if once lost sight of, it is more than an even bet that the hunter will never again obtain a glimpse of him. The ground being favourable, Klienboy called to me to commence firing, remarking very prudently that he was probably making for some jungle of wait-a-bits, where we might eventually lose him. I continued, however, to reserve my fire until I had hunted him to what I considered to be a safe distance from the two old fellows which we had first discovered.

“At length closing with him, I dared him to charge, which he instantly did in fine style, and as he pulled up in his career I yelled to him a note of bold defiance, and cantering alongside, I again defied him to the combat. It was thus the fight began, and, the ground being still favourable, I opened a sharp fire upon him, and in about a quarter of an hour twelve of my bullets were lodged in his forequarters. He now evinced strong symptoms of approaching dissolution, and stood catching up the dust with the point of his trunk and throwing it in clouds above and around him. At such a moment it is extremely dangerous to approach an elephant on foot, for I have remarked that, although nearly dead, he can muster strength to make a charge with great impetuosity. Being anxious to finish him, I dismounted from my steed, and, availing myself of the cover of a gigantic nwana-tree, whose diameter was not less than ten feet, I ran up within twenty yards, and gave it him sharp right and left behind the shoulder. These two shots wound up the proceeding; on receiving them he backed stern foremost into the cover, and then walked slowly away. I had loaded my rifle, and was putting on the caps, when I heard him fall over heavily; but, alas! the sound was accompanied by a sharp crack, which I too well knew, denoted the destruction of one of his lovely tusks; and on running forward, I found him lying dead, with the tusk, which lay under, snapped through the middle.

“I did not tarry long for an inspection of the elephant, but, mounting my horse, I at once set off to follow on the spoor of the two old fellows which the ostrich had alarmed. Fortunately I fell in with a party of natives, who were on their way to the waggons with the impedimenta, and assisted by these, I had sanguine hopes of shortly overtaking the noble quarry. We had not gone far when two wild boars, with enormous tusks, stood within thirty yards of me, but this was no time to fire, and a little after a pair of white rhinoceroses stood directly in our path. Casting my eyes to the right, I beheld within a quarter of a mile of me a herd of eight or ten cow elephants, with calves, peacefully browsing on a sparely wooded knoll. The spoor we followed

MR. CUMMINGS RIDING OUT THE BEST BULL ELEPHANT FROM A HERD.



led due south, and the wind was as fair as it could blow. We passed between two twin-looking abrupt pyramidal hills, composed of huge disjointed blocks of granite, which lay piled above each other in grand confusion. To the summit of one of these I ascended with a native, but the forest in advance was so impenetrable that we could see nothing of the game we sought. Descending from the hillock we resumed the spoor, and were enabled to follow at a rapid pace; the native who led the spooring party being the best tracker in Bamangwato. I had presently very great satisfaction to perceive that the elephants had not been alarmed, their course being strewed with branches which they had chewed as they slowly fed along. The trackers now became extremely excited, and strained their eyes on every side in the momentary expectation of beholding the elephants. At length we emerged into an open glade, and clearing a grove of thorny mimosas, we came full in sight of one of them. Cautiously advancing, and looking to my right, I next discovered his comrade, standing in a thicket of low wait-a-bits, within a hundred and fifty yards of me; they were both first-rate old bulls, with enormous tusks of great length. I dismounted, and warily approached the second elephant for a closer inspection of his tusks. As I drew near he slightly turned his head, and I then perceived that his farther one was damaged towards the point, while at the same instant his comrade, raising his head clear of the bush on which he browsed displayed to my delighted eyes a pair of the most beautiful and perfect tusks I had ever seen.

“Regaining my horse, I advanced toward this elephant, and when within forty yards of him he walked slowly on before me in an open space, his huge ears gently flapping, and entirely concealing me from his view. Inclining to the left, I slightly increased my pace, and walked past him, within sixty yards, upon which he observed me for the first time; but probably mistaking “Sunday” for a hartebeest, he continued his course with his eye upon me, but showed no symptoms of alarm. The natives had requested me to endeavour, if possible, to hunt him towards the water, which lay in a northerly direction, and this I resolved to

do. Having advanced a little, I gave him my wind, when he was instantly alarmed and backed into the bushes, holding his head high and right to me. Thus he stood motionless as a statue, under the impression probably, that owing to his Lilliputian dimensions I had failed to observe him, and fancying that I would pass on without detecting him. I rode slowly on, and described a semicircle to obtain a shot at his shoulder, and, halting my horse, I fired from the saddle; he got it in the shoulder-blade, and, as slowly and silently I continued my course, he still stood gazing at me in utter astonishment. Bill and Flam were now slipped by the natives, and in another moment they were barking around him. I shouted loudly to encourage the dogs and perplex the elephant, who seemed puzzled to know what to think of us, and shrilly trumpeting, charged headlong after the dogs. Retreating, he backed into the thicket, then charged once more, and made clean away, holding the course I wanted. When I tried to fire, 'Sunday' was very fidgety, and destroyed the correctness of my aim. Approaching the elephant I presently dismounted and running in, gave him two fine shots behind the shoulder; then the dogs, which were both indifferent ones, ran barking at him. The consequence was a terrific charge, the dogs at once making for their master, and bringing the elephant right upon me. I had no time to gain my saddle, but ran for my life. The dogs, fortunately, took after 'Sunday,' who, alarmed by the trumpeting, dashed frantically away. Though in the midst of a most dangerous affray, I could not help laughing to remark horse, dogs, and elephant all charging along in a direct line.

"The dogs, having missed their master, held away for Kleinboy, who had long disappeared I knew not whither. 'Sunday' stood still, and commenced to graze, while the elephant slowly passing within a few yards of him, assumed a position under a tree beside him. Kleinboy presently making his appearance, I called to him to ride in and bring me my steed, but he refused and asked me if I wished him to go headlong to destruction 'Sunday' having fed slowly away from the elephant, I went up and he allowed me to recapture him. I now plainly saw that the



ELEPHANT HUNTING.

elephant was dying, but I continued firing to hasten his demise. Towards the end he took up a position in a dense thorny thicket, where for a long time he remained. Approaching within twelve paces, I fired my two last shots, aiming at his left side, close behind the shoulder. On receiving these he backed slowly through the thicket, and, clearing it, walked gently forward about twenty yards, when he suddenly came down with tremendous violence right on his broadside. To my intense mortification, the heavy fall was accompanied by a loud sharp crack, and on going up I found one of his matchless tusks broken short off by the lip. This was a glorious day's sport: I had bagged in one afternoon probably the two finest bull elephants in Bamangwato, and had it not been for the destruction of their noble trophies, which were the two finest pair of tusks I had obtained that season, my triumph on the occasion had been great and unalloyed.

"I was now languid and faint from excessive thirst, and the nearest water was still very remote. Being joined by the natives we quickly proceeded to divest the side of the elephant of a large sheet of the outer skin, when of the under one we constructed a pair of water-bags, with which two of the natives set out, leading along with them the dogs and horses; nor did they rejoin us till after midnight, having lost their reckoning by the way. Their comrades who were with me, conjecturing the cause of the delay, requested me to fire signal-shots at intervals throughout the night, which was the means of their eventually reaching their destination. At an early hour on the following day, leaving Kleinboy with the natives to look after the ivory, I set out with two men to show them where the other elephant lay, and thence to continue my way to camp.

"I continued hunting to the eastward of Bamangwato until the 3rd of October, during which time I added four other noble elephants, besides rhinoceroses and other animals, to my already satisfactory list of game."

Sir Cornwallis Harris met with many adventures of a thrilling nature, of which the following may serve as a specimen:—

"On the morning of the 9th of October, when the wagons had

started on their way to the Meritsane river our next stage, I turned off the road in pursuit of a group of brindled gnoos, and presently came upon another which was joined by a third still larger; then by a vast herd of zebras, and again by more gnoos, with sassabes and hartebeests pouring down from every quarter, until the landscape literally presented the appearance of a moving mass of game. Their incredible numbers so impeded their progress, that I had no difficulty in closing in with them, dismounting as opportunity offered, firing both barrels of my rifle into the retreating phalanx, and leaving the ground strewn with the slain. Still unsatisfied, I could not resist the temptation of mixing with the fugitives, loading and firing, until my jaded horse suddenly exhibited symptoms of distress, and shortly afterwards was unable to move. At this moment I discovered that I had dropped my pocket compass, and being unwilling to lose so valuable an ally, I turned loose my steed to graze, and retraced my steps several miles without success; the prints of my horse's hoofs being at length lost in those of the countless herds which had crossed the plain. Completely absorbed in the chase, I had retained but an imperfect idea of my locality, but returning to my horse, I led him in what I believed to be a north-easterly direction, knowing from a sketch of the country which had been given me by our excellent friend, Mr. Moffatt, and which together with drawing materials, I carried about me, that that course would eventually bring me to the Meritsane. After dragging my weary horse nearly the whole of the day, under a burning sun, my flagging spirits were at length revived by the appearance of several villages. Under other circumstances I should have avoided intercourse with their inhospitable inmates, but dying with thirst, I eagerly entered each in succession, and to my inexpressible astonishment found them deserted; the same evidence existing of their having been recently inhabited. I shot a hartebeest, in the hope that the smell of meat would as usual bring some stragglers to the spot, but no: the keen-sighted vultures, that were my only attendants, descended in multitudes, but no woolly-headed negro appeared to dispute the prey. In many of



HUNTING THE GNU AND ZEBRA.

the trees I observed large thatched houses resembling hay-stacks, and under the impression that these had been erected in so singular a position by the natives as a measure of security against the lions, whose recent tracks I distinguished in every direction, I ascended more than one in the hope of at least finding some vessel containing water; alas! they proved to be the habitations of large communities of social grosbeaks, those winged republicans, of whose architecture and magnificent edifices, I had till now entertained a very inadequate conception. Faint and bewildered, my prospects began to brighten as the shadows of evening lengthened; large troops of ostriches running in one direction plainly indicated that I was approaching water, and immediately afterwards I struck into a path impressed with the foot-marks of women and children, soon arriving at a nearly dry river, which, running east and west, I at once concluded to be that of which I was in search.

“Those only who have suffered as I did during this day from prolonged thirst, can form a competent idea of the delight, and, I may say, energy, afforded me by the first draught of the putrid waters of the Meritsane. They equally invigorated my exhausted steed, which I mounted immediately, and cantered up the bank of the river, in order, if possible, to reach the wagons before dark. The banks are precipitous, the channels deep, broken, and rocky, clusters of reeds and long grass indicating those spots which retain the water during the hot months. It was with no small difficulty, after crossing the river, that I forced my way through the broad belt of tangled bushes which margined the edge. The moonless night was fast closing round, and my weary horse again began to droop. The lions, commencing their nightly prowling, were roaring in all directions, and no friendly fire or beacon presenting itself to my view, the only alternative was to bivouac where I was, and to renew my search in the morning. Kindling a fire, I formed a thick bush into a pretty secure hut, by cutting away the middle, and closing the entrance with thorns; and having knee-haltered my horse, to prevent his straying, I proceeded to dine upon a guinea-fowl that I had killed, comfort-

ing myself with another draught of *agua pura*. The monarchs of the forest roared incessantly, and so alarmed my horse that I was obliged repeatedly to fire my rifle to give him confidence. It was piercingly cold, and all my fuel being expended, I suffered as much from the chill, as I had during the day from the scorching heat. About three o'clock, completely overcome by fatigue, I could keep my eyes open no longer, and commending myself to the protecting care of Providence, fell into a profound sleep. On opening my eyes, my first thought was of my horse. I started from my heathy bed in the hope of finding him where I had last seen him, but his place was empty. I roamed everywhere in search of him, and ascended trees which offered a good look out; but he was nowhere to be seen. It was more than probable that he had been eaten by lions, and I had almost given up the search in despair, when I at length found his footmark, and traced him to a deep hollow near the river, where he was quietly grazing. The night's rest, if so it could be called, had restored him to strength, and I pursued my journey along the bank of the river, which I now crossed opposite to the site of some former scene of strife, marked by numerous human bones, bleached by exposure. A little further on I disturbed a large lion, which walked slowly off, occasionally stopping and looking over his shoulder, as he deliberately ascended the opposite bank. In half an hour I reached the end of the jungle, and discovered the wagon road; but, as I could detect no recent traces of it, I turned to the southward, and, after riding eight miles in the direction of Sick-lajole, had the satisfaction of perceiving the wagons drawn up under a large tree in the middle of the plain."





DARING EXPLOIT OF BRITISH SAILORS.

WITHIN the beautiful port of Genoa, lay at anchor a French frigate of forty-two guns, dressed out in splendid array, with all the ensigns of the maritime world, to commemorate the anniversary of the Republic of France: the day was most auspicious—light airs displayed the flags to the admiring gaze of the *distingué* of Genoa, many of whom crowded the variegated gondolas that flocked round the frigate, whilst others traversed the Mole from end to end, praising the equipment of this superb vessel, which seemed equally adapted for defence and flight; her tiers of guns, raised high above the surface of the sea, frowned defiance to all, whilst her exquisite construction stamped her the fastest sailer out of France. In the distribution of her flags, it was observed that a marked preference was given to those of the most favoured nations of the new Republic; the stars of the United American States waved from the fore-royal-mast head, whilst those flags belonging to Holland and the Italian States, had lofty positions

assigned them. In vain did the eye look above her gunwale for a flag belonging to England, none floated in the breeze; but, oh, horror to English eyes! was seen extended and drooping from the frigate's head-rails, the glorious ensign of St. George for England. Here was a sight for Frenchmen to revel in, and here, also, was a sight that filled some hundreds of English hearts with indignation, as they looked from the deck of a British line-of-battle ship riding at anchor in the outer roads.

This ship, the *Berwick*, Capt. Littlejohn, had lately arrived, to gain intelligence of the route taken by the French fleet after its departure from Toulon, with a considerable armament, under General Bonaparte. The performance of this duty was soon cut short by an unlooked-for event; for whilst the captain was pacing the quarter-deck, his attention became directed to the advance of a numerous body of his ship's company, who, in respectful terms and manner, pointed towards the outrageous insult offered by the French frigate before their eyes, and humbly asked his permission to proceed in the boats, and tear down the British flag from its disgraceful position. This application was accompanied by a shrewd remark by one of the delegates, saying, that although the French ship was protected by the neutrality of the port, yet that protection became forfeited by the hostile breach so conspicuously displayed before the Genoese, in face of a British man-of-war of seventy-four guns.

This harangue was, however, stopped by the captain, who, whilst applauding their attachment to their king and country, cautioned them to refrain from all violent acts, as measures would be taken by himself and the English Consul for the immediate removal of the cause of irritation, in a suitable and dignified manner; he, therefore, on dismissing the delegates, proceeded towards the shore for the completion of his object.

We will here pause for a moment, and endeavour to describe the internal state of this ship. Soon after the captain's departure, the principal officers retired from the quarter-deck, and as noon was fast approaching, they assembled together in the ward-room, agreeable to custom, offering up libations to the rosy god in a

style not practised in these more refined times. Whilst thus refreshing themselves, quietness seemed to reign throughout the upper decks; for although much feeling was exhibited by the officers on the occasion of the Frenchman's insult, yet no sooner was the captain gone, than, drinking success to the war, they became passive on the subject, owing to the reliance they placed on the known energies of their commander. But far different was the scene below; a master spirit, in the person of George Manson, a Scotch youth (foretop-man) was stirring up for volunteers to avenge the dishonour cast upon the British navy. Already fifty of the boldest were busily employed arming themselves with weapons of every kind; and all sorts of ammunition especially twelve-pounder cartridges, and canister-shot, were divided amongst them, fully determined to carry the French frigate or perish in the attempt; their leader also pointed out to each their several parts, and great stress was laid upon that party armed with tomahawks to cut away the tackle belonging to the bow-chasers, on the fore-castle on the instant of possession, and point their muzzles towards the quarter-deck. These premises being understood, they shook hands with all, and appeared as if prepared for some chivalrous show instead of a deadly encounter.

At the hour of twelve, three boats floating astern were hauled close under the fore-chains, thus enabling the undaunted fifty to pass into them through the port-holes unobserved by the officers; and it was not till the desperadoes had reached several hundred yards on their way, that the officers became aware of their absence; consequently, the few shot fired to compel their return were found perfectly useless and thrown away. And now all on board were on the lookout for the result; every telescope was put in requisition, but not a word escaped the lips of the anxious crew during the dread interval of the boats passing from the Berwick to the frigate's buoy; when the silence became broken by the discharge of a musket from the French sentinel on the gangway. "They will be cut to pieces," cried a veteran marine officer. In a few seconds more the boats were alongside

under the fore-chains. "They are at it," exclaimed several voices. Pistol reports, shouts, and loud cries were distinctly heard from the frigate; whilst the gay multitude on the mole were seen running about in evident distraction. Another minute passed, when a loud boom from a great gun on board the frigate announced to their anxious minds the progress of the enterprise; and in ten minutes from that ominous sound, the French frigate was seen under a loosed fore-topsail, and staysail half hoisted, slowly leaving the port exposed to the fire of the batteries on the mole: but it was evident to all spectators that the master spirit, George Manson, derided all their efforts to stop her; and to crown his extraordinary success, St. George's ensign was seen at the main towering over the tricolor of France!

"It must be noticed that when the commanding officer of H. M. S. Berwick found all his efforts ineffectual to recall the fugitive boats, he instantly gave orders for hoisting out the launch; and as this operation usually takes several minutes, it was scarcely afloat when it became necessary to despatch her with a strong division of officers and men, towards the approaching frigate, which they soon anchored in safety under the protection of the Berwick.

Thus did the French frigate *L'Unité* in one short hour become a captive to an intrepid band of seamen belonging to the nation they so wantonly contemned. Even her very flags, (the cause of the strife,) so gaily waving in the air in regular order and succession, now lay upon the yards and rigging in wisps and folds, unseemly to the sight; whilst her decks were covered with the blood of dead warriors, who lay scattered about, marked with ghastly wounds terrific to behold.

It is difficult to describe the ferment which arose in the city of Genoa on seeing *L'Unité* in a state of confusion, leaving their harbour under English colours. At one period they insisted upon the detention of Capt. Littlejohn until England had satisfied their demands consequent upon the violation of the port, according to the practice of civilized nations; but that officer had wisely embarked the moment the fracas was announced, and joined his

ship, to the great joy of the British Consul, who advised the detention of the French frigate till he had reported the "catastrophe" to the commander-in-chief (Earl St. Vincent;) so off sailed the Berwick and L'Unité from the Italian shores, shaping their course, under a crowd of sail, for Gibraltar, assisted by a fair wind that not only gave them promise of a short voyage, but enabled the captain to hold a council with his officers on an exploit unparalleled in the annals of warfare. The result of this procedure showed that fifty British seamen, in broad open day, boarded and took a French frigate of forty-two guns, and three hundred and fifty men: all of whom were either killed or driven overboard, at the sacrifice of thirty-five men killed, and the remaining fifteen men wounded, who, notwithstanding their severe hurts, managed to cut the frigate's cable, loose the foretopsail, and with George Manson at the helm steered out of port, to the astonishment of the natives.

The arrival of H. M. S. Berwick with L'Unité was hailed with great joy and commendations by earl St. Vincent. The frigate was now announced as a prize, and commissioned instanter; thus becoming one of the fleet belonging to the command of the noble earl, who testified his approbation of the gallant deeds of George Manson and his intrepid followers by giving direction for their dispersion amongst his fleet, and on their recovery, to be brought forward as officers, and cherished their hopes with promises of advancement when they had qualified for the rank of lieutenant.

Here we leave his brethren tars to their fortunes, and keep only to those of George Manson; accordingly, we find him equipped in midshipman's uniform by the bounty of his benevolent superiors, and aided by the chaplain in acquiring the art of navigation, soon became qualified to pass his examination for a lieutenant. Thus having passed this ordeal, he received an *acting order* to do duty as lieutenant; which duty he faithfully performed till his ship was paid off, and then he became of course a gentleman at large.

Several years had now passed since the affair of taking

L'Unité ; he naturally became surprised and uneasy at not receiving his full commission as lieutenant in the navy ; but, having reached London, he determined upon making application at the fountain-head. So, entering the admiralty hall with a heart beating high with hopes of preferment, he sent up his card, not doubting but the hall would soon resound with the echoes of his name ; but hour after hour passed without the least mention of George Manson. In this state of suspense he stepped towards the porter, asking him if he was sure he had delivered his card.

“ Quite certain,” replied Old Bluff ; “ and what’s more, you may dance attendance here many a day ere you see the Great Man !”

This was sad news to the young hero,—and too true he found it ; for not only days, but weeks and months passed away without the smallest notice being taken of him. At length his eyes were opened by a kind friend, who whispered the fatal truth that, however the noble earl St. Vincent might view the affair of L'Unité at Gibraltar, the principal ministers of government looked upon it as an untoward act.

“ What !” said George Manson, “ have they not kept the French frigate, and do they disavow the captor ? I have got Lord St. Vincent’s promise in my pocket, and am determined to show it to his lordship, and would do so this moment if I could get at him. However, I will try once more.”

So the next day George Manson was seen in close confab with the porter at the Admiralty ; who, moved with compassion at the recital of his sufferings, and yielding to a persuasive golden argument practised in those venal times, took our hero’s card for the last time. But vain was the attempt—a positive refusal was given. This was a thunderbolt to his hopes ! What was to be done ? Aye, there was the rub. Most men under similar circumstances, would have done “ a deed of dreadful note.” Not so our hero—he was made of sterner stuff—he set about finding out the day his lordship was to have a party ; and having succeeded in learning that Earl St. Vincent was to give a grand entertain-

ment and ball upon an appointed day, he therefore made preparations for being there also.

Accordingly, he is seen stepping from a carriage, on the evening in question, at his lordship's residence, dressed as a lieutenant in full uniform. Up went Lieutenant Manson's name, and up he wended his way along the crowded staircase, and with firm step entered the suite of rooms filled by the *élite* of the town, and, after some difficulty, which he declared was worse than boarding the Frenchman, found himself in the presence of the veteran earl.

"Have you brought despatches, sir?" said the earl.

"No: but I have brought your lordship a letter, which I now have the honour to present."

"Why, it is from myself!"

"Yes, my lord; and I am come to receive the fulfilment of the promise contained therein."

His lordship looked again at the letter, and then, with a fixed look, said to George Manson, "call sir, at the Admiralty to-morrow, and there receive your lieutenant's commission!"

The promptness of his lordship's reply fixed George Manson like a statue. A gush of tears came to his relief, and he was soon restored to his senses by finding himself pressed on all sides with congratulations on his well-merited promotion (for the earl had whispered his history in a few words.) Thus he joined in the festivities of the evening, and the next day George Manson was seen, with elastic step and joyful countenance, leaving the Admiralty with his commission in his pocket, as Lieutenant of H. M. sloop *Moselle*, in January, 1805.





TIM.

LIFE IN IRELAND.

On a fine bright August morning, some ten years since, with my trusty Manton in my hand, and accompanied by a favourite setter, I strolled up the mountain, which overhung a friend's shooting lodge in Connemara. For some time, I was tolerably successful in my sport; bird after bird springing from the heather, only to find its way into my capacious pockets; and by twelve o'clock I found I had secured more game than I could well stow away. Cursing my want of forethought, which had prevented me from accepting the services of at least one of the dozen lazy

hangers-on at the lodge, I determined on retracing my footsteps, with what feelings I leave it to my brother sportsmen to decide.

Fortune, however, had better luck in store for me. I had not moved ten yards from the spot where I had been standing, when a thin blue wreath of smoke, curling over the shoulder of a mountain far away to the right, attracted my attention. Certain, now, of discovering some house where I might deposit my spoil, and obtain shelter from the heat which was becoming intense, I drew my shot-belt tighter around me, and shouldering my gun, pushed briskly forward—now plunging to the hips in the tall heather, now threading my way through a morass—till, after half-an-hour's hard work, I reached a small low cabin at the top of a narrow glen, and out of the chimney of which the smoke was pouring in considerable volumes.

I had been long enough in Connemara to more than half suspect I had come unawares on an illicit still; indeed the day before, I had heard there was one in full operation somewhere in these mountains, so without farther ceremony than the usual Irish benediction of 'God save all here' (to which the over-scrupulous add, 'except the cat,') I pushed open the door and entered the cabin.

A tall, fine-looking girl, whom I immediately recognized as an old acquaintance, having frequently seen her at the lodge, was seated on a low stool in the centre of the apartment, while a stout, middle-aged countryman, dressed in a long frieze coat and knee breeches, but without shoes or stockings, was on his knees in a corner blowing away with a pair of old bellows at a turf fire, on which hung what appeared to my uninitiated eyes an immense pot. My sudden entrance evidently startled him not a little, for, springing to his feet, he grasped a stout blackthorn stick that lay beside him, and stared at me for a moment with a countenance in which fear and rage were curiously blended. Not so the girl. She rose from her seat and welcomed me to the cabin, with that gay, frank, and peculiarly Irish hospitality, which, I'll be sworn,

has gladdened the heart of many a weary sportsman like myself.

“A, thin, bud yer honour’s welcome. It’s happy and proud we are to see you. Tim, you unmannerly thief, what are you starin’ for, as if ye seen the gauger? Don’t ye see the master’s frind standin’ foreninst you? and yer caubeen on your head, ye amathaun!”

Tim doffed his hat with much reverence. He “axed my honour’s pardon; but the thievin’ gaugers wor gettin’ so plenty, that a poor boy could hardly get done a hand’s turn without havin’ them on his tracks.”

I looked at the fellow as he spoke. There was none of that brutal, debauched look about him which distinguishes the English law-breaker. On the contrary, he was a very fair specimen of an Irish peasant; and, as I examined his honest, manly countenance, I could not help feeling strong misgivings as to the righteousness of the excise laws. Whether this feeling was caused by the delicious smell of the ‘potheen’ that pervaded the room, I leave to the charitably disposed reader to decide.

Meantime, a bottle filled with the aforesaid potheen was placed on the table by the girl, and consigning my Manton to a corner and emptying my pockets on the dresser, I speedily came to the conclusion that there are worse places than an Irish still-house for a tired sportsman to rest in.

I had hardly drained the first glass to the health of my fair hostess, when a little ragged, sunburnt gossoon rushed into the cabin, and, clasping his hands above his head, broke out into the most unearthly yell I ever heard.

“Och! wirr-as-thrue, murder!—och hone! och hone! Save yourselves for the sake of the blessed Vargin! We’re sowld!—the peelers are an us!”

Tim jumped from his seat as he spoke, and, seizing him by the collar, shook him violently,—“Who? what?—How many is in it? Spake, you young reprobate, or, by Jabers, I’ll make short work of you!”

“There’s two!—bad luck to them!” sobbed out the poor boy.

“They kem round the priest’s pass, and were an me afore I could bless myself.”

“Then the devil resave the drop of sparits they’ll seize there to-day!” said Tim, as his eye fell on my double-barrel that was leaning against the wall beside me.

“Come, my fine fellow,” I cried, “that won’t do. I’ll do what I can for you. But you had better not try that.”

We had no time for further parley, for the next moment the heavy tramp of footsteps was heard without, and two revenue policemen, with fixed bayonets, entered the cabin.

“A purty mornin’s work you have made of it, Misther Connolly,” said the foremost of the pair, “but a mighty expensive one, I’m thinkin.’ Long threatnin’ comes at last. I towld you I’d be on your thraek afore long, and I’ve kept my word. Guard the door Jim, and let no one pass out.”

“An’ I towld you,” said Tim, his face darkening as he spoke—“I towld you I’d be even wid you for what ye did to poor Hugh Connor. So pass on your way, and lave me and mine alone, or it’ll be the worst job ever you put a hand in.”

“I must first see what you have on the fire, my good lad,” said the man: “so make way there, in the queen’s name.”

“It ill becomes the like of ye to have the queen’s name in yer mouth, ye dirty informer,” said Tim. “So pass on yer way—I say again—or the divil a bit of this world’s bread ever you’ll eat.”

“We’ll try that presently,” said the policeman, coolly: “Jim, keep an eye on the girl that she doesn’t bolt on ye—she’s as cunnin’ as a fox.”

So saying, and lowering his carbine, he attempted to pass Tim, but in doing so, he evidently reckoned without his host, for, with a shout like a Delaware Indian, Tim sprang within his guard and seizing him by the collar, in a second both men were rolling over on the ground, grappling one another like two bull-dogs.

My hostess, like myself, had hitherto remained an inactive spectator; but she now evidently determined not to let them have all the fun to themselves, for, taking up a pair of heavy

iron tongs, she would soon, no doubt, have made a considerable diversion in Tim's favour, had not the other policeman jumped forward and caught her by the wrist.

"So that's yer game, is it, my lady? then I'll take the liberty of fittin' you wid a pair of bracelets," producing at the same time a pair of hand-cuffs which he attempted to force on her wrists; but the girl struggled desperately, and, in doing so, must have irritated him greatly, for the ruffian struck her a heavy blow with his closed fist.

My blood was now fairly up, and grasping my gun I inserted the butt-end under the fellow's ribs, and dashed him into the corner; where his head striking heavily against the sharp edge of a table, he lay apparently insensible.

"Run for it, Master Harry—never mind Tim—run or you 'll be cotched!" shouted Mary, as she vanished out of the back door, while I bolted at the front. The ringing sound of a stick against the policeman's shako, telling me, as I went, that Tim's blackthorn was doing its office.

I had got about fifty yards up the mountain, when I turned and witnessed a sight I shall not easily forget. I have mentioned before that the cabin was built at the top of a glen, between two mountains. Down this glen bounded Tim with the speed of a hunted stag, his long frieze coat streaming in the wind behind him, while the worm (the only valuable part of the apparatus) was bobbing up and down over his shoulder, keeping time to the motion of his bare legs, which were taking the ground along with them at an awful pace. In front of the cabin was his antagonist ramming a cartridge down his carbine, with unmistakeable energy, which the moment he had accomplished, he fired slap after the caubeen, but the ball only tore up the ground some yards to his right, and with a yell of triumph I saw Tim disappear round the corner of the glen.

It was late in the evening, when tired and travel-stained, I entered the dining-room at the lodge, where I found a large party assembled.

"Harry, my boy," said my friend, "we had given you up in

despair. Ellen insisted you had fallen over a precipice, or were drowned in a bog-hole, or something of the kind. You look tired too," filling me a tumbler of claret as he spoke; "there, now, take off that."

I never was remarkable for setting the table in a roar; but, on this occasion, if Theodore Hook himself had been relating my adventure I doubt whether he could have succeeded better than I did myself, and the old oak ceiling rang again, as my friend starting up and pointing to a short, punchy, red-faced little man, said:—

"Let me introduce you to Lieutenant Cassidy, late of H. M's. 88th regiment, and now commander of the Clifden revenue police"

"And an officer," said the lieutenant, bowing, "who would be sorry to interfere with any gentleman's diversions, even if he chose to break the heads of every scoundrel in the squad. The only thing I would recommend," he added, lowering his voice as he spoke, "is change of air; after your praiseworthy exertions this morning, I am sure it would be of service."



AN IRISH PEASANT GIRL.



HIGHLAND SPORT.

It was a September morning that we rode our pony (light Glenelg from the country of his breeding) to the highest farm-house in Abernethy, where we left him to wait our return. Two active lads, sons of the tenant, were delighted to accompany us, and we were on our march when the day was still early. In these days, the lower part of the glen of Nethy was too rank heather for grouse; and for miles we passed over, scarcely letting our dogs hunt it. Towards evening we fell among several good covers, and had abundance of sport, and more than the gillies liked to carry, before we struck the waters



HIGHLANDERS.



that run to the Awn. But our object was other game, and we were glad to find ourselves getting among the ptarmigan as night fell. A council was held to deliberate where we should sleep. We ourselves inclined for the Clach-ean, the shelter-stone on the rocky bank of Loeh Awn. But it was easy to see our proposal was most distasteful to the natives. It is well enough known that the shelter-stone is under the peculiar charge of the fairy people of Glen Awn, who are pretty hospitable when a shepherd or deer-stalker is driven there by stress of weather, but will not tolerate any wanton attempt to encroach upon their protection. We have since that time passed a night there. But then, the cautious councils prevailed, and our party turned a little eastward, and made, as it got quite dark, a shealing which the shepherds of Glen Awn use for a few months in summer, situated almost at the highest "forking" of Awn, and, so far as we know, the highest inhabited house that night in Britain. It was a hut of green sod, with a roof of thin black turf. The walls were not above three feet high, and one required to enter as you do into the galleries of the pyramids. Having erept in, we were heartily welcomed by the shepherds, and after eating our supper together, (to which they contributed a piece of "mutton" marvellously like venison,) and when we had reconciled their thin active dogs to our tired pointers, having a share of the heather in the corner, we lay down in our plaids round the fire of bog-fir and heather-roots, which smouldered in the midst of the hovel. The weather had changed in the course of the night, and one of our party awoke with a feeling of intense cold. He trimmed the fire, and threw upon it a bundle of wet heather, which produced at first only smoke. He had thrust his feet towards the fire, and was again asleep, when we were aroused by a shout of "fire," and found on springing up, the roof of the bothy in a light blaze, caught from the heather thrown on the fire blazing up as it dried. To rush out was the first impulse. It was snowing, and the roof was covered with a thin coat of snow, which had no effect in checking the fire. The burn ran close by, and with our bonnets we laved up water on the low roof, and soon got the fire extin-

guished, but at the expense of leaving a little lake to fill the place so lately occupied by our beds. This was uncomfortable enough, and as we sat under the roof, which still sheltered us from the snow, longing for daylight, we formed certain vows against being caught bivouacking again on the "burn of the Carouries." The night had an end, and we sallied out prepared to yield to fate and the weather, and to make for the low country, when the snow suddenly ceased falling. The sun, not yet risen above our horizon, began to tinge with rose the white cairn of Cairngorm. Then top after top caught the glow, till the whole mountains round shone in glorious light. Coming from that dark smoky cabin, the change was magical. It was perfectly still: even on the highest cliffs there was not a breath. As we walked forward, the ptarmigan crowed and rose at our feet. Taking up our dogs, we began shooting, and had several hours of very fine sport. The birds when found were generally down on the white moss beside the little streams that intersect it; but on being flushed, they took short flights and lighted on the steep *corries*, often within sight, so that "marking" was of as much importance as in a day of Norfolk partridge-shooting. In that our "henchman" excelled, and also in directing our approaches to the game when marked. It would be a nervous sort of climbing in other circumstances, but with the game before him, a man thinks little of the danger, and really incurs less from not thinking. Before the weather changed, which it did at mid-day, our bag was well filled. We have seen many a fine day round the black rocks of Loch Awn and on the side of Cairngorm; but that morning rests the brightest in our memory.

It is to the varied sports afforded by this wide region of moor and mountain, lake and river, that we would now introduce such of our readers as do not scorn our guidance.

In truth, the superiority of deer-stalking over other sports lies in its calling forth and putting to the test the highest qualifications of a sportsman. To hope to succeed in it, a man must be of good constitution, patient of toil, cold, hunger, and all hardship, and not to be discouraged by ill-success. He must be ac-

tive and quick of foot; he must have a keen eye and steady hand, and unshaken nerves; but, bringing all these preliminary qualifications, the young deer-stalker must still further learn to know the nature of the ground and the habits of the animal; he is to contend against the lord of the mountain. The red-deer is unmatched in strength, and speed, and endurance; he is very watchful; his sight is perfect; his hearing perfect; his sense of smell so acute that it detects the taint of a human enemy on the wind at the distance of miles. It is against these qualities and instincts, in a region best suited for their display, the deer-stalker has to match himself; and it is no inglorious triumph for human reason if he has the superiority. We think the individual exertion, the perseverance and sagacity, necessary for success when the devotee goes forth, single-handed, are well shown in a few pages from a journal of a sportsman to which we have had access. We have used the liberty of abridging it, but have neither added nor altered any thing of the sense, and can vouch for its being literally and wholly true. At the time of the adventures described, the writer was a very young man, fresh from a London life; but he was "come of a good kind," and took to the rough doings of the mountain life with that hearty enthusiasm and resolution not to be beat, which we think characteristic of Englishmen:—

"*Sunday*.—This evening, Malcolm, the shepherd of the shealing at the foot of Benmore, returning from church, reported his having crossed in the hill a track of a hart of extraordinary size. He guessed it must be 'the muckle stag of Benmore,' an animal that was seldom seen, but had long been the talk and marvel of the shepherds for its wonderful size and cunning. They love the marvellous, and in their report 'the muckle stag' bore a charmed life; he was unapproachable and invulnerable. I had heard of him too; and having taken my information, resolved to adventure to break the charm, though it should cost me a day or two.

"*Monday*.—This morning's sunrise saw me with my rifle, Donald carrying my double barrel, and Bran, on our way up the

glen to the shealing at the foot of Benmore. Donald is a small wiry old Highlander, somewhat sleepy in appearance, except when game is in sight, but whose whole figure changes when a deer comes in view. I must confess, however, he had no heart for this expedition. He is not addicted to superfluous conversation, but I heard him mutter something of a 'feckless errand—as good deer nearer hame.' Bran is a favourite; he is a sort of lurcher—a cross between a high-bred highland staghound and a bloodhound; not extremely fast, but untiring, and of courage to face any thing on four legs—already the victor in many a bloody tussle with hart and fox. We held generally up the glen, but turning and crossing to seek every likely corrie and burn on both sides. I shot a wild cat, stealing home to its cairn in the early morning; and we several times through the day came on deer, but they were hinds with their calves, and I was bent on higher game. As night fell, we turned down to the shealing rather disheartened; but the shepherd cheered me by assuring me the hart was still in that district, and describing his track, which he said was like that of a good heifer. Our spirits were quite restored by a meal of fresh caught trout, oat-cake and milk, with a modicum of whiskey, which certainly was of unusual flavour and potency.

“*Tuesday.*—We were off again at daybreak. I must pass several minor adventures, but one cannot be neglected. Malcolm went with us to show where he had last seen the track. As we crossed a long reach of black and broken ground, the first ascent from the valley, two golden eagles rose out of a hollow at some distance. Their flight was lazy and heavy, as if gorged with food, and on examining the place we found the carcass of a sheep half-eaten, one of Malcolm's flock. He vowed vengeance; and, merely giving us our route, returned for a spade to dig a place of hiding near enough the carcass to enable him to have a shot if the eagles should return. We held on our way and the greater part of the day without any luck to cheer us, my resolution 'not to be beat' a good deal strengthened by the occasional grumbling of Donald. Towards afternoon, when we had tired ourselves

with looking at every corrie in that side of the hill with our glasses, at length, in crossing a bare and boggy piece of ground, Donald suddenly stopped, with a Gaelic exclamation, and pointed—and there to be sure, was a full fresh foot-print, the largest mark of a deer either of us had ever seen. There was no more grumbling. Both of us were instantly as much on the alert as when we started on our adventure. We traced the track as long as the ground would allow. Where we lost it, it seemed to point down the little burn which soon lost itself to our view in a gorge of bare rocks. We proceeded now very cautiously, and taking up our station on a concealed ledge of one of the rocks, began to search the valley below with our telescopes. It was a large flat, strewed with huge slabs of stone, and surrounded on all sides but one with dark damp rocks. At the farther end were two black lochs, connected by a sluggish stream;—beside the larger loch, a bit of coarse grass and rushes, where we could distinguish a brood of wild ducks swimming in and out. It was difficult ground to see a deer, if lying; and I had almost given up seeking, when Donald's glass became motionless, and he gave a sort of grunt as he hitched on his belly, without taking the glass from his eye. 'Ugh! I'm thinking yon's him, sir: I'm seeing his horns.' I was at first incredulous. What he showed me close to the long grass I have mentioned, looked for all the world like some withered sticks; but the doubt was short. While we gazed, he rose and commenced feeding; and at last I saw the great hart of Benmore! He was a long way off, perhaps a mile and a half, but in excellent ground for getting at him. Our plan was soon made. I was to stalk him with the rifle, while Donald, with my gun and Bran, was to get round out of sight, to the pass by which the deer was likely to leave the valley. My task was apparently very easy. After getting down behind the rock, I had scarcely to stoop my head, but to walk up within shot, so favourable was the ground and the wind. I walked cautiously, however, and slow, to give Donald time to reach the pass. I was now within three hundred yards of him, when, as I leant against a slab of stone, all hid below my eyes, I saw him give a sudden

start, stop feeding, and look round suspiciously. What a noble beast! what a stretch of antler! with a mane like a lion! He stood for a minute or two snuffing every breath. I could not guess the cause of his alarm; it was not myself; the light wind blew fair down from him upon me. I knew Donald would give him no inkling of his whereabouts. He presently began to move, and came at a slow trot directly towards me. My pulse beat high. Another hundred yards forward, and he is mine! But it was not to be so. He took the top of a steep bank which commanded my position, and he saw me in an instant, and was off, at the speed of twenty miles an hour, to a pass wide from that where Donald was hid. While clattering up the hill, scattering the loose stones behind him, two other stags joined him, who had evidently been put up by Donald, and had given the alarm to my quarry. It was then that his great size was conspicuous. I could see with my glass they were full-grown stags, and with good heads, but they looked like fallow-deer as they followed him up the crag. I sat down disappointed for the moment; and Donald soon joined me, much crest-fallen, and cursing the stag in a curious variety of Gaelic oaths. Still it was something to have seen 'the muckle stag,' and *nil desperandum* was my motto. We had a long and weary walk to Malcolm's shealing; and I was glad to get to my heather bed, after arranging that I should occupy the hut Malcolm had prepared near the dead sheep next morning.

"*Wednesday*.—We were up an hour before daylight—and in a very dark morning I sallied out with Malcolm to take my station for a shot at the eagles. Many a stumble and slip I made during our walk, but at last I was left alone fairly ensconced, and hidden in the hut, which gave me hardly room to stand, sit, or lie. My position was not very comfortable, and the air was nipping cold just before the break of day. It was still scarcely grey dawn when a bird, with a slow, flapping flight, passed the opening of my hut, and lighted out of sight, but near, for I heard him strike the ground; and my heart beat faster. What was my disappointment when his low crowing croak announced the

raven ! and presently he came in sight, hopping and walking suspiciously round the sheep, till supposing the coast clear, and little wotting of the double-barrel, he hopped upon the carcass, and began, with his square cut-and-thrust beak, to dig at the meat. Another raven soon joined him, and then two more, who, after a kind of parley, quite intelligible, though in an unknown tongue, were admitted to their share of the banquet. I was watching their voracious meal with some interest, when suddenly they set up a croak of alarm, stopped feeding, and all turned their knowing-looking eyes in one direction. At that moment I heard a sharp scream, but very distant. The black party heard it too, and instantly darted off, alighting again at a little distance. Next moment, a rushing noise, and a large body passed close to me ; and the monarch of the clouds lighted at once on the sheep, with his broad breast not fifteen yards from me. He quietly folded up his wings, and throwing back his magnificent head, looked round at the ravens, as if wondering at their impudence in approaching his breakfast table. They kept a respectful silence, and hopped a little further off. The royal bird then turned his head in my direction, attracted by the change of the ground which he had just noticed in the dim morning light. His bright eye that instant caught mine as it glanced along the barrel. He rose ; as he rose I drew the trigger, and he fell quite dead half a dozen yards from the sheep. I followed Malcolm's directions, who had predicted that one eagle would be followed by a second, and remained quiet, in hopes that his mate was not within hearing of my shot. The morning was brightening, and I had not waited many minutes when I saw the other eagle skimming low over the brow of the hill towards me. She did not light at once. Her eye caught the change in the ground or the dead body of her mate, and she wheeled up into the air. I thought her lost to me, when presently I heard her wings brush close over my head, and then she went wheeling round and round above the dead bird, and turning her head downwards to make out what had happened. At times she stooped so low, I saw the sparkle of her eye and heard her low complaining cry. I watched

the time when she turned up her wing towards me, and fired, and dropped her actually on the body of the other. I now rushed out. The last bird immediately rose to her feet, and stood gazing at me with a reproachful half-threatening look. She would have done battle, but death was busy with her, and, as I was loading in haste, she reeled and fell perfectly dead. Eager as I had been to do the deed, I could not look on the royal birds without a pang. But such regrets were now too late. Passing over the Shepherd's rejoicing, and my incredible breakfast, we must get forward in our own great adventure. Our line of march to-day was over ground so high that we came repeatedly in the midst of ptarmigan. On the very summit Bran had a rencontre with an old mountain fox, toothless, yet very fat, whom he made to bite the dust. We struck at one place the tracks of the three deer, but of themselves we saw nothing. We kept exploring corrie after corrie, till night fell; and as it was in vain to think of returning to the shealing, which yet was the nearest roof, we were content to find a sort of niche in the rock, tolerably screened from all winds; and having almost filled it with long heather, flower up, we wrapped our plaids around us, and slept pretty comfortably.

“*Thursday*.—A dip in the burn below our bivouac renovated me. I did not observe that Donald followed my example in that; but he joined me in a hearty attack on the viands that still remained in our bag; and we started with renewed courage. About mid-day we came on a shealing beside a long narrow loch, fringed with beautiful weeping birches, and there we found means to cook some grouse I had shot to supply our exhausted larder. The shepherd, who had ‘no Sassenach,’ cheered us by his report of ‘the deer’ being lately seen, and describing his usual haunts. Donald was plainly getting disgusted and home-sick. For myself, I looked upon it as my fate that I must have that hart; so on we trudged. Repeatedly that afternoon, we came on the fresh tracks of our chase, but again he remained invisible. As it got dark, the weather suddenly changed, and I was glad enough to let Donald seek for the bearings of a ‘whisky bothie.’”

which he had heard of at our last stop. While he was seeking for it, the rain began to fall heavily, and through the darkness we were just able to distinguish a dark object, which turned out to be a horse. 'The lads with the still will not be far off,' said Donald. And so it turned out. But the rain had increased the darkness so much, that we should have searched in vain if I had not distinguished at intervals, between the pelting of the rain and the heavy rushing of a black burn that ran beside us, what appeared to me to be the shrill treble of a fiddle. I could scarcely believe my ears. But when I told my ideas to Donald, whose ears were less acute, he jumped with joy. 'It's all right enough; just follow the sound; it's that drunken deevil, Sandy Ross; ye'll never haud a fiddle frae him, nor him frae a whisky-still.' It was clear the sound came from across the black stream, and it looked formidable in the dark. However, there was no remedy. So grasping each the other's collar, and holding the guns high over head, we dashed in, and staggered through in safety, though the water was up to my waist, running like a mill-race, and the bottom was of round slippery stones. Scrambling up the bank, and following the merry sound, we came to what seemed a mere hole in the bank, from which it proceeded. The hole was partially closed by a door woven of heather; and looking through it, we saw a sight worthy of Teniers. On a barrel in the midst of the apartment—half hut, half cavern—stood aloft fiddling with all his might, the identical Sandy Ross, while round him danced three unkempt savages; and another figure was stooping employed over a fire in the corner, where the whisky-pot was in full operation. The fire, and a stiver or two of lighted bog-fir, gave light enough to see the whole, for the place was not above ten feet square. We made our approaches with becoming caution, and were, it is needless to say, hospitably received; for who ever heard of Highland smugglers refusing a welcome to sportsmen? We got rest, food, and fire—all that we required—and something more; for long after I had betaken me to the dry heather in the corner, I had disturbed visions of strange orgies in the bothy, and of my sober Donald exhibiting curious antics

on the top of a tub. These were perhaps productions of a disturbed brain; but there is no doubt that when daylight awoke me, the smugglers and Donald were all quiet and asleep, far past my efforts to arouse them, with the exception of one who was still able to tend the fire under the large black pot.

“*Friday*.—From the state in which my trusty companion was, with his head in a heap of ashes, I saw it would serve no purpose if I were able to wake him. He could be good for nothing all day. I therefore secured some breakfast and provisions for the day, (part of them oat-cake, which I baked for myself,) tied up Bran to wait Donald’s restoration, and departed with my rifle alone. The morning was bright and beautiful, the mountain streams overflowing with last night’s rain. I was now thrown on my own resources, and my own knowledge of the country, which, to say the truth, was far from minute or exact. ‘Benna-skiach’ was my object to day, and the corries which lay beyond it, where at this season the large harts were said to resort. My way at first was dreary enough, over a long slope of boggy ground, enlivened, however, by a few traces of deer having crossed, though none of my ‘chase.’ I at length passed the slope, and soon topped the ridge, and was repaid for my labour by a view so beautiful, I sat down to gaze, and I must even now present it to you, though anxious to get forward. Looking down into the valley before me, the foreground was a confusion of rocks of most fantastic shape, shelving rapidly to the edge of a small blue lake, the opposite shore of which was a beach of white pebbles, and beyond a stretch of the greenest pasture, dotted with dropping white-stemmed birches. This little level was hemmed in on all sides by mountains, ridge above ridge, first closely covered with purple heath, then more green and broken by ravines, and ending in sharp serrated peaks tipped with snow. Nothing moved within range of my vision, and nothing was to be seen that bespoke life but a solitary heron standing on one leg in the shallow water at the upper end of the lake. From hence I took in a good range, but could see no deer. While I lay above the lake, the day suddenly changed, and heavy wreaths of mist

came down the mountain sides in rapid succession. They reached me soon, and I was enclosed in an atmosphere through which I could not see twenty yards. It was very cold too, and I was obliged to move, though scarcely well knowing whither. I followed the course of the lake, and afterwards of the stream which flowed from it, for some time. Now and then a grouse would rise close to me, and flying a few yards, light again on a hillock, crowing and croaking at the intruder. The heron, in the darkness, came flapping his great wings close past me; I almost fancied I could feel their air. Nothing could be done in such weather, and I was not sure I might not be going away from my object. It was getting late too, and I made up my mind that my most prudent plan was to arrange a bivouac before it became quite dark. My wallet was empty, except a few crumbs, the remains of my morning's baking. It was necessary to provide food; and just as the necessity occurred to me, I heard through the mist the call of a cock grouse as he lighted close to me. I contrived to get his head between me and the sky as he was strutting and croaking on a hillock close at hand; and aiming at where his body ought to be, I fired my rifle. On going up to the place, I found I had not only killed him, but also his mate, whom I had not seen. It was a commencement of good luck. Sitting down, I speedily skinned my birds, and took them down to the burn to wash them before cooking. In crossing a sandy spot beside the burn, I came upon—could I believe my eyes?—‘the Track.’ Like Robinson Crusoe in the same circumstances, I started back, but was speedily at work taking my informations. There were prints enough to show the hart had crossed at a walk leisurely. It must have been lately, for it was since the burn had returned to its natural size, after the last night's flood. But nothing could be done till morning, so I set about my cooking; and having after some time succeeded in lighting a fire, while my grouse were slowly broiling, I pulled a quantity of heather, which I spread in a corner a little protected by an overhanging rock: I spread my plaid upon it, and over the plaid built another layer of heather. My supper ended, which was

not epicurean, I crawled into my nest under my plaid, and was soon sound asleep. I cannot say my slumbers were unbroken. Visions of the great stag thundering up the hills with preternatural speed, and noises like cannon, (which I have since learnt to attribute to their true cause—the splitting of fragments of rock under a sudden change from wet to sharp frost,) and above all, the constant recurrence of weary struggles through fields of snow and ice—kept me restless, and at length awoke me to the consciousness of a brilliant skylight and keen frost—a change that rejoiced me in spite of the cold.

“*Saturday*.—Need I say my first object was to go down and examine the track anew. There was no mistake. It was impossible to doubt that ‘the muckle hart of Benmore’ had actually walked through that burn a few hours before me, and in the same direction. I followed the direction of the track, and breasted the opposite hill. Looking round from its summit, it appeared to me a familiar scene, and on considering a moment, I found I overlooked from a different quarter the very rocky plain and two black lochs where I had seen my chase three days before. I had not gazed many minutes when I made sure I distinguished a deer lying on a black hillock quite open. I was down immediately, and with my glass made out at once the object of all my wanderings. My joy was somewhat abated by his position, which was not easily approachable. My first object, however, was to withdraw myself out of his sight, which I did by crawling backwards down a little bank till only the tops of his horns were visible, which served to show me he continued still. As he lay looking towards me, he commanded with his eye three-fourths of the circle, and the other quarter, where one might have got in upon him under cover of the little hillock, was unsafe from the wind blowing in that direction. A burn ran between him and me, one turn of which seemed to come within two hundred yards of him. It was my only chance, so, retreating about half a mile, I got into the burn in hidden ground, and then crept up its channel with such caution that I never allowed myself a sight of more than the tips of his horns, till I had reached the nearest bend to

him. There, looking through a tuft of rushes, I had a perfect view of the noble animal, lying on the open hillock, lazily stretched out at length, and only moving now and then to scratch his flank with his horn. I watched him fully an hour, the water up to my knees all the time. At length he stirred, gathered his legs together, and arose; and arching his back, he stretched himself just as a bullock does, rising from his night's lair. My heart throbbed, as turning all round he seemed to try the wind for his security, and then walked straight to the burn at a point about one hundred and fifty yards from me. I was much tempted, but had resolution to reserve my fire, reflecting I had but one barrel. He went into the burn at a deep pool, and standing in it up to his knees, took a long drink. I stooped to put on a new copper cap and prick the nipple of my rifle, and—on looking up again he was gone! I was in despair, and was even about moving rashly, when I saw his horns again appear a little farther off, but not more than fifty yards from the burn. By-and-by they lowered, and I judged he was lying down. "You are mine at last," I said, and I crept cautiously up the bed of the burn till I was opposite where he had lain down. I carefully and inch by inch placed my rifle over the bank of the burn, and then ventured to look along it. I could see only his horns, but within an easy shot. I was afraid to move higher up the bed of the burn, where I could have seen his body; the direction of the wind made that dangerous. I took breath for a moment and screwed up my nerves, and then with my cocked rifle at my shoulder and my finger on the trigger, I kicked a stone which splashed into the water. He started up instantly, but exposed only his front towards me. Still he was very near, scarcely fifty yards, and I fired at his throat just where it joins the head. He dropped on his knees to my shot, but was up again in a moment and went staggering up the hill. Oh, for one hour of Bran! Although the deer kept a mad pace, I saw he was soon too weak for the hill, and he swerved and turned back to the burn, and came headlong down within ten yards of me, tumbling into it apparently dead. Feeling confident, from the place where my ball

had taken effect, that he was dead, I threw down my rifle and went up to the deer with my hunting-knife. I found him stretched out, and as I thought dying, and I laid hold of his horns to raise his head to bleed him. I had scarcely touched him when he sprang up, flinging me backwards on the stones. It was an awkward position. I was stunned by the violent fall; behind me was a steep bank of seven or eight feet high; before me the bleeding stag with his horns levelled at me, and cutting me off from my rifle. In desperation I moved, when he instantly charged, but fortunately tumbled ere he quite reached me. He drew back again like a ram about to butt, and then stood still with his head lowered, and his eyes bloody and swelled, glaring upon me. His mane and all his coat were dripping with blood and water, and as he now and then tossed his head with an angry snort he looked like some savage beast of prey. We stood mutually at bay for some time, till I, recovering myself, jumped out of the burn so suddenly, that he had not time to run at me, and from the bank above, I dashed my plaid over his head and eyes, and threw myself upon him. I cannot account for my folly, and it had nearly cost me dear. The poor beast struggled desperately, and his remaining strength foiled me in every attempt to stab him forwards, and he at length made off, tumbling me down, but carrying with him a stab in the leg that lamed him. I ran and picked up my rifle, and then kept him in view as he rushed down the burn on three legs towards the loch. He took the water and stood at bay up to his chest in it. When he halted, I commenced loading my rifle, when to my dismay I found that all the remaining balls I had were for my double-barrel, and were a size too large for my rifle. I sat down and commenced scraping one to the right size, an operation that seemed interminable. At last I succeeded; and having loaded, the poor stag remaining perfectly still, I went up within twenty yards of him, and shot him through the head. He turned over and floated, perfectly dead. I waded in and floated him ashore, and then had leisure to look at my wounds and bruises of the fight, which were not serious, except my shinbone, scraped from ankle to knee with

the horn. I soon cleaned my quarry and stowed him as safely as I could, and then turned down the glen at a gay pace. I found Donald with Bran reposing at Malcolm's shealing; and for all reproaches on his misconduct, I was satisfied with sending him in person to bring home the 'Muckle hart of Benmore,' a duty which he successfully performed before night-fall."



HIGHLAND COSTUME.

THE WILD BOAR AND THE WELSHMAN.

EVAN AP HUGH, an ancient Briton, from North Wales, had a mind to travel for edification; and willing to see the politest part of the world, he bent his mind for France. Now, we should observe, that there is a place in that kingdom called Brittany, which, in some parts of it, as historians do affirm, is to this day inhabited by no other kind of people but ancient Britons, as the Welsh do always term themselves; and that it was a place of refuge given them in former ages, when they were put to flight by their too powerful enemies, the English; and, therefore, it is said, the place takes its name from them.

When our traveller was landed upon the French shore, though I know not at what part of it, he inquired, in the best manner he could, (for he knew not a word of French,) "which was his way to Brittany?" And at last, whether he was directed that way by any that understood him, or whether chance had brought him there, is of no great consequence either to the reader or to the story; but so it was, by some means or other, that he got into a great forest, belonging to the French King, where he often took the diversion and exercise of hunting the wild boars. And there they were bred and kept for that purpose.

Now it happened, that, as the Welshman was wandering through this forest, he all of a sudden was surprised with a terrible noise and mighty rustling among the leaves, when, looking round to see from whence it came, he saw a monstrous wild boar come running towards him, and foaming at the mouth like a mad thing. Seeing the fierce boar thus suddenly, the poor Welshman, in some despair, began to look out sharply for some place, if possible, to shelter him in; and as Providence was pleased to order it, there happened just by him to be a hermit's cave, void of and in-

habitants; and the Welshman to his great joy, seeing the door half open, runs directly therein, and gets behind it, thinking himself perfectly secure: but he was no sooner got into the cave than the foaming boar rushed in after him. The Welshman finding the boar pursued him into the cave, instantly turned short out of it, and with a presence of mind and motion as quick as lightning, pulled the door as hard as he could after him; and the enraged boar, turning about also to follow him, ran full butt against the door, and which, sticking a little before, he made it now quite fast, for the more he pushed against it, the faster it was. But the poor Welshman, having as yet not recovered from his fright, he had not the power to leave the place; but there he stood, all over in a trembling sweat. In two or three minutes, or less, up came the French king and his attendants; for the boar that was now shut up in the cave was one which the king and his nobles had pursued in a chase, and which had a little outrun them. The dogs, directed by their noses, immediately made up to the door where he was enclosed, but it stuck so fast, that their weight could not open it; so one of the king's attendants came up to the Welshman, and demanded in French, if he had not seen a wild boar run that way; but the Welshman answered in broken English, that he did not understand him. One of the nobles, who understood English very well, asked him in that language if he had not seen a wild boar pass by him a few minutes before. "I do not know what is a wild boar," replied the Welshman, "not I; but, indeed, here was a little shaky pig come up to me in a great passion and fury, look you, and it was going to bite me; but I was take hur by hur tail, and throw hur into that house, look you, and I believe hur was there now." The king, who understood but little English, demanded an explanation of what the Welshman said; and the nobleman told his majesty, that he said he did not know what a wild boar was, but that there was a jack-pig came up to him, and was going to bite him, but he took him by the tail, and put him into that house. "Now, please your majesty, what they call a jack-pig in some parts of England, is a little sucking pig; so that I should think

it could never be the wild boar he has put in there." "No, no," replied the king, "to be sure it cannot; but, however, whatever it is that he has put in there, order him to fetch it out immediately." So the aforesaid nobleman told the Welshman, that it was his majesty's pleasure that he should fetch this little jack-pig out of the house, that he might see it. But the Welshman not caring for the task, answered him again, "Not I; if hur was want hur out, hur may fetch hur out again hurself, if hur will; for I was not like to meddle with hur any more, look you." Here the nobleman told his majesty what the Welshman said, and at the same time insinuated to his majesty, that he was but a poor ignorant fellow, and that he had very little faith in what he related. So the king ordered the spearman who attended him in the chase, to force the door open; which they did immediately, and out came the boar with the utmost fury, when the dogs fell instantly upon him, and the sport was renewed; but the king was so amazed at what had happened about the Welshman's putting the wild boar into the cave by the tail, that he could not quit the place for some time. Said he, to his attendants, "we thought it impossible for this stranger to put such a creature into that cave, and shut the door upon him, as he said he had done, but you find it so. How came he in and the door shut, else? It was not five minutes before that we saw the creature before us; and this man, you all saw, was there by himself. How it could be otherwise, I own to me is amazing! I desire my lord," continued he to the nobleman who was their interpreter, "that you take care that I see this wonder of a man to-morrow." So the king rode in pursuit of his sport; and the nobleman, according to his majesty's command, staid with the Welshman to give him directions where he should come to him the next day, in order to his being introduced to the king and court. Accordingly, the Welshman came, and the nobleman carried him immediately to his majesty, who, when he demanded a farther account from him concerning the wild boar, the Welshman told him the very same story, without variation. Then his majesty asked him what religion he was of, but the Welshman could give him very little



WILD BOAR HUNT.

account of that. He was very much pleased at the fine appearance of the gens d'armes, or life guards, and told his majesty, that "if he would give him a horse, and make him one of those fine folks, he should be obliged to hur." At this the king was a little surprised, that he asked for nothing better; but, however, he gave orders that he should be immediately equipped. And he was no sooner initiated into the corps, but all the Frenchmen therein wished him any where else, and contracted a mighty mixture of fear and hatred for him; for not a man in the troop dared to contradict him.

The story of his putting the wild boar into the cave, was sufficient to intimidate the boldest of them. At length, the Welshman having been a kind of lawgiver amongst them a great while without the least interruption, they now began to scheme and form a plot against him, in order, if possible, to lower his mettle. So they went privately through the corps and raised by subscription, a purse of a thousand livres for any man that would challenge and fight him at any weapon; and five hundred more he was to have if he conquered. But none would undertake to do it for a great while; at last, a very good swordsman, and one who kept a fencing school, undertook to challenge him; and, in order to give him a public correction, they got leave from their commander, who was obliged to ask it of the king (for the Welshman was a great favourite of his majesty) for the honour of France, to make a pitched and public battle of it. When the Welshman received the challenge, and found that his honour, his place, and every thing of value, lay at stake, and every thing depended upon his success in this disagreeable engagement, he began to scheme all the ways he could think on to accomplish his safety and escape, and at last he resolves as follows:—

The day for this bloody battle being fixed for the morrow, at eight o'clock in the morning, the Welshman determined not to stir from home till a full quarter after, and until several messengers had come in quest of him, for the good natured Frenchmen were in great eagerness to have him despatched. But Taffy having staid in his apartment as long as he thought proper, (either

plotting or praying,) he bundled up a rusty old sword and a pick-axe, and away he trudges to the place appointed. There he found his antagonist ready stript, and exercising with another master, to put his hand in against he engaged; and whole multitudes of people were assembled to see this bloody encounter, which was expected to be the most worthy of observation of any single combat that ever had been fought in that kingdom. As soon as the Welshman came to the place appointed, they all began to reproach him with a general voice for overstaying his time; and his antagonist, whose spirits were supported and kept up by the encouragement of his friends, brandished his sword, and with great eagerness challenged him to the combat. At which the Welshman carelessly replied, "Don't put yourself into passions; you shall find, look you, that I am come time enough for you presently." So, throwing down his bundle, and after pulling off his clothes very deliberately, instead of his sword he takes his spade in his hand, and looking several times very earnestly at his antagonist, he makes a mark upon the turf like a grave, and then began to dig and throw the earth out of it, and to pick with his pick-axe, and to work as hard as he was able. At length, the Frenchman, who stood vapouring and ready to engage with him, demanded with some contempt, what he was about and why he did not come and answer his challenge. "Ay, ay," quoth the Welshman, "you are in a plaguy hurry, look you; but, I pray you, don't trouble yourself any more about it; I shall be time enough for you presently. But I will not come till I have done what I am about; for, as I am a shentleman and a Christian man, and every thing else in the world, I have never kilt a man in my whole life, but I have bury him." "Ha! vat is dat he say?" quoth the Frenchman; "I varrant he has killed ten thousand men in his life; else, he would never take de trouble to make dis grave for me! But I will not stay to be killed!" As soon as the Frenchman saw the Welshman's eyes turned another way, he set out full drive, and ran with all the force and speed he was master of. And as soon as he was got far enough off, the Welshman, who with great joy saw him set out, now holding up

his head, and seeing him, as if by accident, running away, catches up his sword, and starting after him, calls out as loud as he could, "Plood and oons! does hur run away at last, like a fillian? I pray you, stop hur! stop hur! and pring hur pack again to hur crave, look you!" But all attempts were used in vain; he never stopt till he was got off, nor was he heard of till some time after. And thus the Welshman saved both his life and credit; for no Frenchman in the whole kingdom, from that hour, dared to challenge him ever after.

This Welshman was worthy to have been descended from these brave old worthies, the ancient bards of Wales, who fell a sacrifice to the cruel policy of the English Edward.



ANCIENT BARD OF WALES.

THE LAST OF THE CONTRABANDIERI

It was Saturday afternoon, the hour of vespers at Bedonia, in the Val di Taro. The service had already commenced, and not a soul was to be seen out of church. A stream of female voices gushed out of the open windows of the choir. Outside, not a sound, not a living object astir. It was a scene of ineffable calmness and silence. Only near the portals an instrument of destruction was leaning against the wall,—it was the redoubted carbine of Paul Moro, the last of the bandits of the Appenines.

The bandit himself, as we have seen, with a reward on his head, does not believe himself exempt from attending church service, and the carbine of Paul Moro, clearly announced the presence of its owner among the pious flock of the parish of Bedonia.

The mountaineers of the upper districts of the Val di Taro, no matter what may otherwise be the condition of Italy—are an independent race. They are the same stubborn people against whom the rage of the victorious French armies, under the guidance of the bloody Junot, had for many years to struggle with dubious success; and although brought to allegiance after the Restoration, they are still virtually at war against all governments; and gendarmes, gaugers, or excisemen, seldom venture with impunity within the stronghold of their mountain fastnesses. Too poor for taxation, too testy and stubborn for military service, the government of Parma would hardly deem it worth while to interfere with them in any manner, and would gladly leave them to the rule of their priests, and their traditional, clan-like, social compact, were it not for the alarming extent to which they carry on their contraband trade.

Placed on the confine between the Tuscan, Sardinian, Mode-



G.D.

JUNOT.

nese, Parmesan, and Lucchese states, every highlander of that district is at heart a smuggler. Naturally a people of the most peaceable disposition, frank, patriarchal, hospitable, as the Arabs of the desert, they are only induced to take arms for the vindication of what they consider their inalienable right of free trade. The Italian governments have, in their improvidence, laid the heaviest duties on salt, tobacco, gunpowder, and other articles of the same description, and raised toll-gates and custom-offices, at every corner of their Lilliputian states. To evade the exactions, and to baffle the vigilance of the officers, to convey the forbidden articles from one state to another, to counteract the mean spirit of monopoly on the part of the governments, and establish a kind of unlawful Zollverein throughout the country, is the main occupation, the dearest object, the pride of the Val-tarese. Whoever defrauds the revenue by clandestine smuggling is held a clever man and a worthy one; but whoever carries on the contraband in full daylight, by main force, in the very teeth of an armed authority, is looked upon as a hero.

Of this latter description, there never had been, from time immemorial, a more daring pattern than the one who was now attending vespers in the parish church at Bedonia.

Paul Moro was notorious throughout central Italy. He owned a score of mules of the best Genoese breed. A hundred mountaineers were ever ready at his beck to join his band for any desperate enterprise. He entertained a wide correspondence with masters of smuggling vessels in Corsica and Port Mahon. At the head of his trusty outlaws, he would ride on a fine moonlight night to some desert spot on the Riviera of Genoa. Bales from Havana or Virginia would pass from the hold of a tempest-tossed schooner to the backs of his sure-footed cattle. Then making straight for La Cisa, or Mount Cento Croci, the mighty caravan travelled day and night, without intermission, on the main road, announced at a considerable distance by the hundred bells jingling at the necks of its gaily caparisoned mules; till on its arrival at the toll-house on the borders, the reckless chieftain would march forward alone, and knocking lustily at the bolted

door with the butt-end of his rifle, tauntingly call out to the trembling gauger within to come out and smoke one of his best Havanas with him.

Strong bodies of gendarmes and even detachments of regular soldiery had been posted at those often violated stations. Ambush and military stratagem had been resorted to. Combined manœuvres had been planned by the officers of different governments to circumvent and surprise the lawless band in its roving expeditions. The consequences had been bloody affrays, from which the contrabandist had invariably come off with signal success. His perfect knowledge of every inch of ground, his cool intrepidity, the consummate discipline in which men and beasts in his suite were trained, and the unerring aim of his rifles enabled him to withstand the attack of widely superior forces. Entrenched behind their heavy loaded mules, the smugglers could at any time improvise a fortified camp, even where the bare rocks or the level heath offered no better shelter, and there was no instance on record of any of the band, dead or alive, or of any part of the cargo, being suffered to fall into the hands of the enemy. By degrees, the suddenness of his movements, the impetuosity of his onset, and the ruthlessness of his executions, (for no quarter was given on the battle-field,) had completely demoralized all his opponents, and the name alone of Paul Moro had power to disband a whole regiment in sheer panic consternation.

It must not, however, be supposed that personal bravery or strategic abilities could alone have raised him to such a formidable extent of power. The secret of this long career of success lay in the popularity of his character and pursuits. In a land of smugglers he was the king of smugglers. He was a personification of the spirit of the wild population among whom lay the scene of his exploits. He was the life and soul of that "free trade," by which alone Val-di-Faro could flourish and thrive. No one had ever carried it on with such open defiance, with such enlarged views, with such systematic perseverance, with such constant prosperity. Every man felt that contraband had been

nothing before him, and no one could say what it might become without him.

Every inhabitant of the district, therefore, watched the life of Paul Moro with all the zeal and activity of self-preservation. Every herdsman on the hills, every fisher in the streams, would have walked a hundred miles to convey him timely information of the presence of an enemy; every labourer in the field, every charcoal-burner in the woods, would have forsworn himself a thousand times to mislead and bewilder his pursuers. A party of Red Indians on their war-path do not display half the inventive powers employed by those mountaineers to secure their champion against any chance of surprise. Flags by day, fires by night, broken twigs in the forest, signals and sounds without number, constituted the language by which those volunteering spies and auxiliaries communicated with the band on every stage of its march. The whole region, indeed, seemed organized into a kind of Providence hovering with paternal solicitude on the progress of its venturesome children, so readily and so seasonably every crag and thicket seemed to produce a bare-footed messenger, breathless with the momentous tidings it was his good fortune to bear.

It was then rather as an ornament than for any expectation of its being pressed into service, that Paul Moro's carbine was left in waiting at the church door of Bedonia. Indeed, were even an assault meditated in any other part of the country, against any malefactor, the sacredness of the house of worship would, in any instance, screen him from danger; the women and children, and the very parish priest himself would, under such circumstances, turn out and fight for his defence.

The carbine, however, was there. That weapon had its ample share of its owner's reputation. It was a long-barrelled, silver-mounted rifle, the like of which is not easily to be met with in the civilized world. The moors of Abd-El-Kader and the guerilleros of Cabrera might be so equipped for war; but in any other country, old-fashioned instruments like that are laid down as mere curiosities of ancient armoury. Paul Moro would not

have exchanged his rifle against the best of Manton's masterpieces. The barrel bore the name of its maker, Lazzarino Cominazzo, an armourer who flourished in Italy long before the renowned Spanish foundries attained their ascendancy. It was soft and smooth as velvet, and it seemed as if time and rust could never impair its rich brown, or affect the rings of its snake-like damaskeening. The stock, or at least its curious inlayings, were of more recent workmanship—most probably renewed according to the taste of its successive owners, the names of several of which were engraven on silver plates near the lock. The fame of all those owners lived in the wildest traditions of the country, and in the hands of each of them, as well as in those of its present possessor, "La Lazzarina," as the rifle was called, had performed such prodigies, as could hardly be expected of a barrel merely cast in mortal forges, and tempered by human contrivance.

Meanwhile, the elevation of the Host had closed the ceremonies of the evening service. As the last tinkling of the bell died off, a faint rush was heard, announcing the rising of the congregation from their kneeling posture. Presently, barcheaded, silent, and with downcast eyes, they began to issue from the church, and after crossing the little church-yard they all heaved a sigh, as they found themselves in the open air, as if glad to be relieved from the long constraint of overwrought devotion. The old people tarried awhile on the threshold to escort their beloved pastor to his dwelling, but the more impatient members of the new generation filed off in a bustle, and paired off in different directions, engaged in genial conversation.

Paul Moro was among the first to leave the church; he shouldered his piece with unaffected carelessness, and a few steps brought him by the side of the loveliest creature in Val-di-Taro.

They were a remarkable pair, and formed rather a pleasing contrast. The contrabandist was tall, dark, athletic. He was in his thirtieth year; the hue of exuberant health glowed on his bronzed cheek. No trace was on his look of the violent life he led. He had a manly, open, and cheerful countenance, expres-

sive of all that gentleness and benevolence which is inseparable from genuine valour.

His companion had the complexion of an angel; somewhat pale, perhaps, but dazzlingly fair. Her eyes were deep blue, and locks of the purest gold fell on a neck and shoulders of unblemished whiteness. She had an exquisite cast of features, animated by an expression of consummate archness. Her eyes beamed with an intelligence and energy which might appear somewhat premature and unfeminine. She was aged eighteen, and her name was Maria Stella.

There was an awful story connected with the birth of that singular girl. Her mother, a milk-maid of the neighbourhood of Borgotaro, had fallen in with a party of marauders from some of the invading armies of the allies in 1814; whether Cossacks or Croats, it was never satisfactorily ascertained. She remained with them three days, after which she succeeded in effecting her escape. She repaired to her mother's home, haggard, dishevelled, in a state of raving insanity; and continued a helpless maniac for nine months, at the end of which period she was delivered of a daughter, and died in giving her birth. The child was christened Maria Stella.

The miserable orphan was brought up by her grandmother, an indigent widow, who was her nearest relative. In her infancy, Maria Stella was removed to Bedonia, where she had grown up unconscious of her origin. Her aged relative and guardian had done all in her power to spoil her. Indulged in all her childish whims, and early made aware of the charms of her person, she had become as arrant a coquette as those innocent mountains had ever beheld. Paul Moro, to whose liberalities her grandmother was indebted for her subsistence, had centred all his thoughts on that blooming girl. He was not, indeed, blind to the waywardness and wantonness of her disposition; but he attributed it to the natural buoyancy of her age. In his native honesty and singlemindedness the good contrabandist was far from penetrating to the depth, and estimating to its full extent a character which seemed, in fact, as yet hardly developed, and

which was too easily concealed under the appearances of girlish petulance and self-will.

"It is a lovely evening," observed Maria Stella, as she drew down her *veletta* on her brow,* and spread her rustic fan to screen her face from the rays of the setting sun, well-knowing at what a high premium her snow-white complexion was in that southern climate; "we will have a stroll on the Pelpi, and come back by moonlight."

"And what," asked Paul, "is to become of your grandma' all the while?"

"Oh, Nonna knows very well how to take care of herself," said the girl pettishly. "She will be telling her beads till bedtime. Amusing, is it not? I wish you would go and keep her company. I can find my way very well without you—and, by the by, you are not going to take that rusty old scree-crow with you," she said, tapping contemptuously with her fan on the barrel of the rifle, till it rang again like a silver bell.

"Why," said Paul, "I never knew you object to Lazzarina before."

"But I tell you I won't have it:" insisted the spoiled beauty; then pointing to a countryman that met them on the road—"there comes Bonagiunta, the cowherd, in good time," she said, "Trust it with him. Now then make up your mind: you part with your gun, or you part with me."

"Be on your guard, Paul Moro," whispered the rustic, walking up to the contrabandist. "I have just come from Compiano. The garrison has received a reinforcement of dragoons from Borgotaro. Captain Scotti is with them. Be on the look out, I tell ye. Mark my words, they are after no good."

"The dragoons are loth to cross my path, Bonagiunta," said Paul, coolly. "As for Captain Scotti, there are old scores to settle between us. I have spared him twice. It is for him to

* A picturesque head-gear used by the peasant girls in several mountainous districts in Italy, and consisting of a square top laid obliquely on the crown of the head, with wide folds falling gracefully on both sides and behind.

beware. But what ails thee, wench!" he said, turning suddenly to Maria Stella. "You look pale; fear not, my child; they will not interfere with us, and if they do, why Lazzarina is a friend in need. Now, you see, we can't very well dispense with it."

The girl bit her lips. The two betrothed continued their walk, the smuggler glancing occasionally at the road before him, the girl with her eyes on the ground; both silent. The path wound athwart the Pelpi, a vast extent of meagre pasture ground, sloping boldly to the river, all bare and bleak, without one bush to break its monotonous nudity. After an extent of above three miles the coast broke into a narrow glen, beyond which there arose a lofty forest of old chestnut trees, spreading on a wide extent of land as far as the ancient fortress of Compiano. Here was the foremost station of civilized life. That castle, which was also a prison of state, was tenanted by a thin garrison, occasionally strengthened by a body of gendarmes, or as they are there named, dragoons. Further down the broad valley is situated the town of Borgotaro, the little metropolis of the whole district. In the centre of the above-mentioned glen, and about half-way between Compiano and the village of Bedonia, embosomed in a cluster of luxuriant trees, was a chapel dedicated to St. Mary. The shrine stood still and solitary, venerable with age, awful with its unbroken silence and gloom.

By the time the two lovers had arrived in sight of the chapel, the girl had rallied her spirits, damped, as her lover thought, by the announcement of danger, however remote; she walked by the side of her protector, skipping and bounding like a very child, railing and teasing him in her desultory conversation.

"But, my dear child—" remonstrated Paul.

"But, dear papa, this evening I am in the humour for a very, very long walk; we will go at least, as far as St. Mary's."

"But child," insisted the contrabandist, "you'll hardly be back at midnight."

"Well, and what of it? Are you afraid of being with me alone in the dark, or—on my word, I believe you are afraid of ghosts: they do say, indeed, the old chapel is haunted."

“Afraid?” said Paul, without swaggering; “I should be sorry to believe that I am afraid of any man, alive or dead.”

“You do believe in ghosts, though?”

“And why should I not?” replied the brave man in the simplicity of his heart. “Am I not a man and a Christian? Is not the soul immortal and God omnipotent? But I fear them not; an uneasy conscience needs alone fear them. I never harmed any living being. I am a quiet man, and follow a peaceful trade. If an evil-minded gauger chooses to act the part of the highway robber, and cross an honest muleteer on his path, why his blood be on his head. It grieves me, though, to hear you trifling with matters connected with another world. The books they gave you at Borgotaro—I never looked into them—I am a poor ignorant mountaineer—but I fear they can do you no good. There are men who study till they learn to fear neither God nor the devil, and—”

“There now,” interrupted Stella, “what a good parson you’d make.”

“I do not like your books,” continued Paul Moro, with rising warmth, “and I do not like the company you frequent at Borgotaro. It was ill-advised of your grandmother to allow you to go alone to that idle town; had I been in the way, this should never have been. We have heard of your fine doings there. You have no regard for me, Stella, or you would not forget yourself so far as to be seen dancing and flirting with Captain Scotti, or any other thief-taker with epaulettes like him.”

“Hush, hush; see there!” exclaimed the girl, with her usual levity, pointing with her fan to a mountain hawk which was sailing loftily over their heads.

“You see, yonder, that kite, or buzzard, or whatever it is?” said the girl.

“It is a noble hawk,” said the contrabandist, with a veneration for that bird peculiar to the mountaineers. “Its pinions are as broad as an eagle’s.”

“Make haste with your rifle and bear him down!”

“The bold falcon does us no harm,” remonstrated Paul Moro

who himself a rover, had a fellow-feeling for the daring pirate of the air.

"It's a fine shot," insisted the wilful girl, "and I long to see a trial of your skill. Do you hear, sir! Down with your rifle and fire."

The good-natured lover complied reluctantly with the girl's caprice. He raised the muzzle of his gun to a level with the bird, and followed for a second its rotary soaring in the air. Suddenly his heart seemed to smite him. He lowered his piece, and turning to his impatient mistress, "Grace," he said, "grace, for the harmless creature!"

"Harmless plunderer of dove-cots and poultry-yards forsooth. I have no patience with you."

"Every living being follows the instinct with which God Almighty has gifted him," returned the bandit, solemnly; "we have no right to sit in judgment against him."

"None of your nonsense," urged the girl, snappishly, "fire forthwith, or I'll dispense with your company on my way back."

The contrabandist again took his unerring aim. The hawk was by this time right over his head, at a very great height. He wheeled round and round, lingeringly and almost imperceptibly, courting as it were the fate that awaited him, unfolding his mighty wings to their utmost extent, and offering thus as wide a target as the marksman could desire. Paul fired. The report of the rifle awakened the distant echoes on both sides of the wide stream. The hawk made an upward start, then suddenly sinking heavily, helplessly, he bounded down, turning over and over through the air, until he plunged with a dead splash into the roaring torrent, many hundred feet beneath the ground on which his destroyer stood.

While Paul with a melancholy eye followed the downfall of the bird, Stella cast a hurried glance towards the forest.

"The brave soaring falcon will never go back to his eyrie," said Paul, turning away his head. "His race is run, and the messenger of death reached him just, perhaps, as he exulted in

the full consciousness of his powers. So much for those who put their trust in mortal strength."

"I am only sorry we can have none of his feathers," observed the girl, with great coolness. "I wanted a plume for the cap of my own champion. But come," she added, taking hold of his arm, and hurrying him away, just as he prepared to reload his piece. "We are not a hundred yards from the chapel, and we must not go back without kneeling to the image of our Lady."

The mountaineer followed her without a reply, but in a state of unusual depression. Stella, aware of the gloominess of his disposition, endeavoured to dispel it, by her incessant volubility.

"There is the enchanted forest," said she, "the nest of sprites and goblins, the haunt of ghosts and ghouls, and all evil spirits that roam by night." Then raising her merry voice amidst peals of laughter, she sung:—

"Day or night, no man should rove
Through the dismal chestnut grove."

"Prithee, Stella, not that silly song," interrupted Paul Moro. "Sing me rather some staves out of the Lay of San Pellegrino."

But the heedless girl continued, raising her voice to the highest pitch.

"Peace, Stella!" interrupted the smuggler, drawing her back hastily.

"Mercy, what is the matter?" faltered the girl, ready to faint with terror.

Every trace of colour had fled from the cheeks of Paul Moro. His first movement had been to lower the muzzle of his gun in the direction of the chapel; his hand next ran to the hilt of his dagger, but his self-possession instantly returned, and ashamed of the moment of weakness he had evinced,

"Pah!" he exclaimed, "I am growing chicken-hearted, I believe, as I am getting old. Didn't I fancy I saw a bayonet gleaming through the branches of that old chestnut-tree?"

“I told you so,” retorted the girl, who had rallied her spirits as soon as her companion. “The grove, the dismal grove! that is the place for strange sounds and queer sights.”

They had reached the outskirts of the forest, and stood in front of the chapel. The sun had set behind a huge mass of summer clouds, and the moon was yet struggling through a dense haze down in the east. It was the first and yet the darkest hour of night. The last peals of the Ave Maria from many a parish church on the hills, died languidly away mellowed by distance, and the soft sigh of eve seemed to spread over the silent landscape. Obeying the influence of the ineffable calmness around him, the contrabandist laid his carbine against the wall, and threw his cap on the rude stone bench which ran all along the front of the shrine. He sat down, drew the pale-faced girl on his knees, and rested his head on her shoulder, musing.

‘Come, Paul,’ said the girl, in a voice which appeared subdued by the solemnity of the hour and of the place. “Let us go in. Three Ave Marias, and then we’ll see what Nonna has got for our supper.”

The man rose. He lifted up the latch, and pushed the gate open. The girl followed on his footsteps and yet, even yet, as she set her foot on the sill, she stopped for a few seconds to take a survey of the surrounding trees.

They knelt side by side on the bare pavement in the centre of the chapel; they bowed their heads before the rudely-carved and gaudily-dressed image on the altar-piece.—The clear, silver voice of Maria Stella could be heard responding to the deep tones of the pious contrabandist. The girl was many shades paler than usual as they emerged from the shrine. Paul was about to resume his cap and his rifle when his mistress laid her hand on his arm.

“Stop dear Paul,” she stammered, “I have left my fan in the chapel.”

The contrabandist hastened back to the spot they had just left. As he was stooping to raise the fan from the ground he heard

the iron door violently slammed behind him. Maria Stella stood laughing outside.

"Come, child, none of your pranks," cried the mountaineer his eye flashing with sudden anger. "This is neither the place nor the time for trifling. You know I cannot brook confinement, not even in jest."

As he said this he laid his powerful grasp on the iron rails, and gave them a hearty pull but in vain.

"There now, you are my prisoner," shouted the wild girl, clapping her hands in all the enjoyment of her mad frolic. "I have half a mind to leave you there to spend the night with the ghosts."

The countenance of the contrabandist became now terrific. "Lift up the latch, giddy girl, or by Heaven—"

Maria Stella was appalled by that menacing scowl; she hastened to comply with his desire, and fumbled for some time at the latch, but after a few ineffectual efforts she drew back impatiently.

"The devil is in the lock, I do believe," she exclaimed, "lend me your knife, Paul; my fingers are all-a-bleeding."

Paul thrust the handle of his dagger through the bars of the door. The girl clutched it eagerly. In that instant the grove became alive with armed men.

"There he is!" said Maria Stella, addressing her words to their leader. "He can't help himself now. Don't hurt him at least. Remember you promised!"

Seven years had elapsed since that new Dalilah had delivered her lover fast and bound (for Paul was too much stunned by her treason to offer even a show of resistance) into the hands of his enemies. Matters bore now a different aspect in the upper regions of Val-di-Taro. There was an end of "free trade" since the last of the contrabandists had disappeared from the scene of his daring achievements. The fate of Paul Moro had daunted the most valiant of his band. A sneaking smuggler would yet occasionally steal through a wolf-path over the border with his

pack of prohibited goods on his shoulder ; but the fair, gentlemanly practice of highway contraband had been gradually discontinued, and seemed now to have become utterly impracticable.

By what fatal stratagem Paul's capture had been brought about remained yet, in a great measure, a mystery. But however artfully Maria Stella might contrive to avert from herself the odium of that dark transaction—however loudly she bewailed her lover's fate, and her own bereavement, she was soon made aware that the tide of public opinion was setting hard against her, and, as if apprehending that the air of Bedonia had all at once become too keen for her constitution, she prevailed on her grandmother to repair to Borgotaro.

The strong suspicions that were current to her discredit, received ample confirmation by the heartless and almost riotous life into which she plunged as soon as she saw herself safely re-established in her native place. Captain Scotti, he, it was surmised, who commanded the expedition against Paul Moro at St. Mary's chapel, became now her constant attendant. The flatteries of that gay admirer induced her to a course of dissipation which could not fail to give great offence to the sober community that witnessed it. Whatever may be, or rather may have been the manners of the idle nobility in town, licentiousness is very rare in Italy among the middle and lowest classes. Maria Stella found that she had no longer a right to raise her face before her equals, and in vain urged her gallant swain to restore her good name by the only means in his power. In a moment of despair, advised also as it seems by the captain himself, she yielded to the repeated solicitations of her ancient suitor, Dr. Bisturi, an old miser, aged three score, who had buried three wives, and did not shrink from the contingencies of a fourth connubial experiment.

The wedding took place about three months after the arrest of the contrabandist. Tidings of his trial and sentence at Parma, had recently reached Borgotaro, and the announcement of his execution was hourly expected.

Merrily rang every bell from the crazy old steeple, as the doctor and his youthful bride, now made one flesh for life, issued from the main door of the church; the old country town of Borgotaro had put on its best holiday look, glad of its share in a festive ceremony, no matter how unpopular the parties it was called upon to congratulate. And the boys shouted, and the mortars thundered, and the flags waved from the balconies, and the roads were strewn with flowers. The whole bridal company got on their mountain nags, and a long stream of people followed in disorderly procession. Captain Scotti as bridesman, bestriding the proudest of his chargers, pranced gallantly on the left of Maria Stella; his radiant countenance and martial bearing affording no common contrast to the shrivelled face and vaulted figure of the old bridegroom, as he sat crouching on his ambling mule. The gay cavalcade had well-nigh reached the doctor's residence, near the half-tottering gate of the town, when it was met, and owing to the narrowness of the street, momentarily checked by another party, coming from an opposite direction, and presenting quite a different aspect.

It was a large convoy of grim-visaged malefactors, tied together on a long string, bound for the bagnios of Genoa. They were escorted by a band of alguazils, armed to the teeth, and their limbs were loaded with several coils of clanking chains. Each of these felons muttered his coarse joke as he brushed by the white palfrey of the gaily-attired bride. Only the last—he came alone, and held his eyes on the ground, as if unconscious of the interruption,—only the last would have walked silently on, had not his attention been suddenly roused by a faint exclamation of the bride herself—it was Paul Moro!

On the morning of his execution at Parma, the cart on which he was conveyed to the scaffold, had *happened* to meet the carriage of the reigning duchess, and that gracious encounter, in accordance with a long established custom was interpreted as a signification of reprieve. His sentence was commuted into hard imprisonment for life, and he had received order to join a band

of criminals, who were then on the eve of their transportation to the galleys of Genoa.

At that cry of surprise, which the sight of her victim elicited from Stella's heart, Paul raised his head, and seemed to awake from a lethargic sleep. He gazed at his late betrothed, he gazed at the sparkling cavalier, who, on the first symptoms of alarm, had thrown his right arm round the lady's waist, as if to steady her on her saddle; and as he gazed, he turned quickly round to address them, by that sudden start communicating a backward movement to the whole gang of his fellow-captives. His guardians, however, pressed on his heels, and drove him onward with oaths and blows.

Then the fiend of impotent rage was roused in the heart of Paul Moro. He cast a savage look on all surrounding objects, as if anxious to include the whole of creation in one sweeping malediction. Then, with the fury of the wolf of the Appenine, when wounded by the huntsman's lead, he drives his fangs through his smarting flesh, the miserable convict snapped at his left arm with his teeth with such rabid ferocity, that the blood flowed copiously from the arteries of his lacerated limb. Faint with the loss of blood, and the exhaustion of his passion, he was conveyed to the gaol of Borgotaro, where a month elapsed before he was so far recovered as to reach his ultimate destination.

The best part of seven years had now gone by since Stella's wedding had been saddened by that ominous meeting. She was now seated by her bedside, in her chamber, watching the slumbers of her only child, a blooming girl, born within the first twelvemonth of her wedlock. The doctor, her husband, was from home. It was late at night, and her attendant had retired. Unrest and anxiety stood on the face of that solitary watcher. And yet, her uneasiness could hardly arise from any maternal concern for the health or well-being of her daughter, for the dewy roses of thriving freshness, and the seraph smile of happy innocence, were on the face of the sleeping girl. Moreover, her eye wandered often from the cradle to the half-closed door of her

apartment. She rose also, not unfrequently, and paced the room with the agitated step of fretful expectation.

Her countenance had lost much of its native liveliness, and the incessant worming of latent care seemed even to have undermined her gracile constitution. The advantages of the comparative affluence and ease of her present situation had fallen miserably short of her sanguine anticipations. The dulness of her husband's home was but a sad refuge against the withering scorn which awaited her, whenever she ventured out into a society, for which her origin as well as her conduct unfitted her. The very man for whose sake she had sunk so low in her own and the world's estimation, Captain Scotti himself, had but coldly requited her boundless, though guilty devotion. Not many months after her wedding, that officer had been removed to a distant part of the province. He had left her letters unanswered, and all intercourse had, for a long lapse of years, ceased between them.

But he had come back, at last; suddenly, unexpectedly; an interchange of billets had taken place, and the doctor's absence offering a rare opportunity, that very evening had been appointed for a reconciliatory meeting.

Trembling with anxiety, sat the guilty wife by her daughter's cradle. That girl, she knew, had more than her ample share in that cold and selfish man's affections. Since his last clandestine visit, years ago, the helpless infant had grown into a lively and rational being. Stella looked on her own girl, who, she hoped, was to become a pledge of renovated tenderness. To the mother, she thought, he might show himself overbearing and tyrannical; but that child's smiles, the very sight of its sleeping loveliness could not fail to subdue him, to win him back to his wonted allegiance.

Outside, the night was dark and squally. The moaning gusts of the autumn wind shook the old mansion with incessant fury. A solitary star would glimmer, for an instant, through a breach opened between the drifting clouds, but huge black masses, as if of Stygian vapours, immediately thronged upon the

vacant space, and all again became more compact and deeper gloom.

Maria Stella, now at her window, contemplated the revel of the raging elements. A shiver ran through her veins, the cold blast howled through the crannies of the shattered shutters, in the sound of a hungry wolf, prowling at the dead of night round the palings of a lonely sheep-fold.

On a sudden her countenance beamed, her hands were clasped with ecstatic joy; for the form of a man was descried advancing rapidly down the silent street. Stella recognized that lofty figure, that martial step, that proud bearing of his head. Her eyes had not deceived her. Yet a few moments, and the stately officer stopped on the threshold of her house. It was an old seignorial mansion, almost a castle in appearance, but sadly out of repair, which the griping physician had bought out of the wreck of a ruined family. The main door in the street remained open day and night, the doctor's household being only protected by the doors at the entrance of the habitable apartments. The captain entered. There was a short interval of trembling expectation, and presently a light foot-tread stole rapidly up the marble staircase. Maria Stella hurried to the door with outstretched arms. The door flew open, yielding to a hasty impulse from without. In stalked the nocturnal visitor—and Maria Stella fell back, uttering a shriek—a piercing, rending, unearthly shriek, as if her heart-strings had snapped asunder.

Paul Moro stood before her!

During six years and nine months Maria Stella never had once heard of, never alluded to the transported contrabandist. Thought of him, however, she had; and his sudden appearance, in that guilty moment, called back, by an instantaneous rush, a whole age of secret terror and stifled remorse. Great Heaven! was it the phantom of the dead rising before her an avenger? or if it was, indeed, Paul living and breathing, how had he broken his chains and travelled safely back to his mountains? And Paul had met him! for her eyes had not deceived her, and the captain stood but one minute since on her threshold. They had met. Her lover had fallen by the hand of his rival.

Maria Stella staggered back. Thrice did she press both her hands on her heart—thrice did she grasp convulsively, as she reeled backwards towards her daughter's cradle. Her marble pale countenance in an instant became overspread with flaming scarlet. But that sanguine hue immediately gave place to a dark purple. There was a spasmodic throbbing at her temples: a gurgling and rattling at her throat; she tottered backwards and backwards, with her glaring eyes rivetted on the blasting apparition—fascinated as if Medusa's head had suddenly offered itself before her gaze; thrice she faltered in a smothered voice, "Paul! Paul Moro!" and sank overpowered across the couch of her child.

That which caused that misguided woman such a trance of cruel perplexity is, however, for us, a problem of easy solution. Only three days before, the port of Genoa had been thrown into an uproar by the announcement of the escape of six galley slaves from the *Darsena*. They had been seen prowling along the seashore towards La Spezia. They were all bandits and smugglers from Parma; Paul Moro was their leader, he had projected and promoted their bold scheme of escape. They had seized on a fishing *tartana*, and five of them sailed for the opposite coast of Barbary. But the leader remained behind. He resisted the warm entreaties, the tears and threats of his comrades. He had a vow to fulfil, he urged. He stood long gazing after their receding sail, as wind and wave were rapidly wafting them to a land of freedom and security. He wished them speed and success in their voyage. But he envied them not; he did not mourn over their unavoidable separation; his fate awaited him on shore.

Then he moved homewards. He trod on his native hills; he plunged into the depths of his forests; from an overhanging cliff he hailed the broad valley which had so often witnessed his triumphs. He stood on the ruins of his dismantled dwelling, he toiled through the thorns and nettles luxuriating on his deserted homefield. The desolation of his own heart seemed equally spread over the scenery around.

But he had not come to mourn over ruins, or to wail over the devastation of inclement seasons. He had a sacred duty, a solemn vow of revenge to accomplish. Three days and three nights he wandered, biding his time, and watching the movements of his victim. The doctor's absence, the captain's return, the secret messages between the two lovers, their appointed meeting—he knew all—he guessed all, as if gifted with a miraculous power of divination.

At the appointed hour he hid himself behind the portals of Stella's house. Behind a pillar in the dark hall Paul Moro awaited the arrival of the expected guest. He heard, he recognized his tread, he perceived his tall figure, he fancied he could discern his features as the captain passed him in the dark, groping up to the staircase. The contrabandist laid hand on his dagger, and followed close on his footsteps.

But passion is hasty and inconsiderate, guilt is suspicious and cowardly. The captain heard the footfall of his pursuer. He stopped short, he held his breath. He was far indeed from dreaming of the real nature of his danger; but he was assailed by a thousand vague terrors. He apprehended the doctor might have detected his clandestine connexion with his wife, and waylaid him; he even dreaded the vengeance of Maria Stella herself, whom he felt he had wronged, and whom he knew by experience capable of the most dangerous extremes. A sudden faint-heartedness stole over the frame of the gallant captain. He resolved to give up the interview. This change in his disposition was but the work of a moment; he stole through a back staircase into the yard, and through a coach-door glided out of the house.

Paul Moro knew nothing of this retreating movement. He felt sure he was following on the track of his mortal enemy. He held him safe. Thirst for revenge blinded and deafened him. Thoroughly acquainted with every turning in the house, he rushed to the door of Stella's chamber, into which his rival must in that very instant have preceded him. He pushed open the

door, and was scarcely less surprised than Stella herself when he found her alone.

He could scarcely believe his own eyes. He cast a hasty glance round the room, and that rapid survey satisfied him that his victim had vanished. He stood amazed on the spot.

His dress was torn, soiled, and squalid, the consequence of his rambling days and nights in the woods. His face was hollow and haggard, the result of long hours of fast and sleeplessness, and his features had been hardened, the expression of his countenance had grown wild with years of weary toil, with the constant intercourse with degraded beings. He was a miserable no less than a formidable object to look upon; and even independently of the fatal circumstances under which he presented himself before Maria Stella, he might easily have suggested to any other beholder the idea that he was only the spectre of his former self.

Paul Moro recovered from the astonishment in which the inconceivable disappearance of the captain had thrown him, only to be paralyzed by the effect that his presence seemed to have on the former object of his affections. He flew to her assistance, he caught her up in his arms. He called out her name loudly, frantically. He roused the house by his alarming cries.

In his moments of maddening despair in the condemned cell—in his hours of gloomy loneliness in the bagnio—in his first entrancement of emancipation—in his deeply meditated scheme of revenge, the name of Stella had never been associated in his mind with feelings of rancour and animosity. He came not to harm her. Her unnatural defection grieved him to the very core of his heart. He mourned over the abyss into which an angel had fallen. Her treachery had called forth unutterable anguish, irrecoverable misery, but he could not hate her. He could never have the heart to hurt her.

His long cherished revenge had a far higher aim; his wrath ran in a far different channel. He came to strike her seducer dead at her feet. Him who had poisoned the atmosphere in which innocence breathed, by the foul breath of his base flattery

—who had whispered treason into the incautious ear of an unsophisticated country maiden, and made love an instrument of the darkest perfidy—who had darkened the sun in his firmament, and shaken his belief in God's own justice and wrath—him he came to stab to the heart!

And meanwhile his designed victim seemed to have sunk underground, and Stella was fainting—dying before him. Dying! for all his endeavours, and those of the servants who had been startled from their sleep and ran to her assistance, were equally vain. Stella's eyes were still wide open, and seemed to follow every movement of the contrabandist, as with violent gestures, with bursting sobs, he solicited every person in the room to lend a helping hand. But the chill of death was on her darkened face, in her stiffened limbs; still forever was the heaving of her breast. The conflict of violent emotions had produced instant suffocation.

A fortnight after that disastrous night, Paul landed at Bastia, in Corsica. Notwithstanding his cropped ears, the runaway galley-slave was enlisted in the foreign legion, which the French government was then fitting out for Africa. At the head of the forlorn hope, Paul Moro distinguished himself for a few months against the Moors of Algiers. The violence of his onset, the weight of his prodigious strength, and his recklessness of all dangers, enabled him to come off, single-handed, from many a desperate engagement. He was heard of as promoted to the rank of a serjeant, and decorated with the Legion d'Honneur, by the hand of the commanding marshal. These honours, and more perhaps, the activity of that desultory campaign, seemed to have effaced from his heart all painful reminiscences, and reconciled him to existence. One morning as he was sent to reconnoitre at the head of a small detachment of light infantry, he was struck on the head, and carried away into captivity by the Arabs. He must either have died in consequence of his wounds, or been deliberately put to death by his barbarous enemy, as for many years he has never been heard of. Captain Scotti has risen to the rank of a colonel in the service of the Duchess of Parma.

DON CIRO, OR THE PRIEST-ROBBER.

THIS extraordinary man, whose atrocities far exceeded those of his contemporaries (and sometimes his friends) the Vardarelli, was born in the little Neapolitan town of Grottaglie. His parents, who were in easy circumstances, destined him for the ecclesiastical profession, which he entered very young. Having gone through the routine of a priest's education at the seminario and Collegio, he was in due course of time ordained by the Bishop of the diocese, and received the mass. The brothers of Don Ciro, most respectable farmers, and his uncle the Canon Patitero neither of whom ever took any part in his crimes, were alive and in the enjoyment of unblemished reputation a very few years ago, and are probably still living.

Don Ciro, even at an early period of life, showed very great talents—qualities indeed that might almost claim the high epithet of genius; but unfortunately he possessed also what so frequently accompanies genius, a most ardent and passionate temperament. With a disposition—a resistless impulse to love ever working within him, he was forbidden the indulgence of that most natural and potent of all passions by his sacred profession and his vows. Ciro Anacchiarico unfortunately became enamoured of a lady, his own townswoman. This was the key to all his crimes. His passion was too impetuous to be concealed, and his townfolk talked lightly of him: a young man of the place, a schoolfellow, and once a friend, met with more favour in the eyes of the lady, than the priest could hope for. Ciro saw evidences of this one day. He rushed out of the house, and providing himself with a gun, lurked behind a wall until his rival should approach. The young man came, but never went from the fatal spot. Ciro, who was even then a good

marksman, shot him dead, and slunk away fancying to escape discovery. Some rumours, however, were soon raised by the Motolesi, the family of the priest's victim. Ciro's thirst for vengeance was not satisfied with one murder; he had vowed to exterminate the whole family of the Motolesi. Their murmured suspicions perhaps hastened their fate; and one after the other every individual of that house, save one, had disappeared from the little town of Grottaglie. (The individual who escaped lived shut up in his house for several years, without ever daring to go out, and the unhappy being, even fifteen years after the murder of his kindred, thought that a snare was laid for him when people came to tell him of the imprisonment, and shortly after, of the death of his remorseless enemy; and it was with great difficulty that he was induced to quit his retreat.)

When he had gratified his revenge, and found that the tardy justice of his country was about to proceed against him, he fled from his native town. Whether he became a brigand then, does not appear; but he shortly after played his part of a hero, for on learning that the government, ever injudicious and tyrannical, had thrown his innocent brothers into prison, "he flew," he said, "on the wings of fraternal love" to effect their release, and presented himself to the extraordinary judiciary commission of Apulia sitting at Trani. The innocence of his brothers was made evident, and they were released, but all the ingenuity and eloquence of the Abbe (for he had attained that sacerdotal grade) could not save himself. Capital punishment, however, was then rare in the kingdom of Naples, and convicted and manifold murderer as he was, he was only sentenced to the galley for fifteen years. For four years he was confined in the most horrid dungeons, never being sent to the place appointed for his transportation, though he several times petitioned for that removal, which would have enabled him to breathe fresh air at least for a certain number of hours each day. It would be too horrible to reflect on the workings of a mind like his, in darkness and utter solitude—in a very hell! from which, as might be expected he came out a fiend indeed!

At the expiration of the fourth year of his dreadful confinement, he contrived to escape. But whither could he go without friends or money? The government of his country had now passed into the hands of the French, who exercised it with more energy than the old Bourbons. But the provinces, as I have already explained, were overrun by desperate men, in whom, for a long time, were confounded the characters of brigands and political partizans. The Abate Ciro, therefore, went and joined one of the most notorious of these bands, which soon acknowledged him as their chief, and grew in numbers and prospered under his guidance and fostering talents. Under other circumstances he might have been an excellent soldier—he turned out a most accomplished bandit. Not one of the band could fire his rifle with so sure an aim, or mount his horse like the priest Don Ciro. In the course of his vagabond and hard life, being obliged to hide for seasons in the most horrible holes of the rocks or depths of the forest, and not unfrequently suffering the want of the merest necessaries for human sustenance, he acquired a strength of constitution, a resoluteness of purpose, and an adroitness and cunning the most remarkable, even among men whose modes of life, of necessity, confirmed and strengthened the same qualities.

One of his first exploits after escaping from the dungeons of Lecce, was to penetrate with his satellites into one of the first houses of the little town of Martano, where after having offered violence to the person of its mistress, he murdered her, and all her people, and decamped with a large sum of ready money. This deed was followed up by numerous crimes of the like nature, until what with truth, and a little natural exaggeration, the amount of delinquencies was most fearful, and nothing was heard of but Ciro Anacehiarico. This was so much the case, that some years after, when he thought it expedient to send in a justification of his conduct, he said that, “whatever robbery, whatever murder, whatever assassination was committed on the face of the earth, was instantly attributed to the Abate Anacehiarico.”

The extent of this reputation could not but be dangerous to

him—yet he continued, year after year, to elude every pursuit, and to baffle the many hundreds of soldiers that were occasionally sent against him. He was always well mounted. A retreat of thirty or forty miles in a day was as nothing to him—and even when confidential spies had revealed the place of his concealment but a few hours before, and his pursuers came upon him with the full confidence that they should take him at last, his skill and activity always served him at need, and he escaped. This singular good fortune, or rather talent, of being able to extricate himself from the most imminent dangers, acquired for him, among the people, the valuable reputation of a necromancer, upon whom ordinary means of attack had no power; and *Ciro*, becoming aware of this, neglected nothing which could confirm the idea, and increase the sort of spell it produced upon the ignorant superstitious peasants. The country people, indeed, soon carried their fears so far, that they dared not execrate or even blame *Don *Ciro** in his absence, so firmly were they persuaded that his demon would immediately inform him of it and render them obnoxious to his bloody revenge.

Meanwhile, a robber by profession—an unholy wizard in the imaginations of other men—a devil in reality, *Don *Ciro** never wholly relinquished his sacerdotal character; on the contrary he would frequently perform its functions, celebrating the mass and other solemn rites to the *banditti*—who are generally found in Italy to have a strong relish for religion, such as it is, and who will send a knife into your bosom while a crucifix and a reliquary repose upon their own. Further to strengthen the anomaly of his position as a priest, he was accustomed to declare the whole Catholic priesthood rogues without faith; and he affected himself a very libertine character, addicting himself in a particular manner to the perusal of indecent French songs, a whole collection of which was once found in his portfolio. Moreover, his passion for one woman generalised itself; and besides its accidental gratification, he had, at the period of his power, mistresses in all the towns of the province,

The other bands of *banditti*, compared with the priest's rob-

bers, were angels of mercy. Yet in the course of perpetrating the most ruthless crimes, Don Ciro would sometimes indulge in whims to which he tried to give an air of generosity. General D'Ottavio, a Corsican in the service of Murat, had long been pursuing him with a thousand men. One day Ciro, whose audacity was frequently quite romantic, armed at all points, surprised the general, unarmed, and alone, walking in his own garden. He discovered himself—pronounced his dreaded name, and remarked, that the life of the general, who sought *his* life, was in his hands. "But," said he, "I will pardon you this time, although I shall cease to be so indulgent if you continue to hunt me about with such fury!" Thus saying he leaped over the garden wall and disappeared.

When King Ferdinand was restored to his States on the Continental side of the Faro by the great political game of Europe, in which he had been about as neutral as a marker in whist, he recalled as I have already mentioned, such as had been *fuorusciti* for political opinions. There were many robbers in this number, but Ciro Anacchiarico's crimes were of too deep a dye. Yet this bold villain did not fear to present himself to the public authorities at Lecce, claiming his majesty's amnesty. The magistrates gave him a safe conduct to the city of Bari, where he was to reside, under the eye of the police for the present. He pretended afterwards that he felt remorse and repentance at this time, and even entertained a serious idea of shutting himself up in the college of the Missionaries, and passing the rest of his days in fasting and prayers. "I was on the point," says he in his justification, "of following up my noble resolution, when the thunderbolt burst upon my head (*allorche intesi lo scroscio de violentissimo fulmine, che se scagliova sul mio capo.*) Ah! let it be permitted me, most respectable seignors, to exclaim this moment with Æneas) *call' Enea di Virgilio*—the robber had not quite forgotten his classics!

'Infandum—jubete vos—renovare dolorem.'

"I have not force enough to express to you, how my heart was rent, or the deplorable state which I miserably sank into

when I was secretly informed by a faithful friend, that my arrest was ordered on the cruel accusation of having infringed the royal mandate. I vanished like lightning from Bari; I went to the capital to obtain redress, and to discover once more the black conspiracy against me. All was vain. The hopes I had cherished disappeared; and while perplexed as to the steps I ought to take, the power of my relentless persecutors prevailed. At last I left the capital, and guided only by that fortitude and consistency so necessary in my misfortunes, I betook myself to my old haunts in the solitude of the forests, and recommenced a savage and wretched life."

It was at the end of 1815; towards the termination of the following year, Don Ciro, having well employed the intervening time, and now taking the alarm at the adoption of vigorous measures by the government to put down the brigands, conceived the bold idea of uniting the various bands of robbers and outlaws, of whatever faction or denomination, to oppose the march of the king's troops with all the forces they could muster, and otherwise to assert henceforward one common cause.

The Vardarelli, the most conspicuous of the robbers, were then enjoying the honours of their royal capitulation and were in the king's pay; but Ciro knew there were grounds of fear and dissatisfaction existing among them, and hoped to induce them to "turn out" again. He therefore invited them, with the chiefs of other bands to a personal conference, in order, in the first place to treat of the measures to be pursued against General Church, who was coming into their provinces at the head of the king's troops; and these worthies had, accordingly, two different interviews, the first at the end of 1816, in a little deserted chapel where Don Ciro celebrated mass before he began the conference, and the second in the month of March or April 1817, in a farm between S. Ermo and Gioja. Gaetano Vardarelli differed as to the propriety of a junction. He represented that it would be well to act in concert, but still separately, and that they ought by all means to avoid a general insurrection, of which they might easily become the victims. "As long," said

he, "as our bands are not numerous, Government will be deceived, and make war upon us feebly, as it does now; but as soon as we form ourselves into a more important body, it will be forced to send an army against us." It appeared that the Vardarelli, though dissatisfied, were inclined to wait events; and their advice, or non-adhesion upset Don Ciro's grand plan.

But still bolder and more comprehensive was the next project of this extraordinary man. Seeing the country overrun by sects and secret societies, which under the names of Carbonari, &c, aimed at political changes, differing in quality, but all equal in absurdity, and some of which exercised vengeance too horrible and rites too disgusting or ridiculous to mention,—he fancied that, by placing himself at the head of one of these, he could not only gratify his passion for plunder and revenge, but ultimately erect himself into the chief of a wonderful republic, whose influences were to be felt, not over Naples or Italy alone, but over the whole extent of Europe, whose monarchs, whether constitutional or absolute, were all to sink under the dagger of his votaries. Ciro Anaccharico does not appear to have created either, but to have united two of these mysterious societies of cut-throats, who had assumed the names, the one of "I Patrioti Europei," (The European Patriots,) the other of "I Decisi," (The Decided or Resolute.) If the affiliation I have heard traced be correct, these sects both rose out of the Carbonari; and the moderate and respectable men—and there were many and many thousands such—of that secret society, ought to have paused and shuddered when they saw how easily their conduct might be imitated and perverted, and to what horrors secret societies might be turned. These associations of the "patriots" and the "Decided" increased rapidly, from the weakness of the Government in neglecting, at first, to punish the guilty, and from the notorious corruption of the inferior Government officers and lower clergy. It was found that priests were attached to all their camps or ramifications. Besides our robber-priest, Don Ciro, whose superior talent and remorseless mode of proceeding soon put him at the head of the whole, the arch-priest Cirino

Cicillo, of Cacamola, Vergine, of Corogliano, and Leggeri, filled important situations in the sect. The arch-priest Zurlo, of Val-sano, particularly distinguished himself, and in his native town, and on Christmas eve, he renewed a scene of the middle ages,—he celebrated the midnight mass armed from head to foot!

As soon as the bands (compared to whom the avowed brigands had hitherto been moderate and decorous associations) had acquired some strength, they sent detachments into nearly every town and village in Apulia. Supported by a larger troop in the neighbourhood, they soon became the despotic masters of solitary or insulated places. A horde of twenty or thirty of these ruffians, who pretended a more peculiar inspiration of republicanism and secret-societyship, overran the country, disguised and masked as punchinellos, committing atrocities, in more ways than one, too unnatural and loathsome to bear repeating.

The most horrid crime perpetrated by the priest Don Ciro was under the disguise of the national buffoon. There was a beautiful woman in a remote village, of whom he had become passionately enamoured (after his fashion) but whom neither his presents, his promises, nor his threats, could seduce. It was carnival time, and on a certain evening, she and her relations and friends were enjoying the pleasures of a dance and a feast. Don Ciro and several of his more desperate adherents, came to the house, disguised as Punchinellos. At that season of madness, every house, where an entertainment is going on, is open, and as all the neighbourhood are masking and mumming, it is of course not easy, nor is it attempted, to distinguish who the thronging guests may be. Don Ciro proved himself an acceptable one by bringing a plentiful supply of excellent wine, in which he and his comrades pledged the company, and drank *brindisis*, or rhymed toasts, of admirable facetiousness.

They then joined the dance, the disguised priest selecting the happy and unsuspecting object of his passion for his partner.

After numerous tarantellas, which, of all the dances I have seen, are the most calculated to irritate voluptuousness, the party sat down to an abundant supper, the punch-robber-priest still

occupying the ear of the beautiful *paesana*, and only detaching his attention from her to make the party drink. As for himself, he merely touched the wine with his lips, and so remained perfectly sober, whilst all the rest of the men were fast approaching intoxication.

At what he considered an opportune moment, he quitted his punchinello squeak, resumed his natural voice, made himself known to the woman, and again pleaded his passion. The poor creature was as averse as ever. He then rose, beckoned to his companions, and wishing the festive party good night, left the house,—which in half an hour, was wrapped in flames. And so well laid were the robber's matches, and so drunk and stupified were the revelling peasants, whose wine had been drugged, that they all perished in the conflagration. Don Ciro himself, when in prison, and in the power of General Church, from which he knew there was no escape, related this atrocious exploit nor did the near prospect of death induce him to make a single expression of remorse. He dwelt on the beauty of his victim, and his still existing mortification at his not having obtained her love, boasting that he had not often been so disappointed.

In places where open force could not be employed, the most daring disciples were sent in secrecy to watch the moment to execute the sentences of death pronounced in the mysterious society. In this manner, the sectary Perone plunged his knife into the bowels of an old man of seventy—the respectable Del' Aglio, of Francavilla, and afterwards massacred his wife and servant, having introduced himself into their house, under the pretence of delivering a letter; and in this manner, the justice of peace of Luogo Rotondo and his wife were assassinated in their own garden.

These bloody sectaries would not suffer neutrality: it was absolutely necessary to join them, or to live exposed to their vengeance which appeared to be inevitable. The society would pass a secret sentence of death, and proceed at once to its execution, or, if necessary, an individual would take the office upon himself and wait days and nights, until he could strike the blow. The

Old man of the Mountains seemed risen from the grave—the Apulian sectaries were as sanguinary and unerring as his tremendous satellites had been.

They did not invite the support of the rich proprietors and persons of distinction, against whom their hostilities were to be directed; but they unhappily found partizans among the less wealthy; and some few of the inferior gentry, who were jealous of the high nobility, also joined them. These men would probably have blushed at the idea of becoming brigands, yet could there be a more detestable species of brigandage, than what was revealed to them by Don Ciro and his associates? Even allowing that parts of his plan were not divulged to the more respectable of his sectaries, (who, in the long run, must have been the victims of the more villanous,) yet what sympathy can be inspired by the political aspirations of men who could ally themselves with known robbers and murderers, like Anacchiaro and his gang? The Government, instead of summoning the opulent proprietors to its assistance, offended and disgusted them by distrust. A meeting at the fair of Galantina, to deliberate on the means of checking the disorders, was cried down, and treated at Naples as a revolutionary proceeding. In extenuation, however, of this seeming imprudence of Government it must be mentioned, that many of these gentlemen or noblemen, resident on their estates in the provinces, were themselves members of secret societies, which had all a political scope; they were not *Patrioti Europei*, or *Decisi*, but they were *Carbonari*:—this I, being in the country, both before and after the events under discussion, know very well—the Neapolitan government also knew it, and they could hardly draw a line between the sects, the objects of all of which, as already mentioned, were revolutionary, and they feared all the secret societies alike. In the winter of 1816—17, I saw, partly accidentally, and partly through circumstances, which I did not seek, but which it would be dishonourable to disclose, a re-union of these gentlemen. Some were provincial nobility, some noblemen from Naples, who only occasionally resided on their estates, some were substantial far-

mers. The hour of rendezvous was midnight—the house selected a solitary one, and the members of the club came singly or in parties of two or three each, on horseback, and without any attendants. This appearance of mystery and night-plotting, though sufficiently romantic, did not captivate me much, and young as I was, I could not help feeling that the outward and visible showing of these regenerators or reformers, was against them. As one of the uninitiated, I was not admitted to their deliberations; but I was informed that they all tended to the establishment of a constitutional government in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies.

When the Decisi became so formidable, these gentlemen, however, showed the purity of their intentions, by aiding the Government to their utmost, as soon as more energy was shown, and by co-operating with General Church, with whom many individuals of this class served both as officers and private volunteers.

But at the same time, General Pastore, Commandant of these provinces, and the Marquis Predicatella, Intendant of Lecce, inflamed party spirit by imitating the system of Canosain and setting up private societies to work against private societies: the national guard, under their orders, suffered itself to be partly seduced by the Patrioti and Decisi sectaries, and a number of soldiers and some officers of the Crown battalion of reserve, were similarly corrupted.

The number of these daring sectaries had arrived at its greatest height in the month of December 1817, or of January 1818. At this period they were estimated at 20,000 men! The mass of them lived at home, in apparent tranquillity, on the produce of their professions; but they were not the less active in committing unheard-of crimes, as their detection was the more difficult. Persons have been known, when in the power, and under the daggers of these ruffians, to sign contracts for the sale of their houses and lands, the objects of the cupidity of these desperadoes; the contracts were executed in all the forms of the law, and acknowledgments were given by the unfortunate owners for sums which they had never received.

The sittings of these societies were, at first, in the night, like the more respectable re-union I have mentioned, and were carefully guarded by sentinels; their military exercises took place in solitary houses, or suppressed and deserted convents; but taking courage by degrees, they were afterwards seen performing their evolutions by day, and in the open air. Most of them had fire-arms; all had poniards. They also began to organize a corps of cavalry.

The patent of this society sufficiently explained its objects. It was an oblong, square paper, or parchment. Two of the angles were ornamented with a skull, over one of which was inscribed "Sadness," and the word "Death" over the other. The opposite angles had cross-bones, with the inscriptions "Terror" and "Mourning." On the top of the patent were the fasces and the cap of liberty, planted upon a death's head, and supported by two axes. At the bottom was a thunderbolt darting from a cloud, and shivering the royal crowns and the papal tiara. Stripes of yellow, red, and blue, the tri-colour of the society, surrounded the patent. The words of the patent were these:

"The Salentine Decision.

Health.

No.—Grand Masons.

"The Decision of Jupiter the Thunderer hopes to make war against the tyrants of the Universe," &c. (*These words of which only the initials were given, were written in blood, as were several other parts of the document.*)

"The mortal—is a Brother Decided. No. —, belonging to the Decision of Jupiter the Thunderer, spread over the face of the earth, by his decision, has had the pleasure of belonging to this Salentine Republican Decision. We invite, therefore, all Philanthropic Societies to lend their strong arm to the same, and to assist him in his wants, he having come to the Decision, that he will obtain Liberty or Death. Dated this day, the —of —," &c.

Here followed three signatures written in blood.

1st. Of the Grand Master, with four points after it, which indicated his power of passing sentence of death.*

2d. Of the Second Decided.

3d. Of the Register of the Dead, whose functions did not relate to the deceased members of the society, but to the victims they immolated, and of whom they kept a register apart, on the margin of which were found blasphemies and most infernal projects.

The excesses of such a society, directed by such a man or monster, as *Ciro Anacchiaro*, may be easily conceived. But they were now drawing to their close. General Church, armed with the Royal *Alter-Ego*, or with full and unlimited power, was sent into these distracted provinces, where his energetic and prudent conduct cannot be too much praised. He crossed the river *Ofanto* in the Apulian plain with 1200 men, chiefly of the foreign regiments in the Neapolitan service, formed by himself: among them some companies of cavalry. He could depend upon this force, which was for the greater part composed of Germans, Swiss, *Moreotes*, and Albanians. The soldiery already in the country were only to be depended upon, after they had witnessed the firm determination with which the General set about his duty, and after the factious individuals, contaminated by the sectaries, had been weeded out. The same was the case with the militia.

Encouraged by the example set them by the Dukes of *San Cesareo* and *Monte Jasi*, and others of the nobility and wealthy proprietors, several individuals even of the lowest class, furnished information concerning *Don Ciro* and his sectaries, and joined heart and hand in the measures for their extermination. The fear of not being supported had hitherto prevented these honest men from acting; but still the greater part of the inferior order were shy and silent, maintaining a line of conduct which indicated that they would not hesitate to declare for the sectaries, if the latter should succeed against General Church. This was particularly observed in the neighbourhood of *Taranto*, at *Grot-*

taglie, San Marzano, Martina, and Francavilla, the usual haunts of Don Ciro Anacchiarico and his friends. When General Church first visited these places, the inhabitants looked on in gloomy silence, and no person saluted him; a poor old monk was the only person who bowed to him.

The bandits and the banished were summoned for the last time before the Royal Commission at Lecce. Don Ciro sent in his justification, (a most remarkable composition, with considerable eloquence and ingenuity, and more impudence than can enter our conceptions;) but knowing his pardon to be hopeless, instead of presenting himself in person, he prepared to defend himself by his sectaries and arms.

General Church then made his military dispositions. He divided his troops into moveable columns, and placed garrisons upon some points where they were absolutely required either from their commanding the vast plains of the country, or because they were strong enough to serve as places of retreat for the brigands. The moveable columns all operated towards a common centre, by gradually contracting the circle which embraced the towns of Grottaglie, San Marzano, and Francavilla. Other columns of reserve accompanied the General, who proceeded, with the rapidity of lightning, wherever the spies had traces of Ciro Anacchiarico.

At first, confident in his resources, material and moral, the brigand-priest set a price on the head of the bold Englishman, but the General's proceedings soon undeceived him, and he was heard to murmur, while biting his thumb in token of rage and disappointment, "This is a different sort of man from those they have hitherto sent against me! I have fooled many a General—French, Italian, and Neapolitan, but this one will end by making a fool of me!"

He began to perceive that his resources became day by day weaker and weaker; his credit with the people of the country was no longer what it had been; his *prestige* was eclipsed to their eyes, and he had to dread that those who were still faithful to him, would soon fall from his side. If he could, he would

then have escaped from the country which had so long trembled at his name. He privately reached the port of Brindisi, where he attempted to embark; but the captain of the vessel recognized him, and demanded 2000 ducats as the price of his safety; not having them about him to give, he wrote to his friends, who refused to advance the sum.

Pressed and surrounded more and more closely, pent in the arena, tied to the stake, Don Ciro resolved to risk a general rising of such of his allies as continued desperate, and a pitched battle with the Royal troops. He fixed the 27th of February 1818 for this purpose, and appointed the place of rendezvous under the walls of San Marzano, but his final catastrophe preceded that date!

Ciro Anacchiarico set out from Grottaglie on the 25th of January 1818, with forty horsemen and ten foot. At two o'clock in the afternoon he fell in with a detachment of General Church's cavalry, commanded by Captain Montorj, who charged him, and drove him as far as Neviera, a farm at the foot of the hill of San Marzano. Ciro there made a short stand, and then retreated up to the town itself in tolerably good order.

Captain Montorj followed and attempted to enter by the steep and narrow path which wound up to the town; but Ciro and his adherents of San Marzano repulsed him. The officer then turned the hill in order to scale it on the side of Manduria, but there too he was received by a shower of balls. He observed, however, that these were the same men who had repulsed him in the former attempt and had followed his movements, and hence concluded that they were not sufficiently numerous to defend all the points at once, and that he should gain his object by deceiving them. Concealing himself behind one of the garden walls, he drew the robbers' attention by firing a carbine or two in that direction, and then he suddenly appeared in the opposite direction followed by most of his men. The stratagem succeeded: Montorj entered San Marzano, and the panic-struck followers of Ciro dispersed. The great object was to secure Ciro; but he was not to be found: he had made another (per



DON CIRO.

haps the hundredth) of his wonderful escapes, and was safe in the open country before the infantry of a moveable column arrived, which it did immediately after his flight from the town.

An instant census was taken of San Marzano, the mayor of which suggested to Major Bianchi, the commander of the column, a method of discovering the delinquents. Every house was searched, and the guilty were recognized by the smell or the blackness of their hands, a proof of their having recently handled fire-arms and powder. Vito Serio, the brothers Francesco and Angelo Vito Lecce, Raffaele Zaecharia, and Pietro Barbuzzi were arrested, and all executed on the 3d of February, at Francavilla. (Their heads were placed in front of the church of San Marzano. This church was blown down by a hurricane some months after, and the heads were buried beneath its ruins.) Major Bianchi also took the Black Standard, and the insignia and decorations of Don Ciro, which General Church forwarded to Naples, where they were presented to the King by Prince Nugent, the Captain-General.

Major Bianchi, following up his advantages, proceeded the next day to Francavilla. Here he found the inhabitants in the greatest fermentation, determined to break open the prisons and release those confined in them. Having ascertained who were the ringleaders, he lost not a moment in causing them to be seized in their houses. His gens-d'armes patrolled the streets with orders to lay hands on every individual they might meet bearing arms. He thus terrified the towns-people and quelled the tumult.

General Church then arrived in person: the troops concentrated on Francavilla, where a military commission was established to try the outlaws. Don Ciro had now been missing for six or seven days; not a word had been heard of him since his escape from San Marzano, but the General fancying he could not be far off, and that he was still in intimate correspondence with some individuals in that town, threatened it with plunder and destruction, unless its inhabitants enabled him to secure the per-

son of the robber-priest within eight days. Trembling for their houses and property, the militia of San Marzano then undertook to pursue Don Ciro, and on the sixth of February they beset him in the *masseria* (or farmhouse) of Scaserba, not above ten miles from General Church's quarters at Francavilla.

The *masserie* in Apulia and the provinces of Bari, Otranto, and Taranto, are all built on the same plan, and are very capable of defence. The word is not rendered by "farm-house," which gives but an inadequate idea of the *masseria*. They date from the period when the incursions of the Turks and pirates were apprehended, and when the country people shut themselves up in their strongholds with their cattle and most valuable effects, in order to secure themselves from attack. A square wall of enclosure, sufficiently high and solid, generally surrounds the dwelling-house, built against one side, and containing three or four large habitable rooms, and sometimes a small chapel. The vast stables, granaries, and out-houses, within the walls, form a right angle with this dwelling-house, but without touching it. In the midst of the enclosure, at some distance from the surrounding walls, rises a round or square tower of two stories, standing quite alone. The ascent to the upper story is either by stone steps, inserted in the tower, by a drawbridge, or by a ladder easily drawn up into the tower. This description will enable the reader to understand how Don Ciro could make so long a resistance in the *masseria* of Scaserba.

He had arrived at this lonely place with some of his comrades worn out with fatigue, and had thought he could venture to repose himself there for a few hours. It was said that he had previously provided Scaserba and many other lonely *masseria* of the district with arms, ammunition, and some provisions. He was surprised at the sudden and hostile apparition of the militia of San Marzano, but not at all alarmed, making sure he could cut his way through them whenever he chose. Had he rushed out at once, he might have done so. He coolly stayed where he was, and let them form before the gate of the *masseria*. So strong was his spell on the minds of these men that for a long time

they hesitated to approach within range of his never-erring musket—the first that did so, he shot dead from the outer walls.

This delay, however, cost him dear. The militia of San Marzano, though not brave, were this time in earnest, and having sent information to Lieutenant Fonsmort, stationed at the “Castelli,” a position between Grottaglie and Francavilla, that officer hastened to the spot, with forty men of regular troops. As this force came in sight on the edge of the plain, Don Ciro bit his thumb until it bled, for he understood that a vigorous attack was to be made, and retreat was now hopeless. He soon, however, recovered his presence of mind, and locking up the poor people of the masseria in the straw magazine, and putting the key in his pocket, he retired with his desperate followers to the tower. Having ascended to the upper story, they drew in the ladder after them, and proceeded to load all their guns, of which they had a good number.

It was now evening; the darkness of night soon succeeded the brief twilight of the south. That night must have been a sleepless one for Don Ciro, though no attempt was made at storming his stronghold. The morning dawn, however, afforded him no comfort, for Captain Corsi had arrived from Francavilla with a detachment of gens-d’armes, and after Major Bianchi came to him with other reinforcements!

The siege of Scaserba was now formed by 132 soldiers; the militia, on whom little dependance was placed, being stationed in the second line, and at some distance.

Don Ciro vigorously defended the outer walls and the approaches to his tower from sunrise to sunset. In the night he attempted to escape, but the neighing of horses made him suspect that some cavalry had arrived, whose pursuit it would be impossible to elude, and he saw piquets all round the masseria. He therefore retired, after having killed, with a pistol-shot, a voltigeur stationed under the wall he had attempted to scale. He again shut himself up in his tower, and employed himself all night in making cartridges. An afternoon, two nights, and a whole day had been spent, and Don Ciro was still master of the whole en-

closure, and the outer walls of the masseria! At day-break, the besiegers tried to burst open the strong wooden gate of the outer wall; *Ciro* and his men creeping from the tower and under the wall by the gate, repulsed the assailants, killing five and wounding fourteen of the soldiers. A barrel of oil was then rolled to the gate, in order to burn it. The first man who set fire to it was shot through the heart. But its flames communicated to the door, which was soon accessible, and *Don *Ciro** was obliged to retreat to his tower. How long he might have kept *Major Bianchi* at bay, had not a piece of artillery arrived, and had he not forgotten an important part of provision for a siege, is uncertain; but as the day advanced a four-pounder was brought to the spot, and pointed against the roof of the tower. This little piece produced great effect. The tiles and bricks which fell, drove *Don *Ciro** from the upper to the lower story of the tower. The assailants, satisfied with the effects produced by the four-pounder, would not approach the tower; he had nothing to do in the way of firing at them, to keep up his spirits;—at the same time, and in this horrid state of inactivity or passiveness, he was tormented with a burning thirst, for he had forgotten to provide himself with water—and he never could drink wine.

At length, after some deliberation with his companions, he demanded to speak with *General Church*, who he believed was in the neighbourhood; then to the *Duke of Monte Jasi*—(he seems to have had the ancient Knight's anxiety, to surrender to none save people of distinction;)—but that nobleman being also absent, he condescended to capitulate with *Major Bianchi*. On their approach, he addressed the besiegers, and threw them some bread. *Major Bianchi* assured him that he should not be maltreated by the soldiery, of whom he had killed and wounded so many. He then lowered the ladder, descended from the tower, and presented himself to the *Major* and his troops, with the words "*Eccommi, Don *Ciro*,*"—"Here am I, *Don *Ciro*!*"

His comrades then followed him. And how many were these desperate men, who had so long defended themselves against

such a force? They were only three—Vito di Cesare, Giovanni Palmieri, and Michele Cupoli.

Their hands, their faces, their dress, were horribly begrimed by gunpowder and smoke, but there was no appearance of wounds on their persons, and their countenances, particularly that of their daring leader, were firm and resolute in the extreme. The first thing Don Ciro did after surrendering himself to the soldiers was, to beg them to give him water to quench his consuming thirst. He then delivered the key and desired them to liberate the people of the masseria, who had been locked up all this while in the straw-magazine. He declared that they were innocent, and as they came out of their place of confinement he distributed money among them. He patiently suffered himself to be searched and bound. Some poison was found upon him, which he said he would have taken in the tower had not his companions prevented him.

The besiegers and their captives now marched off for Franca-villa. Don Ciro conversed quietly enough all the way with Major Bianchi, to whom he related the principal circumstances of his most extraordinary life.

In prison he was equally calm. He only appeared to be interested for the fate of some of his partizans, or *Decisi*: he declared that they had been compelled by his threats and their own fears to do whatever they had done, and he entreated that they might not be persecuted.

On being placed before the council of War, presided by Lieutenant-Colonel Guarini, he addressed a speech to that officer, mistaking him for General Church. Among other arguments he used, was this:—

“On the day that you, General, with the Duke of San Cesaro and only a few horsemen, reconnoitred Grottaglie, I was there, with several of mine, concealed behind a ruined wall, close by the gate where you entered. I covered you with my rifle, and I never missed my aim ten times that distance! Had not the feelings of mercy prevailed in my bosom, General, instead of being here to judge me, you would have been in your

grave. Think of this, Signor General, and let me meet with the mercy I have shown!"

On being informed of his mistake, he insisted on seeing General Church; when this was refused him, he quietly resigned himself to his fate, dryly saying, "Ho capito." (I understand.) He did not pronounce another word.

After sentence of death was passed, a Missionary introduced himself, and offered him the consolations of religion. Don Ciro answered him with a smile, "Let us leave alone all this stuff and prating! we are of the same trade—don't let us laugh at one another!"

On being asked by Captain Montorj, reporter of the Military Commission which condemned him, how many persons he had killed with his own hand, he carelessly answered, "Who can tell?—they may be between sixty and seventy."

As he was led to execution, he recognised Lieutenant Fonsmorte, the officer who had been the first to arrive at the masseria of Scaserba with his regular troops. Don Ciro had admired his readiness and courage, and said to him, "If I were a king, I would make you a captain."

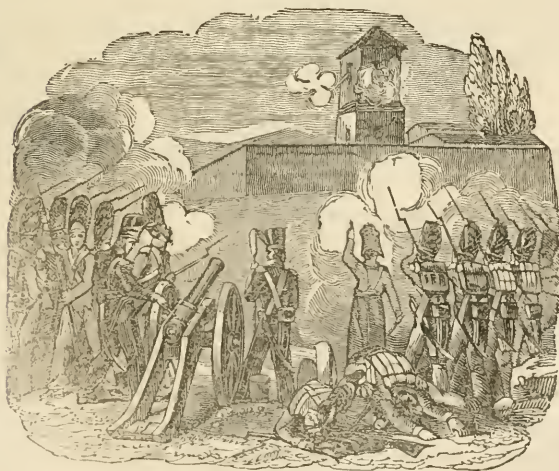
The streets of Francavilla, through which he passed, were filled with people; even the house-tops were crowded with spectators. They all preserved a gloomy silence.

On his arrival at the place of execution, Don Ciro walked with a firm step to his fatal post. He wished to be shot standing—but they ordered him to kneel. He did so, presenting his breast to the soldiers. He was then told that malefactors, like himself, were always shot with their backs to the soldiers; "It is all the same," he replied with a smile, and then he turned his back. As he did so, he advised a priest, who persisted in remaining near him, to withdraw, "for," said he, "these fellows are not all such good shots as I have been—they may hit you!"

He spoke no more—the signal was given—the soldiers fired at the kneeling Priest-robber. Twenty-one balls took effect—four in the head! Yet he still breathed and muttered in his throat; it required a twenty-second shot to put an end to him! This

fact was confirmed by all the officers and soldiers present at his execution. The people who had always attributed supernatural powers to him, were confirmed in their belief by this tenaciousness of life, which was, indeed, little short of miraculous. "As soon as we perceived," said one of the soldiers very seriously, "that Don Ciro was enchanted, we loaded his own musket with a silver ball, and this destroyed the spell."

Thus fell in 1818, after fifteen years of a most lawless life, dating from his jealousy and first murder, Don Ciro Anacehiarico, of whom little else remains to be said, save that his countenance had nothing at all repulsive about it, but was, on the contrary, rather mild and agreeable; that he was master of a verbose but most persuasive eloquence, though pedantic in his style and over-addicted to classical allusions and inflated phrases—the general defects of his countrymen, the Neapolitans.



DON CIRO'S BAND BESIEGED.



STORY OF SPANISH BRIGANDS.

A BAND of Spanish brigands, composed of men who had served in the army of Don Carlos, were brought to trial on the 19th of March 1845, at Perpignan. The number included in the indictment is twenty-two, of whom seventeen were arraigned at the bar; the five others, including a woman, named Catherine Gattel, or Lacoste, having evaded capture. The prosecution was conducted by M. Renard, procureur-general of the Cour Royale of Montpellier, assisted by M. Aragon, the procureur du roi. The prisoners were defended by four counsel. The indictment stated that on the 27th of February, 1845, at ten in the evening, the diligence going from Girona to Barcelona was stopped at a place called Lo Sora de la Palla, near the village of La Thadere. The traces were cut, the doors of the coach violently opened, and all the passengers ordered, on pain of instant death, to alight and lay themselves on the ground. The robbers then lighted torches and searched the passengers, taking from their persons all they could find, treating the women in the most indecent manner.

This done, they spread a cloak on the ground, and commanded every one, with the most horrible threats, to cast upon it what-

ever money, jewels and other valuables they had about them, and which might have escaped discovery. At the same time the diligence was completely plundered. This, however, was but a prelude to future outrages. Three of the passengers, M. Bailber, M. Roger, of Figuieras, and M. Massot, Darams, whose passports indicated them to be of greater consideration, were seized and bound, to be carried off for the sake of their ransom. The mother of M. Massot, who was travelling with him, cast herself at the feet of the bandits, and entreated of them for mercy to her son; but they repelled her coarsely, saying that if she did not cease to annoy them with cries, she should see her son stabbed to death before her eyes. The sound of a shrill whistle was then heard, upon which the brigands gathered up their booty, cut the straps of the pantaloons of their three captives, in order that they might be able to move more freely, and led them away across the mountains, recommending those left not to report what had occurred to them, or they would repent it.

On May 3d M. Massot wrote a letter to his mother, desiring her to send him 800 quadruples (rather more than 60,000f.) for his ransom, saying, "I am worn out by misery. The cold distresses me, and these men torment me. A fever is killing me, and yet I am obliged to march day and night, with pain and grief, through the snow. All I know is that I am traversing mountains. Embrace my brothers in the name of God, and beg them not to fall into despair from my death, for I am already resigned to it." Bailber who was of an advanced age, could not long resist his great suffering, and in a very few days finding himself sinking and unable to write, dictated his last will to Roger, which, when finished, the brigands took into their hands, judging they might derive some advantage from its possession. The unhappy man was left alone in his agonies on the snow, and, with a refinement of barbarity, the savages took from his shoulders the cloak he needed only for a few moments more. Three days after that, the Spanish armed force came up with the band, and an engagement ensued in which two of the soldiers were killed, and several of the brigands wounded. Some days after the

attack on the diligence, Mme. Massot received a letter by the Girona mail, signed with the name of Jacques Torquabus, telling her that if she did not send the 800 quadruples to a place indicated, she should receive her son's ears, and if that did not reduce her to compliance, they would send her his eyes, and if those did not succeed she would at last have his mutilated head, at the same time increasing their demand. On the 25th of March the brigands and their two prisoners, when in a house called Perrasole de Terrasole, near Tazadell, were attacked by some armed police, and a conflict ensued, in which two of the gendarmes were killed, and M. Roger received a ball in the back of the neck, which laid him dead instantaneously. The band then divided into two parties—five of them going to a place called Manners, and eight with M. Massot, their sole remaining captive, in search of the grotto of Bassaguda, where they might conceal and secure him. After wandering for several days, lost in fogs, they reached and crossed the Mouga, a river which divides the two kingdoms, and, finding the cave, were supplied for two days with food, by two peasants of the country, who were included in the indictment as accomplices. Hence four of the eight bandits went to Les Salines to receive the one thousand quadruples demanded of Mme. Massot for the release of her son, taking up their abode at the inn of one of their associates, Parot del Battle; but one of the four, named Pujade, taking some offence, deserted the rest, returned to his master, and became the principal means of discovering and arresting the whole band of these brutal murderers. In consequence of the measures taken by his information, all the brigands named in the indictment, were pursued, found, and arrested. In the end, on reaching the cave or grotto of Bassaguda, was discovered the lifeless body of M. Massot, with the ears cut off, the throat divided, and eleven poniard wounds in the region of the heart. In the loft of a farm called Del Aloy, was afterwards found, wrapped in a paper, a pair of human ears, with some of the hair of the head still sticking to them by the clotted blood. These were afterwards proved to be the ears of the unfortunate Massot, which the eight brigands

who had excised them carelessly left there, little thinking how clear a proof it would be of their having been the perpetrators of this act of cruelty. As an evidence of their insensibility to all feeling of pity, when the ears were exhibited to them on their being examined before the magistrate, they pretended not to know what they were, calling them, with the most audacious levity, dried mushrooms. It is also stated that after the death of their two other captives, M. Bailber and M. Roger, the bandits sent letters to their families, stipulating for large sums for their ransom, which was to be sent to certain spots indicated, but which, if they had been paid, would have been in pure loss, for those sought to be redeemed were no longer in existence. The above are the material facts disclosed by the accomplice Pujade, and which were confirmed by the evidence that was produced. In support of the prosecution, no fewer than one hundred and fourteen witnesses were summoned, all of whom attended the trial except two or three. One having been declared not guilty was ordered to be discharged. Pujade was condemned to imprisonment for three years, and another for five years; one to eight years and another to ten years' close confinement and the pillory; one to ten years, and one to twenty years' hard labour at the hulks with the pillory; six to hard labour at the hulks for life, on account of the jury having found that there were extenuating circumstances in their favour, and four, among whom were Simon, Sagals, and Icazes, to death. The court ordered that Simon and Sagals should be executed at Ceret, and the other two at Perpignan.



THE SMUGGLER'S LEAP—A PASSAGE IN THE PYRENEES.

“OH! there’s not in this wide world,” I exclaimed, quite unintentionally quoting Tom Moore; “there never has been, nor can ever be again so charming a creature. No nymph, or sylph, or winged Ariel, or syren with song and mirror, was ever so fascinating—no daughter of Eve so pretty and provoking!”

This apostrophe, which certainly appears, now that in cooler moments I recall it, rather rhapsodical, was not uttered *viva voce* nor even *sotto voce*, seeing that its object, Miss Dora M’Dermot, was riding along only three paces in front of me, whilst her brother walked by my side. It was a mere mental ejaculation, elicited by the surpassing affections of the aforesaid Dora, who assuredly was the most charming girl I had ever beheld. But for the Pyrenean scenery around us, and the rough ill-conditioned mule, with its clumsy side saddle of discoloured leather, on which she was mounted, instead of the Spanish-jennet or well-bred English palfrey that would best have suited so fair an equestrian, I could, without any great exertion of fancy, have-dreamed myself back to the days of the M’Gregor, and fancied

that it was Die Vernon riding up the mountain side, gaily chatting as she went with the handsome cavalier who walked by her stirrup, and who might have been Frank Osbaldistone, only that he was too manly looking for Scott's somewhat effeminate hero.

Upon the second day of my arrival at the baths of St. Sauveur, in the Pyrenees, I had fallen in with my old friend and college chum, Jack M'Dermot, who was taking his sister the round of the French watering-places. Dora's health had been delicate, the faculty had recommended the excursion; and Jack, who doated upon his only sister, had dragged her away from the gaieties of London and brought her off to the Pyrenees. M'Dermot was an excellent fellow, neither a wit nor a Solomon; but a good-hearted dog, who had been much liked at Trin. Coll., Dublin, where he had thought very little of his studies, and a good deal of his horses and dogs. An Irishman, to be sure, occasionally a slight touch of the brogue was perceptible in his talk; but from this his sister, who had been brought up in England, was entirely free. Jack had a snug estate of three thousand a year; Miss Dora had twenty thousand pounds from her mother. She had passed two seasons in London; and if she was not already married, it was because not one of the fifty aspirants to her hand had found favour in her bright eyes. Lively and high-spirited, with a slight turn for the satirical, she loved her independence, and was difficult to please. I had been absent from England nearly two years, on a continental tour, and although I had heard much of Miss M'Dermot, I had never seen her till her brother introduced me to her at St. Sauveur. I had not known her an hour, before I found myself to be in a fair way to add another to the list of the poor moths who had singed their wings at the perilous light of her beauty. When M'Dermot, learning that, like themselves, I was on a desultory sort of a ramble, and had not marked out any particular route, offered me a seat in their carriage, and urged me to accompany them, instead of prudently flying from the danger, I foolishly exposed myself to it, and lo! what might have been anticipated came to pass. Before I had been two days in Dora's society, my doom was

sealed; I had ceased to belong to myself; I was her slave, the slave of her sunny smile and bright eyes—talisman more potent than any lamp or ring that djinn or fairy ever obeyed.

A fortnight had passed, and we were at B—. During that time, the spell that bound me had been each day gaining strength. As an intimate friend of her brother, I was already with Dora on the footing of an old acquaintance; she seemed well enough pleased with my society, and chatted with me willingly and familiarly; but in vain did I watch for some slight indication, a glance or an intonation whence to derive hope. None such were perceptible; nor could the most egregious coxcomb have fancied that they were. We once or twice fell in with other acquaintances of hers and her brother's, and with them she had just the same frank, friendly manner, as with me. I had not sufficient vanity, however, to expect a woman, especially one so much admired as Miss M'Dermot to fall in love at first sight with my humble personality, and I patiently waited, trusting to time and assiduity to advance my cause.

Things were in this state, when one morning, whilst taking an early walk to the springs, I ran up against an English friend, by name Walter Ashley. He was the son of a country gentleman of moderate fortune, at whose house I had more than once passed a week in the shooting season. Walter was an excellent fellow, and a perfect model of the class to which he belonged. By no means unpolished in his manners, he had yet a sort of plain frankness and *bonhommie*, which was peculiarly agreeable and prepossessing. He was not a university man, nor had he received an education of the highest order; spoke no language but his own with any degree of correctness; neither played the fiddle, painted pictures, nor wrote poetry. On the other hand in all manly exercises he was a proficient; shot, rode, walked, and danced to perfection; and the fresh originality, and pleasant tone of his conversation, redeemed any deficiency of reading or accomplishment. In personal appearance he was a splendid fellow, nearly six feet in his boots, strongly, but at the same time, symmetrically built; although his size of limb and width of

shoulder rendered him, at six-and-twenty, rather what is called a fine man, than a slender or elegant one. He had the true Anglo-Saxon physiognomy, blue eyes, and light brown hair that waved, rather than curled, round his broad handsome forehead. And, then, what a mustache the fellow had! (He was an officer in a crack yeomanry corps.) Delighted to meet Ashley, I dragged him off to the hotel, to introduce him to M'Dermot and his sister. As a friend of mine they gave him a cordial welcome, and we passed that day and the following ones together. I soon, however, I must confess, began to repent a little having brought my handsome friend into the society of Dora. She seemed better pleased with him than I altogether liked, nor could I wonder at it. Walter Ashley was exactly the man to please a woman of Dora's character. She was of rather a romantic turn, and about him there was a dash of the chivalrous, well calculated to captivate her imagination. Although perfectly feminine, she was an excellent horsewoman, and an ardent admirer of feats of address and courage, and she had heard me tell her brother of Ashley's perfection in such matters. On his part, Ashley, like every one else who saw her, was evidently greatly struck with her beauty and fascination of manner. I cannot say that I was jealous: I had no right to be so, for Dora had never given me encouragement; but I certainly more than once regretted having introduced a third person into what—honest Jack M'Dermot counting of course, for nothing—had previously been a sort of *tete-a-tete* society. I began to fear that, thanks to myself, my occupation was gone, and Ashley had got it.

It was the fifth day after our meeting with Walter, and we had started early in the morning upon an excursion to a neighbouring lake, the scenery around which, we were told, was particularly wild and beautiful. It was situated on a piece of table-land on the top of a mountain, which we could see from the hotel window. The distance was barely ten miles, and the road being rough and precipitous, M'Dermot, Ashley, and myself, had chosen to walk rather than to risk our necks by riding the broken-knee'd ponies that were offered to us. A sure-footed mule, and indifferent

side-saddle, had been procured for Miss M'Dermot, and was attended by a wild-looking Bearnese boy, or gossoon, as her brother called him, a creature like a grasshopper, all legs and arms, with a scarred countenance, and long lank black hair hanging in irregular shreds about his face.

There is no season more agreeable in the Pyrenees than the month of September. People are very apt to expatiate on the delights of autumn, its mellow beauty, pensive charms and such like. I confess that in a general way I like the youth of the year better than its decline, and prefer the bright green tints of spring, with the summer in prospective, to the melancholy autumn, its russet hues and falling leaves; its regrets for fine weather past, and anticipations of bad to come. But if there be any place where I should be tempted to reverse my judgment, it would be in Southern France, and especially its western and central portion. The clear cloudless sky, the moderate heat succeeding to the sultriness, often overpowering, of the summer months, the magnificent vineyards and merry vintage time, the noble groves of chesnut, clothing the lower slopes of the mountains, the bright streams and flower-spangled meadows of Bearn and Languedoc, render no part of the year more delightful in those countries than the months of September and October.

As before mentioned, Dora rode a little in front, with Ashley beside her, pointing out the beauties of the wild scenery through which we passed, and occasionally laying her hand upon her bridle to guide the mule over some unusually rugged portion of the almost trackless mountain. M'Dermot and I were walking behind, a little puffed by the steepness of the ascent; our guide, whose name was Cadet, a name answered to by every second man one meets in that part of France, strode along beside us, like a pair of compasses with leathern lungs. Presently, the last-named individual turned to me—

“*Ces messieurs veulent-ils voir le Saut de lou Contrabandiste?*” said he, in the barbarous dialect of the district, half French, half patois, with a small dash of Spanish.

“*Le Saut du Contrebandier*, the Smuggler's Leap—what is

that?" asked Dora, who had overheard the question, turning round her graceful head, and dazzling us—me at least—by a sudden view of her lovely face, now glowing with exercise and the mountain air.

The smuggler's leap, so Cadet informed us, was a narrow cleft in the rock, of vast depth, and extending for a considerable distance across a flank of the mountain. It owed its name to the following incident:—Some five years previously, a smuggler, known by the name of Juan le Negre, or Black Juan, had for a considerable period, set the custom-house officers at defiance, and brought great discredit on them by his success in passing contraband goods from Spain. In vain did they lie in ambush and set snares for him; they could never come near him, or if they did it was when he was backed by such a force of the hardy desperadoes carrying on the same lawless traffic, that the douaniers were either forced to beat a retreat or get fearfully mauled in the contest that ensued. One day, however, three of these green-coated guardians of the French revenue caught a sight of Juan alone and unarmed. They pursued him, and a rare race he led them, over cliff and crag, across rock and ravine, until at last they saw with exultation that he made right for the chasm in question, and there they made sure of securing him. It seemed as if he had forgotten the position of the cleft, and only remembered it when he got within a hundred yards or thereabouts, for then he slackened his pace. The douaniers gained on him, and expected him to desist from his flight and surrender. What was their surprise and consternation when they saw him, on reaching the edge of the chasm, spring from the ground with lizard-like agility, and by one bold leap clear the yawning abyss. The douaniers uttered a shout of rage and disappointment, and two of them ceased running; but the third, a man of great activity and courage, and who had frequently sworn to earn the reward set on the head of Juan, dared the perilous jump. He fell short; his head was dashed against the opposite rock, and his horror-struck companions, gazing down into the dark depth beneath, saw his body

strike against the crags on its way to the bottom of the abyss. The smuggler escaped, and the spot where the tragical incident occurred was thenceforward known as "*Le Saut du Contrebandier.*"

Before our guide had finished his narrative, we were unanimous in our wish to visit its scene, which we reached by the time he had brought the tale to a conclusion. It was certainly a most remarkable chasm, whose existence was only to be accounted for by reference to the volcanic agency of which abundant traces exist in Southern France. The whole side of the mountain was cracked and rent asunder, forming a narrow ravine of vast depth, in the manner of the famous Mexican *barrancas*. In some places might be traced a sort of correspondence on the opposite sides; a recess on one side into which a projection on the other would have nearly fitted, could some Antæus have closed the fissure. This, however, was only here and there; generally speaking, the rocky brink was worn by the action of time and water, and the rock composing it sloped slightly downwards. The chasm was of various width, but was narrowest at the spot at which we reached it, and really did not appear so very terrible a leap as Cadet made it out to be. On looking down, a confusion of bush-covered crags was visible; and now that the sun was high, a narrow stream was to be seen, flowing, like a line of silver at the bottom; the ripple and rush of the water, repeated by the echoes of the ravine, ascending to our ears with a noise like that of a cataract. On a large fragment of rock, a few yards from the brink, was rudely carved a date, and below it two letters. They were the initials, so our guide informed us, of the unfortunate douanier who had there met his death.

We had remained for half a minute or so gazing down into the ravine, when Ashley, who was on the right of the party, broke silence.

"Pshaw!" said he, stepping back from the edge, "that's no leap. Why, I'll jump across it myself."

"For Heaven's sake!" cried Dora.

"Ashley," I exclaimed, "don't be a fool!"

But it was too late. What mad impulse possessed him I cannot say; but certain I am, from my knowledge of his character, that it was no foolish bravado or school boy desire to show off, that seduced him to so wild a freak. The fact was, but for the depth below, the leap did not look at all formidable; not above four or five feet, but in reality it was a deal wider. It was probably this deceitful appearance, and perhaps the feeling which Englishmen are apt to entertain, that for feats of strength and agility no men surpass them, that convinced Walter of the ease with which he could jump across. Before we could stop him he took a short run and jumped.

A scream from Dora was echoed by an exclamation of horror from M'Dermot and myself. Ashley had cleared the chasm and alighted on the opposite edge, but it was shelving and slippery, and his feet slid from under him. For one moment it appeared as if he would instantly be dashed to pieces, but in falling he managed to catch the edge of the rock which at that place formed an angle. There he hung by his hands, his whole body in the air, without a possibility of raising himself; far below the edge the rock was smooth and receding, and even could he have reached it, he would have found no foot-hold. One desperate effort he made to grasp a stunted and leafless sapling that grew in a crevice at not more than a foot from the edge, but it failed, and nearly caused his instant destruction. Desisting from further effort he hung motionless, his hands convulsively cramped to the ledge of rock, which afforded so slippery and difficult a hold, that his sustaining himself by it at all seemed a miracle, and could only be the result of uncommon muscular power. It was evident that no human strength could possibly maintain him for more than a minute or two in that position; below was an abyss, a hundred or more feet deep—to all appearance his last hour was come.

M'Dermot and I stood aghast and helpless, gazing with open mouths and strained eyeballs at our unhappy friend. What could we do? Were we to dare the leap, which one far more active and vigorous than ourselves had unsuccessfully attempted?

It would have been courting destruction, without a chance of saving Ashley. But Dora put us to shame. One scream, and only one, she uttered, and then, gathering up her habit, she sprang unaided from her mule. Her cheek was pale as the whitest marble, but her presence of mind was unimpaired, and she seemed to gain courage and decision in the moment of peril.

“Your cravats, your handkerchiefs!” cried she, unfastening, as she spoke, her long cashmere scarf. Mechanically M'Dermot and myself obeyed. With the speed of light and a woman's dexterity she knotted together her scarf, a long silk cravat which I gave her, M'Dermot's handkerchief and mine, and securing—how I know not—a stone at either extremity of the rope thus formed, she threw one end of it, with sure aim and steady hand, across the ravine and round the sapling already referred to. Then leaning forward till I feared she would fall into the chasm, and sprang forward to hold her back, she let go of the other end. Ashley's hold was already growing feeble, his fingers were torn by the rock, the blood started from under his nails, and he turned his face towards us with a mute prayer for succour. At that moment the two ends of the shawl fell against him, and he instinctively grasped them. It was a moment of fearful suspense. Would the knots so hastily made resist the tension of his weight? They did so; he raised himself by strength of wrist. The sapling bent and bowed, but his hand was now close to it. He grasped it; another powerful effort, the last effort of despair, and he lay exhausted and almost senseless upon the rocky brink. At the same moment, with a cry of joy, Dora fell fainting into her brother's arms.



BUSSONE.

THE CARMAGNOLE.

THE Carmagnole was the name of a song and dance which became popular during the terrible days of the French Revolution. Expressive of a quick step, lively and animating, the air was a prodigious favourite with the Parisian mobs at that time, who used to call for it from military bands and the orchestras of theatres, and join in dancing to it, singing at the same time the doggrel verses which had been composed for it—some of which are here translated. They evidently bear reference to the first triumphs over the royal family and their friends in August and September, 1792, (Monsieur Veto was a nickname for Louis XVI.)—

Madame Veto declared that she
Would slaughter send through all Paris;
She lost, as it appears,
Thanks to our canoneers,
Let us dance the Carmagnole, &c.

Monsieur Veto did vow that he
Would to his country faithful be:
How has he kept his word?
No quarter—now the sword!
Let us dance, &c.

THE CARMAGNOLE.

Antoinette resolved, good laek;
 To make us fall upon our back;
 She missed; and as we rose,
 She got a broken nose.
 Let us dance, &c.

I'm a *sans-culotte*, and sing,
 Spite the council and the king;
 Hurra Marseilles—the cause,
 The Bretons, and the laws.
 Let us dance, &c.

We'll remember long and sure,
 The *Sans-Culottes* of the *faubourg*
 Drink we merrily,
 Dogs of Liberty.
 . Let us dance, &c.

The singing and dancing of the Carmagnole became the signal of ferocious assaults on authority, and the expression of savage rejoicings over it. On any occasion of excitement on the streets, round the scaffold, even within the walls of the convention, troops of *sans-culottes* would be seen circling round with beating feet to this tune, with faces full of dreadful meaning. The very prisoners whom suspicion condemned to the risk of a horrible death, no one could say how soon, would cheer themselves with the Carmagnole. “*Dansons le Carmagnole!*” were amongst the most familiar words known in Paris during at least a couple of years. Fashion appropriated the word, and applied it to a peculiar form of *blouse*, with wide sleeves, worn by the revolutionists, and all those who wished to make a show of their patriotism. Barrere, and some other members of the convention, also gave the name of Carmagnoles to the measures passed by that body, and to some of the orations delivered from the parliamentary tribune in fanatical phraseology having reference to the *veto* or opposition of the government or to the victories of the army. The song and the new-fashioned garment both disappeared with the reign of terror.

Our readers may be curious to learn the history of a word so celebrated. Not far from the right bank of the Po, near the

city of Turin, there lived, in the year 1405, a youth, aged fifteen, who had earned a good character as keeper of sheep on the farm where he was employed. No prowling wolf, driven by hunger from the hills, or roving man-at-arms, whose trade was war and rapine, had ever been able to elude his watchfulness. They had sometimes it is true, set his courage at defiance, but with a result that made them repent of their temerity, until at last he was known throughout the country as "the bold shepherd, Francesco Bartolomeo Bussone."

During the time that Francesco was thus tending sheep, war broke out in Italy; a war of parties; and so eager was the struggle for supremacy, that the highways were infested by bands of *condottieri*, troops who hired themselves to the best paymaster, or to the chieftain most ready to accord them sack and pillage in the cities taken by storm. Facino Cane was one of those partizan leaders, who fought indifferently for Venice or Genoa, Milan or Turin, careless whether their banner bore the evangelical lion of St. Mark, or the silver cross of Sardinia. At that time no person below the rank of a noble could rise to the command of regular troops; but to be a leader in the companies of Facino Cane, the only qualifications required were a wholesome contempt of danger, and such skill in strategy as might deceive an enemy or decide a victory.

Francesco was sleeping by the roadside on one of those evenings when, in Italy, the declining sun paints the sky in golden splendor, and the fleecy clouds glow with hues as of some far-off conflagration. A man passing by stopped, and commanded the young shepherd to rise; whereupon Francesco opened his eyes and rose to his feet. The stranger regarded him with a scruti- nizing eye, and said musingly, "There is a man's stature." "And a man's heart," rejoined Francesco, raising his arm to strike the intruder, who had aroused him so unceremoniously. "I am Facino Cane," replied the connoisseur of bone and muscle; on hearing which the arm of the shepherd remained suspended for an instant, and then fell unnerved to his side. "Yes, Facino Cane, who has risen from the ranks in the troops of Visconti,

and made himself Prince of Tortoue and Vercelli, because the world belongs to men of heart." "In that case," answered Francesco, "I have to demand my portion of inheritance from Italy." "Here is the key of your ducal castle," added Facino, buckling a heavy sword to the young man's side, whose eyes sparkled as he followed the soldier-prince in his journeys over the country, recruiting his army with all those who, to the stature of a man, added the desire for military honours.

In 1424, the marriage of the Count of Castel Nuovo with Antoinette Visconti, niece of Philippe Marie, Duke of Milan, was celebrated in the capital of the duchy. The palace *del Broletto*, built for the newly wedded pair, resounded with festive songs; while the blazoury of escutcheons, hanging on the wainscotted walls of the hall of state, showed with what proud titles the sovereign duke honoured a subject in his royal alliance. One commemorated the taking of Placenza, another the surrender of Brescia, a third the siege of Bergami; on the other side the guests might read, Milan reconquered, and the reunion of Genoa to the ducal crown; while in the centre of a trophy rose, straight and glittering, the great sword given by Facino Cane to the shepherd Francesco Bartolomeo Bussone, become successively captain and general, under the name of Carmagnole; and afterwards, by the marriage now spoken of, count, and nephew of the duke of Milan.

Not long after, a man accused of having excited the enthusiasm of his soldiers, of having won the love of conquered people by his moderation in the hour of victory, and of having, in short, injured his master by his high position in the esteem and admiration of foreigners, was seen slowly following the road to Venice. He left behind him the immense wealth he had won, confiscated by the unjust avarice of his sovereign; and without knowing where to find a shelter, he carried nothing but the great sword of Facino Cane, and the ineffaceable glory associated with his name. It is said that one evening, overcome with fatigue, he knocked at the door of a mean cottage, and being without the means of paying for a lodging, he ventured to mention a name

proscribed by the law in support of his request for a shelter beneath the humble roof. The whole family fell at the feet of the great general. The women offered their tenderest cares, the men volunteered unlimited services, and a little child was named Felix Glorioso (Happy and glorious) on the spot, from having touched, in his play, the hilt of the sword of Carmagnole.

In 1430, there was at Venice a general of fortune, whom princes even, in the service of the republic, considered it an honour to obey. Having escaped the dagger of an assassin, sent by Duke Philippe Marie of Milan, to acquit a debt of gratitude by a murder, the new Venetian general received from the hands of the doge, before the altar of St. Mark, the standard and baton of commander, which assured to him the supreme authority over the armies and territory of Venice. This man, loaded with honours and riches, who extended every day the limits of the republic, and consolidated her power, was again Carmagnole.

The 5th of June, 1432, the ministers of justice led a man bound and gagged between the two columns of the Piazzetta of Venice. An assistant forced his head down upon the block which stood prepared, and the executioner, with one blow, struck off the head of the sufferer, already half dead with grief and torture. The crime publicly brought against him, was that of having permitted four hundred prisoners of war to return to the cultivation of their fields. The secret accusation was, however, having merited the confidence of the senate, without leaving any room to suspect his fidelity to the republic; and as his influence over the army could not be diminished without failing in the recompense due to him, he was made the victim of an unjust trial, under the impression that there was less of ingratitude in taking his life, than in the exhibition of distrust after all the services he had rendered.

Is it necessary to add that this man, whom tyranny doomed to a traitor's death, but whose whole life had been that of a hero, was the Sardinian shepherd boy, the companion of Facino Cane, the saviour of Duke Philippe Marie of Milan, the protector of

Venice; in one word, Francesco Bartolomeo Bussone, surnamed Carmagnole?

It was originally to celebrate this popular hero that the song and dance of the Carmagnole took their rise in Piedmont in the fifteenth century. Strange with what different associations the name was to be afterwards invested.



CARMAGNOLE THE SHEPHERD AT HIS MORNING DEVOTIONS.

CHARLES AND SUSANNE.—A REAL INCIDENT.

SOME months after the battle of Waterloo, Captain Thierry, at eight o'clock in the evening, was standing in the court of the great post-house, one arm in a scarf, and the other loaded with a small trunk, which contained nearly all the fortune of the officer on half-pay; (for such was the condition of the captain, who departed in '89 from Candebec, with a few crowns in his pocket, to enrol himself at Paris,) returned to his country in 1812, no richer than he was about twenty-six years before, but the bearer of most honourable badges of service, covered with glorious wounds, decorated with the cross of the legion of honour, and with the rank of captain. He was forty-five years old. The captain gave his little trunk to the post-boy, and awaited the moment of departure. The conductor gave the signal, placed every body, then, opening the door of the interior—

“Captain Thierry,” said he, “Madame the Marquise of Belle-Chasse, and her waiting-maid.”

The captain moved courteously, to let the ladies get in, and then took his seat. He braced himself in a corner; and, having placed his wounded arm in such a manner as to suffer as little as possible, he tried to sleep. The Marquise de Belle-Chasse was quite as silent on her part, and the timid voice of the maid was only heard from time to time, when she asked, “Is Madame la Marquise well? Is Madame la Marquise cold? Does she wish me to put a shawl around her feet? Does she wish her flask of ether?”

“No, Lise,” replied the marquise; “I wish for nothing; I am perfectly comfortable.”

While trying to fall asleep, the captain actually did so; and for some hours he had forgotten the marquise and her maid, when the diligence suddenly stopped, and he awoke.

“Monsieur officer,” exclaimed the marquise, “save us!”

“Very willingly, madame,” replied the captain, throwing off his cloak. “What’s the matter?”

“Robbers, monsieur!” said the marquise: “robbers! They say we are in the Black Forest.”

The captain put his head out of the door, and saw that the diligence was surrounded by fifteen or twenty gallants, well mounted and well armed. The postillion was off his horse, the conductor had left his seat, and both were tied in such a manner that they could make no further resistance. Three or four of these audacious robbers were already in the imperial, and rifling every packet of its contents: others had cut the horses’ traces and broken one of the wheels of the diligence, which at any moment, might lose its equilibrium, and upset.

“Madame,” said the captain, “it is impossible for me to serve you; we are attacked in such a fashion that we must surrender without a blow, unless we die like heroes on the field of battle; and I confess to you that it would be very painful to me, who all my life have fronted the fire of the enemy’s soldiers, to perish on the highway, and that, too, by the hand of a robber. Besides I am unarmed, and wounded in the right arm.”

He was still speaking, when the chief of the troop opened the door and begged the captain and his companions to have the goodness to alight.

“Gentlemen,” said the captain, placing himself before the marquise and her maid, “there are two things which, living, I will never allow: one is, insult to ladies; the other, this cross of honour to be taken from my breast, which I have gained with the price of my blood.”

“You may keep your cross, monsieur,” said one of the robbers politely, “but you will give us your watch.”

“Certainly,” replied the captain, drawing from his fob a beautiful gold watch.

“As for the ladies,” continued the robber, “they have nothing to fear, if they are only reasonable; if they will give us their purses, their gold chains, and especially,” added the robber, ap-

proaching the marquise, "if madame will confide to me that little jewel which ornaments her pretty hand."

It was a large diamond, a *solitaire*, which glided from the marquise's slender fingers into the callous hand of the robber. All was done in an instant; the booty placed on their horses, which, mounted by the bold horsemen, started off at a full gallop.

It was nearly midnight. The travellers assembled on the highway; they first untied the postillion and conductor, who were fastened back to back, and then consulted on the means of continuing their journey, or, at least, of finding a shelter for the night. Fortunately they had not far to go to reach the town of Vernon; the captain gave his arm to the marquise, and at the end of half an hour Madame de Belle-Chasse was seated by a good fire, opposite the captain, and both of them relished an excellent cup of tea, concealed by the maid from the investigation of the robbers.

"Indeed," said Madame de Belle-Chasse, speaking to herself, "it was only from the marquise."

"And I," said the captain, in his turn, perfectly comprehending her, "I only had it from the watch-maker, and it was not as good as he warranted it."

There was a moment's silence, and the captain, who had lost a little of his dislike for marquises, or perhaps the events of the night had made him forget his political prejudices, drew nearer to Madame de Belle-Chasse, whose veil half hid her face, and said familiarly—

"Parbleu! madame, this route is favourable—fatal, I mean, to me. It is not the first time that I have been stopped on it."

"Indeed, monsieur!"

"Yes, madame; and I confess that souvenir is one of the sweetest of my life. Imagine that in '90—I was twenty then, and had left Caudebec to go to Paris, republican as all were then. Pardon, madam—"

"Not at all, monsieur, not at all; opinions are free."

"This marquise is very liberal," thought the captain.

He wanted to see the face of the marquise, but a green veil

nearly covered it; yet, from a smile on her lips he ventured to proceed.

“I was then a republican,” said he, “and I was going to Paris to demand arms and a passport to the frontier. At Rouen I took a bad carriage into which about fifteen passengers were stowed in the most uncomfortable manner, and which took two days to go thirty leagues. In those times there were robbers—”

“As well as now, monsieur.”

“Oh! madame, many more, and far more dangerous; the chouans, forgers, and companies of Jesuits, terrible frequenters of the highways, who, under political prettexts, infested the roads, and killed peasants even in their cottages. We were assailed, as we were to-night, by ferocious men, plunderers and assassins; they were quite numerous, and, as at this time, all resistance was useless. They made us leave the carriage, forced us to sit down on the roadside, and brutally searched us. What should we do? Let ourselves be killed by the brigands? It would be to die a useless and almost shameful death. The two or three men who were with me in the carriage submitted; I did the same. I had a young *citoyenne* near me. Pardon, madame; they were called citizens then.”

“Proceed, monsieur,” said the marquise.

“A young woman. Ah! madame, I have travelled over all Europe, Italy, Spain, Germany, Poland, and never saw one so beautiful, so graceful, so perfect. The poor child was from Rouen; she was going to Paris to be married to a jockey, to whom she had been betrothed, and carried her dowrie in her bodice.”

“In her bodice, monsieur?” exclaimed the marquise.

“Yes, madame,” replied the captain. “Susanne, (that was her name,) needed no fortune; had I been king, I would have shared my crown with her, only for her beautiful eyes; she had, nevertheless, stitched sixty louis in her bodice, which she was carrying with her to her betrothed.”

“Do you believe,” asked the marquise, “that she loved the jockey?”

“He was from Rouen as well as she; their parents had arranged the marriage, and she asked nothing but to love him. But you are going to see. The chouans began with me; I had no watch then, nor captain’s epaulettes; but they robbed me of a few crowns in my little purse, then went to Susanne; they searched her. One Chouan, very skilful in his profession, discovered without difficulty the young girl’s treasure; and in a wink the lace which confined her bodice was cut, and Susanne’s dower passed into the hands of those gentlemen. The young girl was near me, sitting close by the fence, weeping and half clad. I began by giving her an old cloak, which had not tempted the robbers’ cupidity. Then, on seeing her so beautiful, I comprehended there was something more precious than her dower. I said to her, ‘Citoyenne, we are in bad hands; trust me, and let us get away from this place.’ She thought as I did, and decided to follow me. We crouched along the road in the dark, and when we thought we had got far enough, we arose, took each other’s hand, and ran without knowing where.

“At length daylight appeared. We were in a little village, whose name I have forgotten, but which was not far from the road to Paris, and both of us were without a sou; she without a bodice, I without a cloak; we took the road to the capital; that unites a great deal madame.”

“I believe so,” said the marquise.

“At Paris, the business was to find Susanne’s jockey. I might have injured her in seeking for him; she undertook it all alone. I saw her depart with tears in her eyes.”

“May heaven conduct you, citoyenne Susanne,” said I, “and make you as happy as you deserve to be.”

“Had I made the campaign of Italy before that time, I should have found something else to have said to her. She appeared, on her part, sorry to leave me; I was then a handsome youth, ruddy and well-built, such as I still was five years ago in my regiment, where they called me the handsome captain. I gave her my address, told her to count on me, if she had need of assistance or protection, and at last we separated. Two hours

afterwards, she returned to me. Would you believe that her jockey did not want her? He was a coarse young man, avaricious, more tempted with the dower than the young girl; he would have refused Venus herself, if she had not sixty louis; he proved it, for Susanne was as beautiful as Venus. She was then with me, who loved her, and whom she loved; refused by Jean Crochart, (that was the jockey's name,) and not daring to return to her parents, because her fortune had been stolen from her. She had not a sou; I was a little richer than she, for I had found a relation who had lent me fifty crowns. I put my little fortune into her hands, and soon afterwards they called me into the army.

"I left her, and with her I left my heart. For fifteen years I wrote from Italy, Egypt and Spain. It is now ten years since I have written to her, but I had always hoped. Since Waterloo, I have hoped no longer. The old soldier has lost all, his emperor, rank in the world, his eagles, and her whom he loved. Pardon, madame! perhaps you do not understand such things."

"Charles! Charles!" exclaimed the marquise, "do you not recognise me?"

The captain sprang upon his chair; his movement was so violent that he upset his cup of tea. He lifted the green veil which covered the marquise's face.

"You Susanne?" said he; "you Susanne, Madame la Marquise?"

And he looked at the black eyes, still beautiful, although she was as much as forty-three; the forehead white, and the lips still rosy; a tranquil life had prolonged her youth.

"Yes, 'tis I!" said the marquise; "and although I am a widow, I have been almost as faithful as you, for I have always loved you. If I did not answer your letters, it was because I only received the first ones, and not knowing at that time how to read or write, the idea of taking a third into our confidence was repugnant to me. You advised me to return to Rouen—it was impracticable; you do not know how sensible a Norman

family are to the loss of sixty louis. They would not have received me at home; I remained in Paris; still I must live. A young marquis, who wished neither to serve the republic nor go to foreign countries fell in love with me. I loved you; I had no difficulty in remaining wise. Then the Marquis of Belle-Chasse proposed to marry me at the altar of reason. I saw through his intentions, and I told him he would not lead me before the altar of reason, until we had been married by a priest. He consented. As I have already told you, I did not love him; and I soon saw that he was a feeble being, whom it was necessary to govern, to avoid being unhappy with him—for there is nothing worse than being governed by weak people. I easily escaped this danger, and for twenty years he was my humble servitor. He knew nothing more than to regret his lost nobility, and died, very *mal apropos*, two or three years before the return of those whom he called masters, and his death has left me a rich dowager. I have, my good Charles, houses in Paris; I have claims on the estate; I have, in fine, at two leagues from Rouen, the superb estate of Belle-Chasse.”

At this moment, which was about day-break, Lise entered the room where the marquise and the captain were sitting, to tell them that a diligence was going that very instant from Vernon, and that it had places to accommodate both the marquise and the captain.

“Captain,” said the marquise, “it is impossible for you to go as far as Caudebec without suffering a great deal; you are wounded, and you have no orders for the hospital; you must go to Belle-Chasse.”

This proposition was accepted, and the souvenirs of love were so sweet and so powerful—the captain was still a handsome man—that M. Thierry left Belle-Chasse only to go and visit his old father, and get indispensable papers. He afterwards returned, and married the marquise. Thus the poor officer on half-pay became a rich proprietor.

Some days after the wedding, a fat individual, in a blue

jacket and cap *d'astracan*, presented himself in the saloon, just after breakfast.

"Pardon, excuse monsieur and madame," said he, with a canting smile; "you do not recognize me!"

"Ah!" said the marquise, "you were conductor when we were stopped on the high-way. Very well, there was no harm in it."

"Indeed, madame! There's a reasonable person! They do not at all resemble you in the post-house. They want even to make me pay for the wheel which the robbers broke, and I come to ask for a certificate—"

"Very willingly, my friend," said the captain, without giving him time to finish his sentence. "What is your name?"

"Jean Crochart!" said the captain.

"Jean Crochart!" repeated Madame Thierry, with that disdainful air which women always have to men who have proved themselves unworthy. "Jean Crochart, formerly a jockey?"

"Yes, madam, at your service."

"Very well, sirrah! Go down to the office; my husband will send you the certificate you want; and if the administration of the post make you pay for the broken wheel, write to me, and I will reimburse you."

Jean Crochart obeyed, and left the chateau de Belle-Chasse without ever suspecting that he had refused the hand of Madame Thierry, or by what strange chance Susanne and Charles had been reunited, after one had acquired glory, and the other a fortune.

THE WALCHEREN EXPEDITION.

AFTER the disastrous retreat to Corunna, the Rifles were reduced to a sickly skeleton, if I may so term it. Out of perhaps nine hundred of as active and fine fellows as ever held a weapon in the field of an enemy's country, we paraded some three hundred weak and crest-fallen invalids.

I myself stood the third man in my own company, which was reduced from near a hundred men to *but three*. Indeed, I think we had scarce a company on parade stronger than ten or twelve men, at the first parade. After a few parades, however, our companies gradually were augmented, (by those of the sick who recovered,) but many of those who did not sink in hospital, were never more of much service as soldiers.

After a while, some of the strongest and smartest of our men were picked out to go on the recruiting service, and gather men from the militia regiment to fill up our ranks. I myself started off with Lieut. Pratt, Serjeant-Major Adams, and William Brotherwood, the latter of whom was afterwards killed at Vittoria by a cannon-ball, which at the same moment ended Patrick Mahon and Lieut. Hopwood.

I was a shoemaker in the corps, and had twenty pounds in my pocket, which I had saved up. With this money I hired a gig, and the serjeant-major and myself cut a very smart figure. The only difficulty was, that neither of us knew how to drive very well, consequently we overturned the gig on the first day, before we got half-way on our journey, and the shafts being broken we were obliged to leave it behind us in a small village, midway Hythe and Rye, and take to our legs, as was more soldier-like and seemly. We reached Rye the first night, and I recollect that I succeeded in getting the first recruit there, a strong, able-

bodied chimney-sweep, named John Lee. This fellow (whose appearance I was struck with as he sat in the taproom of the Red Lion on that night, together with a little boy as black and sooty as himself) offered to enlist the moment I entered the room, and I took him at his word; and immediately called for the serjeant-major for approval.

"There's nothing against my being a soldier," said the sweep, "but my black face; I'm strong, active, and healthy, and able to lick the best man in this room."

"Damn your black face," said the serjeant-major; "the Rifles can't be too dark; you're a strong rascal, and if you mean it, we'll take you to the doctor to-morrow and make a giniril of you the next day." So we had the sweep that night into a large tub of water, and scoured him outside, and filled him with punch inside, and made a rifleman of him. *

The serjeant-major, however, on this night, suspected from his countenance, what afterwards turned out to be the case, that Lee was rather a slippery fellow, and might repent. So after filling him drunk, he said to me—"Harris, you have caught this bird, and *you* must keep him fast. You must both sleep to-night handcuffed together in the same bed, or he will escape us;" which I actually did, and the next morning retraced my steps with him to Hythe, to be passed by the doctor of our regiment.

After rejoining Sergeant-Major Adams at Rye, we started off for Hastings to Sussex, and on our way we heard of the East Kent militia at Lydd; so we stopped there about an hour to display ourselves before them, and try if we could coax a few of them into the Rifles. We strutted up and down before their ranks arm and arm, and made no small sensation amongst them.

When on the recruiting service in those days, men were accustomed to make as gallant a show as they could, and accordingly we had both smartened ourselves up a trifle. The serjeant-major was quite a beau, in his way; he had a sling belt to his sword like a field officer, a tremendous green feather in his cap, a flaring sash, his whistle and powder-flask displayed, an officer's pelisse over one shoulder, and a double allowance of ribbons in

his cap; whilst I myself was also as smart as I dared appear, with my rifle slung at my shoulder.

In this guise we made as much of ourselves as if we had both been generals, and, as I said, created quite a sensation, the militia-men cheering us as we passed up and down, till they were called to order by the officers.

The permission to volunteer was not then given to the East Kent, although it came out a few days afterwards, and we persuaded many men, during the hour we figured before them, that the rifles were the only boys fit for *them* to join.

After looking up the East Kent, we reached Hastings that same night, where we found that the volunteering of the Leicester militia, (who were quartered there) had commenced, and that one hundred and twenty-five men and two officers had given their names to the 7th Fusileers, and these Adams and I determined to make change their mind in our favour if we could.

The appearance of our rifle uniform, and a little of serjeant Adams' blarney, so took the fancies of the volunteers, that we got every one of them into the rifle corps, and both officers into the bargain. We worked hard in this business. I may say that for three days and nights we kept up the dance and the drunken riot. Every volunteer got ten guineas bounty, which except the two kept back for necessaries, they spent in every sort of excess, till all was gone. Then came the reaction. The drooping spirits, the grief at parting with old comrades, sweet-hearts, and wives, for the uncertain fate of war. And then came on the jeers of the old soldier; the laughter of Adams and myself, and comrades, and our attempts to give a fillip to their spirits as we marched them off from the friends they were never to look upon again; and, as we termed it, "*shove them on to glory*"—a glory they were not long in achieving, as out of the hundred and fifty Leicestershire, which we enlisted in Hastings, scarce one man, I should say, who served, but could have shown at the year's end some token of the fields he had fought in; very many found a grave, and some returned to Hythe with the loss of their limbs.

I remember the story of many of these men's lives; one in particular named Demon, who, I myself enlisted from the Leicestershire militia, is not a little curious. Demon was a smart and very active man, and serving as corporal in the light company of the Leicestershire when I persuaded him to join our corps, where he was immediately made a serjeant in the 3d battalion, then just forming; and from which he eventually rose to be a commissioned officer in one of our line regiments, but whose number I cannot now remember. The cause which led to Demon's merits being first noticed was not a little curious, being neither more nor less than a race.

It happened that at Shoreham Cliff, (soon after he joined,) a race was got up among some Kentish men, who were noted for their swiftness, and one of them who had beaten his companions, challenged any soldier in the Rifles to run against him for two hundred pounds. The sum was large, and the runner was of so much celebrity, that although we had some active young fellows amongst us, not one seemed inclined to take the chance, either officers or men, till at length Demon stepped forth and said he would run against this Kentish boaster, or any man on the face of the earth, and fight him afterwards into the bargain, if any one could be found to make up the money. Upon this an officer subscribed the money, and the race was arranged.

The affair made quite a sensation, and the inhabitants of the different villages for miles around flocked to see the sport; besides which the men from different regiments in the neighbourhood, infantry, cavalry, and artillery also were much interested, and managed to be present, which caused the scene to be a very gay one. In short, the race commenced, and the odds were much against the soldier at starting, as he was a much less man than the other, and did not at all look like the winner. He, however, kept well up with his antagonist, and the affair seemed likely to end in a dead heat, which would undoubtedly have been the case, but Demon, when close upon the winning-post, gave one tremendous spring forward, and won it by his body's length.

This race, in short, led on to notice and promotion. General Mackenzie was in command of the garrison at Hythe. He was present, and was highly delighted at the rifleman beating the bumpkin, and saw that the winner was the very cut of a soldier, and in short, that Demon was a very smart fellow, so that eventually the news of the race reached the first battalion then fighting in Spain. Sir Andrew Barnard as far as I can recollect from hearsay, at the time, was in command of the Rifles in Spain at that moment; and, as I now remember the story, either he or some other officer of high rank, upon being told of the circumstance, remarked that, as Demon was such a smart runner in England, there was very good ground for a Rifleman to use his legs on out there. He was accordingly ordered out with the next draft to that country, where he so much distinguished himself that he obtained his commission, as I have before mentioned.

I could give many more anecdotes connected with the recruiting at this time for the three battalions of rifles, but the above will suffice; and soon after the incident I have narrated above, (our companies being full of young and active men,) we started off with the expedition, then just formed for Walcheren. I could not help feeling, when we paraded, that I stood enranged for this first expedition, comparatively amongst strangers, since in the company I belonged to, not a single man, except James Brooks, whom I have before named, then paraded with me, who had been a fellow comrade in the fields of Portugal and Spain. I felt also the loss of my old captain, (Leech,) whom I much loved and respected, and who left the second battalion at that time to be promoted to the first. When I heard of this change, I stepped from the ranks and offered to exchange into the first, but Lieut. Hill, who was present hinted to Captain Hart (my new commanding officer) not to let me go, as if he did, he would perhaps repent it. I will not say here what the lieutenant then said of me, but he persuaded Captain Hart to keep me, as my character had been so good in the former campaign; and accord-

ingly I remained in the second battalion, and started on the Walcheren expedition.

From Hythe to Deal was one day's march; and I remember looking along the road at the fine appearance the different regiments made as we marched along. It was as fine an expedition as ever I looked at, and the army seemed to stretch, as I regarded them, the whole distance before us to Dover.

At Deal, the Rifles embarked in the *Superb*, a 74, and a terrible outcry there was among the women upon the beach on the embarkation; for the ill consequences of having too many women amongst us had been so apparent in our former campaign and retreat, that the allowance of wives was considerably curtailed on this occasion, and the distraction of the poor creatures parting with their husbands was quite heart-rending: some of them clinging to the men so resolutely, that the officers were obliged to give orders to have them separated by force. In fact, even after we were in the boats and fairly pushed off, the screaming and howling of their farewells rang in our ears far out at sea.

The weather being fair, and the fleet having a grand and imposing appearance, many spectators (even from London) came to look at us as we lay in the Downs, and we set sail, (I think on the third day from our embarkation) in three divisions.

A fair wind soon carried us off Flushing, where one part of the expedition disembarked; the other made for South Beveland, among which latter I myself was. The five companies of Rifles immediately occupied a very pretty village, with rows of trees on either side of its principal street, where we had plenty of leisure to listen to the sound of the cannonading going on amongst the companies we had left at Flushing.

The appearance of the country (such as it was) was extremely pleasant, and for a few days the men enjoyed themselves much. But at the expiration of (I think) less time than a week, an awful visitation suddenly came upon us. The first I observed of it was one day as I sat in my billet, when I beheld whole parties of our riflemen in the street shaking with a sort of ague, to

such a degree that they could hardly walk; strong and fine young men, who had been but a short time in the service, seemed suddenly reduced in strength to infants, unable to stand upright—so great a shaking had seized upon their whole bodies from head to heel. The company I belonged to was quartered in a barn, and I quickly perceived that hardly a man there had stomach for the bread that was served out to them, or even to taste their grog, although each man had an allowance of half-a-pint of gin per day. In fact, I should say, about three weeks from the day we landed, I and two other men were the only individuals who could stand upon our legs. They lay groaning in rows in the barn, amongst the heaps of lumpy black bread they were unable to eat.

This awful spectacle considerably alarmed the officers, who were also many of them attacked. The naval doctors came on shore to assist the regimental surgeons, who, indeed, had more upon their hands than they could manage; Dr. Ridgeway, of the Rifles, and his assistant, having nearly five hundred patients prostrate at the same moment. In short, except myself and three or four others, the whole concern was completely floored.

Under these circumstances, and which considerably confounded the doctors, orders were issued (since all hopes of getting the men upon their legs seemed gone) to embark them as fast as possible, which was accordingly done with some little difficulty. The poor fellows made every effort to get on board. Those who were a trifle better than others crawled to the boats; many supported each other; and many were carried helpless as infants.

At Flushing matters were not much better, except that there the soldiers had a smart skirmish with their enemies before the fever and ague attacked them. On shipboard the aspect of affairs did not mend; the men beginning to die so fast that they committed ten or twelve to the deep in one day.

It was rather extraordinary that myself, and Brooks, and a man named Bowley, who had all three been at Corunna, were at this moment unattacked by the disease, and notwithstanding the

awful appearance of the pest-ship we were in, I myself had little fear of the disease. I thought myself so hardened that it could not touch me. It happened, however, that I stood sentinel (men being scarce) over the hatchway, and Brooks, who was always a jolly and jeering companion (even in the very jaws of death) came past me, and offered me a lump of pudding, it being pudding day on board. At that moment I felt struck with a deadly faintness, shook all over like an aspen, and my teeth chattered in my head, so that I could hardly hold my rifle.

Brooks looked at me a moment, with the pudding in his hand, which he saw I could not take. "Hallo," he said, "why Harris, old boy, *you* are not going to begin, are you?"

I felt unable to answer him, but only muttered out as I trembled, "For God's sake get me relieved, Brooks!"

"Damme," said Brooks, "it's all up with Harris! You're caught hold of at last, old chap."

In fact I was soon sprawling upon the forecastle, amongst many others, in a miserable state, our heads upon our knapsacks, and our great coats over us. In this state the doctors, during our short voyage, were fully employed; pails of bark were carried amongst us and given to the men in horn tumblers, and thus we arrived at Dover.

As I lay on the deck, I looked up at that splendid castle in the distance. It was identified with old England, and many a languid eye was cheered by its sight. Men naturally love to die upon their native land, and I felt I could now do so contentedly! Nay, I have that frowning English fortress in my eye, at this moment, as I then beheld it. The Warwickshire militia were at that time quartered at Dover. They came to assist in disembarking us, and were obliged to lift many of us out of the boats like sacks of flour. If any of those militiamen remain alive they will not easily forget that piece of duty; for I never beheld men more moved than they were at our helpless state. Many died at Dover and numbers in Deal; whilst those who had somewhat rallied on getting from the land of pestilence, were paraded in order to get them on to their old quarters at Hythe.

I remember that the 43d and 52d regiments (all that were able) marched with us this day to Hythe; but I am afraid we did not (any of us) cut much of a figure on the road. In fact, such was the shaking fever we felt that we were left pretty much to our own discretion to get to our journey's end in the best manner we could. Many, indeed, would never have got into barracks without assistance. In short, when I sat down exhausted by the road-side several times during the march, and looked at the men, I thought it bore in some degree a similitude to the Corunna retreat; so awfully had disease floored the strength of the whole turn-out.

The hospital at Hythe being filled with the sick, the barracks became a hospital, and as deaths ensued, and thinned the wards, the men were continually removed, making progress from barrack to hospital, and from hospital to the grave. The ward of the hospital, in which I myself was, accommodated eleven men; and I saw, from my bed in the corner where I lay, this ward refilled ten times, the former patients being all carried out to the grave. I had been gradually removed as the men died, until I was shoved up into a corner of the ward, where I lay and had plenty of leisure to observe my comrades in misfortune, and witness their end. Some I beheld die quietly, and others were seized in various ways. Many got out of bed in a shivering delirium, and died upon the floor in the night-time.

Having been a shoemaker in the Rifles, I had saved during my service near two hundred pounds, which I had in the bank at Hythe at this time, so that I was enabled to procure extra wine and other nourishing things, and often gave my companions in misfortune a treat also; and this I think enabled my iron constitution to keep death so long at bay.

I saw one or two of my old peninsular comrades, and whom I had often seen fighting bravely in the field, die in this hospital in a miserable condition, their bodies being swollen up like barrels.

Every thing was done for us that skill could devise, and nothing could exceed the kindness of Doctor Ridgeway toward us. Hot

baths were brought into the hospital, and many a man died whilst in the bath, and was taken out dead.

I remember hearing, as I lay sick, that the firing over the graves of our comrades was dispensed with, the men died so fast; and when I got out, and went to the churchyard to look upon the graves of my comrades, I saw them lying in two lines there. As they in life had been enranded, so they lay also ranked in death.

The medical men made every effort to try and trace the immediate cause of this mortality amongst us, and almost all the men were examined after death; but it was of no avail, as nothing could arrest the progress of the malady after it had reached a certain height. The doctor, I heard, generally attributed the deaths in most cases, to enlargement of the spleen, as almost all were swollen and diseased in that part. I myself was dreadfully enlarged in the side, and for many years afterwards carried "an extra paunch."

As soon as the prospect began to brighten, and the men to recover a little, we managed to muster outside the hospital, some three hundred of us parading there morning and evening, for the benefit of fresh air; and medicine was served out to us as we stood enranded, the hospital orderlies passing along the ranks, and giving each man his dose from large jugs which they carried.

As we got better an order arrived to furnish two companies of the second battalion, and two companies of the third battalion, of Rifles, for Spain, as they were much wanted there. Accordingly an inspection took place, and two hundred men were picked out, all of whom were most anxious to go. I myself was rejected at that time, as unfit, which I much regretted. However, on making application, after a few days, I was accepted, principally on the recommendation of Lieut. Cochrane, who much wished for me; and I accordingly once more started for foreign service.

From Hythe to Portsmouth, where we were to embark, was eight days' march; but the very first day found out some of the Walcheren lads. I myself was assisted that night to my billet,

the ague having again seized me, and on the third day wagons were obliged to be hired to get us along the road. As we proceeded some of those men who had relapsed died on the road, and were buried in different places we passed through. At Chichester, I recollect, a man was taken out of the wagon in which I myself lay, who had died beside me; and at that place he was buried. At Portsmouth I remained one night, billeted with my fellow travellers at the Dolphin. Here I was visited by an uncle who resided in the town; and who was much shocked at seeing me so much reduced, concluding it was impossible I could survive many days. Such was the shocking state we were again reduced to. The next morning spring-wagons were procured for us, and we were sent back to Hilsæ barracks for the benefit of medical advice: and I took a farewell of my uncle, expecting never to see him again. Such, however, was not to be the case, as, out of the thirty-nine riflemen who went into Hilsæ Hospital, I alone survived.

It may seem to my readers extraordinary that I should twice be the survivor of so many of my comrades. I can only, therefore, refer them to the medical men who attended us, if they yet live, and whose names were, Dr. Ridgeway of the Rifles, and Dr. Frazer, who at that time was the surgeon at Hilsæ.

Whilst we lay sick at Hilsæ Hospital I must not forget to mention an act of great kindness and humanity which was performed towards the soldiery. Lady Grey, who, I believe, was the wife of the Commissioner of Portsmouth Dockyard at this time, was so much struck with the state of the sufferers, that she sent one morning two carts loaded with warm clothing for them; giving to each man, of whatsoever regiment, who had been at Walcheren, two pairs of flannel drawers and two flannel waistcoats. This circumstance was greatly appreciated by the men; and many, like myself, have never forgotten it.

After this, being the only rifleman left at Hilsæ, Lieut. Bardell made application to the general for leave for me to go into Dorsetshire to see my friends, which was granted; but the doctor shook his head, doubting I should ever be able to under-

take the journey. In about a week, however, I considered myself fit to undertake the journey; and, accordingly, a non-commissioned officer of one of the line regiments put me into a Salisbury coach. A lady and gentleman were my fellow-passengers inside, and we started about four o'clock. They seemed not much to relish the look of a sick soldier in such close quarters; and, accordingly, we had hardly cleared the town of Gosport before I gave them a dreadful fright. In short, I was attacked all at once with one of the periodical ague-fits, and shook to so desperate a degree that they were both horror-struck, and almost inclined to keep me company. The lady thought that both herself and husband were cold, and would certainly catch the complaint; expressing herself as most unhappy in having begun their journey on that day. These fits generally lasted an hour and a quarter, and then came on a burning fever, during which I called for water at every place where the coach stopped. In fact, coachman, guard, and passengers, outside and in, by no means liked it, and expected every minute that I should die in the coach.

"Here's a nice go," said the coachman, as he stopped at a place called Whit-church, "catch me ever taking up a sick soldier again if I can help it. This here poor devil's going to make a die of it in my coach."

It seemed, indeed, as if I had personally offended the burly coachman, for he made an oration at every place he stopped at, and sent all the helpers and idlers to look at me, as I sat in his coach, till I was obliged to beg of him not to do so.

I had two attacks of this sort during the night, and was so bad that I myself thought, with the coachman, that I should never get out of the vehicle alive; and never, I should think, had passengers so unpleasant a journey as the lady and gentleman I travelled with.

At length, early in the morning, the coach stopped at a village one mile from my father's residence, which was on the estate of the present Marquis of Anglesey. I had left my father's cot

tage quite a boy, and although I knew the landlord of the little inn where the coach stopped, and several other persons I saw there, none knew me; so I made myself known as well as I could, for I was terribly exhausted, and the landlord immediately got four men to carry me home.

My father was much moved at beholding me return in so miserable a plight, as was also my step-mother and my brother. I remained with them eight months, six of which I lay in a hopeless state in bed, certificates being sent every month to Hythe, stating my inability to move; and during which time Captain Hart sent four letters to the commanding officer, desiring I might be drafted out, if possible, to Spain, as, being a handicraft, I was much wanted there.

The medical men round the neighbourhood hearing of my state, many of them came to see me, in order to observe the nature of a complaint that had proved so deadly to our soldiers.

At the end of the eighth month, (being once more somewhat recovered, and able to crawl about, with the aid of a stick, a few yards from our cottage door,) as my mother-in-law had once or twice expressed herself burthened by this long illness, I resolved to attempt to return to my regiment. I was therefore transported in a cart to the King's Arms Inn, at Dorchester, my body being swollen up hard as a barrel, and my limbs covered with ulcers. Here the surgeons of the 9th and 11th dragoons made an examination of me, and ordered me into Dorchester hospital, where I remained seven weeks; and here my case completely puzzled the doctors.

At length Dr. Burroughs, on making his rounds, caught sight of me as I sat on my bed, dressed in my green uniform.

"Hallo! rifleman," he said, "how came you here?"

Being told, he looked very sharply at me, and seemed to consider.

"Walcheren," he inquired, "eh?"

"Yes, sir," I said, "and it has not done with me yet."

"Strip, my man," he said, "and lay on your back. What have you done for him?" he asked sharply of the doctor.

The doctor told him.

“Then try him with mercury, sir,” he said, “*both externally and internally.*”

After saying which in a rapid manner, he turned as quickly and proceeded in his rounds among the rest of the patients.

I was now salivated most desperately, after which I got a little better, and resolved at all hazards, to try and rejoin my regiment, for I was utterly tired of the hospital life I had altogether so long led. “For God’s sake,” I said, “let me go and die with my own regiment!”

With some little difficulty I got leave to go, and once again started at my own expense, for Hythe, in Kent, by the coach. Before doing so, however, to my surprise, the medical man, who had attended me under my father’s roof, brought me in his bill, which was a pretty good one, amounting to sixty pounds. I thought this was pretty well for a poor soldier to be charged. Having still, however, enough left of my savings, I paid it; but I kept that bill, and afterwards showed it to Dr. Scott of the Rifles, who remarked upon it in these words: “It could not have been higher, Harris, if you had been a man possessing a thousand a year.”

When I made my appearance in the barrack-square at Hythe, I was like one risen from the dead; for I had been so long missing from amongst the few I knew there, that I was almost forgotten. A hardy Scot, named McPherson, was one of the first who recognized me.

“Eh,” he said, “but here’s Harris come back. Why I thought, man, ye was gane amongst the lave o’ them, but the divil will na kill ye, I think!”

The day after my arrival I was once more in hospital, and here I remained under Dr. Scott for twenty-eight weeks; such was the Walcheren fever, and which to this day I sometimes feel the remains of in damp weather. From Hythe I was sent amongst some other invalids, to Chelsea. Sixty of us marched together on this occasion, without arms. Many had lost their limbs, which, from wounds, as well as disease, had been ampu

tated; and altogether we did not make a very formidable appearance, being frequently obliged to be halted in the road to repair our strength, when the whole turn-out would be seen sitting or sprawling at full length by the roadside.

The march took us ten days to accomplish, and when we halted at Pimlico, we were pretty well done up. We were billeted in the different public houses in Chelsea. Amongst others, I lodged at the Three Crowns, close beside the Bun House.

I remember we paraded in the Five Fields, then an open space, but now covered with elegant mansions, and become a part of London. Three thousand invalids mustered here every morning—a motley group, presenting a good picture of the toils of war. There was the lame, the halt, and the blind, the sick, and the sorry, all in a lump. With those who had lost their limbs, there was not much trouble, as they became pensioners; but others were, some of them, closely examined from day to day as to their eligibility for service. Amongst others I was examined by Dr. Lephau.

“What age are you, rifleman?” he said.

“Thirty-two, sir,” I replied.

“What trade have you been of?” he inquired.

“A shoemaker,” I replied.

“Where have you been?” he said.

“In Denmark, Spain, Portugal, and Walcheren,” I said; “in which latter place I met the worst enemy of all.”

“Never mind that,” he said, “you’ll do yet; and we will have you to a veteran battalion.”

Accordingly I was appointed to the 8th veteran battalion, with others, and sent to Fort Cumberland. Here I was appointed to Captain Creswell’s company, who had lost one eye, whilst in the 36th regiment in Spain.

I was again the only green jacket of the lot, and the officers assembled round me during the first muster, and asked me numerous questions about my service amongst the Rifles, for we had a great reputation amongst the army at this time. Major Caldwell commanded the battalion; he had been in the fifth,

(the fighting 5th,) and had received a grievous wound in the head. He was a kind and soldier-like man, but if you put him out of temper, you would soon find out that he felt his wound. Capt. Picard was there, too, and Captain Flaherty, and Lieut. Moorhead; all of them were more or less shattered, whilst their men, although most of them were young, were very good specimens of war's alarms. One, perhaps, had a tale to tell of Salamanca, where he lost an eye; another spoke of Badajoz, where he got six balls (in the breach) at once in his body. Many paraded with sticks in their hands, and altogether it was something of a different sort of force to the active chaps I had been in the habit of serving amongst. In fact, I much regretted my green jacket, and grieved at being obliged to part with it for the red coat of the Veterans.

I remained in the Veterans only four months, as at the expiration of that time Napoleon was sent to Elba. We were then marched to Chelsea, to be disbanded, where we met thousands of soldiers lining the streets, and lounging about before the different public houses, with every description of wound and casualty incident to modern warfare. There hobbled the dilapidated light infantry man, the heavy dragoon, the fusileer, and specimens from every regiment in the service. The Irishman, shouting and brandishing his crutch; the English soldier, reeling with drink; and the Scot, with grave and melancholy visage, sitting on the steps of the public house amongst the crowd, listening to the skirl of his comrades' pipes, and thinking of the blue hills of his native land. Such was Chelsea and Pimlico in 1814.

In about a week's time I was discharged, and received a pension of sixpence per day; and for the first time since I had been a shepherd lad on Blandford Downs, I saw myself in plain clothes, and with my liberty to go and come where I liked. Before, however, my pension became due, I was again called upon to attend, together with others, in consequence of the escape of Bonaparte from Elba; but I was then in so miserable a plight with the remains of the fever and ague, which still attacked me every other day, that I did not answer the call by

which I lost my pension. And here I may perhaps as well mention a slight anecdote of the great duke, as I heard it related, more especially as, slight as it is, it shows the rapidity with which, even in small matters, that great man always came to a right conclusion.

The duke, I was told, observed in Spain that several men who had come out from England after Walcheren were unable to keep up on the march, and afterwards completely failed. He inquired the reason of this, and was told they were men who had been on the Walcheren expedition.

“Then, never,” said the duke, “let another man be sent here who has been at Walcheren.”

At Fort Cumberland I remember another curious circumstance, which may perhaps, in these times, be thought worthy of narration.

Many of the French prisoners had volunteered into the English service, and were formed into four companies, called the Independent Companies. These men were smart-looking fellows, and wore a green uniform, something like the Rifles. Whilst I was with the Veterans one of these men deserted, and was retaken at Portsmouth, and tried by court-martial at Fort Cumberland. Besides his crime of desertion he had aggravated it by gross insubordination, and he was accordingly sentenced to be flogged. We all, French and English, paraded to see the sentence carried into effect, and in case of any thing happening, and our opposite neighbours, the green-jackets, showing fight, the Veterans were all ordered to load with ball.

When the culprit heard the sentence read out to him, he was a good deal annoyed, and begged that he might be shot, as would have happened to him in his own country. Such, however, it was explained to him, could not be allowed, and he was accordingly punished. The Duke of York, who was then commander-in-chief, had thought it necessary to make this example, although all of us would have been glad to have seen him forgiven.

Shortly after this, on Napoleon's being sent to Elba, these men were all liberated, and sent home to their own country, with

four pounds given to each man ; and gloriously drunk they all were at Portsmouth the night they embarked.

The Veterans were very intimate and friendly with these Frenchmen, as they were quartered together ; and we were all sorry to hear (whether true or false I cannot say) that every man of them, on their uniforms betraying their having served us, were massacred by their fellow-countrymen.



DUFAVEL'S ADVENTURE IN THE WELL.

ONE morning, early in September 1836, as Dufavel, one of the laborers employed in sinking a well at a place near Lyons, in France, was about to descend, in order to begin his work, one of his companions called out to him not to go down, as the ground was giving way, and threatened to fall in. Dufavel, however, did not profit by the warning, but, exclaiming, "I shall have plenty of time to go down for my basket first," he entered the well, which was sixty-two feet in depth. When about half way down, he heard some large stones falling; but he nevertheless continued his descent, and reached the bottom in safety. After placing two pieces of plank in his basket, he was preparing to reascend, when he suddenly heard a crashing sound above his head, and, looking up, he saw five of the side supports of the well breaking at once. Greatly alarmed, he shouted for assistance as loudly as he was able; but the next moment a large mass of the sandy soil fell upon him, precluding the possibility of his escape. By a singular good fortune, the broken supports fell together in such a manner, that they formed a species of arch over his head, and prevented the sand from pouring down, which must have smothered him at once. To all appearance, however, he was separated from the rest of the world, and doomed to perish by suffocation or famine. He had a wife and child, who now came into his mind, and the thought of them now made him feel still more bitterly his imprudent obstinacy in descending into the well, after being warned of the danger to which he was exposing himself.

But although Dufavel regretted the past and feared for the future, he did not give way to despair. Calm and self-possessed, he raised his heart in prayer to God, and adopted every precau-

tion in his power to prolong his life. His basket was fastened to the cord by which he had descended; and when his comrades above began to pull the rope, in the hope of drawing him up to the surface, he observed that, in their vain efforts, they were causing his basket to strike against the broken planks above him in such a manner, as to bring down stones and other things. He therefore cut the rope with his knife, which he had no sooner done, than it was drawn up by those at the top of the well; and, when his friends saw the rope so cut, they knew that he must be alive, and determined to make every exertion to save him.

The hole made by the passage of this rope through the sand that had fallen in, was of the greatest use to Dufavel; through it he received a supply of fresh air, and, after a while, his friends contrived to convey food to him, and even to speak to him. Of course he was in utter darkness; but he was enabled in a curious manner, to keep a reckoning of time. A large fly was shut up with him, and kept him company all the time that he remained there. When he heard it buzzing about, he knew that it was day, and when the fly was silent, he knew that it was night. The fly boarded as well as lodged with him; he was as careful as he could not to interrupt it while taking its share of his meal; when he touched it, it would fly away, buzzing as if offended, but soon return again. He often said afterwards, that the company of this fly had been a great consolation to him.

More skilful persons than the poor laborers of the village of Champvert were soon engaged in the attempt to liberate Dufavel. The municipal authorities of Lyons procured the assistance of a band of military miners, who, under the direction of experienced officers began to form a subterranean passage for the purpose of relieving him. Prayers for his safety were daily offered up in the churches of Lyons, and the most intense interest prevailed; it was found necessary to erect a barricade, and station a guard of soldiers round the scene of the accident, to keep off the flocking crowd from the neighbourhood, all eager to obtain news, and see what was being done.

The cavity at the bottom of the well, over which the wooden

rafters had so providentially formed a sort of a roof, was at first about seven feet in height; but owing to the sand constantly running through, and pressing down the roof from above, by the third day the space became so small, that the poor man could no longer stand, or even sit upright, but was crushed upon the ground in a peculiarly painful manner, his legs doubled under him, and his head pressed on one side against his left shoulder.

His arms, however, were free, and he used his knife to cut away such parts of the wood work as particularly incommoded him, and to widen the hole the passage of the rope had made. Through this hole, by means of a small bottle, soup and wine were let down to him, and after a few days, what was quite as important, a narrow bag to receive and bring to the surface the constantly accumulating sand, which must soon have smothered him, if this means of removing it had not been devised, and he had not had strength and energy for such painful labor as the constantly filling and refilling the bag soon became. Of course, any *pressure* from above would have forced in the temporary roof, so that nothing could be attempted in the way of removing the mass of sand, &c, that had fallen in. They dared not to touch the surface above; but they contrived, by means of a tube, to speak to him. A cousin of his, himself a well-digger, was let down for this purpose. This man spoke to Dufavel, and assured him the miners were making progress, and would soon reach him; he inquired after his wife and child, and charged his cousin to tell her from him to be of good cheer, and not to lose heart; at this time he had been a week in the well.

Day succeeded day, and still the expectations of the miners were deceived. They worked night and day, but such was the treacherous nature of the soil, that neither pickaxe nor shovel could be used; the foremost miner worked upon his knees, inserting cautiously a flat piece of wood into the ground, and afterwards gathering up with his hands, and passing to those behind him, the sand which he thus disturbed. On the twelfth day of his imprisonment, they calculated that they were twelve inches from him, and yet it took them two days longer before they were

able to reach him. Every minute the ground was giving way; and it sometimes took them many hours to repair the damage that a single moment had produced. Besides, they felt it necessary to proceed with the utmost caution, when they approached Dufavel; for there was great reason to fear, whenever an opening was made, the mass of sand above his head would fall down and suffocate him. At length, about two o'clock in the morning of Friday, 16th of September, they made a small opening into the well, just above his shoulders. The poor man shouted for joy, and was able with his knife to assist in extricating himself. He was carefully conveyed along the horizontal gallery, and wrapped in blankets before he was drawn up into the open air. Several medical men were in attendance, and one of them had him conveyed to his house, and put into bed.

We will not attempt to describe Dufavel's happy meeting with his wife, nor the tears of joy which he shed over his infant boy, who did not at first recognize him, muffled up as he was obliged to be to protect him from the cold, and his chin covered by a beard of more than a fortnight's growth. In the evening, he was so well, that Doctor Bienvenu consented to his being conveyed to his own home; and he was accordingly transported thither on a litter, attended by a great concourse of happy and thankful spectators.



THE WOLVES OF RUSSIA.

IN traversing the vast plains of Northern Russia, the traveller encounters much danger and difficulty. The severity of the climate is extreme, and to those who have not been bred in Northern countries almost intolerable. Wild beasts are numerous. The most formidable are bears and wolves. The latter go in large flocks, and when suffering for want of food are daring and persevering in their attacks, upon man as well as upon beasts. The Russians are aware of this danger, and generally carry arms in the sleighs in which they travel. Besides, the sides of the sleigh are armed with long and sharp iron spikes, which keep the wolves at bay. In spite of all precautions, however, dreadful disasters have happened to travellers in the dreary wilds, far from the abode of man. Such is the appearance of the wolf when supported by a flock of its fellows, that master and horse have been forced to yield, and have been devoured. Those who are obliged to travel and are yet unable to provide themselves against attack, escape but seldom. The story of the woman who sacrificed several of her children to save herself is well known to all readers. To such perils many have been exposed.

It was the middle of January, 18—. The cold was intense, and the snow several feet in depth, was frozen hard. Along the road which led across the plains, or steppes in the northern part of Russia, a sleigh, drawn by two horses, and containing four men, proceeded at a rapid pace. The sleigh was of substantial, rather than elegant construction, and was armed upon the

sides in the usual manner. The travellers were closely wrapped in fur, but it was evident that they belonged to the more respectable class of peasantry from the peculiar manner in which their hats were decorated. The same might have been surmised from the character of the vehicle in which they were pursuing their journey. One of them was an old man, with a long grey beard, and withered features. The other three were young, and had a hearty vigorous look. As the horses galloped over the frozen snow, occasionally touched with the whip of the driver, the travellers conversed upon various subjects. It was growing towards night, a large and gloomy forest was near, and our travellers had many miles to go before reaching an inn. Under these circumstances there was reason for alarm

"Whip, whip, Ivan!" said the old man to the driver. "We've much snow to cross before we find a bed."

"It isn't every body who would like to be here at this time of the day," said one of the young men, sitting in the back part of the sleigh.

"Phsaw! there's no danger on this road if you know how to conduct yourselves," said Ivan, the driver. "To be sure, there are pinch-bellied wolves and ugly bears about, and it's true that old Jovanoff came this way and was no more heard of; but four men ought to be able to keep back all the wolves in creation."

"Keep the horses to their present work, nevertheless," said the old man. "If we all had guns and plenty of ammunition, it would be very well to say as you do, but one gun, a pitch-fork, and a couple of canes are poor arms for any such fight, a fool might know."

"I wonder if old Jovanoff went down the throats of the wolves," said one of the young men.

"Where else could he go?" enquired another.

"Yes, we may set it down, the wolves ate the old man," said Ivan. "What a foolish thing it was for a person of his age to dare to come this way, with no companion but his gun."

"He was intoxicated when he started," said the old man.

“That comes of our good lord being too generous in distributing liquor among his workmen,” said Ivan.

“Not so; why must a man get intoxicated because he has plenty of liquor? It was the fault of old Jovanoff himself,” said the old man.

“There, those eternal wolves have commenced their choruses, and twilight will soon give place to night. Stir the horses, Ivan,” said one of the young men.

“I have them at full speed, now,” replied the driver.

The road now ran through the forest, and the dismal howling of the wolves echoed around. It seemed as if they were spreading their war-cry and rallying their forces. Occasionally one or two would come out into the road far ahead, stand and look eagerly at the swiftly advancing horses, and then scamper into the ghostly-looking forest. The travellers grasped such arms as they possessed, and seemed prepared for desperate resistance to any attack. As they proceeded further into the forest, the darkness increased, and the dreadful chorus of the wolves became louder. Several large parties of the hungry animals were seen to follow the sleigh for a short distance, and then halt, as if conscious of the danger of the attempt against four men. But as their forces grew more numerous, their confidence increased, and they swarmed to the vicinity of the sleigh. The horses were put to their utmost speed. But they had exerted themselves for many hours, and began to break. The wolves had very little difficulty in keeping up with them. The whip was applied with fearful force, as the driver was occasionally stimulated by his companions. One or two shots from the gun of the old man, which slew one of the fierce pursuers, had the effect of daunting them for a time. But their hunger maddened them, and they could not give up the prospect of such a feast. Two horses and four men! How they smacked their terrible jaws, and howled, and flew over the snow! The travellers were alert, but calm and firm. The Russians are noted for their iron resolution, and the men of our party possessed their full share of the national peculiarity.

“Down with that miscreant, Buloff!” said the old man to one of the young men, as a wolf leaped on the back of the sleigh. Buloff caught the wolf by the back of the neck, lifted him with ease and dashed him to the earth. About the same time, the old man shot among the howling pack, and Ivan struck a wolf dead, that had leaped at the neck of one of the horses. The sleigh at length emerged from the forest. Yet the battle continued. Some of the wolves, attempting to spring into the sleigh, were mortally wounded by the spikes upon its sides. While Ivan, with a pitchfork in one hand, and the whip in the other, struck the furious beasts, and stimulated the harassed horses; the other three men fought with resolution and success on all sides. Each one seemed to feel that it was a struggle for life, and nerved himself for the utmost exertion. Yet the odds were fearful, and aid was distant. The horses were severely bitten and torn, and, it was clear, could not stand such tremendous work much longer. Suddenly, while striking a furious blow at a wolf with his fork, Ivan was precipitated from the sleigh, which drove swiftly on. The young man shrieked for aid, as he strove manfully among the thronging wolves. But the maddened horses could not be stopped, and his companions beheld him thrown down and torn to pieces, without having it in their power to lend him a helping hand. On they went, pursued by a host of persevering foes. Another young man had taken Ivan’s place, and he endeavored to protect the horses. But his weapon, a thick stick, was scarcely sufficient. The whole party were nearly exhausted, when a faint glimmer was seen in the distance. “Praised be God!” exclaimed the old man “there is the inn at last. Courage; and strive manfully my friends, and we may yet be saved. Now, shout, and aid may come.” The three then shouted at the top of their voices, and struck more vigorously on every side. An answering shout was soon heard in the direction of the light, and the wolves began to drop off from the long pursuit. The lights come nearer, and the shouts are louder. Then! one of the horses falls and drags the other down. The wolves are upon them, and the men can but protect themselves

WOLVES ATTACKING THE TRAVELLERS.



But the light and its bearers are at hand. A volley sends the wolves flying in every direction; many are killed, and the exhausted travellers are saved.

One of the horses was too much mutilated to be of any service, and the poor beast was shot and left upon the ground. The other was taken with the sleigh and the three travellers to the inn, a short distance ahead. Copious draughts of spirits were given to the exhausted men, and they soon recovered sufficient strength to recount the horrors of their journey. Their escape had been almost miraculous. The bones of poor Ivan were found by another party near the spot where he perished, and a decent burial was given to them. The events of the journey, "enlarged and improved," served the innkeeper for a story, with which he startled his guests for several years afterwards; so that a wholesome dread of wolves was instilled into travellers by that road.





THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

THE burning of Moscow by the resolute Russians left Napoleon without winter-quarters for his mighty army. After many attempts at negotiation, he resolved to give the fatal order to retreat—the first step down the hill of Misery. Of the horrors of that retreat, no words can give an adequate idea. All that the most of mankind have felt or imagined of misery is but a lake to a sea in comparison with that progress of blood and death. An eye-witness of some of its scenes speaks thus:—

Now began to open upon us the ghastly spectacle of war, the most murderous because the most vindictive, and also war combined with agencies of nature, that ever can have been exhibited. This I say thoughtfully; for in hot climates, through which lay the whole of the great military campaigns or retreats in ancient history—such as those of Cambyses, Crassus, Julian—there never could have been that direct and silent agency of nature put forth which occurs under higher latitudes. A snow storm, it is true, has sometimes interrupted a march near Jerusalem, but not for any continuance, and not except in winter, when the ancients rarely undertook warlike expeditions. Here only, from the vast extent of the fighting and the retreat, nature had time allowed her to develop her resources—full seven weeks of time after the snow commenced in good earnest over full seven hundred miles English of ground; for an army encumbered as the French was, cannot, in the most favourable circumstances, clear more than

THE REFUGEE FROM MOSCOW.



fourteen and a half English miles a day. I affirm therefore, peremptorily, that such a case, when the sword was aided through seven long weeks by the fiercest artillery from the heavens, and also from the rage of famine—never was exhibited before, nor probably will be again for a millenium, unless it should be in American wars. So true is the summing up in a modern English poet—that God, in the anger of retribution, speaking by his “still small voice,”

—“said to Famine, Frost and Snow,
Finish the strife by deadliest victory.”

It is false and basely unjust to the Russians, if we submit to the representations of some historians, that the sword had no share in this tremendous catastrophe! on the contrary, it was the sword that reaped the earliest harvest; and to the mute agency of heaven was assigned only the final task—

“*Finish* the strife by deadliest victory.”

From Pleskow we passed to Druja, thence over the frozen river Duená; and from that point we directed our course by way of Widzky and Svenziany upon Wilna. The reader must remember that, all along this route, there had been desperate fighting, as well as upon the Smolensko roads towards Wilna, and the ravages of frost upon the bands of prisoners had been almost equally formidable all the way up to Pleskow, as it had upon the Moscow road; for, after the road on this quarter was cleared of combatants, the prisoners were transferred by wholesale to Pleskow, within twenty-four hours' distance by sledge travelling from St. Petersburg. Means of transport there could not be disposable for the French wounded, seeing that too often even the Russian wounded had no proper accommodation; food, medicines, lint, dressing, all fell short to the most pitiable extent, upon a summons so sudden. Poor, sandy, uncultivated, was the land, and miserably barren of people, all the way from Pleskow until we reached the neighbourhood of Wilna. Through the whole extent of this wide region, the eye beheld but few signs of life; every where roofless houses, with not so much as a cat mewing amongst the ruins; shapeless wrecks where there had been villages or

churches; heaps of forlorn chimneys, stone window-frames or mullions, rafters scorched and blackened; oftentimes piles of nondescript rubbish, from which rose up through melting snow, smouldering flames, vapours and a hideous odour, that too often bespoke the secret crimes lurking below—bodies rotting and slowly burning, probably those of unoffending peasants. We had full time for meditation, and for gathering at the post houses the anecdotes of this dreadful war, in which so often the murderer was confounded in one common ruin with his victim, or so often a speedy retribution overtook him; for the poor Lithuanian horses, which had been saved from the enemy by driving them inland to remote stations, were so enfeebled by the want of food, that they could scarcely creep along the road; all forage whatsoever had long disappeared, (as being too heavy to remove, and in such earnest demand for the cavalry on both sides) I cannot better express the exhaustion of the horses than by mentioning, that the minister's travelling-carriage, placed upon a sledge, and not heavily laden, (since all his baggage, except diplomatic credentials, &c., came after him amongst the Emperor's,) never moved between the Duena and Widzky at more than three and a half miles an hour; and that we were obliged to halt at every little pincushion of a rising ground, notwithstanding we always had six horses in the traces; very frequently eight. Life seemed on the brink of general extinction in this region, equally amongst men and amongst brute animals.

On the second, third, and fourth days of our journey, already we began to meet the long files of prisoners. What a spectacle! Literally a succession of lazar-houses and hospitals turned out into the open air. Meagre wretches, crawling along with difficulty, not always in a human posture, but on their knees, blood-soaked rags hanging about them, their faces blue, or even livid purple, and endeavouring to draw warmth as well as nutriment from pieces of loathsome raw horse-flesh. Many died before our eyes, as we slowly moved along, and in crowds at the posting-stations. That part of the sick, for whom sledges had at last been found, were packed in layers, one over the other, with straw between them.

Which would die first, it had been impossible to judge in these hurried packings of human creatures. Which had died first, it became difficult to know; the straw perhaps, or the man above him, preventing any clear examination of the face; and the dreadful effect from decomposition being now slow to express themselves decisively under this iron rigour of frost. And thus at the posting-houses, where piles of these victims were accumulated for want of horses, the groans of suffering, shrieks of anguish from festering wounds, the parting spasm or farewell sigh of the departing, might all be heard (sometimes all at one moment) from the same sledge; whilst from others, the silence, total or comparative, would announce that the last struggle is past. As often as this event was discovered—an event desirable to all eyes, when so many were waiting for any protection from the icy wind or the exposure of the road—the corpse or corpses would be hastily removed; in doing which, as the death or deaths might have occurred indifferently in any layer, upper or lower, a disturbance more agonizing than their wounds was often given to such as might remain alive. But what was done with the corpses extracted from these freights of misery? Were they buried? Not at all. That would have been a work of toil in the frozen state of the ground. But, at least, they might have been decently withdrawn from exposure by a few inches of snow. This, however, so slight a tribute of respect to our common humanity was not attempted. In many places there was a reasonable plea for the neglect; viz. that the famished wolves would soon detect the corpse. But I am afraid that a strength was given to this argument, which otherwise it would not have had, in circumstances, where the enemy had been less hated, or his tyranny less insulting. I do not complain that such feelings should exist. They are too natural and wholesome in their action to be wrong; but I feel that there is a sanctity in death, and an atonement to human justice in the payment of this final penalty, which should cause our enmity to cease at that point.

But here, so far from any such revolution of feeling having taken place, on the contrary, through the whole route to Wilna,

dead men had been hung up on the branches of trees, with marks of ignominy on their persons—brands impressed on their ghastly foreheads—stakes driven through their hearts.

Sometimes where the snow lay too heavily on these boughs, or the furious north-easter with the weight of the dead man had weakened them too much, the whole mass, broken boughs and corpse, would all come down together, and lie across the narrow road. Oftentimes in the middle of the night, when all was dark in the wild “tormented” air, and only the ground was illuminated by the snow, suddenly our eight horses would all fall back upon their haunches, snort, rear, plunge; and when we alighted with our torches to examine the cause of this tumult, we generally found a litter of wood disbranched from some tree that overshadowed the road, but in the centre a human body, and perhaps a face half-withered by frost, half-eaten by a wolf, yet still, amongst mouldering and ruins, not improbably presenting a faded expression of horrid human passions. After we had passed Widzky, these interruptions grew more frequent; and much more troublesome, from the greatly increasing speed of the horses, who could with difficulty be persuaded by the postilions to clear the corpses by flying leaps. The difficulty of these suspensions had naturally made them far less frequent, until we came into the more populous regions leading towards Wilna. But this memento of the roads and their condition, I can leave for all future estimators of this unparalleled war—that from the river Duena to Wilna, however many were the cross roads, or however expansive might be the heath or the forest through which the traveller was left to choose a track, no stranger could ever have needed a guide, but might, through these hundreds of miles, have guided himself by the unburied corpses.

LIFE IN SIBERIA.

ON the 23d of March, 1820, Lieutenant Von Wrangel left St Petersburg, with the design of exploring the north-eastern coast of Siberia. This bold and intelligent officer traversed that bleak and wild country which forms a large and interesting portion of the Russian empire, and made close observation of life through its whole extent. From his report, we quote the following:—

In the valley of Miro we are introduced to a Yakoot who passes for a Cræsus in that part of the world. His lands and herds are valued at upwards of half a million of rubles, yet he retains almost all the habits of his race. One of the distinguishing characteristics of this pastoral nation, as of the Hindoos, appears to be an extravagant fondness for litigation, to gratify which they will often undertake fatiguing and costly journeys, when the matter in dispute does not perhaps exceed half a ruble. M. Von Wrangel hints that the Russian functionaries are not slow in encouraging a propensity from which they derive a material part of their income.

An American groom would find some difficulty in picturing to himself the habits of the Yakoot horses:—

“They will often,” says M. Von Wrangel, “make the most fatiguing journeys of more than three months duration, and though during the whole of this time they receive no nourishment but the shrunk and half decayed grass, which they are obliged to scrape with their hoofs from under the snow and ice, nevertheless they continue strong and in good condition, and manifest the most astonishing powers of endurance. It is remarkable, also that the Yakoot horses preserve their teeth uninjured to a very advanced age, whereas those of European horses are worn away as they grow old. This may possibly be

occasioned by the hard corn on which ours are fed, while those of Siberia never receive oats, nor indeed any thing but the soft grass. The Siberian horses also continue young much longer than ours do; one of them will do good service to his master for thirty years."

We cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of pausing for a moment to make our readers acquainted with Father Michael, the Russian priest of Susehiversk, a small town on the banks of the Indigirka; so small indeed, that it consists only of a church and four or five huts, the whole population being composed of the priest, his brother, a Yakoot postmaster, and two Russian families. Consigned as Father Michael was to what must have appeared so insignificant a station, he has found means, by the zealous discharge of his pastoral duties, to make his name known and respected throughout a large portion of his sovereign's dominions. Father Michael, when M. Von Wrangel visited him in 1820, was eighty-seven years of age, sixty of which had been passed in his humble living. During this period he had not merely baptized, but had really initiated into the first principles of the Christian religion, more than 15,000 Yakoots, Tungusians, and Yukahcers; and by his preaching and friendly counsel, and more perhaps by his example, he had found means to operate an evident improvement in their moral and social condition. Age had in no way cooled the zeal of this Siberian apostle, who, regardless alike of peril and of the rigours of the climate, was still in the habit of travelling 2000 versts, (equal to about two-thirds of an English mile) every year to baptize the new-born children of his widely scattered flock, to whom he not only afforded spiritual consolation and temporal advice, but was ready, on an emergency, to assume the office of physician, a character to which he may have been indebted for no small part of his influence over his rude parishioners. Father Michael, however, was not wholly absorbed by his clerical duties. Old as he was, he still went up a fur-hunting to the neighbouring mountains, and relied upon his rifle for no small addition to his little income; and he had succeeded in planting a little

RUSSIANS DRIVEN INTO EXILE.



kitchen garden, in which he reared potatoes, turnips, cabbages, and other European vegetables, exotics usually known only by name in these remote northern regions. Among other dainties, the old man placed before his guest a cake made of fish flour, an article of his own invention. The fish, having been completely dried, is rubbed into fine powder, and, if kept from the damp, may be preserved for a long time. M. Von Wrangel assures us, that, with the addition of a little wheaten flour, very savoury pastry may be made of it.

The cold became more severe as our author advanced further towards the north, and before reaching Sredne-Kolymsk, though yet in the middle of October, the thermometer had already marked 29° below Zero. He thought it high time, therefore, to make his winter toilette, the particulars of which may be interesting to those of our readers who are desirous of studying foreign fashions.

“Over my customary travelling uniform I had first to pull a *camisole* with sleeves and breast-piece, both lined with the fur of the silver fox. Over my feet I drew double socks of soft young reindeer skin; and, over these, high boots or *turbassy* of similar material. When riding, I put on, in addition, my *naĳkolenniki* or knee-pieces. Lastly came the *Kukhlanka*, or over-all, a sort of wide sack with sleeves, made of double reindeer skin, with fur inside and out, and a hood of fur hanging down the back. There were also a number of small pieces to protect the face; the *nanossknik* for the nose, *naboroĳnik* for the chin, the *nausniki* for the ears, the *nalobnik* for the forehead, &c.; and to complete my costume came an immense fox-skin cap with long ears. I was so embarrassed by this cumbersome, and to me unaccustomed dress, that it was only with the assistance of my attendant I was able to mount my horse. Fortunately, the skin of the reindeer is exceedingly light, considering its warmth and closeness; otherwise it would be impossible to bear the weight of so many pieces of fur.”

Nishney-Kolymsk is a wretched fishing village, consisting of a church and forty-two houses or huts, into which the inmates

creep for shelter during their nine months' winter, but which are left to take care of themselves during what are called the summer months, when the whole population wander away to catch fish and reindeer, of which the meat, when frozen, is laid by as a stock for the winter. Completely exposed to the piercing winds that come sweeping from the north pole, the climate of the place is even more severe than its latitude would imply. On the 3d of November, when M. Von Wrangel arrived, the thermometer stood at 32° (36° below zero of Fahrenheit;) and though in summer the temperature sometimes rises to 18° (7° of Fahrenheit,) yet the average for the year is not above 8° below the freezing point of Reaumur. During the first week in September the Kolyma is usually frozen over, and in January the cold reaches 43° (59° below Fahrenheit's zero,) when the very act of breathing becomes painful, and the snow itself throws off a vapour! This intense cold is usually accompanied by a thick mist, a clear day being of rare occurrence through the whole winter. For eight and thirty days the sun never rises, and for fifty-two it never sets. The summer itself brings little enjoyment with it, for in the early part of July the gnats or mosquitoes appear in such countless swarms, that they fairly darken the atmosphere, when large fires are lighted of dried moss and leaves, under the smoke of which not only the inhabitants but even the cattle seek shelter from the persecution of their diminutive tormentors. These insects, however, perform one most important office for the good people of Nishney Kolymsk, by driving the wild reindeer from the forest to the open heath or *tundra*. The herds wander by thousands during the gnat season towards the sea-coast, when more particularly while crossing the rivers, large numbers of them are easily killed by the hunters.

Vegetation is almost extinct in this northern region. A few berries are in favourable seasons collected by the women; but with this exception no plant grows that can be used for food. The soil never thaws; and of the few stunted trees that still linger about the lower Kolyma, the roots seldom strike into the ground, but lie for the most part stretched along the surface, as

though they shrunk from the thick strata of ice below. A few wild flowers adorn the heaths in summer; the rose and the forget-me-not then invite the sentimental lover to expatiate on their beauty, if love and sentiment can indeed exist where all Nature is covered with an almost perpetual shroud—a north wind, even in summer, scarcely ever failing to bring with it a snow-storm.

The dwellings of the Russians along the Lower Kolyma vary but little from those of the Yakoots and other Siberian aborigines. The trees in this part of the country being too stunted to afford any materials for building, the inhabitants depend for their supply of timber wholly upon the drift wood brought down the river by the annual inundations which seldom fail to accompany the breaking up of the ice. As soon as a sufficient number of trees has been collected, a kind of log hut is constructed, the interstices of which are filled up with moss and clay, and for the sake of warmth a mound of earth is raised all round to a level with the window. These huts measure usually from two to three fathoms square, and one and a half fathom in height. In one corner stands the *tshival* or fire-hearth, the smoke of which escapes by a small hole to the roof: but, in a few houses, luxury has extended already to the adoption of regular Russian stoves with chimneys. Low and incomplete partitions divide the sleeping-places of the several members of the family, and the rest of the dwelling is made to serve all the multifarious offices of kitchen, workshop, sitting and reception room, broad benches being placed around, on which reindeer skins are spread as a ready couch for an occasional guest. Such a hut is usually provided with two small windows of ten or twelve inches square, through which, if glazed, a scanty light would find its way, but, as a substitute for glass, fish-bladders are used in summer, and in winter plates of ice, seldom less than six inches in thickness, through which only a very feeble portion of daylight is able to pierce. A small store-house usually stands by the side of the dwelling, and the roofs of both are fitted up with a scaffolding for the drying of fish.

Little value appears to be set on cleanliness of any kind. Public baths are maintained by the order of government, though rarely visited by the inhabitants. Linen or calico is worn only by the more wealthy, and among them the use of it is chiefly confined to the women. A shirt of soft reindeer skin with the fur inside, is generally worn next the skin. The outer side of this garment is dyed with a red colour obtained from a decoction of alder bark, and round the edges and the sleeves it is ornamented with narrow stripes of beaver and other skin, which are obtained at high prices from the Tshuktshi. The trousers, likewise of reindeer skin, descend half-way down the leg, and over the whole comes the *kamleya* of thick tanned reindeer skin, without the fur. The *kamleya* soon receives a dark yellow tint, from the smoky atmosphere by which the wearer is almost surrounded. The above constitutes the home costume; but when the Kolymskite dandy ventures abroad he takes care to array himself in various other descriptions of fur.

The best friend of man in almost every clime is the dog, but in northern Siberia existence would scarcely be possible without the aid of this invaluable animal. All along the Arctic Ocean the dog is almost the only beast of burden. He is harnessed to the light sledge, or narte, which will carry no inconsiderable load, and in which during winter, the natives perform journeys of incredible length. The Siberian dog bears a strong resemblance to the wolf. He has a long pointed snout, sharp upright ears, and a long bushy tail. Some of them have short hair, others a tolerably thick fur, and they are met with of all imaginable colours. Their size also differs very much, but a dog is not thought fit for the sledge if less than one arshin and two wershok high, and one arshin and five wershok long. Their barking resembles the howling of a wolf. They always remain in the open air. In summer they dig holes in the frozen earth to cool themselves, and sometimes they will spend the whole day in the water to escape from the persecution of the gnats. Against the intense cold of winter they seek shelter by burying themselves under the snow, where they lie rolled up with the



LAPLANDERS.

snout covered by the bushy tail. Of the cubs, the males only are usually kept, the females are mostly drowned, only one or two being entertained by each father of a family to preserve the breed. The rearing of these dogs forms an important occupation, and requires no little skill and judgment. A dog may be put to the sledge when a year old, but cannot be subjected to hard work before his third winter. The team of a sledge seldom consists of less than twelve of these dogs, of whom one is used as a leader, upon whose breeding and docility the safety of the whole party depends. No dog must be used as a leader unless he be perfectly obedient to the voice of his master, nor unless the latter be certain that the animal will not be diverted one moment from his course by the scent of any kind of game. This last point is one of the highest importance, and if the dog has not been well broken in, but turns to the right or left, the rest of the dogs will immediately join in the pursuit, when the sledge is of course overturned, and the whole pack continue the chase until some natural obstacle intervene to arrest their course. A well-taught leader, on the other hand, not only will not allow himself to be seduced from his duty, but will often display the most astonishing tact in preventing the rest of the team from yielding to their natural instinct. On the boundless tundra during a dark night, while the surrounding atmosphere is obscured by the falling snow, it is to the intelligence of his leading dog that the traveller is constantly indebted for his preservation. If the animal has once been the same road before, he never fails to discover the customary halting-place, though the hut may have been completely buried under the drifting snow. Suddenly the dog will remain motionless upon the trackless and unbroken surface, and by the friendly wagging of his tail announce to his master that he need only fall to work with his snow-shovel to find the door of the hut that offers him a warm lodging for the night. The snow-shovel on these winter excursions appears to be an appendage without which no traveller ventures upon a journey.

In summer the dog is no less serviceable than in winter. As

in the one season he is yoked to the sledge, so in the other he is employed to draw the canoe up against the stream, and here they display their sagacity in an equally surprising manner. At a word, they halt, or where an opposing rock bars their progress on the one side, they will plunge into the water, swim across the river, and resume their course along the opposite bank. In short, the dog is as indispensable to the Siberian settler, as the tame reindeer to the Laplander. The mutual attachment between the Siberian and his dog is in proportion to their mutual dependance on each other. M. Von Wrangel relates remarkable instances of the extent to which he has seen some of the people carry their fondness for dogs. In 1821 an epidemic disease broke out among the dogs in Siberia, and carried off many thousands of them.

“A Yukaheer family had lost the whole of the twenty dogs of which they had recently been possessed, and two newly-born cubs were all that remained. As these animals were still blind, and without a mother’s care, it scarcely appeared possible to preserve them. The Yukaheer’s wife, to save the last remnant of the wealth of her house, resolved that the two dogs should share the milk of her breast with her own child. She was rewarded. The two adopted sucklings throve wonderfully, and became the ancestors of a new and vigorous race of dogs.”

The sufferings of the poor inhabitants, in consequence of the loss of the dogs, through the epidemic malady that raged in 1821 and 1822, were dreadful in the extreme. Yet will it be believed, that an order was once actually issued by the government at St. Petersburg, to destroy all the dogs throughout the north of Siberia, “on account of their consuming such quantities of provisions, and thereby occasioning such frequent famines.” The order was not executed, because it would have required the whole Russian army to enforce the command, and after a while means were found to enlighten the rulers upon the absurd tyranny of their proposed “reform.” Yet many underwent the punishment of the knout for non-compliance.



THE AVALANCHE.

THE AVALANCHE.

A SMALL cluster of houses, at a place called Bergemoletto, near Demonte, in the upper valley of Stura, in Switzerland, was on the 19th of March, 1755, entirely overwhelmed by two vast bodies of snow, that tumbled down from a neighbouring mountain. All the inhabitants were then within doors except one Joseph Rochia, and his son, a lad of fifteen, who were on the roof of their house clearing away the snow, which had fallen for three days incessantly. A priest going by to mass, advised them to come down, having just before observed a body of snow tumbling from the mountain towards them. The man descended with great precipitation, and fled with his son, he knew not whither; but scarce had he gone thirty or forty steps, before his son, who followed him, fell down; on which looking back, he saw his own and his neighbours' houses, in which were twenty-two persons in all, covered with a high mountain of snow. He lifted up his son, and reflecting that his wife, his sister, two children, and all his effects were thus buried, he fainted away; but, soon reviving, got safe into a friend's house at some distance.

Five days after, Joseph being perfectly recovered, got upon the snow with his son, and two of his wife's brothers, to try if he could find the exact place where his house stood; but after many openings made in the snow, they could not discover it. The month of April proving hot, and the snow beginning to soften, he again used his utmost endeavours to recover his effects, and to bury, as he thought, the remains of his family. He made new openings, and threw in earth, to melt the snow, which on the 24th of April was greatly diminished. He broke through ice

six English feet thick, with iron bars, thrust down a long pole, and touched the ground, but evening coming on, he desisted.

His wife's mother, who lived at Demonte, dreamed that night that his sister was still alive, and begged him to help her; the man, affected by his dream, rose early in the morning and went to Bergemolette, where Joseph was; and after resting himself a little, went with him to work upon the snow, where they made another opening, which led them to the house they searched for; but finding no dead bodies in its ruins, they sought for the stable, which was about two hundred and forty English feet distant, which, having found, they heard a cry of "Help, my dear brother." Being greatly surprised, as well as encouraged by these words, they laboured with all diligence till they had made a large opening, through which the brother who had the dream immediately went down, where the sister with agonizing and feeble voice told him, "I have always trusted to God and you, that you would not forsake me." The other brother and the husband then went down, and found still alive the wife about forty-five, the sister about thirty-five, and a daughter about thirteen years old. These they raised on their shoulders to men above, who pulled them up as if from the grave, and carried them to a neighbouring house: they were unable to walk, and so wasted that they appeared like mere skeletons. They were immediately put to bed, and gruel of rye flour and a little butter was given to recover them. Some days after, the intendant came to see them, and found the wife still unable to rise from bed or use her feet, from the intense cold she had endured, and the uneasy posture she had been in. The sister, whose legs had been bathed with hot wine, could walk with difficulty, and the daughter needed no further remedies.

On the intendant's interrogating the women, they told him, that on the morning of the 19th of March, they were in the stable with a boy of six years old, and a girl about thirteen; in the same stable were six goats, one of which having brought forth two dead kids the night before, they went to carry her a small vessel of rye-flour gruel; there was also an ass and five

or six fowls. They were sheltering themselves in a warm corner of the stable till the church-bell should ring, intending to attend the service. The wife related, that wanting to go out to the stable to kindle a fire in the house for her husband, who was clearing away the snow from the top of it, she perceived a mass of snow breaking down towards the east, upon which she went back into the stable, shut the door, and told her sister of it. In less than three minutes they heard the roof break over their heads, and also part of the ceiling. The sister advised to get into the rack and manger, which they did. The ass was tied to the manger, but got loose by kicking and struggling, and threw down the little vessel, which they found, and afterwards used to hold the melted snow, which served them for drink.

Very fortunately the manger was under the main prop of the stable, and so resisted the weight of the snow. Their first care was to know what they had to eat. The sister said she had fifteen chestnuts in her pocket; the children said they had breakfasted, and should want no more that day. They remembered that there were thirty-six or forty cakes in a place near the stable, and endeavoured to get at them, but were not able for the snow. They called often for help, but were heard by none. The sister gave two chestnuts to the wife, and ate two herself, and they drank some snow water. The ass was restless, and the goats kept bleating for some days; after which they heard no more of them. Two of the goats, however, being left alive, and near the manger, they felt them, and found that one of them was big, and would kid, as they recollected, about the middle of April; the other gave milk, wherewith they preserved their lives. During all this time they saw not one ray of light, yet for about twenty days they had some notice of night and day from the crowing of the fowls, till they died.

The second day, being very hungry, they ate all the chestnuts, and drank what milk the goat yielded, being very near two pounds a-day at first, but it soon decreased. The third day they attempted again, but in vain, to get at the cakes; so resolved to take all possible care to feed the goats; but just above the man

ger, was a hay-loft, whence through a hole, the sister pulled down hay into the rack, and gave it to the goats as long as she could reach it, and then, when it was beyond her reach, the goats climbed upon her shoulders, and reached it themselves. On the sixth day the boy sickened, and six days after desired his mother, who all this time had held him in her lap, to lay him at his length in the manger. She did so, and taking him by the hand, felt it was very cold; she then put her hand to his mouth, and finding that cold likewise, she gave him a little milk: the boy then cried, "Oh, my father is in the snow! Oh father, father!" and then expired.

In the mean while, the goat's milk diminished daily, and the fowls soon after dying, they could not longer distinguish night from day; but according to their reckoning, the time was near when the other goat should kid, which at length they knew was come, by its cries; the sister held it, and they killed the kid, to save the milk for their own subsistence: so they found that the middle of April was come. Whenever they called the goat it would come and lick their faces and hands, and gave them every day two pounds of milk, on which account they long afterwards bore the poor creature a great affection.

They said that during all this time hunger gave them but little uneasiness, except for the first five or six days; and their greatest pain was from the extreme coldness of the melted snow water, which fell on them; from the smell of the dead ass, goats, fowls, &c.; but more than all, from the very uneasy posture they were confined to, the manger in which they sat squatting against the wall, being no more than three feet four inches broad.

This interesting case of overwhelming by an avalanche, which has been frequently printed, is not solitary in the annals of Switzerland. Instances of a similar nature, though more disastrous in causing loss of life, are of frequent occurrence. A case of overwhelming, attended with circumstances very closely resembling those in the above narrative, happened as lately as the spring of 1818. The village of La Colle, in the lower Alps, was covered by an avalanche, which buried one of the houses



SWISS HUNTING THE CHAMOIS.

for a period of twenty-three days. At the end of that period, the villagers gained access to the house by digging away the snow, when a man and a young girl were found in it alive. By a most fortunate circumstance, these two persons, at the time of the fall, were together in a part of the dwelling in which were all their provisions, with a cow and a goat; and the milk of these animals, which they fed with potatoes and bread, distributed with the most careful economy, had sufficed for their sustenance during their long and dismal captivity.

It sometimes happens that the Swiss hunters engaged in the pursuit of the chamois, their favourite game, fall into chasms and crevices of the rocks, and are buried by the snow, which is loosened by their fall. In this way many perish; but there are instances on record of hunters rescued after several days of confinement in a horrid prison of this kind.

THE THREE FRIENDS OF BRUSSELS.

SOME years ago there resided at Brussels three young men, named Charles Darancourt, Theodore de Valmont, and Ernest de St. Maure, whose friendship for each other was of so ardent a nature, that they were generally known by the title of the *Inseparables*. The first link which bound these youths together was the remarkable circumstance of their having been all three born on one day, and being all of good families, they had been constant playfellows in childhood, had studied at the same academy as schoolboys, and had become members of the same university in their more advanced years. Through all these stages of their existence, they had exhibited the same unvarying affection for one another, and had displayed great similarity in their tastes, feelings and pursuits. On reaching manhood, however, circumstances led them, as might be expected, to adopt different courses of life. Darancourt, the son of an eminent physician, selected the profession of the law as the road to eminence and respectability in the world. St. Maure, whose father was a nobleman of decayed fortunes, chose the army as most suitable to his birth and pretensions. De Valmont, on the other hand, preferred the captivating study of letters and the fine arts to the pursuit of any positive profession: and the circumstances of his father, a retired colonel of engineers, enabled the young man, for the time at least, to indulge his tastes in this respect.

Ernest de St. Maure, at the period when this narrative takes its date, had not yet joined the army, but the imperial mandate (for Brussels was then within the dominions of Napoleon) was looked for daily, and Count de St. Maure and his lady were sadly preparing their minds for parting with their only and beloved son. At this time it was, that Charles Darancourt, who had been recently ad-

mitted a member of the masonic fraternity, took an opportunity of suggesting to young St. Maure the propriety of entering the same society. Darancourt's counsel was founded on certain stories told of soldiers having fallen into the hands of the enemy, and having been saved by discovering a brother mason in some of the captors. "Now who knows," cried the young barrister, with the ardour of friendship, "but you, St. Maure, may be thrown into a similar situation, and may escape by the like means!" Though disposed to look upon the mystery of masonry as a useless mummerly, St. Maure allowed himself to be persuaded by his friend, and promised to undergo initiation at an early day. At the same time he would consent only on condition of Darancourt himself acting as sole initiator, which the barrister, however irregular the proceedings might be, professed his willingness to undertake.

During the Sunday immediately following the day on which this conversation took place, Count de St. Maure's house was observed to be shut up by the neighbours. None of the inmates, at least, were seen to issue from it, though they had ever been remarkable for their punctuality in attendance on the services of the church. The neighbours, however, merely concluded some of them to be ill. But about eight o'clock in the evening, Charles Darancourt and Theodore de Valmont called, in order to spend a social hour with the family. Their repeated knockings at the door remaining unanswered, they at length alarmed the neighbourhood. The door was burst open, and to the horror of the spectators, four murdered bodies were found in the various bedrooms. The corpses, whose throats were shockingly cut, were those of the Count de St. Maure, his lady, and their two servants. It was also found that a desk had been broken open, and plundered of valuable jewels, known to have been there. On this appalling discovery, Darancourt, whose friendship for the family was well known, appeared at first paralyzed with grief. When he recovered from his trance-like stupor, he rushed from the house, exclaiming, "My friend! my dear Ernest! Where is my poor friend?" This exclamation called the minds of the spectators

for the first time, to the circumstance of young St. Maure's absence. The authorities were speedily called to the spot, and, among other steps taken, a search was instituted for Ernest de St. Maure. De Valmont, who retained much more presence of mind than Darancourt exhibited, conducted in person the search for Ernest. But the whole of Brussels was examined in vain. The young man was to be seen nowhere.

At the solemn investigation which took place into the whole of this tragic affair, circumstances came out which tended strongly to fix the guilt of parricide on the missing youth. A pen-knife marked with his initials, was found near the scene of slaughter, covered with blood. This to all appearance was the instrument with which the murders had been committed. Rewards were offered for the apprehension of young St. Maure, and in the estimation of all men he was accounted a parricide, until on the sixth morning after the murders, a new turn was given to the affair by the discovery of the youth's body in a stagnant well, in the outskirts of the city. At first, indeed, as no wound was seen on the body, it was only thought that he had added self-destruction to his other crimes, but on a more minute examination, a small puncture was detected on the breast, immediately over the heart. This had well nigh been passed over as a trifling and accidental scratch. At the urgent entreaty of one surgeon, however, the chest was thoroughly laid open, when it was found that the heart had been pierced to its centre by a sharp instrument of exceeding minuteness, in a direct line with the external puncture. This obviously had been the cause of death. As the young man could not have thus slain himself, and then have conveyed his body to the well, it became apparent to all that Ernest de St. Maure also had fallen a victim to the same conspiracy which had overwhelmed his parents. This, at all events, was the strong presumption; and so satisfactory did the discovery appear to the authorities, that they laid the son in the same grave with his parents, thus clearing his memory, as far as they could, from the dreadful charge of being a parricide. The arguments of Charles Darancourt were chiefly instrumental in pro-

curing this justice for his departed friend. The young advocate displayed in this cause all the warmth of sorrowing affection, and all the power of forensic genius. No further light was thrown on the fate of the St. Maures, until some weeks after the tragic event. Several papers were then discovered in an escritoire, by the late count's brother, which threw a dark suspicion on one of the most intimate friends of the deceased—Theodore de Valmont! It appeared by these documents that de Valmont had fixed his affections on Emily Duplessis, a beautiful young lady, who returned his passion, in spite of a long standing quarrel between their families. Ernest de St. Maure and Charles Darancourt had been de Valmont's only confidants, and had assisted him in procuring interviews with the object of his affections. Being thus occasionally brought into contact with the young lady, Ernest de St. Maure had himself been inspired with a deep and unhappy passion for Emily Duplessis. He had confessed this to Darancourt, and had at the same time declared his resolution to root it out of his mind, and to die rather than injure de Valmont. But the passion had not been so easily overcome, and de Valmont had at length become aware of the truth. This led to a series of letters between him and St. Maure, which letters were now discovered. In some passages of these, de Valmont reasoned with Ernest as with a brother on the subject of his misplaced passion, while in others Theodore used language that now bore a most unfortunate aspect. "You know me too well," said de Valmont, in one letter, "not to feel convinced, that independently of all other motives, an innate sense of what is due to my own honour would urge me to inflict the most ample vengeance on the head of him who could avail himself of my unbounded confidence to estrange from me the affections of my adored Emily." These and other passages of the discovered correspondence admitted of an inference so unfavourable to Theodore de Valmont, that the authorities, on having the letters laid before them, immediately took him into custody.

Charles Darancourt was unremitting in his attempts to sustain his imprisoned friend under the heavy infliction of such a charge

as this. To Darancourt, Theodore confided the task of communicating the intelligence of this accusation to Emily Duplessis. The young lady was so dreadfully affected as to sink into a violent fever, during the ravings of which she revealed to her parents the fact of her having not only loved de Valmont, but of her having been recently united to him by a private marriage. This information, which she did not gainsay on recovering partially from her illness, had the effect of widening the circle implicated in these dark transactions, since the parents of Emily had the grief of seeing her fate bound up with that of one on whom a charge rested of the most atrocious kind. Their previous hostility to the de Valmonts, the parents might perhaps have readily got over; but there was now deep disgrace attending any connection with the very name of de Valmont. The discovery of the marriage was therefore concealed.

The morning allotted for de Valmont's trial arrived. The officers went to his cell to remove him, but lo! the place was empty! The prisoner had undermined the cell, and escaped by scaling the prison walls. On the table lay a letter addressed to Mademoiselle Duplessis, which was opened by the authorities, and was found to contain an animated and solemn assertion of the writer's innocence. But, seeing circumstances to bear against him, he had resolved (the letter said) to take the only visible mode of saving his life, in the hope of one day proving his innocence; and until this was established, he would never return (he said) to Brussels. An energetic search was made for Theodore de Valmont, but it proved fruitless.

Thus was justice again baffled, at a time when it had fixed, in its own belief, on the true criminal. But Theodore's letter, which was long and most eloquently pathetic, made a deep impression in his favour on many persons, and, among others, on the parents of his wife, Emily Duplessis, or rather de Valmont. On conversing with their daughter, they moreover learnt that Theodore had been visiting Emily on the night of the murders, and had hurt his right arm in crossing the garden wall of her father's house. Not knowing that Emily in her illness had re-

vealed the marriage, de Valmont would not betray the secret and hence his confused answers when questioned, as already mentioned. Knowing these things, Emily's parents longed for Theodore's return, which might now have been comparatively safe. But he could not be heard of any where. The parents now consented to the open acknowledgment of their daughter's marriage with the absent Theodore, which consent Emily had strong reasons for entreating from them. When Theodore had been absent seven months, his wife gave birth to a son, for whom Charles Darancourt stood sponsor at the font. Darancourt, on this occasion, after pledging to the mother and child, called on the guests present to join him in drinking, "To the happy return of the absent father, and may his innocence soon be established!" Strange to say, this wish seemed in some measure fulfilled, not many days after its utterance, in a manner that deeply affected him who uttered it. A cart was stopped one night at the city barrier by one of the collectors of the imposts. No contraband goods were found in the cart, but, in the act of search, a small box fell off, and was crushed by one of the wheels. The collector assisted in gathering up its contents, and while doing so, picked up a brilliant diamond brooch. The collector had been once in the service of the Count de St. Maure, and instantly recognized the brooch, which was of great value, as having belonged to that nobleman. The carter was taken into custody, and, on examination, stated that he had been employed by a gentleman to carry trunks and various articles of furniture to a country-house about a mile distant from Brussels. Being asked the gentleman's name, the man readily gave it as "Monsieur Darancourt, the younger, residing in the Grand Square."

Charles Darancourt was ere long, as his friend de Valmont had been before him, consigned to a prison on the charge of murdering the St. Maures. The strange fate which had thus caused suspicion to fall on the very dearest friend of the deceased, made the case most remarkable in the eyes of all men. Charles Darancourt was brought fairly to trial. He defended himself with equal calmness and ability, declaring the brooch to have been

given to him in a present by the Count de St. Maure. On the other hand the collector proved that the count had ever seemed to regard the brooch as the most valuable of his family jewels, and had once refused it, in the witness's hearing, to his own son. There was, on the very face of it, an improbability in the notion that a man of small fortune, like the count, should give away a jewel of such value as a mere friendly present. It was further proved that Earnest de St. Maure had been last seen entering the prisoner's house, on the night before his disappearance; and on being called forward to tell what they knew, Charles Darancourt's three servants were found to have been all sent out of the way, on various errands, on the night in question. A chain of presumptive evidence of this nature was established against Darancourt, and in despite of the talent with which he defended himself, he was condemned to die for the murder of the St. Maures.

Charles Darancourt solemnly protested his innocence, and continued to repeat the assertion during the interval spent in awaiting the fulfilment of his sentence.

The fatal day at length came, and the prisoner was led out to the scaffold, to die an ignominious death in presence of assembled thousands, who looked on with strangely mingled feelings of pity and satisfaction, caused by the ambiguous and mysterious nature of the case. The majority of the spectators could not bring their minds to believe in the commission of such wholesale murders by one man, and that man an ingenuous youth and dear friend of the sufferers. But the decision of the law, though it could not remove doubts, was not to be opposed. When all was ready on the scaffold, and eternity immediately before him, Charles Darancourt pulled from his bosom a sealed packet, and handed it to the priest in attendance, with directions that it should be given after his death to his father. The fatal cord was about to be fixed, when a loud shout arose from the populace, and the crowd was seen opening up to permit the passage of a horseman, accompanied by several soldiers. "A respite!" was the cry. The populace already excited by this event, were still more so, when they

beheld the horseman spring to the scaffold, embrace the prisoner, and then advance to address themselves. It was Theodore de Valmont! He spoke at some length to the multitude, telling them that on hearing of Darancourt's condemnation, he had flown to Paris, and had detailed the whole circumstances to the emperor, who had been thus moved to grant a respite. "I knew my own innocence," continued Theodore, "and I could not doubt that my beloved friend was equally innocent with myself. Our intimacy with the unfortunate deceased has well nigh brought death on both of us, for that intimacy is our sole crime. The mystery which hangs over this sad story; heaven will clear up in its own good time!" The shouts of the people rose joyfully on the air, for the words of de Valmont carried conviction with them.

What were the feelings of Charles Darancourt on being thus snatched from the grave? He retained all his calmness, and merely uttered a few broken sentences, expressive of gratitude to heaven for his liberation from the charge of being a murderer and a robber. He then turned mildly to the priest, and requested the restoration of the packet. The priest was about to comply, when one of the attendant officers snatched it from the holy father's hands, declaring it to be his duty to retain and show it to his superiors. The prisoner quietly remonstrated against this seizure of papers relating only to private family affairs. But the officer was obstinate. Darancourt and de Valmont were then conveyed to prison, as the respite ordered, till the emperor's will should be further known. On reaching prison, Charles Darancourt immediately communicated with his friends, and protested anew against the seizure of his papers. The authorities did not listen to his request.

Well might Darancourt struggle for the repossession of that fatal packet! Believing death inevitable, Darancourt had there made a confession—and what a confession! A confession of five cool and deliberate murders effected by him without an accomplice!

The following is an abstract of that paper's contents:—

“Having formed a deep attachment to Emily Duplessis, Darancourt had resolved to cut off both de Valmont and Ernest de St. Maure, as obstacles in his way. Ernest fell first into his power. This victim came to the house of Darancourt to be initiated into the mysteries of masonry. Under pretence of performing these, Darancourt had contrived to bind the young man so that he could stir neither hand nor foot, and had then opened the victim’s dress, and thrust a knitting-needle between the ribs and the centre of the heart! Ernest de St. Maure died instantly, almost without a groan. Taking a key, by which the deceased let himself into his own house at nights, from Ernest’s pocket, and also a pen-knife, Darancourt then carried the body by a back road to a neighbouring well, and threw it in. He then hurried to the Count de St. Maure’s house, let himself in, and murdered the master of the house, his wife, and his two domestics, while sleeping in their beds. The principal motive for Darancourt’s entering the house was the desire to gain possession of a bond for 5000 francs, which, out of his slender means, the count had lent the young lawyer to prosecute his studies. The murder of the servants, and, indeed, of the other victims also, was committed lest they should disturb him in the robbery of the house, which proved a temptation too strong to be overcome when the murderer found the chance in his power. Family jewels and cash to a considerable amount were the price of his guilt. By leaving the pen-knife, Darancourt hoped to throw suspicion on the son of the count, and this really turned out as he had anticipated, though the unexpected opening of the old well had subverted that part of the expected issue.

This fearful revelation—from the murderer’s own hand—filled the minds of the people of Brussels with the deepest horror. When he was again taken to the scaffold, it was amid the execrations of the multitude, and no man’s pity followed the wretch into eternity. His crimes had been committed with as little remorse, and under as unnatural circumstances as any that ever disgraced the annals of mankind.



WILD BOAR OF THE HARTZ.
(Panorama, P. 289.)

THE WILD BOAR OF THE HARTZ.

UPON the sides, and in the vicinity, of the Hartz mountains, in Hanover, Germany, are extensive forests, which from the earliest time have been the haunts of the boar, the bear and the wolf. The chase of the former has always been preferred. Though much more dangerous, it is far more exciting and ennobling. Princes, nobles and peasants have been enthusiastic in this pursuit, and even at this day, the forest resounds with the hunter's horn and the shouts of the conqueror. The full grown boar is ferocious and formidable. His strength is great, and his terrible tusks threaten the dogs with certain death. The lion, in the Indian jungle is scarcely more to be dreaded than the boar at bay.

Upon a bright morning in the month of October, 17—, the bustle of preparation, was heard in the court-yard of the castle of Stolberg. The young count, Einrich, had given orders to get every thing ready for a hunting expedition, in the forests of the Hartz. An old friend, the young count Ernest of Mansfeldt had arrived at the castle, and knowing his affection for wood sports, and especially, for boar-hunting, his host had resolved to gratify him with one of the old-time, rousing hunts, with dog and spear. Upwards of thirty of the tenants of the Stolberg estate were collected by Einrich's steward, Hans Wasser. Rusty bugles were produced and cleaned; spears which had lain by for a hundred years, were brightened and sharpened, and a fine pack of dogs bayed impatient for the sport. A glorious time was anticipated by the young noblemen. We have said that they were old friends, which implies that it was a deep gratification to be in each other's company. Rumour said that the

Countess of Stolberg, Einrich's young and beautiful wife, added much to the attractions which the plan possessed in the eyes of Count Ernest. But Rumour catches the burden of every breeze, and, without stopping to test its truth, swallows it voraciously.

Ernest of Mansfeldt possessed a very striking personal appearance. He was tall,—full six feet in height—and well-proportioned. His features were strongly and decidedly marked. His hair was black and curled, his complexion rather dark, and his eyes gray, and beaming with intelligence. The general expression of his face was a union of dignity and earnestness, such as ensures obedience from the mass. But in conversation his features were lighted with a language, which anticipated words in conveying meaning. One might gather from his usual carriage that he was a man to be loved as well as respected.

Einrich of Stolberg was a different looking personage. He was about the middle height, and rather burly. His features were without animation, though it might be said that daring courage was in his firm-set jaw and compressed lips, and that his deep blue eyes had much of feeling in them. His hair was light and straight. Conscious of being the chief member of an ancient and illustrious house, he bore himself haughtily, and moved among his retainers with such dignity as rebuked familiarity. The particular links of thought and feeling which united Einrich to Ernest, it would be difficult to trace. Friendship very often springs up between persons of diametrically opposite dispositions, probably because each feels the advantage of some check upon his actions, or contradiction of his opinions. Such may have been the case with our two young nobleman. They agreed, however, in love of the chase, and all kinds of manly exercise.

Ernest had been but a few days at Stolberg castle before the time of the proposed hunt. In that period his attentions to the young countess had been of a character that might have awakened suspicion in the breast of a less trustful friend than Einrich. The countess was enchanted with his constant and brilliant conversation, so much superior to that of her hus-

land. She seemed to forget Einrich's existence while Ernest was near. On several occasions she manifested her anxiety for the visitor, and her recklessness of her husband's comfort. Ernest had repeatedly spoken to Einrich in enthusiastic praise of the beauty and wit of the Countess. Yet the young husband showed no signs of suspicion.

The horn sounded and the drawbridge was lowered to allow the well-equipped hunting party to pass out. Einrich was already mounted, but Ernest lingered to receive the anxious injunctions of the Countess to be careful of himself in the wilds of the Hartz. At length, when Einrich had become impatient, Ernest appeared, sprang into the saddle, and rode by the side of the lord of the castle, as the party set forward for the forest.

A boar was soon started, and men and dogs broke away in hot pursuit. The game happened to be young, and at that age when it is most difficult to capture. A long chase ensued, and all engaged in it were nearly blown, when the dogs brought the boar to bay in a marsh. He fought nobly and well. One dog bit the dust, and another was severely wounded. But Ernest and Einrich were soon upon the beast with their long spears, and by the time the whole party arrived at the scene of action, the victory was achieved, and the boar lay dead. The retainers carried the animal to a dry place in the forest, which was clear of under-wood, and all were soon collected around a glorious fire. The flesh of the young boar is sweet and delicate. Every part of it can be eaten. While the head alone of an old one is fit for the stomach of man. Our hunters had brought plenty of edibles and drinkables with them. These were spread upon the table-cloth of withered leaves. Slices of the boar were broiled and added to the woodland repast, while the head was preserved for a feast at the castle. Ernest was merry, and joined the retainers of Stolberg in their song and toasts. But Einrich was gloomy, and spoke seldom. To the raillery of his guest he returned short and bad-humoured replies. What can be the reason? Passing through the court-yard just before starting upon the hunt,

he had caught the whisperings of two of his retainers, which went thus;—

“Hey-day! I shouldn’t die with surprise if Count Ernest should become chief man within these walls before long,” said one.

“I think Count Einrich might stay upon the hunt altogether, and not grieve his lady much,” said the other.

These words had fallen upon Einrich’s ears like the knell of earthly bliss. Friendship paled, and suspicion and revenge began to shed their baleful light within him. His eyes seemed to be opened to a view of crime of which he had not before dreamed. After a severe conflict, he resolved to observe further before entertaining any bad opinion of his beautiful wife and his much respected friend. But he continued gloomy during the day. After the repast was finished, the party set out for the castle, from which they had wandered many miles. A fine black bear was killed on the way through the woods, but no other incident occurred until the hunters reached the castle, which was about sunset. Upon the whole, the day’s sport had been satisfactory, but Einrich did not rejoice at his success. Sleepless suspicion had seized his soul, and there was no more joy for him. Professing to be unwell, he retired to his chamber. The Countess did not seem very anxious concerning him, though she said she was sorry. Nor did she inquire in regard to his ailment in the course of the evening. This indifference, Einrich noted and magnified.

The next day Einrich kept his chamber. Ernest went up early to see him, but did not remain long. Einrich had no heart for conversation with him, and was best satisfied when alone. Soon after Ernest had retired, the Countess came with a brow of anxiety, to ascertain if her lord was very “ill.” A short conversation satisfied her that he was not, and she descended to be “company for Ernest.” But alas! she left a fatal piece of evidence behind. A letter had dropped from her bosom upon the floor of Einrich’s chamber. Her husband picked it up, and without consideration of impropriety read it. It was signed by



BEAR HUNTING.

the Count of Mansfeldt, and besides being full of expressions of devoted affection and of regrets that fate had assigned her to another, and to one who was too dull to appreciate such a jewel, proposed an elopement. And this had fallen from the bosom of the Countess—the young, beautiful and almost worshipped wife of the lord of Stolberg. Einrich read and was calm. Not a single expression of indignation or rage passed his lips. They were pressed together like clasps of steel, while over his face spread a paleness like that on the face of death. Such calmness is more dreadful than the fiercest storm of anger. For then, passion instead of being asleep, is keenly at work, contriving his most terrible plans, and there is no power on earth to daunt or divert him from his deadly purpose. Einrich stood with eyes fixed upon the floor, for full fifteen minutes. Then he stamped his foot, and almost hissed, “It shall be so!” He then descended to his wife and Count Ernest, expressed himself fully recovered, and assumed the smile and cheerful tone of gaiety.

The Countess had not missed the letter she had lost, and had no thought of a discovery. How transparent to the eyes of her husband was her conduct and that of Ernest now. Little attentions, nothing in themselves, but valuable, like certain weeds, for indicating the kind of soil from which they sprung, were given and received, and could not be mistaken. Once or twice, a gloomy shade passed over the face of Einrich, and he bit his lips till the blood came. But the storm was checked and laid. In the midst of the conversation, Einrich proposed another hunt for the next day. Ernest wished to repose, but knew not how, without exciting suspicion. After some opposition from the Countess, it was settled that on the next morning, the two young noblemen and the chief retainers of the castle should start upon another boar-hunt in the forests of the Hartz.

The morning came, and nearly the same party as before, collected in the court yard of the castle. The Count of Mansfeldt lingered to converse with the lovely Countess, and Einrich awaited his coming without giving any signs of impatience. The party at length set forth. The day was cloudy, and a storm was

even threatened. But this could not deter the lovers of sport from the chase. They entered the forest, and the search for game was keen. At length the dogs started an old boar, and all were soon after him, in full cry. Einrich knew the furious beast would not run far, and also knew a by-path, by pursuing which he might be headed. Ernest and he followed this path, while the others followed the dogs. They reached the end of it, and had the satisfaction of seeing that the boar had not yet passed that point. Presently he was seen rushing through the forest towards the two young noblemen. "Traitor! receive your reward!" escaped from the lips of Einrich, as his dagger pierced the back of Ernest of Mansfeldt, and the wounded man fell from his horse directly in the path of the wild boar. The furious animal, mistaking Ernest's death struggles for manifestations of hostility, rushed upon his prostrate form, and gored him horribly in the breast and face. The dogs were soon upon the beast, and after a fierce struggle, he was slain. Einrich engaged in the battle, and seemed making desperate efforts to save the fallen count. When the boar was slain, a mournful group stood round the body of the dead nobleman. Many conjectures as to the manner in which the boar had gained access to Ernest, were made, and all eyes were turned to Einrich for reply. But he stood, intently gazing upon his victim and said nothing. His silence was attributed to the extreme grief at the sudden and terrible character of the disaster, and inquiry was relinquished. A litter was made of boughs, and the body of the Count of Mansfeldt placed upon it, and borne towards the castle. The boar was carried in the rear of the mournful procession. Few words were spoken. As the party neared the castle, Einrich, leaving directions concerning the disposition of the body in a certain chamber, rode ahead to break the disaster to his wife; so he said.

The Countess was in the hall when her husband entered. His paleness and hurried manner alarmed her, and she inquired the reason of his hasty return, not forgetting to interpolate the question, where is the Count of Mansfeldt? Einrich immediately informed her that their guest had been killed by a boar, and that

his body was about to be carried into the castle. There was no preface and no comment. The Countess shrieked, and swooned in her husband's arms. Who can find the terms to convey an idea of Einrich's thoughts and feelings at that moment. He was revenged; his traitor guest was cold in death; and his false wife had begun to suffer for her dishonourable conduct. Yet murder is a dreadful image to all right minds; extenuating reasons for the course pursued by Ernest and the Countess were easily found in their respective attractions and passionate natures, as well as in the fatal difference in the dispositions of Einrich and his wife; and suffering loveliness is enough to melt the stony heart of a tyrant. Before the Countess recovered, the body of the Count of Mansfeldt was laid in the chamber he had occupied, and messengers had been sent to announce the disaster to his family, and to inquire when the body should be conveyed to his castle. The Countess revived, but was so weak that Einrich had her conveyed at once to her chamber. Having given orders for washing and dressing the corpse, Einrich retired, and was seen no more that day.

The next morning, the messengers returned with the Count of Mansfeldt's younger brother, Theodore. The body was to be immediately sent to the bereaved family, under Theodore's charge. Before it was removed, Einrich led his wife to the chamber to take a final look at the remains of him she had loved.

Such had been the care and skill of the attendants that the corpse presented but few marks of the mutilation which it had suffered. No suspicion of the real cause of the Count's death seemed to exist. The wound in the back had been perceived, but was thought to have been caused by a thrust from the spear of one of the hunters, while striving to get at the boar. The wounds made by the tusks of the furious beast, were deemed sufficient to cause death. The lip of pride, and bold brow, where thought had worked its magic, and on which the flush of passion oft had stood, were presented to the eyes of the Countess, in the form but not the hue of life. Long and painfully she wept,

while Einrich gazed without a tear upon his victim. Occasionally, he shook his head, and sank it on his breast, which those around interpreted as signs of woe too overwhelming for tears or words. At length, Einrich and his wife retired from the chamber. The body was carried below to the hall, in its coffin, a melancholy procession was formed, and with Einrich and Theodore at its head, it started for Mansfeldt castle.

We will not describe the funeral. Ernest was laid among his ancestors, amid the tears and lamentations of his friends and relatives, and Theodore succeeded to his title and estate. Einrich of Stolberg returned to his castle. The Countess was weak, and daily grew weaker. She had loved deeply and devotedly, and when death took Ernest, she shut her heart against the entrance of any new life. Einrich did all in his power to revive her spirit, and forced himself into a gaiety of which he had never before tasted. She was afraid to meet his eye, and shrank from his close question. All seemed a blank to her now. Music, flowers, and feasts were so many mockers, who held out to her the ashen apples, with the fair-hued rind. It could not last. Her shadowy frame gave way, and she was stretched upon her death-bed. Einrich was at her side, striving to strike a spark of hope. She drew him closer and whispered—

“Einrich—my husband—I die—but there is a weight upon my heart I would remove. I have done wrong, and doubt if Heaven can forgive me. But you—you—I know—are good. I was your wife—yet loved—yes, loved another—so as to forget I was your wife. I loved the Count of Mansfeldt—Now can you forgive me?”

“Yes, yes,” said Einrich, “I can forgive you any thing.”

“Then I have done with earth”—were the last words of the Countess, and with her arms clasped about her husband’s neck, she died. Einrich wept long. He had hoped to confess his dreadful secret to his wife, but she was forever deaf to his words, and he could but weep for the loss of so much loveliness.

The Countess was laid in the vaults beneath the castle of Stol-

berg, and Einrich was alone. He wandered about the castle and its vicinity, with a hurried step and a red and restless eye, as if some dreadful phantom possessed his mind. His attendants whispered and surmised. Most dropped a tear for him; for they attributed his conduct to the loss of his young and beautiful wife. But they were ignorant of the true state of the case. Wherever Einrich went in the castle or in the wood, the image of Ernest of Mansfeldt, prostrate and gored by the wild boar, was present to his mind. He dreaded company, thinking others might also see this terrible sight; and he trembled while alone, for fear vengeance in some shape would overtake him. He would have killed himself; but what then? All earthly terrors might sink in the face of what might then surround him. This is the murderer's hell! a burning conscience, without an hour of rest in life—without a hope in death. The eternal sleep of the atheist is a paradise in comparison. One gloomy day when his imagination was most active, Einrich wandered into the forest, with no companion but a boar spear and a dog. He sought to find relief in the excitement of the chase. An old boar was started by the dog, and away went Einrich in pursuit. The animal saw the weakness of his enemies and turned upon the dog. Einrich came to the aid of his pet, and a fierce struggle ensued. The dog was gored severely, but the boar received several thrusts from Einrich's spear. Suddenly the dog in striving to get away from his powerful enemy, got between his master's legs and threw him down. Einrich struggled to regain his feet, but the boar rushed upon him, and in spite of the noble efforts of the dog, so wounded him about the head with his tusks, that he died. The boar fell dead soon after, and thus the wounded dog was left to watch by the body of his master. There he faithfully remained until the next morning, when a party from the castle discovered the corpse of Einrich and conveyed it home. He was laid by the side of his wife amid the mouldering relics of an illustrious line. A nephew succeeded to his title and estate. Not long afterwards, a full confession of the murder of the Count of Mansfeldt, and of the reasons

for the crime, was found in Einrich's cabinet, among other papers. The story spread; growing wonderfully during transmission; and for many years afterwards, it was religiously believed among the peasantry that the shades of Ernest and Einrich, together with that of a monstrous wild boar, were seen in the forests of the Hartz.

“Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.”





BEAR HUNTERS REPOSING.

BEAR HUNT IN THE PYRENEES.

AT the distance of a league from Bagneres of Luchon, on the declivity of the hill, stands a small building, called the hospital which serves as a halt or station for travellers journeying to Spain. In October 18—, a little higher up than the hospital, a small, temporary looking hut was to be seen, supported and sheltered by a huge rock. It was covered by branches and dry leaves, and built with loose rough stones, constituting a rude but welcome refuge for the highland hunters. It was but the habitation of a day, being regularly destroyed and carried off by every winter's storm. The approaches of autumn are terrible in the Pyrenees: and at the time mentioned, a fearful storm was bursting over the mountain. It was evening; every object was buried in darkness; but through the chinks of the door of the hut, darted at times a few glimpses of light. This door was also occasionally opened; a man's head would then appear through the lightened aperture, and be immediately withdrawn. The appearance of the inside was rather picturesque. In the middle of the hut, on a roughly made table, were promiscuously placed a large basin of milk, some smoked bacon, a piece of goat's cheese, and some maize bread; on the right was an opening made in the rock, which served as a chimney. In this chimney lay, almost in one blaze of fire, the best part of a tree, with its branches and leaves, which brightly illuminated the centre of the hut, and glittered on the long polished barrels of the rifles placed upright against the wall. Before the fire, a deer's haunch was comfortably roasting; and around were stretched five highland hunters, with their caps of brown worsted, their knee-breeches of coarse brown cloth, and their long grey stockings. They had fled to the hut to save themselves from

the storm, and were now awaiting the supper which was preparing. At the farthest extremity sat, reading attentively, by the light of a wick saturated with resin, a man who appeared not to be dressed like the rest of the hunters; his occupation, the expression of his countenance, and the respectful distance preserved towards him by the highlanders, sufficiently testified his superiority over them. At the other side was suspended the open and reeking carcass of a deer recently killed.

The crackling of the roasting meat, the hissing of the snow as it fell on the inflamed wood, the loud rumbling sound of the frequent thunder-claps, repeated and increased by the echoes of the mountain, alone interrupted the silence which prevailed in the hut. There seemed some weight on the minds of the men; but at length one of them spoke aloud. "So, Janote, it was by the same bear that killed one of our friends before, that Baptiste was worried yesterday?" "Yes." "I shall kill him, Janote, or die; where was he seen yesterday?" "Near the glacier of La Maladetta." "I will go to-morrow morning, and encounter him; it shall not be said that this black skin has frightened us all, like a herd of chamois." "Peter," said Janote, "the snow has fallen for these two days, the hill is very dangerous, and Baptiste was surprised by the bear merely in consequence of his being caught by the cold; you had better not go to-morrow." "I shall go!" was the answer.

A gloomy pause now took place, after which the man seated at the extremity of the hut rose and came close to Peter. "Peter," said he, "how many children have you?" "Five." "You shall not go to-morrow!" "But"—"You shall not go!" These words were pronounced with so much authority, that Peter held down his head and remained silent. "Well then," said another, "I shall have the shot, for I have neither wife nor children." "Friend," replied the man, "who lives at the village in the smith's house?" "My mother." "You shall not go." "But," rejoined Peter, "now that we have found out the villain's den, we ought to take advantage of the discovery." "He shall be killed!" "And by whom? by whom?" "By

myself, my friends." "You, reverend sir?" they all exclaimed. "Yes, my friends; by myself. I am but a peasant, a highlander, like yourselves. I spent twenty years among the rocks of Catalonia before becoming a minister of God; and the man you now name in the village the Reverend Curate Riego, was once called Riego the Bear-hunter."

As he pronounced these words, the clergyman's countenance was animated by a singular expression of courage and energy. "I had come to the hill," continued he, "to admire the storm; Heaven, no doubt, has directed me to this hut to hear your regrets; and although I have not touched a rifle for fifteen years"—"Fifteen years?" said Peter. "Yes, my friends; for blood, even an insect's blood, should never stain the hands of a minister of God; but what I intend to do to-morrow is merely to destroy what is hurtful and dangerous; and as I have neither children, wife, nor mother, I shall go, and fear not but I shall kill the beast." "Be careful, M. Riego," said Janote. "Fear not my friend, I shall remember the days of my youth."

A young man, about twenty-two years of age, called Stephano, then approached the priest, and said to him, "But I, brother, shall I not go with you?" "You, Stephano!" replied the curate, "my mother's son!—no; you shall not come." "We shall all follow you together!" cried the hunters. "I do not want you, my friends; and, as the night is advancing, you had better take your supper and go to rest."

Young Stephano did not repeat his request to his brother. The hunters instantly began their meal; for there was in M. Riego's voice an irresistible accent of command.

Half an hour afterwards, each man began to settle himself in some corner of the hut, wrapped up in a sheep or goat's skin; Stephano stretched himself nearest to the door; and very soon all was silence.

At the first dawn of day, Riego, fearing the hunters would insist on accompanying him, gently got up, and, choosing one of the rifles, stepped out without being heard. He had put on a dress borrowed from one of the highlanders. On his head he wore

the small, flat, blue bivet; over his legs, the long leathern gaiters usually worn by these hardy mountaineers; round his waist, a strong scarlet belt, in which he placed a knife, the thick sharp blade of which was eight or nine inches long. He was not the same man. His step was at all times firm and erect, but slow; on this day, however, his energy amounted even to impatience. As soon as he was out of the hut, he examined the rifle with all the scrupulous attention of an experienced hunter: tried the lock, burnt some of the powder to ascertain its quality and dryness, loaded carefully with three balls, and was just starting, when, at ten yards before him, he perceived his young brother Stephano, ready equipped as a hunter. "What are you doing there?" said he. "I am waiting for you, brother." "Why?" "Because I want to go with you; and I must go." The curate answered not till after a moment's reflection—"Well, let it be so. Is your rifle loaded?" "Yes, brother." "Here are twelve balls, then; take them, and let us go."

The brothers started on their perilous adventure. After an hour's march, they passed the short rocky defile which separates France from Spain; and while threading its recesses, Riego would ever and anon raise his rifle to his shoulder, following steadily the course of some eagle, which was already abroad in the keen, clear morning air. But he fired not, for he deemed that there was no call upon him to shed any blood but that of the grizzly bear. At the termination of the defile, they found themselves in front of La Maladetta (the accursed,) the finest glacier of the Pyrenees, but the most dangerous, also, as its not inappropriate name implies. When the glacier appeared, here a mass of glittering ice, and there deadened in hue by flakes of dun snow, Riego felt the enthusiasm of former days return upon him, and he could not help exclaiming joyfully, "The snow! the hills!" Turning to Stephano the priest then exclaimed, "If Janote be right, the bear must be in that fir-wood to the left. We must climb the Maladetta, Stephano. Have you the iron hooks and the ropes?" "Yes, brother." "Come, then, get ready," said Riego.

In a few minutes they had buckled the iron hooks to their hands, and had united their bodies by a rope about eight feet long, the purpose of which was, that one of them might sustain the other, in case of a slip. Thus secured, the brothers resumed their route. For half an hour they toiled silently up the precarious ascent, and were near the place of their destination, when, all at once, the ice gave way beneath Stephano's feet, and he sunk downwards into a deep crevice. Dragged back by his companion's weight, the priest slid rapidly to the very edge of the same gulf: a second more, and he also would have been over! Both must have perished: but, gathering his whole strength, Riego dashed his iron grasper into the ice with such force, that he stopped suddenly. To loosen one of his hands, and turn the rope round his arm for the purpose of shortening it, was the work of an instant. He then exerted his strength in raising Stephano. Soon the young man's hands could grasp the edge of the hole; by and by his whole chest appeared. "Courage! courage!" cried Riego, putting forth his whole powers upon a final effort, which being aided by the youth's pressure on his own elbows, was successful. Stephano was freed from his danger, but he fell almost in a fainting state upon the snow. A mouthful of spirits, from the small store of provisions which the hunters had brought with them, restored Stephano to the power of motion; and the priest said to him in a cheerful voice, "Courage, brother!—you are all right again; let us move on!" Stephano replied, "Yes, brother," and resumed the march; but a great change had come over the young man. The narrow escape which he had made had overthrown his resolution. He walked on pale, tottering, and exhausted—a different being altogether, from what he had been a few moments before. Riego, who moved foremost, was too much occupied with the outlook for the bear, and with the difficulties of the path, to be fully sensible how much his brother was changed by the late accident. The bear was not to be seen at Maladetta when they reached it. The hunters then turned into the Spanish Pyrenees, which they entered by La Picada. Scarcely had they gone a few yards in

this direction, when Riego stopped short, and, without turning round, made a sign to his companion to stand still also. The priest then laid his car to the ground, and heard a low growling sound, which he immediately pronounced to be the snarl of the bear. "He is not far off," said Riego, in a whisper. "Let us mount this platform, and we are sure to see him. Follow me." The brothers ascended the platform in question by a narrow ridge, flanked on the right and left by a steep precipice. On the side opposite to where the hunters were, there was another precipitous pass. Having completed the ascent, the brothers looked round, and in a few moments saw an enormous bear moving slowly down the dry rocky bed of a torrent. "Here he is!" cried the curate. "Stephano! make ready; he will immediately pass the corner before us, close to that fir-tree; fire at him there. Mark for the left shoulder—a little behind it! If you miss him, I will then shoot!"

Just as Riego concluded his directions, the bear came to the point mentioned. "Now, Stephano!" cried the curate. The young man fired; but whether from agitation, or the distance, he missed the animal, as appeared from the splinters of ice broken off by the side of the brute, which at once turned round, saw the hunters, and advanced towards them. He was at first little more than twenty yards distant, but fortunately the path took some turns, which made the space to be passed greater. At a favourable instant, calmly and steadily raising his gun, Riego fired. The brute, however, chanced to slip aside at the moment, and of the three balls one only struck him in the flank. A terrific growl was the only reply to the shot, which was totally ineffective in retarding its course. "Some balls!" said Riego quietly, without turning his eye from the bear. Stephano spoke not. "Balls, Stephano! in three minutes he will be upon us!" The young man had been feeling his pouch. "We are lost!" cried he with a groan of despair; "the bag has been buried in the snow at Maladetta!"

The growls of the bear became more and more vivid. "We have no balls!" repeated the young man in tones of agony;



RIEGO AND THE BEAR.

“let us fly!” oh, let us fly, brother!” “Fly!” said the priest; “no—we cannot! In twenty seconds the monster would be up with us, were we to go down hill!” “Oh! blessed Virgin!” cried Stephano, falling on his knees in desperation.

“Come, no faint-heartedness, brother!” exclaimed the priest, speaking very quickly, but in his usual intrepid tones; “there is one resource. Show me your knife! yes, it is long and sharp. Mark me! in one minute the bear will be on this platform? I will walk up to him, he will rush on me. I will hold him tight; and do you stab him till he drops, in the left side, Stephano!”

“Yes, brother,” was the young man’s reply.

“Now he comes!” cried the undaunted priest; “no unsteadiness Stephano! Strike hard and true! Ha! the bears have felt Riego before now, and they shall not conquer me yet!”

The priest seemed almost happy in his fearlessness. But, alas! deplorably different was the condition of the poor young brother. The bear appeared. “To work! to work, Stephano!” cried the priest, as he stepped forward with open arms. The monster, rising on its hind legs, seized Riego with a suffocating grasp. A terrible struggle began between them. “Help brother, help!” cried the priest in a voice of thunder. Alas! Stephano had lost all presence of mind. His legs shook under him; a film passed over his eyes; he could neither advance nor retreat. The agonies of helpless terror were upon him.

“Strike, brother, strike!” cried the priest in weaker tones. The bear howled in a terrific manner, its hideous head projected over the curate’s shoulder, its eyes red as fire, and its paws tearing Riego’s back, while they at the same time crushed him between them. The struggle had lasted a few seconds. Stephano, wild, insane almost, could not stir. “Help me, brother! save me!” cried the priest, his voice failing. At this last call, the young man seemed partly to recover his powers of action. He ran forward, and struck his knife against the side of the monster. But the blow came from a hand too unsteady to do any execution. The knife scarcely scratched the skin. The failure, and the near spectacle of the brute’s open mouth and fierce eyes, over

threw Stephano's resolution utterly, and, dropping the knife from his nerveless grasp, he turned and fled from the spot.

"Brother! brother!" cried Riego in a choked voice, but Stephano was away. Alone with his enemy, the priest tried to draw his own knife from his belt, but the brute held him too tight. Gathering vigour from despair, the priest resolved that, if he perished, the monster should perish with him, and, step by step, he pushed the bear to the edge of the precipice. At this very instant a powerful voice was heard from above the platform exclaiming, "Courage! courage!" and a man bounded down the rocks with fearful rapidity. But it was too late! The priest and his grizzly foe had reached the brink of the abyss; the bear's feet slipped, and both of them rolled down the steep locked in that mortal embrace. The eyes of the new comer could not follow them into the gulf.

The day following that on which this scene took place, was the epoch of a festival in the village of which Riego was curate.

The people were assembled in their public room, and the generous daring of their pastor was the theme of every tongue. They lamented him deeply, for this much they had learned from Stephano, that the priest had perished in encountering the bear. The young man, however, would tell no more; he kept a moody silence, and the people ascribed it to sorrow for the loss of a brother whom he was known to respect and love deeply. Things stood thus, when a young peasant from a neighbouring village entered the public room. He was the man who had witnessed Riego's fall, and he had also witnessed Stephano's flight and desertion. He told his tale, and in an instant cries of indignation burst from every tongue. "Away with him! drive him from the village!" were the exclamations of all. The unfortunate youth seemed in a condition of despair, which nothing could add to; and he was moving mutely away, when a man covered with bloody rags made his appearance. "Riego!" exclaimed the astonished villagers. It was indeed the priest. Stephano fell on his knees before his brother in a state of speechless rapture, and, with looks of imploring entreaty, kissed his feet and knees. The

priest looked on him with an aspect of affection and mild forgiveness. "Did you not fall over the precipice with the bear?" cried one of the people. "I did," said Riego; "but Heaven protected me. My belt was caught by a sharp rock; the bear was forced to quit its hold, and perished alone at the bottom of the gulf."

Exclamations of joy now rang from every quarter. Stephano continued sobbing aloud. "My brother! oh! my brother!" was all he could say. "What meant those cries as I entered?" said the priest in a severe tone; "why would you send away the boy?" "Because the coward"—— "Coward! he is no coward!" cried Riego. "His presence of mind was destroyed by his having narrowly escaped death a few moments before. Are you sure that the same effect would not be produced on any one of yourselves? Surely none will blame him when I forgive and embrace him! And now, let us return thanks to God, and let the festival proceed."

Riego's wounds were soon healed. As for Stephano, by many a brave feat the young man has since wiped away the reproach which was drawn upon him by his want of firmness at the death-scene of the great bear



CHRETCO, THE PINDARRY.

THE PINDARRIES.

THE Pindarries were not a distinctive race, but a class of men, of different descent, religion and habits, gradually associated, and assimilated by a common pursuit. They were all robbers.

The name of Pindarry first occurs in Indian history about the end of the seventeenth century, but their prominent importance in the pages of that history was reserved for our own days. They were like the first Mahrattas in their habits of life and warfare, but unlike them, in not being united by nationality and one religious faith; in not having the legitimate and permanent motives of attachment to their native soil, and resentment against the intolerant and oppressive rulers (the Mahometan conquerors of India) by whom the Mahrattas were assailed. From obscure freebooters, they rose into sufficient consequence to be deemed useful auxiliaries by the different Mahratta powers whose desultory mode of warfare was suited to their predatory habits; and from their preceding or accompanying them in their incursions,

the Pindarries became occasionally confounded with the Mahrattas, though they were always considered by the latter as essentially distinct, and so immeasurably inferior as not to be allowed to eat with them, or even to be seated in their presence.

“Their aid,” says Sir John Malcolm, from whom this account is chiefly taken, “was purchased by the Mahrattas, by occasional grants of land, or, more correctly speaking, by a tacit admission of their right to possess tracts which they had usurped, and a privilege of plundering, even beyond the usual license given to a Mahratta army. The Pindarries took substantive form under this system; their chiefs acquired reputation, and the claims to the services of their adherents by degrees became hereditary, and were transmitted to their descendants. Tribes were cemented in federal union, and common motives of action led to somewhat of a common interest being established throughout the whole of this community of robbers.”

The very looseness of their composition was favourable to their increase, as it admitted all castes and all faiths, and offered a ready refuge to poverty, indolence and crime—to all that was floating and unattached in the communities of Central India; and united—and the prospect of plunder would always unite them—the Pindarries presented a mass of materials which an able and popular leader might use either for the destruction of others, or his own aggrandizement.

The Pindarries have also been compared to the Tartars; but when the Tartars came to a rich and fertile country, they would settle and repose, and their numerous flocks and herds would present pastoral pictures; not so the Pindarries. “Like swarms of locusts, acting from instinct, they destroyed and left waste whatever province they visited. Their chiefs had, from grants or by usurpation, obtained small territorial possessions; but the revenues of their land were never equal to the maintenance of one-tenth part of their numbers, and they could therefore only be supported by plunder.”

What their numbers were could at no time be correctly esti-

mated—they varied with circumstances, being diminished by misfortune and swelled by success.

“It is also to be observed, that the Pindarries were fed and nourished by the very miseries they created; for as their predatory invasions extended, property became insecure, and those who were ruined by their depredations were afterwards compelled to have recourse to a life of violence, as the only means of subsistence left them. They joined the stream which they could not withstand, and endeavoured to redeem their own losses by the plunder of others.”

The mode of robbing pursued by these overgrown bodies of banditti, will show at once how difficult it was to intercept or suppress them.

When they set out on an expedition, they placed themselves under the guidance of one or more chosen leaders, called Lubbarials, who were selected on account of their knowledge of the country that it was meant to plunder. The Pindarries were neither encumbered with tents nor baggage; each horseman carried a few cakes of bread for his own subsistence, and some feeds of grain for his horse. The party, which usually consisted of two or three thousand good horse, with a proportion of mounted followers; advanced at the rapid rate of forty or fifty miles a day, neither turning to the right nor left till they arrived at their place of destination. They then divided and made a sweep of all the cattle and property they could find: committing at the same time the most horrid atrocities, and destroying what they could not carry away. They trusted to the secrecy and suddenness of the irruption for avoiding those who guarded the frontiers of the countries they invaded: and before a force could be brought against them, they were on their return. Their chief strength lay in their being intangible.

If pursued they made marches of extraordinary length (sometimes upwards of sixty miles,) by roads almost impracticable for regular troops. If overtaken, they dispersed, and re-assembled at an appointed rendezvous; if followed to the country from which they issued, they broke into small parties.

Their wealth, their booty, and their families, were scattered over a wide region, in which they found protection amid the mountains, and in the fastnesses belonging to themselves and to those with whom they were either openly or secretly connected; but no where did they present any point of attack; and the defeat of a party, the destruction of one of their cantonments, or the temporary occupation of some of their strongholds, produced no effect, beyond the ruin of an individual freebooter, whose place was instantly supplied by another, generally of more desperate fortune, and therefore more eager for enterprise."

The instances of romantic courage, of humanity, and even of romantic generosity, (exaggerated, no doubt, by popular credulity and our love of the marvellous,) which frequently checker the narratives of other desperate bands of depredators, could hardly be expected to occur in associations composed and disposed like that of the Pindarries. Even when acting with the Mahrattas, as auxiliaries, their object was to plunder not to fight. They went before, indeed, but it was only by surprise, or in defenceless provinces; they were from their very origin, the scavengers of the Mahrattas, and though in the van, had little more pretension to martial conduct or valour, than had the birds and beasts of prey that followed in their and their allies' rear. It must be said, however, that though not one of these marauders ever succeeded in establishing a claim to high reputation, but all appeared to have shared in the ignorance, the meanness, the rapacity, and brutal cruelty by which they were distinguished as a body, that some of their chiefs, (the celebrated Cheetoo in particular,) united with the qualities, so essential to his profession, of activity, cunning, and ready enterprise, a wonderful strength of mind in bearing the reverses of fortune, and the privations of his lot.

The audacity of their enterprise, the cunning and skill of their execution, their lightning-like rapidity, their dexterity, do, however, create almost as great an interest, as is excited by the valour in combat of others, and are altogether as romantic;—in proof of which, the following story is sufficient. In December

1816, a few days before a signal defeat inflicted by the English on the main body of the Pindarries, who were obliged to retreat with the loss of the greater part of their horses and booty; one leader, indignant at the want of energy betrayed by those vested with the chief command of the expedition, abandoned it altogether, and led off about four hundred men to act for himself. He dashed across the Peshwa's territory, descended into the Konkan by the Amba-ghart in the western range, and thence shaped his course due north, plundering the western shores of India, from the seventeenth to the twenty-first degree of north latitude, and returning to the valley of the Taptee, and the route of Boorhanpoor. This was the only expedition that evaded the British, and succeeded this season. The only loss he sustained was on his return to the river Nerbudda, in the following March. Here he was within a few miles of home, but he found the ford by which he hoped to cross to join the great Pindarry Chief Chcetoo's durra, guarded by a redoubt, occupied by a party of our sepoy's. Several of his men were shot in attempting to dash across; but the chief himself, with his main body, and best mounted followers, retiring from the ford, boldly swam the river lower down, though not without a further loss of men and horses. Those who had worse horses, or less courage, dispersed, and fled into the jungle on the English side of the river, where the greater part were cut off by the wild inhabitants of the neighbourhood. The rest, however, reached their strongholds with a rich booty in their saddles; and the brilliancy of the achievement added even more to their reputation, than its success had done to their wealth.

The Pindarry who conducted this astonishing enterprise, the hardihood and marvellousness of which will be better understood by a reference to the geography and the maps of India, was named Sheik Dulloo. He seems to have been the most adventurous of all the chiefs. The year after, when he saw himself, with the rest of the Pindarries, closely pressed by the English, and that matters were becoming desperate on the banks of the Nerbudda, he proposed joining Trimbukjee at Choolec-Mulhesnur, and seeking his fortune in another expedition to the Deccan.

Cheetoo, another daring freebooter of this kind, first attracted the attention of the English in India towards the end of 1806. When raising himself on the temporary ruin of Kureem, another Pindarry chief, who had been inveigled and made a prisoner by Sindheca, a Mahratta potentate, he united the durras of many other leaders under his standard, and prepared to make depredations, or to carry on an incursive war on a grand scale.

Numerous and profitable were the expeditions of this wholesale robber, undertaken on his own account; but in 1811, the captive Pindarry Kureem, purchasing his liberty from Sindheca, returned to the scenes of his former power, and soon obtained his former supremacy. Kureem immediately raised fresh levies of infantry; the chiefs soon rallied round his standard, and he laid his plans to effect a general combination of all the Pindarrics for a predatory expedition of extraordinary moment. Cheetoo was obliged to follow the example of his fellow chieftains, and at the Dussera of 1811, his durra made part of 25,000 cavalry of all descriptions, that were ready, under the command of Kureem, to march against and plunder Nagpoor. But Cheetoo hated Kureem as a rival: he sold himself to his enemies, and went over to them with his troops. Not long after he defeated Kureem, and obliged him to flee with his adherents to a distant country. Cheetoo again shone forth on his rival's eclipse, and at his cantonment of Nemawur, not less than 15,000 horse annually assembled, to issue forth to plunder, under leaders of his nomination, in whatever direction he might prescribe.

The anomalous but vast power of these Pindarry freebooters had been gradually growing up since 1805-6. "Its leading feature was hostility to all regular governments, and of course most particularly against the English and their allies, whose territories offered the richest booty. The existence of these hordes imposed the necessity of constant vigilance along the whole extent of the south-west frontier of the Bengal Presidency; while, for the security of the Deccan, the subsidiary forces of the Nizam and Peshwa were annually obliged to move to the northern frontier of their respective territories; notwithstanding which precautions

the dominions of those States were constantly penetrated and overrun by the mauraunders.”

These Pindarries did not pretend to cope with Governments, or to establish themselves in the regions they invaded; their object was general rapine; they preyed upon the people at large; their form and constitution were framed with a view to this exclusive purpose, and when they had fulfilled the object of their excursion, they retired, as they had approached, like robbers.

In 1814, the Supreme Government of India, alarmed at the formidable and still augmenting power of these predatory associations, made representations to the home authorities, and requested their sanction to a systematic combination of measures for the suppression of the evil. Some treaties were set on foot by the English with various neighbouring Indian Princes who might have guarded the approaches to our territories and those of our allies; but their jealousies, and a covert design of forming a general combination of the Mahratta powers against us, defeated the negotiations, when under-defensive measures were taken by ourselves.

These measures, however, could not prevent a body of nearly eight thousand of Cheetoo's Pindarries from crossing the Nerbudda in October 1815; after which passage they broke up into two parties. Major Fraser, indeed, with three hundred native disciplined infantry, and a hundred irregular horse, surprised them in a bivouac, and made them suffer some loss before they could mount, gallop off, and disperse. But this did not deter them from continuing their depredations as far as the banks of the Kishna. The other party, which had met with no such molestation, traversed the vast territory of our ally the Nizam, from north to south, and also appeared most unexpectedly on the banks of the Kishna. The territories of our Madras Presidency lay on the other side of the river, and were saved from devastation only by the fortuitous circumstance of the river's continuing not fordable for horses so unusually late as the 20th of November. “The freebooters then took a turn eastward, plundering the country for several miles along the populous and fertile bank of

the river, and committing every kind of enormity. On approaching the frontier of Masulipatam, they shaped their course northward, and returned along the line of the Godavaree and Wurda, passing to the east of all the English defensive positions, and making good their route to Nemawur, (their head-quarter, where their chief Chectoo expected their return,) with an immense booty collected in the Nizam's dominions, and with utter impunity." The plunder obtained in this luhbur, or raid, was said to be greater than that of any previous expedition.

"Elated at this success, a second expedition was planned and proclaimed by Chectoo very soon after the return of the first. Pindarries again flocked in from every Durra to join in it; and by the 5th of February 1816, ten thousand, under different leaders, had again crossed from Nemawur."

This time the Company's territory did not escape. After marches of extraordinary rapidity, the freebooters arrived at our civil station of Guntoor, on the 12th of March, having plundered and massacred during the whole of their journey.

"The government treasure here, and the persons of the British residents were protected at the collector's office by the exertions of a few troops and invalids kept at the station for civil duties. It being no part of the design of the Pindarries to risk the loss of time or lives, they immediately moved off with what they could get; and before night there was not a single strange horseman in the neighbourhood. The whole had hurried off westward, making a march of fifty-two miles in that direction the next day. This body of marauders continued, on the whole twelve days within the company's frontier; and after leaving Guntoor, swept through part of the Kupa district, and recrossed the Dishna on the 22d of March. A squadron of the Madras 4th Native cavalry arrived on the opposite bank of the river, just after they had made good their passage. A considerable force was in the field a little to the west, but though it sent out detachments in every direction, and others were despatched from Hyderabad in their rear, the plunderers escaped from all with impunity. After recrossing the Kishna, the luh-

bur seems by agreement to have separated into several bodies, in order the better to baffle pursuit and scour the country."

In a manner that seems almost incredible, they perfectly succeeded in both; and "it was ascertained that nearly the whole of those Pindaries who had passed the Nerbudda in February had recrossed before the 17th of May, bringing a second immense harvest of booty within the year, and without having suffered any loss worthy of mention. Some idea may be formed of the extent of ravage and cruelty which marked the track of these banditti, from what was found to be the damage sustained by the company's districts during the twelve days that they remained within the frontier. It was ascertained by a committee, sent to the spot for the express purpose of investigating, that three hundred and thirty-nine villages had been plundered, one hundred and eighty-two individuals put to a cruel death, five hundred and five severely wounded, and no less than three thousand six hundred and three had been subjected to different kinds of torture.

Unable as they had been to intercept them in their retreat, the British, having taken the most energetic measures, appeared on the banks of the Nerbudda, which may be considered as the frontier river of the Pindaries, to prevent any further incursions on their part, by the month of October following.

This first appearance of a British army (weak though it was) in the valley of the Nerbudda, spread consternation amongst the Pindaries; and the leader Cheetoo, who occupied a cantonment on the opposite side of the river, immediately withdrew with all his own durra.

Emboldened, however, by observing that the English did not cross the Nerbudda to attack them, the Pindaries, after suffering some weeks of abeyance, came to the resolution of pushing small parties across the river, which were to insinuate themselves between the posts, or to turn the flanks of the British line, when they were to pursue the same system of predatory incursion as before. In their first attempt the robbers were beaten back, but on the 13th of November, while Cheetoo remained in force to

the west, large bodies moved with their usual rapidity, up the river to the east, and upwards of five thousand passed the river in sight of the infantry post, on the extreme right of the British line with a rapidity of movement which baffled the efforts of the infantry to impede or harass their march. In this manner the passage was effected by others in sufficient numbers to form two *lubhurs* or expeditions. Owing to the admirable arrangements made, and to the almost equally wonderful activity of the British, and to sundry other causes, these raids were far from being so successful as the preceding. An immense number of the Pindarries were beaten and thrown back in their advance; other hosts cut off in their retreat! and we must entertain a despicable notion of their bravery, when we see them continually fleeing from a handful of men, and beaten every time they are met with. Still, however, their depredations this year embraced a more ample expanse of territory than had ever before been attempted, extending from shore to shore of the peninsula of India, and including the intermediate provinces they had omitted the preceding year.

The following year (1817), after making several unsuccessful attempts at incursions, the Pindarries were hard pressed by the British and their allies, who, under Sir John Malcolm, General Marshall, and Colonel Adams, crossed the Nerbudda about the middle of November, and drove the freebooters entirely out of their usual haunts. Chectoo retreated westward with his accustomed celerity towards Holkur's forces which had already taken the field. Holkur received him with friendship and distinction, admitting him to an audience, and allowing him to pitch his camp close to his own. The robber could not, however, long enjoy the benefit of this alliance, for Holkur was induced to conclude a friendly treaty with the British. Immediately after this, as Chectoo was considered the most dangerous of the Pindarry chiefs, Sir William Keir, with a fresh division of the British army, was sent in pursuit of him, and succeeded in partially cutting up his *durra* in the neighbourhood of Satoolla.

Harassed by the activity of Sir William's pursuit, the marau-

ders endeavoured to retrace their steps to their haunts in Malwa, and in the valley of the Nerbudda. Cheetoo succeeded in baffling every effort made to overtake him, and effected his object by penetrating through a most difficult country to the south of Mewur. He suddenly reappeared near Dhar, where a very high range of hills sends forth the streams which form the Mhye, a considerable river, emptying itself into the Gulf of Kambay. In this extraordinary march he was obliged to disencumber himself of his baggage, and lost many of his horses.

He was now lost sight of for some time. Meanwhile the best of his fellow-chiefs with their durras, had been annihilated by the British. As for his own durra, though it had suffered much in detail, it was still strong, having, under his wonderful guidance, escaped a rencontre with any of the British forces in the open field. But his active enemies were gathering closer and closer around his last lair, and were no longer to be avoided.

On the night of the 25th of January, 1818, a strong party of the British came upon him near Kurnod, and utterly broke up his band. The Bheels and Grasseas (robbers by birth, education and profession, but "petty-larceny rascals" compared to the Pindarries) were encouraged to plunder and destroy the fugitives—a commission they executed with becoming zeal!

Cheetoo, however, escaped Bheels and Grasseas, as he had so often the English, and for a short time wandered about Malwa, with some two hundred followers. His affairs, however, became every day more desperate. Sir John Malcolm, in his account of Malwa, gives the following little anecdote regarding Cheetoo, precisely at this time of his extreme difficulties. (It must be remembered that the sea is called by all the natives of central India, "Kala Pance" (black water,) and that they have the most terrible ideas of it and the countries beyond it.)

"When Cheetoo, the Pindarry chief was flying in hopeless misery from the English, he was often advised by his followers to surrender to their mercy. He was possessed, however, by the dreadful idea that they would transport him beyond the seas,

and this was more hideous to him than death. These followers, who all, one after another, came in and obtained pardon, related, that during their Captain's short and miserable sleep, he used continually to murmur "Kala pance! kala pance!" (the Black Sea! O, the Black Sea!)

"At this conjuncture, it struck Chectoo that the Nuwab of Bhopal, one of our allies, might make terms for himself and his few remaining followers with the English; and rapidly acting on this idea, he suddenly entered the camp of the Nuwab, who was astonished beyond measure at his boldness.

"But when Chectoo learned from the Nuwab that he had nothing to offer, beyond a slender personal maintenance in some distant part of Hindostan, while he demanded a Jageer in Malwa, and the entertainment of himself and men in the British service, he decamped as suddenly as he had come. While he stayed, his horses were constantly saddled, and the men slept with their bridles in their hands, ready to fly instantly, in case of an attempt to seize them. Preparations were making for the purpose, the very night he went off; but he was too well on his guard, and too much alive to suspicion, to allow them to be completed. He was, however, instantly pursued by the Nuwab's people; and General Malcolm also sent out parties to take him, which distressed him so much that Rajun, one of his most faithful and valuable adherents, left him and made his submission. Yet Chectoo subsequently found his way into Kandes and the Deccan, and made common cause with the marauding Arabs and chiefs of the Peshwa's routed army, with whom he became assimilated, receiving occasional protection from the Kildader of the fortress of Aseerguhr. His durra was now completely destroyed, his followers, one by one, had almost entirely deserted him, but nothing could subdue the robber's spirit, or induce him to surrender. His end, however, approached, and it was tragical and singular. Having joined Apa-Saheb, he passed the rainy season of 1818 in the mountainous heights of the Mohadeo range; and upon that chief's expulsion, in February, 1819, accompanied him to the fort of Aseerguhr. Being refused ac

mittance to the fort, he sought shelter in a neighbouring jungle, and, on horseback and alone, attempted to penetrate a thick cover, known to be infested by tigers. He was missed for some days after, and no one knew what had become of him. His horse was discovered grazing, near the margin of the forest, saddled and bridled, and exactly in the state in which it was when Cheetoo had last been seen upon it. Upon search, a bag of two hundred and fifty rupees was found in the saddle; and several seal rings, with some letters of Apa-Saheb, promising future reward, served more completely to fix the identity of the horse's late master. These circumstances, combined with the known resort of tigers to the spot, induced a search for the body, when, at no great distance, some clothes clotted with blood, and, further on, fragments of bones, and at last the robber's head entire, with the features in a state to be recognized, were successively discovered. The chief's mangled remains were given over to his son for interment, and the miserable fate of one, who so shortly before had ridden at the head of twenty thousand horse, gave an awful lesson of the uncertainty of fortune, and drew pity even from those who had been the victims of his barbarity when living."

This Eastern robber had himself outlived the curious but abominable association to which he had belonged. Their name, and the melancholy traces of their devastation, which are fast disappearing under re-established order and industry, are all that remain of the Pindaries, whose dis-appearance from the scenes of India cannot be more appropriately described than in the words of Sir John Malcolm, to whom we are indebted for the account of their rise and institutions, and who was himself the principal agent in bringing about their fall.

"There now," says that gallant officer and able writer, "remains not a spot in India that a Pindary can call his home. They have been hunted like wild beasts; numbers have been killed; all ruined. Those who adopted their cause have fallen. They were early in the contest shunned like a contagion, and even the timid villagers, whom they so recently oppressed, were among the foremost to attack them. Their principal leaders

have either died, submitted, or been made captives; while their followers, with the exception of a few, whom the liberality and consideration of the British Government have aided to become industrious, are lost in that population from whose dross they originally issued. A minute investigation only can discover these once formidable disturbers, concealed as they now are, among the lowest classes, where they are making some amends for past atrocities, by the benefit which is derived from their labour in restoring trade and cultivation. These freebooters had none of the prejudices of caste, for they belonged to all tribes. They never had either the pride of soldiers, of family, or of country, so that they were bound by none of those ties, which, among many of the communities in India, assume an almost indestructible character. Other plunderers may arise from distempered times; but as a body, the Pindarries are so effectually destroyed, that their name is already almost forgotten, though not five years are passed since it spread terror and dismay over all India."





THE ROHILLA.

THE HIGHLANDERS OF INDIA, OR THE ROHILLA ROBBERS.

THE following account, which is from the pen of the lamented Bishop Heber, is replete with interest, and offers one passage, than which nothing can well be more impressive and dramatic. It is, moreover, strictly confirmatory of what has been oftentimes advanced : that, as justice and mildness of government wean men from rapine and crime, so do tyranny and oppression drive men to them ; and when, under the latter circumstances, the nature of the country is favourable, abounding in forests and mountain recesses, and touching on the confines of another State, an extensive system of brigandage will almost invariably result.

The conquest of Rohilcund by the English, and the death of its chief in battle, its consequent cession to the Nuwab of Oude, and the horrible manner in which Sujah ud Dowlah oppressed and misgoverned it, form one of the worst chapters of English history in India. They have since made the Rohillas some

amends by taking them away from Oude, and governing them themselves; but, by all that I could learn, the people appear by no means to have forgotten or forgiven their first injuries."

Their insubordination and violence are favoured by the nature of the locality just alluded to—their province is in the immediate neighbourhood of Oude, and a vast forest exists along the whole of their eastern, southern, and northern frontiers.

"In this forest a great Rohilla robber, or rebel chief, is by many supposed to have lurked the last seven years, for whose apprehension Government have vainly offered no less a sum than 10,000 rupees. Many robberies are, certainly still perpetrated in his name; but the opinion of the magistrates at Shahjehanpore is, that the man is really dead, and that his name only, like that of Captain Rock, remains as the rallying point of mutiny. The military officers of our dinner-party had often been in this forest, which they describe as extensive, and in some places very picturesque, with some few tracts of high land, whence, even in this neighbourhood, the snowy range of Himalaya is visible.

"The Rohilla insurgents are usually very faithful to each other, and, as in Oude there is neither police nor pursuit, it very seldom happens, if they once escape, that they can be laid hold of afterwards. One of the most notorious of them, who had long eluded justice, came into the hands of Government not long since, under very singular circumstances. He had passed over into Oude, and bought a zemindarrie there, which was last year seized on, under circumstances of excessive injustice, by the servants of the king's favourite, who, at the same time, carried off one of his wives. The zemindar, equally highly-spirited and desperate with Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh under similar circumstances, rode immediately to Lucknow, scaled by the assistance of his servants, the wall of the minister's private garden, and waited there well armed, but alone, till his enemy should make his appearance. The minister did not himself appear, but his

two youngest sons came out to walk with their ayahs.* The Rohilla knew them, pounced on them like a tiger, and holding them between his knees, told the terrified women to go and call their master. The palace was soon in an uproar, but he sat still, with his back against the wall, the infants under his knees, and a pistol in each hand, calling out, 'Draw near and they are both dead.' The minister wept and tore his flesh, promising him every thing if he would let them go; to which he answered, 'The restoration of my wife, my own safety, and the guarantee of the British Resident for both!' The Rohilla's woman was immediately brought out, and the minister went like one frantic to the English residency, begging, for God's sake, either Mr. Rickets or Major Raper to go with him. The latter went, and the Rohilla, after a horrible pause, in which he seemed still to be weighing the sweetness of revenge against the promises held out to him, rose, took his wife by the hand, and led her away. He was not, however, satisfied with the security of his continuance in Oude, but soon after surrendered himself to the British, saying that he must look forward to a confinement of some time, but he preferred their severities to the tender mercies of the minister, who, in spite of his promises, had, he was convinced, already laid snares for him. He is now a prisoner in the castle of Allahabad, but it is generally believed that he has made his peace, and that his confinement will not be a long one, though his offences before were serious enough."

The sepoy that are scattered in strong detachments up and down this lawless district, have generally, plenty of work on their hands, what with the wilfulness of the Rohillas in refusing to attend to the decrees or decisions of Government, in matters of disputed property, and "an inveterate habit of 'lifting' cows and sheep, which the beggarly zemindars and idle long-legged 'gillies' of one village are apt to feel a pride in exercising against those of the next."

The Rohillas seem particularly addicted to horse stealing,

*Nurses or governesses.

and to long-tailed horses. "Take care of that long-tailed horse of yours!" was the first caution the Bishop received. "Keep him carefully at night, under the sentry's eye, or you will never carry him over the ferry of Anopshehr!" The second horse of the amiable prelate's being a short-tailed one, was supposed to be safe.





THE TIGER OF INDIA.

THE hunting of the tiger is fully as dangerous and exciting a sport as that of the wild buffalo, and is usually conducted in India on a magnificent scale, dogs, horses, elephants, with the huntsman in howdahs on their backs, and attendants of various kinds to beat the bushes, all composing a large and powerful cavalcade. In these grand hunting matches, the elephants often do important service, for, loaded as they are with armed men, they will rush into the jungle upon the wounded tiger, and transfix him to the earth with their tusks. Occasionally to relieve the tedium of existence at the British out-stations, this ferocious animal is hunted by one or two gentlemen armed with rifles, and either mounted or dismounted, as suits their fancy, or the nature of the country.

A short time ago, a young officer arriving at one of these stations in the upper country, was eager in his inquiries, whether there were any tigers to be met with in the neighbourhood, and he was informed that certainly tigers existed in no inconsiderable numbers, but that, from the nature of the country, it was impossible to get at them. This intimation was of course unheeded

by an ardent and enterprising spirit, pleased with the idea of overcoming difficulties. The country was exceedingly hilly; yet determined upon ascertaining whether it would be practicable to employ elephants, they were mustered for the campaign. However, after getting over several very dangerous passes, it became necessary to relinquish the attempt. It became now certain, that, unless a tiger could be decoyed into the plains, there could be no chance for the sportsman with elephants. This, however, proved a forlorn hope. The tigers, as if perfectly aware of the security of their position, never quitted the hills during the day, stealing down to the water below only amid the silence and darkness of the night. It became, therefore, a matter of certainty that the attack, if made at all, must be made long after daylight had departed. A morning's tour round a neighbouring lake added to this conviction, for the inspector observed some fresh tracks of tigers, and, on inquiring among the villagers, was told that he might meet with tigers any night that he chose to look for them round Kalingur, the name of the lake in question. From that moment he resolved on trying the effect of nocturnal excursions, but the method of proceeding puzzled him not a little. Upon such occasions, a platform is usually constructed in a tree; but here were no trees, no bushes, not even a blade of grass, to afford shelter and concealment, the ground round about being perfectly bare and arid. What was therefore to be done?—the sportsman must either plant himself upon this exposed plain, or get no tiger. The idea of encountering a tiger on foot, with the odds so much in favour of the quadruped, at the dreary hour of night, was rather appalling, and our enterprising friend hesitated; but he could not resolve to abandon the project, the same spirit which animated the chivalry of the olden time urged him to the conflict. He was a first-rate shot, and, should his nerves not fail him, he felt certain that the ball would tell; but as they had never been so severely tried before, there was no saying whether they would abide the test.

The attempt was, however, to be made; and the resolution once taken it never swerved. The lake already named, lay at

the distance of six miles from the sportsman's bungalow. The road to it being through a heavy jungle, it was necessary, in order to reach it in proper time, a little after sunset, to make an early departure. A young Mussulman servant, a mere lad, who was fortunately not very easily daunted, carried the ammunition, and shared in the vigil. The first excursion was made in the month of April, after a parching day of hot winds. The sportsman chose his position with all the advantages that circumstances would admit; he fronted the hills, with his back towards the lake, which prevented any attack in the rear, and would afford a place of retreat in case of necessity, a rush into the water being the dernier resort. On the first night the vigil was uninterrupted, at least by a tiger; other animals came down to drink, but they were suffered to pass unmolested. The situation had been rather a nervous one, and the return of the morning was hailed with proportionate delight. A few evenings subsequently, the sportsman was again at his post; he had now become familiar with the scene and with the danger, and experienced the composure which results from feeling, as it were, at home; the strangeness at least had worn off. The hour for the moon's rising was ten, and, not expecting to be called into action before it made its appearance, the sentinel had scarcely braced his energies to the task, when, a little after dusk, he plainly perceived some large animal approaching the water. Upon reaching it, it stopped, apparently to drink. What a moment! how inadequate are words to express the sensations crowding upon the adventurer's heart, and how impossible to imagine them by those who have never been placed in a situation of similar peril! A deadly silence prevailed, not even a whisper passing between the officer and his almost breathless attendant. Grasping the faithful rifle firmly, he placed his finger on the trigger, ready to deliver the deadly charge. Who shall say what passed in the breast of the person thus fearfully placed? What worlds he might not have given for a change of situation! yet was the excitement even at that moment mingled with a strange kind of delight! Many seconds

were not allowed for reflection, for it soon became necessary to act; there was a possibility that the animal taken for a tiger might only be one of the elk species. But the worst must be prepared for, and that speedily. After the animal had refreshed himself at the lake, he appeared to be moving in the direction of the sportsman; but as the evening had considerably advanced, he could not at first distinguish clearly; a very brief interval, however, sufficed to convince him of the truth of the conjecture. Twice the gun was brought up to the position of firing, and twice, in the excited state of his imagination, the marksman fancied he heard a voice whisper, "Not yet, not yet." He obeyed the warning, if such it were. In another moment the animal appeared to have changed his direction. It had approached within a dozen yards, and for the last time the gun was raised, aimed steadily at the centre of the moving mass, and without the slightest hesitation, fired. For the first time since the appearance of the game, silence was now broken by the attendant, who exclaimed, "A large tiger, sir?" Inquiring how he could be certain of the description of the animal, he observed, that, from the flash in the pan, the gun having a flint, he had plainly seen the tiger, and so to his master's great delight it proved; for upon the rising of the moon, the tawny monarch was seen pinned down upon the very spot which he had occupied at the discharge of the fatal shot. This exploit was duly appreciated by the neighbouring villagers; and the fallen foe securely padded on an elephant, made the round of the European dwellings on the following morning, in a sort of triumph or ovation. With confidence, strengthened by good fortune, other attempts were made upon the same spot, and with equal success.

In the vicinity of a neighbouring village, called Manpoora, which is situated in a small valley surrounded with hills and thick jungle, dwelt in solitary grandeur a monster of a tiger, who had become as well known as the village itself, and who had for several years past been permitted to remain undisturbed, in consequence of his having baffled every effort made by parties who had at different times gone out against him. Thus left to

himself he had continued his depredations with impunity, and had become the terror of the inhabitants for many miles round. To bag this fellow, as it is termed in sporting phrase, was now the ruling desire of our hero's heart, not only on account of the report which described him as being an enormous beast, but more especially from the circumstance of his having hitherto bade defiance to those sportsmen who had sought him in the field; vanity being mingled with that noble emulation necessary to the performance of great deeds. Near to the village above described, runs a beautiful little hill-stream, shallow, but clear as crystal, and a place very likely to be chosen for the nightly promenades of the monarch of the waste. The villagers agreeing in this opinion, the young adventurer lost no time in looking out for a convenient position. The people of Manpoora, interested in the issue of the enterprise, and satisfied after the death of the Kalingur tiger that the person who performed that notable exploit was equal to a second of the same nature, often gave notice of the movements of the animal; but some time elapsed before the tiger's plan of operations could be fully made out. Three or four nights were passed on the banks of the Manpoora water without success: for, though it was ascertained that the tiger had been either prowling above or below the scene of the vigil, he did not show himself, and, tired out with these fruitless attempts, the sportsman reluctantly relinquished his visits. One afternoon, however, three villagers, in breathless haste, appeared at the European station; they had run fast and far, and could scarcely, after holding up their hands, and beckoning to the sportsman, who happened to be riding in a contrary direction, to stop, relate the cause of their hurry and anxiety. At last they exclaimed, "The Manpoora tiger has come!" which was all that could at first be made out. Afterwards they explained that a cow had been killed, and that a watch kept on this night would be pretty certainly successful. No time was lost in preparing for the expedition, and evening found our friend again at the valley of Manpoora. The peasants immediately accompanied their visitor to the scene of the sacrifice; there lay the cow: and two men

who had watched the whole proceeding from the neighbouring trees reported that the tiger, after a copious draught of pure blood, had retreated to the hills, doubtless to return in the evening to make a more solid meal. An examination of the carcass proved the truth of this information; the cow had been freshly killed, and was as yet uninjured, save by the wounds which had caused its death. The disappearance of the tiger was not at all disheartening, it being the custom of the animal to leave its prey for a while, knowing it to be perfectly safe. It is seldom that the inferior denizens of the wild venture to attack a carcass brought down by a tiger, until he has gorged his fill. The jackalls and vultures draw silently around, waiting their turn after the sovereign has completed his repast; and, should they neglect this mark of respect, they are made to pay dearly for the omission,—sportsmen, on coming on the remains of a slaughtered animal, having sometimes seen vultures lying dead upon it, killed by a stroke from the tiger's claw. The spot on which the cow was lying was exceedingly jungley, and ill-calculated for the adventurer's purpose; but after the different attempts that had been made, and the watching and anxiety already undergone, though a most unsatisfactory place for a night abode, the young man determined to take up his quarters on it. The carcass of the cow was moved by his direction to a more promising spot, and close to one of the extremities a slight ambuscade of thorns was thrown up to conceal the adversary from view. The Musulman lad before mentioned, remained staunch by the side of his master; and one of the villagers asked and obtained permission to join the party. Towards dusk, the position was taken up, the officer placing himself in front close up to the tail of the cow, and the two natives back to back in the rear, by which plan a lookout on all sides was effected. The night set in with the most profound darkness imaginable, conveying a sense of horror to the mind which it is impossible to describe, and producing an impression which was strongly calculated to render the rashness of the undertaking the prevailing feeling. Hour after hour passed away, in the most painful kind of suspense. Midnight

arrived, and not long afterwards, a distant rustling among the bushes was distinctly heard; by degrees the sound became plainer and plainer; there was now no mistaking the approach of the enemy, and a few minutes would decide the business. The sounds ceased; and while wondering whether the tiger had, upon second thoughts, retreated, our friend, upon looking up, distinctly saw the royal beast standing close to the head of the cow, the body of the animal only intervening between them. It was a moment of utter dismay. The tiger had commenced his repast, and, with the desperate determination produced by the fearfulness of the occasion, the gun was brought up, and fired. The tiger did not drop. A never-to-be-forgotten roar, and a charge of indomitable fierceness followed. The tiger fortunately rushed past, blundering onward in aimless fury. Sufficient presence of mind to fire again under such circumstances, was not in human nature; and the villager, still less accustomed to so dreadful a predicament, grasped the arm of the sportsman in the terror of the moment, and thus added to his embarrassment. After the tiger had rushed forward for a short distance, the welcome sound of his fall was heard, succeeded by heavy groans. These indications gave very satisfactory assurances of his impending fate, but still it was necessary to be cautious. After allowing a sufficient time for the tiger either to make off, or to expire in peace, the attendants were directed to rouse the village, and in the interim the rifle was reloaded in case of the worst. The villagers were soon assembled with their lighted torches, but for some time their search proved ineffectual. In fact, the chief actor in the scene began to imagine that he had missed his aim, or that the whole had been nothing more than an apparition conjured up by the excited state of his mind. Believing that the tiger had not been wounded at all, but had made good his retreat, the villagers who had been somewhat fearful of searching too minutely before, growing bolder, looked more narrowly around them. A shout of joy was soon after heard. The tiger was discovered, dead. A hearty huzza followed, in which the natives, though unaccustomed to the European mode of cheering, joined with all



SHOOTING A TIGER.

their lungs. The tiger proved to be the identical monster so long sought. The ball had gone clean through the centre of the stomach, and it was a subject of surprise that he had been able to reach the place in which he was found. The manner in which this and the Kaingur tiger met their death, and the arm that laid them low, are well known in Bengal.





BEDOUINS.

A ROMANCE OF THE BEDOUINS.

BEDOUINS is the general name given to some of the roving tribes of the great desert of Sahara, in Africa, and of Arabia and Egypt. It is still doubtful whether they belong to the same race with the Arabs, or differ from them in their descent as they do in their manner of living.

The Bedouins live at a distance from cities and villages, in families, under sheiks, or in tribes, under emirs. Their dwellings are tents, huts, caverns, and ruins. With their herds and beasts of burden, which carry their little property, they wander in quest of fresh water and pasture. They are all good horsemen, and are generally fond of hunting. The peaceful tribes exchange horses, (which they raise with great care,) and fat cattle for arms and cloth, with the neighbouring nations. Other hordes are such open robbers that it is dangerous to travel through their country without a guard or a passport which the different chiefs sell. They not only plunder, but murder even when the travellers offer

no resistance. Notwithstanding their barbarous custom, the Bedouins hold the rights of hospitality sacred; and the most defenceless enemy is sure of safety if once they have allowed him shelter. But the Bedouin considers every one his enemy who is not his brother, kinsman or ally. "Their hand is against every man, and every man's hand is against them."

Ever careful of his own safety, the Bedouin attacks no camp or caravan, without being sure of his superiority. To superior numbers and a bold resistance, he yields, and saves himself by flight. A terror to the neighbouring nations, the rapacious Bedouin lives in a state of continual watchfulness; poor, ignorant, wild and rude, but free and proud of his liberty. He is remarkable for temperance in regard to food, amounting almost to abstinence.

The following romantic episode in Bedouin life is elegantly told by Lamartine, in his travels in the Holy Land:—

"We one day met a Bedouin, mounted on a fine black dromedary; the sheiks saluted him with an air of concern, and inquired what had been the issue of his unfortunate adventure of the preceding year. I asked his history, and found the recital sufficiently interesting to give it a place in my journal. Aloian, (this was the name of the Bedouin,) while hunting the gazelle, arrived at a spot where broken lances, bloody sabres, and unburied corpses, indicated a recent battle. A plaintive sound, which scarcely reached his ear, attracted him to the pile of dead bodies, in the midst of which a young Arab still breathed. Aloian hastened to his assistance, placed him upon his dromedary, led him to his tent, and by his paternal cares restored him to life. After four months' convalescence, Faress (the wounded man) began to talk of his departure; but Aloian said to him, 'If we must absolutely separate, I will conduct you to your tribe, and there take leave of you with regret; but if you will remain with me, you shall be my brother, my mother shall be your mother, and my wife your sister; consider my proposal, and give it a deliberate answer.' 'Oh! my benefactor,' replied Faress, 'where shall I find such relations as you offer me? But for you, I should not

now be living; my flesh would have been devoured by birds of prey, and my bones by the beasts of the desert: since you are willing to keep me, I will live with you, and serve you till the end of my life.'

"A motive less pure than he dared to avow, had prompted Faress's decision: love for Hafza, the wife of Aloian, who had been his nurse, was beginning to agitate his bosom, and was returned. Aloian, who entertained no suspicion, one day charged Faress to escort his mother, his wife, and two children, to a new encampment, while he went hunting. Faress could not resist this fatal opportunity; he loaded a camel with the tent, placed the mother and two children upon it, and sent them forward, saying that he would follow with Hafza on horseback. But the old woman looked back in vain: Hafza did not appear; Faress had carried her away upon an extremely swift mare to his tribe. In the evening Aloian arrived, fatigued with the chase, and searched in vain for his tent among those of his tribe. The old mother had been unable to pitch it without assistance, and he found her seated upon the ground with the two children. 'Where is Hafza?' said he. 'I have neither seen Hafza nor Faress,' replied she: 'I have been expecting them since the morning.' Then for the first time, he suspected the truth; and having assisted his mother to fix the tent, he mounted his black dromedary, and rode two days, till he came up to the tribe of Faress. At the entrance of the camp he stopped to speak to an old woman, who was alone. 'Why do you not go to the sheik?' said she; 'there is a feast in the tribe to-day; Faress Ebn Mehidi, who had been wounded on a field of battle and left for dead, is returned, bringing with him a beautiful woman; this evening their wedding is to be celebrated.' Aloian dissembled, and waited for the night: then, while all the camp slept, he introduced himself into the tent of Faress, separated his head from his body by a stroke of his sabre, and having carried the corpse out of the encampment, returned upon his steps, found his wife asleep, and woke her, saying, 'It is Aloian who calls thee.' She rose in terror and said, 'Save thyself, imprudent man! Faress and his brothers will kill thee.'

‘Traitor,’ replied he, ‘what have I done to be thus treated? Have I ever contradicted or reproached thee? Hast thou forgotten all the cares I have lavished upon thee? Hast thou forgotten thy children? Come, rise, call upon God, and follow me: accursed be the devil who has tempted you to commit this folly!’ But Hafza, far from being moved by this mildness of Aloian, exclaimed, ‘Go hence! or I shall give the alarm, and call Faress to kill thee.’ Seeing that there was nothing to be gained by remonstrance, he seized her, stopped her mouth, and in spite of her resistance, placed her on a dromedary, which never paused till they were out of hearing of the camp. Then placing her behind him, he more leisurely continued his route.

“At daybreak the corpse of Faress and the disappearance of his wife set the whole camp in a tumult. The father and brothers of Faress followed and overtook Aloian, who defended himself with heroic courage. Hafza, breaking off her bonds, joined the assailants, and threw stones at him, one of which struck him on the head and made him stagger. Aloian, however, though covered with wounds, conquered his adversaries: he killed the two brothers, and disarmed the father, saying it would be disgraceful to kill an old man; he restored him his mare, and advised him to return home; then seizing his wife anew, he pursued his route, and reached his tribe without having exchanged a word with her. He immediately assembled all her relations, and placing Hafza in the midst of them, said to her, ‘Relate thyself, all that has passed: I refer my cause to the judgment of thy father and brother.’ Hafza told the tale truly, and her father, full of indignation, raised his sabre, and laid her dead at his feet.”



CAFFRE WARRIOR.

MACOMO, THE CAFFRE CHIEF.

THE Caffres, a people inhabiting the inland districts adjoining the colonial settlements at the Cape of Good Hope, have for many years been feeling all the seemingly inevitable consequences resulting from the contact of civilized men. This is not the place to give any opinion respecting the policy which has been used by the European residents there towards the native Caffres. In the parliamentary reports, however, upon this subject, we find, by the

evidence of several respectable and important witnesses, that, in some instances, the Caffres are to be considered as having had hard measure dealt out to them by the colonial authorities. This was more especially the case, according to the testimony given, as regarded one chief of the Caffres, named Macomo, a man of most remarkable character and talents. The Caffre people, it must be observed, though they acknowledge one nominal head or king, are in reality ruled by various independent chiefs, and of these Macomo was one of the most powerful. His father and predecessor Gaika had been possessed of much greater power and wider territories than the son, but had found himself necessitated to yield up a large portion of his lands to the colonists. Macomo received no education, all the culture which his mind ever obtained being derived from occasional intercourse with missionaries, after he had grown up to manhood. From the period of Gaika's concessions in 1819, up to the year 1829, Macomo and his tribe dwelt upon the Kat River, following their pastoral life in peace, and cultivating their corn-fields. Suddenly, in 1829, Macomo and his people were ejected from their lands on the Kat River, on the plea, that, by an old treaty of Gaika, these lands had been ceded to the colony. Macomo retired, almost without a murmur, to a district farther inland, leaving the very grain growing upon his fields. He took up a new position on the banks of the river Dhumie, and here he and his tribe dwelt in 1833, when they were again driven out to seek a new home, almost without a pretence, if we may judge from the reports, to justify the expulsion. On this occasion, Macomo did make a remonstrance in a document addressed to an influential person of the colony, Dr. Philip, who vouches for its authenticity. Stockenström and Somerset (persons mentioned in it) were high official men in the settlement at a former period. In the whole of this letter—this savage Caffre's letter—there is, (says Dr. Philip) "A beautiful simplicity, a touching pathos, a confiding magnanimity, a dignified remonstrance, which shows its author to be no common man." It was dictated to an interpreter.

"As I and my people, (writes Macomo,) have been driven

back over the Chumie without being informed why, I should be glad to know from the Government what evil we have done. I was only told that we *must* retire over the Chumie, but for what reason I was not informed. Both Stockenstrom and Somerset agreed that I and my people should live west of the Chumie, as well as east of it, without being disturbed. *When shall I and my people be able to get rest?*

“When my father Gaika was living, he reigned over the whole land from the Fish River to the Kei; but since the day he refused to act *against* the English, he has lost more than one-half of his country *by* them. My father was always the best friend to the English government, although he was a loser by them.

“My poor people feel much the loss, not only of their grazing ground, without which we cannot live, but also of our corn, some of which is a considerable height: all this we must abandon.

“I have lived peaceably with my people west of the Chumie River, ever since I have been *allowed* by Stockenstrom and Somerset to live there in *my own* country. When any of my people stole from the colonists, I have returned what was stolen; I have even returned the cattle which the people of other chiefs have stolen; yet both I and my brother Tyalie have almost no more country for our cattle to live in.

“I do not know why so many commandos [military parties] come into this country and take away our cattle, and kill our people, without sufficient reason: we do no injury to the colony, and yet I remain *under the foot of the English*.

“I would beg the favour of your inquiring at the Government for me the reason of all these things, and I will thank you. Your friend,

(Signed) MACOMO, the Chief.”

We have made some slight omissions in quoting this letter, but what is given will perhaps satisfy the reader of the uneducated Macomo being no common man. He mentions in his appeal, that he had not only restored, on application, the cattle

taken by the unruly among his own dependants, but had paid back to the colonists the property stolen by those with whom he had nought to do—all for the sake of peace. One would think that after the colonists, whether by fair or by foul play, had twice unseated Macomo, and driven him to seek a new home, they would scarcely expect him to hold the same power as he had done, or make him answerable for the thefts of his Caffre brethren. Another appeal to Dr. Philip, made some time after the chief's second expulsion, will show whether this was the case or not. "You have bad people," said Macomo, "in Graham's town (a colonial village.) Last time the governor was there, some of them stole the chain off his wagon; did he punish the town for the theft? When any thing is stolen and carried from one district to another, and the thieves cannot be found, is one of the magistrates visited with the punishment due to the thieves? I have guarded the frontier of the colony, to prevent the Caffres from stealing from the colonists, for many years, and what has been my reward? Driven from my country, I am now without a home for myself and my people, and the few cattle left to me are made answerable for every theft alleged to have been committed, though it may have been done by people who acknowledge no chief, and who live by thieving, and have no other abode than the bushes."

Our main object in these extracts is to exhibit the intelligence and talents of this very extraordinary barbarian. The truth of what he said is corroborated by the most creditable evidence in the Reports. The next incident worthy of notice, in Macomo's history, occurred about a year after his second expulsion. To understand this, it must be premised that the grounds on the Kat River, from which he had been first expelled in 1829, had been given up by the colony to a body of Hottentots, who had there formed a flourishing settlement. The Hottentots, being the aborigines of a district nearer the capes than the Caffres, had long enjoyed the advantage of missionaries, &c.; and though their race had, as usual, dwindled away greatly in numbers, those who remained had advanced considerably in civilization. On the

Kat river, then, in 1834, the Hottentots had a thriving settlement. Will it be believed that Macomo, at that time a wanderer for the second time, had the magnanimity to visit the Kat River, and congratulate on their prosperity the new occupants of those lands, which were indubitably his own by right. He appeared at a missionary meeting, and thus addressed the assembled settlers:—"My friends, I am very glad to meet you on an occasion like the present: the word of God has done great things for you: it has brought you to life again. It was only the other day that you were like dogs, and oppressed; it is the word of God that has given you these churches and the lands you have." Macomo then spoke of his own wretched condition, and that of his people, attributing it to their want of education and religion. Afterwards he addressed those of Caffre blood who were present, saying, "Go and tell my people what ye have seen and heard; I hope ere long to witness in our own land such scenes as the present. God is great, who hath said it, and will surely bring it to pass."

The greatness of mind which dictated Macomo's visit, and the peaceful sentiments which he expressed, met with a strange reward. Though the chief came by express invitation from the Kat River settlers, he had acted contrary to a colonial statute in entering colonial grounds; and, accordingly, scarcely was the assembly over, when a serjeant and several soldiers came to take Macomo into custody. The Caffre yielded without resistance, but this did not save him, according to the statement of the only credible witness present, from threats and insult. Among other things, the serjeant took out his canteen, and offered Macomo brandy. The chief indignantly refused. "I will not have your brandy," he said; "this is not the first time you have insulted me in this way, but it is the first time you have insulted me in the presence of people who could bear evidence to the insult." After carrying Macomo to the next post, the officials before whom he was taken set him free, finding nothing against him.

Macomo bore all that befell him patiently till the occurrence of a new evil in 1835. One of the patrol parties which were

continually scouring his country, and of which he had again and again complained, at length committed an injury, which stung the Caffre chief beyond endurance. Xo-Xo, Macomo's brother, was wantonly shot in the head with slugs by a patrolling party, as he was peacefully remonstrating against the seizure of some Caffre cattle, which were under his charge. On application being made for redress of this cruel injury, Macomo and his friends were told that the colonial powers could not discover the officer who commanded the patrol. The Caffre chiefs lost all patience, and war, a long and bloody war, followed the shooting of Xo-Xo.

We have only one detailed notice before us of Macomo, after he had taken the field against the colonial powers. On hearing of the intentions of the Caffres, a missionary of the name of Kayser, well known to and loved by Macomo, paid a visit to the chief in the hope of averting evil. Kayser found Macomo with all his chiefs, in the bush or wilds, and the following conversation passed. "I asked him," says the missionary, who is himself the narrator, "what he did there." Macomo replied, "I am a bush-buck; for we chiefs are shot at like bucks, and are no more accounted as chiefs." Kayser. "Why do you talk thus?" Macomo. "Have you not heard that one of my brothers has been shot in the head, and that we do not know why he has been shot?" Kayser. "But you have heard the governor is coming to set all these things right." Macomo (very quickly). "Where is he?" Kayser. "I do not know; but we hear he is coming very soon; and you must go home with your people, and wait his arrival at your residence, and then you can lay your complaints before him." "Macomo. "I have no home, the bush here is my home." Macomo then went on to deny that he had been the beginner of hostilities, and admitted that great bloodshed must follow. "But the fire is burning, said the chief,) and I cannot quench it." Kayser then offered to go to the nearest commandant, Colonel Somerset, on the part of the Caffres. "Yes, go to him," said Macomo, "and tell him that you found me here in the bush, because my brother has been shot

in the head." Mr. Kayser sought but could not find Colonel Somerset.

Even after all that had passed, Macomo, as Mr. Kayser distinctly ascertained, was averse to go to war, but was pressed to it by his chief men and followers. Macomo, we believe, has survived the contest then begun. Our readers, if we do not deceive ourselves, will feel interested in a man, certainly very remarkable for his situation in life. The account which has been given of him is an impartial one; and it may be concluded, we hope, without offending any one, with a wish that Macomo may have more peace in his future days than seems to have fallen to his lot in those that are past.



CAFFRE HUT.

A LATE REMARKABLE TRIAL AT GIBRALTAR.

AT Gibraltar, recently, there occurred one of those extraordinary cases, which show us how ineffectively the romancist, even when his imagination is strained to the uttermost, can portray the extremes of passion of which human nature is susceptible.

A respectable merchant, named James Baxwell, born at London, had removed in early life to Gibraltar, induced partly by the circumstance of his being of the same religious persuasion to which the people of his adopted country belonged. For many years he occupied a small dwelling near the base of Mount St. Michael, so renowned for its caves and crystallizations. He carried on a successful traffic in all the articles of British manufacture introduced into Spain. He acquired, in truth, a very considerable fortune in this way. All the country knew that he had a large amount of treasure lying by him, not to speak of the capital belonging to him, which was embarked in commerce. His name was one of credit in all the principal-houses of exchange in Europe.

James Baxwell had a daughter, an only daughter, aged seventeen, and of remarkable beauty. Her countenance and figure combined in a most agreeable manner the peculiar charms of the Englishwoman with the soft and languishing characteristics of the Spaniard. Young as she was, she had been for some two or three years an object of devoted admiration to all the youths around Gibraltar. At church they devoured her with their eyes; and many, many a one thought himself that happy above all men would be he who could win the smiles of Eliza Baxwell. But Eliza bestowed her smiles upon no one. She seemed, to those whose involuntary sighs she excited, to carry maidenly

modesty to freezing coldness. At mass, her eyes were ever bent upon her book, regardless of all the glances cast upon her by others.

Such was at least the case till shortly before the events to be narrated. At length, however, Eliza did see one that awakened in herself some of the emotions which she had caused in others. At mass, one day, she observed the eyes of a young stranger fixed upon her with an expression of admiration and respect. To her he seemed a being superior to all the young men she had ever yet beheld. From that moment, her calm and self-possessed demeanour left her for ever. Abroad and at home, she was restless and uneasy. But, ere long, the stranger found an opportunity of being introduced to her, and mutual avowals of love followed at no great distance of time.

Assured of the affections of Eliza, the young stranger then presented himself to Mr. Baxwell. "I am named William Katt," said he to the merchant; "I am, like yourself, an Englishman; I am of respectable family and character, young and wealthy. Give me your daughter—we love one another."

"Never!" said James Baxwell, to whom the position and circumstances of the young man were not unknown; "never! You belong to the dominant religion of England, by which my father suffered so much and so long. You are a Lutheran, and my daughter is a Catholic. Such an union could not be happy, nor will I ever give my consent to it. Eliza shall never be yours!" The daughter informed of this declaration, threw herself at the feet of her father, and endeavoured to move him from his purpose. Her lover did the same. But the father remained obstinate, and a violent scene took place between Eliza and her parent. The blood of the fiery south coursed in the daughter's veins, and she declared that she *would* marry the object of her choice, despite of all opposition. James Baxwell, on the other hand, declared that he would sooner *kill her* with his own hands, than see her carry such a resolution into effect. As to William Katt, who stood by at this scene, he kept silence. What thoughts were revolving in his mind, it would be difficult to say

Two days afterwards, an alarming noise was heard by the neighbours to issue from a cave immediately adjoining the merchant's house, and used by him for some domestic purposes. The noise consisted at first of loud cries, which gradually became fainter, and at length died altogether away. The auditors looked at each other with amazement, and many were the conjectures as to the cause of the sounds alluded to. A solution of the mystery was not long in suggesting itself. Eliza had disappeared; she was no longer to be seen about her father's house. After many low murmurs had circulated, the father was interrogated respecting his daughter. He said that she was missing, certainly; but whither she had gone, he knew not. He had nothing whatever to do, he said, with her disappearance.

This explanation was not satisfactory. The whisper went abroad that James Baxwell had assassinated his daughter to prevent her marriage with William Katt, and, ultimately, this conjecture was so forcibly pressed on the attention of the public authorities, that they were compelled to arrest James Baxwell, and inquire into the matter. The dwelling of the merchant was examined, but nothing criminating was found. "The cave, the cave is the place!" cried some of the crowd. The magistrates then descended into the cave, and there, on lifting some loose stones, they found a portion of Eliza's dress, sprinkled all over with blood. They also discovered a small quantity of hair, clotted with gore, and that hair was recognized by many, as having been taken from the head of Eliza.

Baxwell protested his innocence. But the proof seemed strong against him, and he was regularly brought to trial. The result was his conviction for the murder of his daughter, and his condemnation to death.

On receiving sentence, the unhappy merchant trembled to excess, and afterwards seemed utterly overpowered by the dreadful nature of his situation. He continued in a state of almost total insensibility during the interval between his trial and the day appointed for his execution. On the morning of the latter day, the jailor came to announce to him, for the final time, that the moment of

fate was at hand. The merchant was seized again with a fearful trembling, and he cried, what he had reiterated to all who saw him in his confinement, "Before my Maker, I swear that I am guiltless of my child's death!"

They led him out to the scaffold. There he found, among others, William Katt, who, it should have been said, was the most important witness against him at his trial, having repeated to the court the threat of assassination which had been uttered by James Baxwell in his presence against Eliza. No sooner did the doomed merchant behold Katt, than he exclaimed, at the very foot of the scaffold, "My friend, in one minute I shall be in eternity. I wish to die in peace with all men. Give me your hand—I pardon you freely for the injury your evidence has done to me." Baxwell said this with some composure, but the effect of his words upon Katt was very striking. He became pale as death, and could not conceal the depth of his agitation.

Baxwell mounted the steps of the gallows slowly, and gave himself up to the hands of the executioner, to undergo death by the rope. According to the ancient custom of Gibraltar, the executioner commenced his last duties by crying in a loud voice, "Justice is doing! Justice is done!" He then placed the black bonnet on the head of the condemned merchant, and pulled it down in front so as to cover the eyes. He had just done this, when he was stopped in his proceedings by a loud cry from the side of the scaffold—"It is I who am guilty!—I alone!"

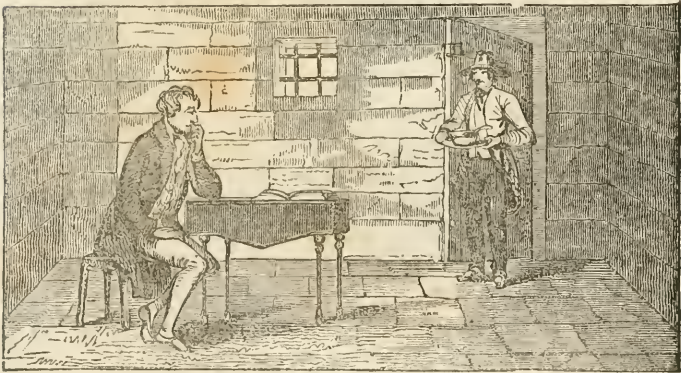
This cry came from William Katt. The magistrates in attendance instantly called him forward, and demanded an explanation. The young man avowed that he had carried off Eliza, with her consent, to be his wife, and that she was now residing not far off, in concealment. But to her he did not communicate other measures which he had taken, chiefly to revenge himself for the scorn of her father. He had contrived to cut off a portion of her hair while she slept. He had clotted it with the blood of a lamb, and had also sprinkled in the same way a part of Eliza's dress, which he had purloined. These articles he had placed in the cave, and there, also, had he emitted personally, those cries,

which had borne so heavily against the merchant. The generous pardon which the merchant had bestowed on him at the scaffold, had awakened (the young man said,) instantaneous remorse in his breast, and compelled him to avow the truth.

This confession was partly made at the scaffold, and partly afterwards. As soon as Katt had spoken out decisively, the executioner had turned to James Baxwell to take from him the insignia of death. The merchant, almost unobserved, had sunk down into a sitting posture. The black bonnet was drawn by the executioner from off his eyes and head. It was found that he was a corpse! No exertion had the slightest effect in awakening in him the spark of life. The physicians, saying all they could on such a subject, declared that he had died from the effects of strong imagination.

William Katt was conducted to prison amid the clamours of the populace, there to await judgment for his misdeeds.

Eliza, the unhappy daughter of an unhappy father, retired to a convent for life, immediately on learning all that had passed.





THE TARTAR BANDIT.

FOR many months the district of Zaraïsk, had been infested by a formidable band of robbers, who, not satisfied with attacking travellers and relieving them of their property, were in the habit of carrying on their depredations in villages and even towns, where they committed the most horrible excesses; and to such an extent was this system carried, that the name of their chief, Kara Aly, meaning Aly the Black, had become the terror of all the inhabitants of that large and wealthy country.

For more than eight months this horde of brigands evaded the activity of the Russian police, and eluded the vigilance of the troops who were sent in pursuit of them in every direction. Nor did the promised reward of a thousand roubles for the capture of any one of the band, or the whole of them at the same rate, nor





the still greater premium of five thousand roubles for the head of Kara Aly himself, produce any more satisfactory result; until at length, upon the earnest solicitations of the people, and with a view to dissipate their apprehensions, which were hourly increasing, the Russian government resolved to employ more efficient means to exterminate a system of plunder and terror which had so long existed.

In consequence of these extended arrangements and increased means, Theodore Trazoff, the Assessor of the district, succeeded in capturing the formidable chief on the 1st of November, 1837, together with five of his accomplices, and a young woman, who, in the report to the Minister of Justice, is stated to be either his wife or his concubine. Trazoff gives the following account of his operations:

‘On the 1st of August, 1837, I received instruction and authority from the government to discover if possible the retreat of the brigands composing the band of Kara Aly, and to secure their persons. Fifty Cossacks, commanded by Ensign Djuriloff, and twenty gend’armes, under the orders of Lieutenant Newmann were employed jointly upon this service, but all our efforts to discover them were fruitless.

‘On the 2nd of October, having made my official tour of the district for the purpose of collecting the tax (*neidoimka*) from the inhabitants, I returned to Zaraisk, having in my possession seventeen thousand roubles of paper-money, the produce of this levy; but, as it was growing dark before I reached the town, and it being too late for me to hand over the amount to the receiver general of the district (*Kaznatchy njerdny*), I was obliged to postpone making the payment till the next day.

‘At midnight, as I was writing alone in my room, the door was opened suddenly, and I beheld before me a man of gigantic stature. His face was nearly covered with large mustachios. His black beard, his long hair hanging dishevelled, and the wild lightning that seemed to flash from his eyes, gave to this sudden and unexpected apparition an indescribably horrid character: before I had time to call for help, the man had advanced close

upon me, and pointing with one hand to his pistols and dagger, he laid the forefinger of the other upon his lips in an authoritative manner to command silence.

‘I remained motionless with surprise and anxiety. He seated himself by my side, and, fixing his eyes upon me, said, in a low, but firm and almost solemn voice—

‘You are Theodore Trazoff, commissioned to apprehend Kara Aly. Look at me—I am Kara Aly. Look at me well, for it is necessary you should know my personal appearance.’

‘After a short silence, which I found myself incapable of breaking, he added—

‘Well, you have examined me sufficiently. Now I will tell you what has brought me hither. You have got here seventeen thousand rubles.’

‘At these words I made an effort to rise from my seat and call for assistance, but the attempt was vain; for seizing me with an iron grasp, he threw me on the floor, and while he kept me down, he with inconceivable dexterity contrived to gag me with a piece of cloth: having done which, he proceeded to tie my arms and legs. Thus secured, he searched my clothes, and, taking out my keys, opened a chest of drawers which was in the room, and after a brief search, which, of course, I was incapable of hindering, found the seventeen thousand dollars in a box which I had placed in one of the drawers for security.

‘Having achieved his purpose he came back to me, and, showing me his dagger, said, ‘I could have purchased your silence at the price of your life, but I despise you too much to fear you. If your Emperor had as many soldiers as there are stars in the firmament, Kara Aly would defy them all, and enjoy his liberty free and uncontrolled.’

‘He then ungagged me and quitted the room hastily. Left alone, I called to my servants, who came instantly and liberated me, and I rushed out of the house with some of my Cossacks in pursuit of the robber, but all in vain. At some distance from the town we discovered the marks of horses’ feet, which we

traced to the direction of the mountains, but they disappeared at a point where three or four rocky tracks diverge.

‘On my return to Zaraisk I ascertained that the door of my house had not been forced, but had been opened by means of a key: this circumstance, taken in connection with the fact of Kara Aly’s knowledge of my having seventeen thousand dollars in my possession, led me to suspect that my servants were somehow concerned in the affair: however, they all protested their innocence, although I adopted every means of arriving at the truth, ‘that is to say,’ adds the reporter, ‘the whip and bastinado.’

‘On the first of November I went to the fair of Rjarsk, and while there, I saw wandering about amongst the booths two men in the dress of Teheremises, a people who inhabit the semi-Asiatic provinces of Russia. Kara Aly’s features were too deeply impressed upon my memory to be for a moment mistaken; he was one of the two. The next minute they were surrounded by ten of my Cossacks, who accompanied me. The resistance they made was terrible. The people would not lend us the slightest aid, and the two brigands defended themselves furiously with their yataghans.

‘One of my Cossacks was killed, and three were wounded. I succeeded, however, in eventually making Kara Aly my prisoner—for him it was. He threw his yataghan on the ground, and said, ‘God’s will be done! Take me, do what you will with me; I am conquered by some strange fatality.’ Then, turning to his companion, who was a short distance behind, still struggling with my men, ‘Moussoum,’ said he, in a loud voice, ‘save yourself! I name you leader of the troop!’—(to this my men replied, with a shout of triumph)—‘where, if you ever yield, may your tongue become silent as a stone!’ Fortunately, Moussoum surrendered without further resistance, and we proceeded to bind them together.

‘When they were in prison they both observed a strict silence, and nothing could induce either of them to afford the slightest information, with regard to their associates. At length Mous-

soum, after undergoing the torture with great fortitude, permitted these words to escape him :

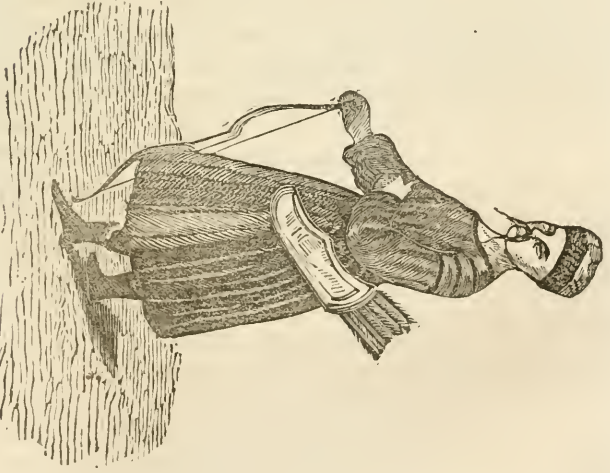
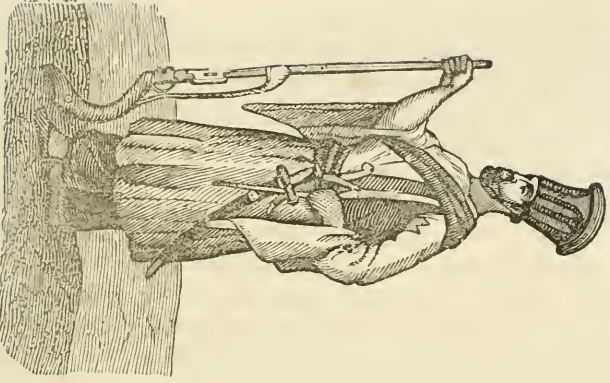
“ Search on the Krym al (mountain of Krym,) and you will find the cavern of Mustapha Iblis (Mustapha the Devil.)’

‘ Having obtained this information, slight as it appeared, I forthwith set off for the mountain, at the head of two hundred foot soldiers and fifty Cossacks. Having arrived at the path which leads to its summit, I placed the Cossacks, and one hundred of the foot soldiers, there, in order to prevent any escape by that route, and, taking the other hundred with me, I took the straight road which leads direct to the cavern that Moussoum had mentioned.

‘ We had advanced but a few paces, when we saw a man running away; we instantly afterwards heard a musket-shot followed almost immediately by several others:—three of my men were shot dead, and several others were wounded. This, however, did not check our advance; and in less than an hour we reached the cave.

‘ The firing suddenly ceased. A large and heavy stone secured the entrance of the cave. This we contrived to remove, and, with our bayonets at the charge, entered in perfect darkness. Its inmates, however, had fled: before the fire we found their victuals all ready for eating, but not a human being was left behind. When we listened, we could hear the heavy tramp of horses, and cries which seemed to come from under the ground on which we stood.

‘ The soldiers, in their superstitious ignorance, hesitated as to proceeding further, fancying that the cries were those of infernal spirits, who were angry with us for disturbing them. Luckily, however, we discovered an opening in the opposite side of the cavern, which, although narrow at first, widened in its length, and brought us again into daylight, which showed us the marks of the horses’ feet which we had previously heard: by this route we reached the position where I had left the Cossacks, whom we found in possession of four of the brigands slightly wounded,



TARTARS OF DIFFERENT TRIBES.



and a female, who, in their company, had attempted to escape on horseback.

‘We afterwards returned and searched the cavern, but could discover nothing except arms of different sorts, dresses of different descriptions, rich stuffs, and provisions in plenty, but no money; and when I questioned the brigands as to the place where the treasure was deposited, they uniformly answered that God and the Khan alone knew where the money was concealed, they having given the title of Khan to Kara Aly. I immediately had the prisoners conveyed to Zaraisk.

‘When Kara Aly was informed of the result of my expedition, and the capture of his accomplices, he implored me to permit him to see his beloved Fazry, the young female who had fallen into our hands. Being anxious, if possible, to ascertain where the treasure, of which he was unquestionably master, had been hidden, I told him that if he would give me information upon that point, Fazry should be brought to him. But all the answer I could obtain was a shake of his head, with these words, again uttered with a deep sigh, “God’s will be done!” I could procure no other reply.

The examination having been completed, a commission from the criminal tribunal at Kazan was sent to verify them, after which the tribunal, on the 21st of December, 1837, pronounced the sentence, which condemned Kara Aly to one hundred lashes of the knout, Moussoum, Kendjibeck, Mumag, Saharin, and Ywan Rubtchenko, twenty-five lashes each, and subsequently to be banished for life to hard labour in the mines of Siberia, Fazry declared innocent, and immediately set at liberty.

On the fourth of January, 1838, the post or horse (kobilitz) to which the criminals are fastened who are destined to receive the punishment of the knout, was early in the morning erected in the grand place of Kazan, and all the people of the town, of the neighbouring villages, and even from the mountains, crowded to this immense square, on the scaffold in the midst of which stood the executioner armed with his knout, and attended by his

three assistants, who were selected from amongst the degraded class of dog-killers (*hitzel*.)

At ten o'clock, amidst the murmur of anxiety and impatience which always precedes a melancholy spectacle, the six culprits were brought out.

Kara Aly walked first, his head erect, his eyes bright and fierce, his step firm; the executioner having taken off his clothes, he permitted him, without a word, without a look, or the slightest demonstration of feeling, to fasten him to the dreadful *kobilitza*, and when he struck him the first blow with the terrible instrument of punishment, formed of lashes of leather, each lash having at its end an iron hook, Kara Aly flinched not; neither groan nor sigh escaped him, although the executioner continued his horrid duty, interrupted only by periodically taking large bumpers of brandy. The number of blows were anxiously counted by the crowds who surrounded the scaffold, and who were absolutely terrified at what appeared the superhuman fortitude of the suffering victim.

The hundredth blow having plashed into his bleeding back, Kara Aly was loosened from the *kobilitza*, but the executioner held in his arms only a corpse—Kara Aly was dead!

His five accomplices received their twenty-five lashes each, and following the example of their leader, uttered no murmur of complaint; after the punishment their mangled bodies were removed to the hospital, whence, if they recover from the effects of the discipline, they will be, according to their sentence, transported to the government mines at Nertchynsk

The search after the treasures which were unquestionably in Kara Aly's possession in the cavern, has been renewed, but without success. Fazry has remained ever since the execution in a state of stupor, which the faculty are of opinion will settle into melancholy madness; and the Assessor Trazoff, has been rewarded for his zeal and success by receiving the decoration of the order of St. Anne.



PUNISHMENT OF KARA ALY.

CALED AND OBEIDAH :

OR, THE SCHOOLMASTER OF MEDINA.

IN the third year of the Calif Ali, the son of Abu Taleb, a poor schoolmaster of Medina dismissed his pupils to their play, beneath a shady palm-tree, near the sacred mosque which contained the tomb of the prophet. The young boys went forth joyfully to freedom, and the long-bearded sage, himself unobserved, overlooked their sports from a neighbouring seat. For a time, the fiery little Arabs amused themselves in peace, and the philosopher smiled as he listened to their artless remarks, and sighed as he remembered the days that were gone. He was reputed the wisest and best Mussulman within the walls of the city, and it was asserted that his benevolence equalled his wisdom. Every body loved the good Amrou; and the few children who were committed to his care, among the illiterate and warlike Saracens of that remote age, were expected, not only to attain knowledge enough to interpret the koran, and to cure diseases, but to read human destiny in the sky, that lay ever brilliant and burning over the sandy plains of Arabia.

While the children were at play, a spider, which had accidentally crawled upon their path, attracted the attention of Hassan.

“Look,” said the lad, “what a vile insect. He shall not live another moment!”

“Stay thy foot, Hassan!” cried the eager Obeidah, “do not destroy it. Stay thy foot!”

“Nay—take thy hand from my shoulder, good Obeidah,” replied Hassan. “See! the grim wretch is gliding away into the grass. I will kill him! I swear it! Take off thy hand!”

“Hassan,” urged the other firmly, “thou shalt *not* kill him!”

“Obeidah ——”

“I have heard a story of the spider,” continued the other, “which makes me love him.”

“By the beard of the great apostle himself!” exclaimed the now angry Hassan, “I tell thee I will crush this poisonous wretch! Let go my arm! What care I for thy tales? Thou art a girl to pity a spider, and be melted by stories!”

And he attempted to reach the poor insect with a furious stamp, but Obeidah caught him yet more powerfully, and said, in a determined tone,

“Hassan, before thou proceedest to provoke me by again striving to do what I swear, by Allah, thou shalt not do! hear my reason.”

And while Hassan looked up fiercely, too much astonished for the moment to disobey, the rest of the young auditors drew round in a circle, some to hear the story, and some to enjoy the expected battle.

“The reason why thou shalt not kill the creature,” said Obeidah, “is this: I have heard my grandfather say, that he was one of the emissaries of the koreish, who, when the great apostle of God was driven from Mecca, hunted him like a beast, and strove to take his life. The prophet had hidden in a cavern, in the neighbourhood of the city, and the koreish had every where sought him with eager revenge till they came to the mouth of this cave. They were about to explore it, when one, observing a pigeon’s nest and a spider’s web across the entrance, declared them sufficient evidence that no one could be within, and, as they were in haste, called off the pursuers to another quarter. God’s vicar on earth was thus shielded from their cineters. Since that time my grandsire became a believer, and has taught me never to destroy either a pigeon or a spider.”

“Fool!” vociferated Hassan, “I mind thee and thy grandsire alike, and neither more than the wind. I will kill the thing, if it be but to spite thee!”

He tore himself from the grasp of his opponent, and sought his victim, but it had very judiciously seized the opportunity to withdraw, leaving the end of Obeidah's story to others more interested.

"Coward and slave!" cried Obeidah, in a fury, "I will tear out thine eyes! I will dash out thy teeth!"

And the two combatants flew at each other with all the ferocity of hate and passion. While they were fighting, Amrou, their master, came among them, and, after separating them, proceeded to inflict on each a severe punishment. He then harangued them on their wicked disposition to quarrel, and promised them the same penalty in case the offence were repeated.

Long before the day had declined, and while the boys were dismissed once more to their afternoon sports beneath the palm, Obeidah entangled himself in a new difficulty. Caled, a youth of great personal beauty and of a thoughtful demeanour, had stolen away from his companions to a quiet spot, where, quite alone, he seemed lost in his own reflections. Obeidah, still smarting under the blows he had received in the morning, and believing the severe Amrou to be out of sight and hearing, took pains to follow the unoffending Caled, and maliciously tried every possible endeavour to break his solitude, and to disturb his thoughts. Caled yielded the place and removed to one in an opposite direction, but still he was pursued by Obeidah.

"Why dost thou delight in breaking my repose?" demanded Caled. "I never injured thee, or if I have, it was unconsciously, and I pray thy forgiveness."

"I follow thee, because I despise thee!" cried Obeidah sternly.

"What have I done to merit thy contempt?"

"Every thing that a *man* would *not* do. Thou art a coward and a woman!"

"I beseech thee, good Obeidah, begone!"

"I am not '*good* Obeidah,' and I will not begone."

"Then *I* will depart from thee."

"If thou dost, I will follow. I saw thee smile to-day, when

the tyrant Amrou disgraced me with a scourge. Why didst thou dare to smile to see me under the lash—*me*, the superior of thee and thine?"

"Obeidah ——"

"Thy father is a traitor!"

"My dear Obeidah."

"Thy mother is untrue!"

"I have never deserved this!" cried Caled, shrinking and weeping.

"Thou comest of a race of cowards and recreants. Thy uncle Hamza fought against the prophet, till *fear* made him crouch at the feet of him he had injured."

"But that our master, Amrou, forbids it, I would make thee retract thy wicked words," said Caled, but shrinking yet farther against the wall from the clenched fist, planted foot, and flashing eye of his fierce opponent.

At this instant the signal of Amrou once more assembled his little charge, and, to the astonishment of all, he ordered the timid Caled to undergo the same punishment for refusing to combat, as had been previously inflicted on the others for having fought.

Obeidah, who since the morning had seemed gradually to grow more haughty and fearless of consequences, now stepped forward boldly, and said—

"Oh, Amrou, I brand thee with caprice and injustice, and thou shalt no longer be my master!"

"How! insolent boy?"

"I repeat my words. Thou art no longer my master! I call upon my companions to break thy sceptre, and hurl thee from thy throne. Every inhabitant of Medina will pronounce against thee."

With these words he started up, and was joined by all his mates. The weeping Caled, alone, shrank back and crouched to the side of him who had just scourged him.

At this instant, surrounded by many chiefs of the tribes and companions of the prophet, clothed in a loose gown, with a coarse

turban on his head, the Calif Ali, attracted by the noise, on his return from prayer at the mosque, entered the apartment.

“How!” cried the venerable sovereign, “What riot is this? Must the very prayers of the faithful be disturbed by the brawling of boys! What is the cause of this?”

No one could look on the majestic Ali without fear and awe. He was next the prophet in the reverence of the Saracens. He had been, even at the age of fourteen, the first proselyte of Islamism, the firmest supporter and most confidential personal friend of Mahomet himself. Seated, at length, on the throne of Arabia (for it was not till twenty-four years after the death of the prophet that he was invested with the regal and sacerdotal office,) though in his manners and dress, he exhibited the primitive simplicity of his people, he was rash, intrepid, and fiery—a despot over the minds as well as the bodies of his subjects. While he exercised over their domestic affairs the personal jurisdiction of a father, he punished with the summary power of a monarch, and, sometimes, of a tyrant. The boys, astounded by the angry presence of their calif, stood around him mute, trembling, and pale; and the dusky complexion of Amrou himself, if reliance can be placed on subsequent report, exhibited a fainter shade beneath the folds of his turban.

The calif repeated his question in a sterner tone, and Amrou, bending oftentimes low at the monarch’s feet, was about to attempt an explanation, and had proceeded as far as “Oh, invincible, inexpressible calif, sword of God, vicegerent of the holy apostle—” when the calif cut him short:—

“Stay, thou trembling slave! I will none of thy excuses and falsehoods! It is such as thou that weaken our armies by keeping our sons at home, and teaching them to talk instead of fight; breaking down their fiery spirits with idle learning. Of what oppression has he been guilty? speak, my brave rebels, and you lofty youth at their head. Tell me, boy, what tyranny in thy pedagogue has raised you into this childish war. If he hath trampled on your infant rights, by Allah! his head shall roll for it,

and that ere we stir a foot. Speak fearlessly—what has he done?"

"He has oppressed us," said the revengeful Obeidah. "I did but seek to save a spider, because that insect, at the cave of Mecca, rescued the life of the true prophet from the bands of the Koreish!"

"Ay?" continued the calif, stroking his beard, and casting a fierce glance upon the crouching Amrou.

"I would have saved it at the hazard of my life, and I fought like a lion; but the tyrant striped me for breaking the peace of his school."

"Hosein," said Ali; "thy duty!"

A swarthy slave, at the significant sign of his master's finger, stepped forward and seized his victim. The fatal bowstring was produced in an instant. Amrou, recovering his courage and dignity in proportion as his danger grew more inevitable, stood high and stern, even as the calif himself.

"Companion of the prophet!" he said, in a firm voice; "The near sight of death for a moment, appalled me; but the weakness has passed. Ere thou reach thy palace, I shall be before God and his company, with his prophet to proclaim thy injustice."

"Go," said Ali, and a moment more would have consummated the deed, when Caled, triumphing in the destruction of his master, cried out,

"He merits, O, mighty calif, a double death; for, while he lashed Obeidah for battling with Hassan, he capriciously scourged me, because I refused to conflict with Obeidah."

"What! the same penalty for exactly contrary actions? Thou art either worse or better than I believed," said Ali. "My curiosity is excited. Canst thou defend thyself, Amrou?"

"If thou wilt permit me," cried the Arabian teacher of youth.

"Proceed," said the calif.

"Know, then, O, immortal son of Abu Taleb! that the government of children, like that of nations, requires wisdom profound, and is often apparently, unjust and inconsistent. We are

obliged to examine deeply into each disposition, and to discover their respective relations to future events. I confess, I have punished one of my children for not committing an action, for the commission of which I punished another; and I shall, therefore, be charged by the thoughtless with passion and caprice. Of both I am innocent; and so far from having yielded, in either case to my own private feelings, I assure you that I equally recoiled from them both. Caled and Obediah, O calif! the two youths who have spoken against me, are the two most conspicuous characters in my school. Obeidah is in heart a rebel and a despot. He possesses natural qualities in a most eminent degree, which, as he emerges from his little school and enters upon the world, would prove, not only misery and ruin to himself, but disturbance and danger, to his family, friends and country. His courage is not only of a kind to lead him into war, and render him a gallant soldier and a faithful subject, but his overbearing nature demands submission in all cases. Right or wrong, from all persons, friends or enemies, old or young, his inferiors, his equals, or his superiors, all alike, must bend to the despotism of Obeidah. This is the grand feature of his character, which alone has been in my hands utterly unmanageable. His other qualities are so feeble, and moreover, so well balanced, as to require no attention from me. His avidity after knowledge is also more than sufficient. He has no fault, but his domineering arrogance. To repress, shame, and destroy it, has been my sole endeavour in my treatment of him. How justly I read his character this day has proved; for his revengeful and audacious heart has felt no pity at the sight of the venerable instructor of his youth on the brink of ruin. The same spirit which triumphs over me, will one day, unless checked, defy even thee on thy throne, as thou hast seen it to-day beard me on mine."

"It is false," cried Obeidah, fiercely and aloud.

Amrou looked at the calif, who smiled; and Obeidah, detecting the silent interchange of opinion between them, and foreseeing the escape of his master and his own renewed punishment,

stamped his foot passionately upon the floor, and dashed his clenched fist in a fury against his forehead.

“But where is Caled?” cried the calif.

“Behold him!” resumed Amrou, as the slender and beautiful boy stood timidly shrinking in the farthest corner. “There is Caled; and, in that pale, girlish face, those trembling knees, you read his character. He is a coward. A feminine refinement causes him to recoil from all intercourse with his mates. He revenges no insult. He rises against no oppression. He has not as much soul as a woman. In educating him I have had a task exactly opposite to that devolved upon me by the charge of Obeidah; and, consequently, I have been forced to resort to different means. The bully, who seizes each occasion of conflict, I always restrain and punish for his brutal ferocity; while this faint-hearted youth I have striven to urge on by promises and threats to the acts of a man and a soldier. Were these two boys grown to maturity, O calif, and taken into thy employ, Caled would cunningly become thy vizier, and Obeidah thy chief. They are both without virtue, and both gifted with genius. Unless I succeed in breaking down the natural vices of their character, both might win thy confidence, and neither would deserve it. Obeidah would rebel against thee—Caled would betray thee. The one would attack thee with thy own armies, and the other assassinate thee with thy own dagger.”

“Allah acbar—God is good!” said the calif.

“Thou art free, Amrou, and to reward thy wisdom and compensate thy fright, I decree thee each year a purse of gold. Hereafter I will guide my subjects, and leave thee to thy scholars. We are both in the station for which heaven designed us.”

Thus saying, the son of Abu Taleb departed; and it is believed, on authentic testimony, that the string, intended for the neck of Amrou, found more appropriate employment on the backs of the pale Caled and the foaming Obeidah.

* * * * *

Ten years had rolled away over the conquests of the Saracens,

and witnessed the rapid rise of that remote band of Arabians to the dignity and power of a mighty nation. Already in the large stars that kindled over Mecca, had the astrologers read the dazzling career of their armies and their philosophers; predicting to those fervid sons of the desert, splendid victories in remote climes and over remote nations—dominion over Persia, Syria, Egypt, Africa, and Europe, and perhaps the mastery of the whole globe.

Their bright career, however, was not without shadows; and Ali heard with surprise, though without fear, that a powerful Arabian chief, escaped from Medina to Mecca, and thence to Bassora, had erected the standard of revolt and usurped the government of Irak, or Assyria. Ayesha, the widow of the prophet, who hated the family of Abu Taleb, accompanied their flight and sustained their cause at the head of thirty thousand men. The calif Ali met them beneath the walls of Bassora. Ayesha, who had chosen her post amid the dangers of the field, urged on the troops of the rebels. It is reported, that, of the faithful slaves who held the bridle of her camel, seventy in succession were killed or wounded, and her cage or litter "was struck with javelins and darts, like the quills of a porcupine." At length her soldiers gave way before the tremendous cry of the calif, "Allah acbar!" God is victorious! and the field of the triumphant Ali was occupied by no enemies except the captives and slain. The widow of Mahomet was treated with tenderness and dismissed with honour, but death was doomed to the commander of the traitors. He was dragged, fierce, foaming, and stained with dust and blood, before the conqueror's throne; and, in the desperate chieftain of Medina, the monarch recognized Obeidail, the yet unforgotten pupil of Amrou. The same Hosein who had then stepped to the side of the pedagogue, now stood before the youth. In one moment the fatal string was at his throat, and the next a clod-like and senseless trunk was flung to the dogs, and a ghastly head dripped over the most public gate of Bassora. This victory is styled by the Moslem historians, the "day of the camel."

Many sanguinary contests ensued, in which the son of Abu

Taleb displayed the dignified superiority of a warrior and a statesman. But the disobedience of his soldiers often wrested from his grasp the advantages of his triumphs; till one day in the mosque at *Cufa*, a single form, kneeling to present a petition, was suffered to approach him in a moment of privacy and solitude. "Thou art Caled," cried Ali placing his hand upon his cimeter, partly with an involuntary recollection of the prediction of Amrou, and partly moved by the dark expression in the countenance of his companion. But the action was too late. Age had stiffened his arm. Before the blade had left the scabbard, the pale Caled had inflicted a mortal wound. The assassin would have escaped, but for an accident which summoned the attendants.

"We will torture him," said one of the calif's sons, "for an eternity!"

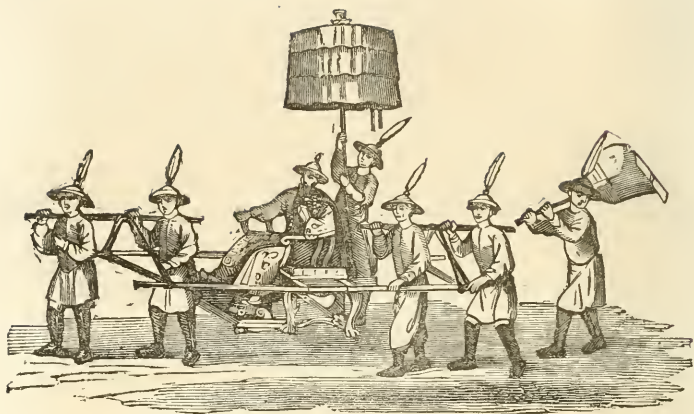
"No, no!" cried the expiring monarch, still benevolent in death, "no torture. It is useless. It is unworthy. Let him die, but at once, and by a single stroke."

He was obeyed. The terror and the existence of Caled ceased in an instant. His head was thrown to the rabble at the gate. Ali breathed his last at the same moment; and Moawiyah, the son of Abu Sophian, reigned in his stead.

The good calif was honoured with a tomb, a temple, and a city, the ruins of which, to this day attract the feet of pilgrims across the burning desert.







CAPTURE OF CHUZAN.

IN the afternoon of the 4th of July, I accompanied Captain Fletcher, commander of his majesty's ship Wellesley, on board the Chinese Admiral's junk, which we recognised by its more numerous pennons and three tigers' heads painted on the stern. Our orders were to summon the town and island to surrender within six hours.

As we shoved alongside the Admiral's junk, they ran their gangway guns out; but before they could make any preparation for resistance, (if they had intended it,) we jumped on board, with our interpreter, and were surrounded by swarms that seemed to gather from every crevice of the vessel: and when it was seen on shore that we were on board the junk, numbers waded off from the town.

They showed not the slightest mark of hostility, but received us with great civility; informing us that the Admiral was on shore, with the other great officers of the district, but they had sent to apprise him of our arrival. During the visit, they handed round tea; but not such tea as the ladies in England would approve of, for the Chinese always drink it so weak that the water is barely tinged, and the leaves of the plant form a necessary part of, the nauseous mixture. In the course of half an hour the Chumpin and suite arrived: he was an old man, and bore in his face the marks of opium; he wore a red button in his cap, and the other officers mounted blue and white, according to their different grades, these being the distinguishing marks of rank from the emperor downwards.

We opened the summons, and they read it in our presence, and indeed before the assembled troop. The deep groans and increasing pressure of the people warned us that we were amongst

a hostile multitude; and from that moment I have ever doubted the fiction, so industriously circulated throughout India, of the hatred and dislike of the natives in China to their Tartar rulers, for it appeared, as far as we had an opportunity of judging, to be without the slightest foundation. The summons addressed to the people stated that no injury was intended to them, but it was against their rulers and their servants we had come to make war for their unjust acts. Of this they seemed perfectly aware; but they hated the invading barbarians more bitterly than their Tartar rulers; and their clenched hands and anxious faces proved to us how false was the idea that we were come amongst a people who only waited for the standard of the foreigner to throw off a detested and tyrant yoke.

After some conversation, they agreed to accompany us to the flag-ship; and, upon our proposing to remain as hostages on board their junk, they simultaneously refused, and begged we would take a seat in their boat to the Wellesley.

All was here repeated to them, to the same end as what they already knew; and the reason and purport of our present hostile movement on the place was explained. They complained of the hardship of being made answerable for wrongs that we had received at Canton, and said naturally enough, "Those are the people you should make war upon, and not upon us who never injured you: we see your strength, and know that opposition will be madness, but we must perform our duty, if we fall in so doing."

Sir Gordon Bremer entreated them to consider well before they attempted to defend what they owned was impracticable: they promised to do so, and he gave them until the following morning to confer and think over it. Their last words before quitting the ship were, "If you do not hear from us before sunrise, the consequences be upon our own heads."

Whilst on board the vessel, they showed no marks of astonishment at her size or guns, except one man, whose fate I shall afterwards mention, and refused to take any refreshments during

the conference, except some sweet wine, which they seemed to be well acquainted with.

The dawn of day brought much the same spectacle as the preceding, excepting that a few guns were mounted on the Jos-house hill, and the mandarins were seen actively employed running about along the wharf. Soon afterwards they were remarked to take their different stands with the troops; one among them, with his party in the martello tower, being particularly conspicuous. The war-junks were drawn up and crowded with men.

The British men-of-war were lying in line with their larboard broadsides towards the town, at a distance of two hundred yards from the wharf and foot of the hill. They consisted of the Wellesley, 74; Conway and Alligator, 28; Cruiser and Algerine, 18; and ten gun-brigs. At eight o'clock, the signal was hoisted to prepare for action; still, however, time was given by the Commodore, hoping to the last they would repent; and it was not until two o'clock that the troops left the transport in the boats of the squadron, and took up their position in two lines in rear of the men-of-war, to land under cover of the fire. At half past two the Wellesley fired a gun at the Martello tower; this was immediately returned by the whole line of junks, and the guns on the causeway and hill: then the shipping opened their broadsides upon the town, and the crashing of timber, falling houses, and groans of men resounded from the shore. The firing lasted on our side for nine minutes; but even after it had ceased, a few shots were still heard from the unseathed junks.

When the smoke cleared away, a mass of ruins presented itself to the eye; and on the place lately alive with men, none but a few wounded were to be seen; but crowds were visible in the distance flying in all directions. A few were distinguished carrying the wounded from the junks into the town; and our friend the Chumpin was seen borne from his vessel by a faithful few, having lost his leg in the action by a round-shot. It is as well here to mention that he was taken to Ningpo, a town on the opposite island; and although honours were heaped upon

him for his gallant but unavailing defence, he survived but a few days to wear them.

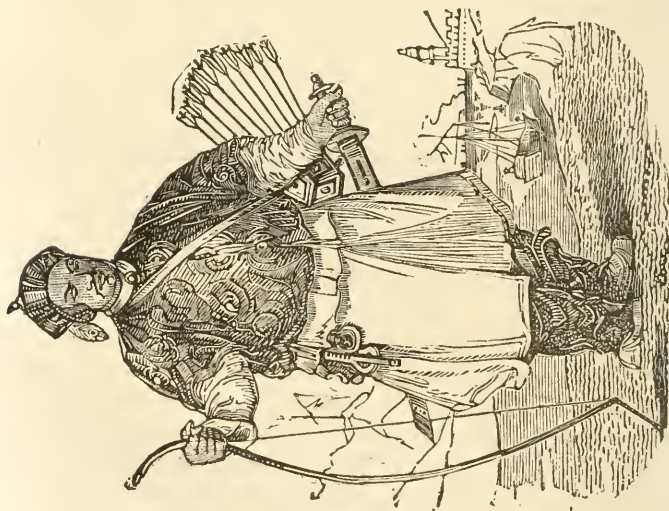
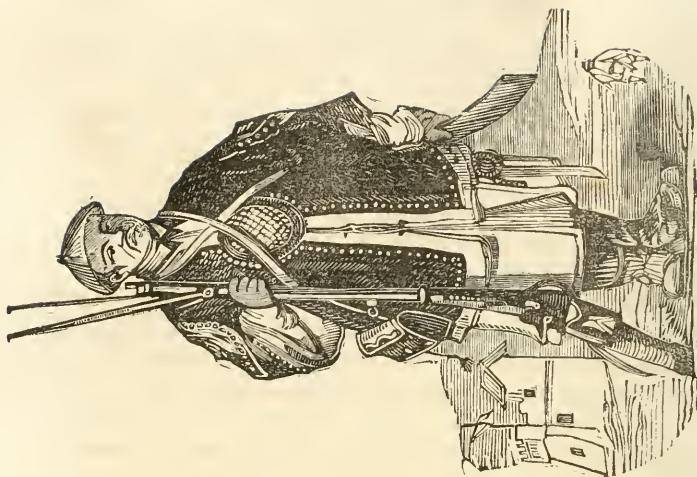
We had landed on a deserted beach ; a few dead bodies, bows and arrows, broken spears and guns, remaining the sole occupants of the field.

The men arriving from the boats, formed along the causeway in line, and the Eighteenth advanced up the steps leading to the temple on the hill. On reaching the summit, we distinguished the inner town which had not been visible from the shipping ; it was situated in a hollow in the rear of the mount, and the bird's-eye view was very picturesque. On the walls were seen the banners of the Chinese soldiery, whilst the men crowded along the ramparts, beating their tontoms and gongs, beckoning us with their hands to the attack, as the troops became visible to them on the hill. They opened their wretched wall-pieces, which, from their construction, can neither traverse nor be depressed, and which, being charged with a bad description of powder, did no damage to the force.

In the course of two hours from the time of leaving the ships, the Madras artillery had four guns in position, and fired a few shells into the town ; the advanced picquets were posted ; and the Chinese fired upon the reconnoitering parties from the walls, wherever they became visible. The evening began to close in ; and the commanding officers were desired to seek covering for the men, as Brigadier-General Burrell had determined not to attack the town before the following morning. Until ten o'clock that night, the Chinese kept up a dropping fire, under cover of which they afterwards appeared to have deserted the town.

During the evening, the civil magistrate and some of his officers were killed by our shells ; and the Governor drowned himself in a tank, when accused of cowardice by his people.

On board the Admiral's junk, to which we had borne the summons, were found five wounded men, who had been unable to make their escape with their comrades : the decks were covered with clotted blood, and the Admiral's papers, bowls, and chopsticks, were still in his cabin, where he had taken his last meal :



CHINESE SOLDIERS.

two of the men were dead, and upon two of the others some medical men of the fleet had already performed amputation : but the fifth, a young Mandarin who had accompanied the Admiral in the visit to the Wellesley, was writhing in agony; and seeing the operation that the doctors had performed, he pointed to his shattered limbs, and clasping his hands, implored them by signs to do something for his relief; but it was too desperate a case, and past all human remedy, so that in a few hours he breathed his last. This was the young man who had caused more interest on board the flag-ship than any of the rest, from the curiosity and frankness that he showed about every thing

“Coeknies of London, Muscadins of Paris,
Just ponder what a glorious pastime war is.”

And all this perpetrated under the plea of humanity! To avoid bloodshed, we are not to attack Canton, where we had been attacked, and more than once; so our soldiers are ordered to Chuzan, to carry death and desolation amongst those who had never come in contact with us.

Some particulars are given respecting the expedition of the Kite:—

“The information gained in this expedition was of the most valuable nature, should it be found necessary at any future period to operate at this point. Sixty miles of the course of the Yeang-tse-kiang had been surveyed, and a passage found that would permit a line-of-battle-ship to enter; and as far as Captain Bethune could judge from the nature of the soundings, country, and run of the river, there appeared nothing likely to stop a vessel’s course for many miles. Even if it should not be necessary to follow up the research, science will have received a most interesting addition from the investigations of this indefatigable and zealous officer. The description of some of the Chinese forts hastily thrown up on the approach of the ships was ludicrous: many consisting of bamboo mats, pierced, as if for guns to astound the barbarians; for little did they imagine that through the glasses from the ship this childish deception was easily discovered.”

Thus "should the treaty be broken off by some unlooked for occurrence, or some Chinese political bigot be substituted in the room of Kashen as commissioner, which is not altogether impossible, as he is looked upon by many of his countrymen as too favourable to the foreigners, the indefatigable researches which have been made by the squadron under the directions of his excellency the commander-in-chief, and the knowledge thereby obtained of places hitherto unknown, must bring the contest to a short and decisive determination. The occupation of the forts of the Bocca Tigris, the blockade of the Yeang-tse Kiang, and the cutting off all communication at the mouth of the Imperial Canal, both at its northern and southern mouths, at Teen Sing on the Peiho and on the Yeang-tse-Kiang, would cause such starvation and misery through the northern provinces, that it would at once paralyze all their efforts; and if it were necessary to bring matters to a still speedier termination, a descent on their principal towns along the coast, Canton, Nankin, Chapoo, Amoy, and Teen-sing, would bring such awful destruction and havoc, that the people themselves would rise against their government, and the whole empire would become one frightful scene of anarchy and confusion; for, not only are all these plans now known to be practical, but by a cut, made either in the banks of the Yeang-tse-Kiang, or of the Imperial Canal, the Chinese themselves or their invaders might render the whole of the great province of Cheki'ang-ang, and the provinces far to the northward one scene of deluge."

One of the objects at this place, that I had the curiosity to visit, was the opium-smoker in his heaven; and certainly it is a most fearful sight, although perhaps not so degrading to the eye as the drunkard from spirits, lowered to the level of the brute and wallowing in his filth. The idiot smile and death-like stupor however, of the opium debauchee, has something far more awful to the gaze than the bestiality of the latter. Pity, if possible, takes the place of other feelings, as we watch the faded cheek and haggard look of the being abandoned to the power of the

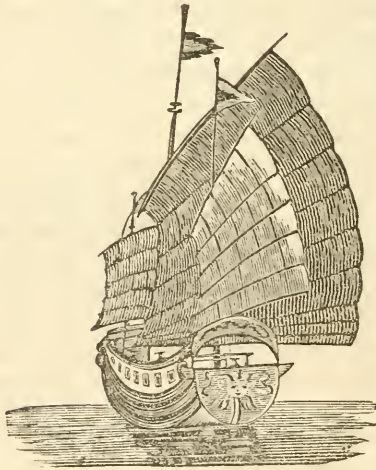
drug; whilst disgust is uppermost at the sight of the human creature levelled to the beast by intoxication.

One of the streets in the centre of the town is wholly devoted to the shops for the sale of this poison; and here in the evening may be seen, after the labours of the day are over, crowds of Chinese, who seek these places to satisfy their depraved appetites.

The rooms where they sit and smoke are surrounded by wooden couches, with places for the head to rest upon, and generally a side-room is devoted to gambling. The pipe is a reed of about an inch in diameter, and the aperture in the bowl for the admission of the opium is not larger than a pin's head. The drug is prepared from some kind of conserve, and a very small portion is sufficient to charge it; one or two whiffs being the utmost that can be inhaled from a single pipe; and the smoke is taken into the lungs as from the hookah in India. On a beginner, one or two pipes will have an effect; but an old stager will continue smoking for hours. At the head of each couch is placed a small lamp, as fire must be held to the drug during the process of inhaling; and from the difficulty of filling and properly lighting the pipe, there is generally a person who waits upon the smoker to perform the office.

A few days of this fearful luxury, when taken to excess, will give a pallid and haggard look to the face; and a few months, or even weeks, will change the strong and healthy man into a little better than an idle skeleton. The pain they suffer when deprived of the drug, after long habit, no language can explain; and it is only when to a certain degree under its influence that their faculties are alive. In the houses devoted to their ruin, these infatuated people may be seen at nine o'clock in the evening in all the different stages; some entering half-distracted to feed the craving appetite they had been obliged to subdue during the day; others laughing and talking wildly under the effects of a first pipe; whilst the couches around are filled with their different occupants, who lie languid with an idiot smile upon their countenance, too much under the influence of the drug to

care for passing events, and fast emerging to the wished for consummation. The last scene in this tragic play is generally a room in the rear of the building; a species of dead house, where lie stretched those who have passed into the state of bliss the opium-smoker madly seeks—an emblem of the long sleep to which he is blindly hurrying.



CHINESE JUNKS.



PERSIANS.

THE KING OF PERSIA'S FEMALE GUARDS.

EVERY one has heard, or every one may have heard, that his Majesty, the King of Persia, has eight hundred wives, or ladies, in his harem, and that every other man in the country has as many as he can keep, and more than he can manage. European husbands, who have only one, and yet find it difficult enough at times to be masters in their own houses, can hardly imagine the straits their eastern brethren in matrimony are sometimes driven to by thus multiplying their domestic blessings. A man can with little propriety, in this country, talk of his rib, or his better half; he is the mere stem of a cluster of dates—a poor dry stick, surrounded and weighed down with rich ripe fruit. Yet he must endeavour to subdue the inveterate animosities of interested rivals, and contrive to preserve some order amidst the discordance of the divided wives of his bosom (peace and quiet he never hopes for.) As this must absolutely be effected by his own exertions, it being indecent even to name his wife or wives to a neighbour, or to ask his advice or assistance under any circumstances; the science of managing one's own family has long been the favourite pursuit and intricate study of the most learned philosophers and able diplomatists. Many are the schemes, good and bad, to effect this great purpose, which have been proposed, adopted, and rejected in their turn. The last, and perhaps one of the best, is that devised, and at present actually practised by the Moolah Alaverdi, of the Ibrahim Mosque. It is concise, simple, and, as far as it goes, tolerably efficacious; but it is extremely limited in its action. It consists in hanging up a small whip, with a whistle attached, to the right hand door-post of the ladies' apartment. When the venerable Moolah enters, he un-hooks his whip, and first gives a neat distinct whistle, which im-

mediately assembles the ladies around him; as the pipe of the shepherd collects together his dispersed flock. He then lays the whip smartly over the back of the first, or head wife, and continues to apply a similar discipline to every one present, till each has received her portion, strictly observing the regular order of precedency and rank, and carefully avoiding all partiality, by giving out his whole strength to each blow. He has hitherto invariably found himself respected, loved, and obeyed at the conclusion of the ceremony by his affectionate and dutiful spouses. He now boasts of his method as infallible, asserts that his theory is now confirmed and established by experiment, and that this is the true and only way to manage a family. The Moolah, like many other men, is the devoted bigot of his own system, and blind to its imperfections as a general practice, or he must feel conscious, as any impartial observer does, that it never could be applied with any advantage in a large marriage establishment. Taking his own word for it, I make no doubt that he has found it perfectly successful in his own; but the Moolah should recollect, that the discipline adequate to maintain order and regularity in the house of a parish priest, whose whole inside (as we correctly translate Haram Khonar) contains but four wives and nine concubines, would prove totally insufficient for the extended interior of a Khan, or Bey li Beggy. In the first instance, any man, endowed with ordinary strength and facility of wrist, can sufficiently illustrate the necessity of passive obedience to thirteen wives in one quarter of an hour, allowing one minute to each, and two for changing places. But—but to proceed from the fountain head, let us turn our eyes for an instant on the Brother of the Sun, our most merciful King, first Cousin to the Moon, Light of the World, and Glory of the Universe, and conceive his having to whip eight hundred wives daily. The thing is in itself impossible. His majesty might neglect the most important of the state affairs, might abstain from all amusement and recreation, not even witness the bastinadoing of a Kahn, or the bowstringing of a single Mirza, exhausting his precious and celestial powers in useless efforts, and not accomplish the work to his own

satisfaction in the course of one sun. The very few eunuchs attached to the court, and their inability to afford any assistance (except by good wishes,) would always leave the whole burthen on his own illustrious shoulders, and convert his Sublime Majesty into a mere currier of raw hides.

This weighty enterprise has been regulated and conducted in a much more dignified and certain manner by his majesty's glorious progenitors, predecessors I would say, the crown here not being exactly hereditary in descent; indeed, our present gracious sovereign is the first of his race who has reigned by succession. His worthy uncle, whose title he justly inherits, dethroned his master, the then reigning tyrant (all dethroned kings are fools or tyrants.) They have ever wielded the sceptre with paternal solicitude, chastising their refractory subjects as a tender parent corrects his disobedient child with the rod. Within the harem is established a regular court, in exact imitation of the exterior one, with officers of state, guards, attendants, &c.,—she-duplicates of all, excepting priests. As it always has been a very disputed point, whether women have souls or not, it is deemed more prudent to leave that question undetermined. The establishment of a female priesthood must be expensive, and without any certain benefit, would tend to confirm them in their ambitious belief, that in the eyes of Providence they are equal to men; yet such is the affectionate lenity of these patriarchal rulers, that each woman asserting herself possessed of a soul is permitted the entire keeping and exercise of it for her own private advantage. To these lady-ministers and generals, is entrusted the entire administration of all the interior affairs, the strictest precautions being observed to exclude all communication with the exterior. When his majesty intends to dispel the clouds of the harem by the joy of his presence, he is conducted by his male guards to the entrance of a certain crooked narrow passage, where they are drawn up to present their parting homage. When the darkness of night falls upon the eyes of the exteriors, by the setting of the sun into the afore-mentioned crooked passage, he dawns forth resplendent from the little door at the other end, to enliven with

the radiance of his countenance the day of the interior. He is there received by his attendant female goulams and ferashes, (or cut-throats) who conduct him through the assembled ministers to the nummud or carpet state, where he seats himself to administer (first calling for his calcoon or pipe) impartial and severe justice to his faithful female subjects.

One of these trials or courts-martial (for the offender, it seems, was a military lady) has lately come to my own knowledge; how, I need not explain. I was always inquisitive, and liked to have a friend at court. As the proceedings are rather singular, and in some measure illustrate the interior economy of the royal household, they may not altogether be unacceptable to a European reader. I shall therefore transcribe them, deferring to another occasion my further animadversions and objections to the Moolah Alaverdi's plan, as entirely inapplicable to large insides.

I shall omit the Persian titles of Serang, Suldaun, &c., and adopt, as near as may be, the corresponding terms in English, as more intelligible.

The court being solemnly assembled, seated, and served with pipes and coffee, the charges were brought forward and read aloud by the secretary, Minnikin, with all the emphasis of nasal monotony of which the language is so peculiarly susceptible.

The indictment, or accusation, is against Ensign Chubby, of the sweetmeat battalion, and is divided into three separate charges of misdemeanour.

First, for most improper, indecent, disorderly behaviour in the public bazaar; having walked across the same without a veil, contrary to all military discipline, and the strict decorum of deportment absolutely imposed on all officers of the rank of Ensign Chubby.

Secondly, for unofficer and unlady-like conduct, totally subversive of all military discipline, in wantonly and cruelly wounding Corporal Dimple; and in using indelicate language to Major Rosebud, of the laundry department; an officer of irreproachable reputation, undeniable virtue, and mother of a large family by a lawful husband, from whose violent temper and cruel stick the

Major had every thing to fear, had this slanderous imputation reached his ears.

Upon the first charge, it was clearly proved, by the testimonies of Captain Sloc-eye and Beauty, confirmed by Serjeant Languish, that on Thursday the 6th of last moon, at or about the first hour, after calling mid-day prayers, Ensign Chubby walked twice across the jewellers' bazaar, with a veil immodestly arranged and only partially covering the face with one corner of it; two-thirds of the nose, at least, and one eye of the said ensign, being absolutely exposed to the public gaze. Moreover, that on turning the corner, just by the shawl-mender's stall, leading to Hassan Ali Mirza's, the said ensign stopped, and familiarly conversed, full five minutes, with a he-serjeant of the Shegaughies, then quarteted in town, or passing through. The facts being clearly proved, the guilt of the ensign was fully established.

Upon the second charge, the following facts were advanced, and most distinctly proved by a number of reputable witnesses. The respectable Major, whose superior knowledge and skill in all kinds of needle work is undisputed and admired by the whole corps, was kindly giving some instructions how to cut out six chemises to the greatest advantage from a piece of Indian muslin, to Corporal Dimple, who had undertaken to make and embroider them down the front, with the new Ispahaun pattern, for the lady Fatima. Ensign Chubby entered the chamber, and commenced conversation so as to bring a blush into the cheeks of every young soldier present. The Ensign continued in the same strain for a considerable period; at the same time throwing on one side the scissors; wilfully burning a thread-paper of green silk; at last, heating the major's best chased silver thimble in the mangal, and privately and maliciously replacing it at the moment that the honest corporal looked out a superfine needle to back-stitch the left-hand gusset of the second chemise. A horrid wound was inflicted upon the sewing finger of the unfortunate corporal; the celebrated Bandinjon cataplasm was speedily provided, and applied by the active exertions of the party; but unfortunately without that happy success which so frequently attends the ope-

ration of this far-famed remedy. The suffering object of this diabolical joke remains yet incapable of duty, civil or military; and, in consequence, the lady Fatima is deprived of the advantages of clean linen. No superior officer could witness such outrageous conduct without giving a reprimand to the offender, which, although couched in perfectly genteel and lady-like language, provoked a most flippant reply. Finally, that the slanderous tongue of the aforesaid Ensign dared, in the presence of numerous witnesses, to contaminate the pure name of the virtuous Major with an odious appellation.

Accordingly the court found the prisoner guilty on all and each of the accusations; and, without hesitation, unanimously declared their verdict; Ensign Chubby, of the sweetmeat battalion, be degraded to the rank of a common soldier, and rendered incapable of ever again bearing a commission.



A PERSIAN GENTLEMAN.



POLISH JEWS.

THE POLISH JEW.

DURING the war of 1813, when Bonaparte made that desperate attack upon his faithless ally of Russia, the Saxon General, S—, had gathered his troops in a deep and wooded defile, and over the bivouac fire conversed with the guide who had offered to lead his troops to the surprise of a Russian outpost.

The day which was drawing to its close, had been gloomy and lowering, yet was treacherously warm for the season, and little indicated the approaching snow-storm which was to overwhelm the conqueror, and check his hitherto irresistible course.

The form of General S—, as revealed by the lurid embers, broad and muscular, braced in the tightened uniform of his nation, and decorated with innumerable crosses and orders, contrasted forcibly with the appearance of his companion, a Polish

Jew, slight of figure, and enveloped in the loose black gaberdine of his race; his cheeks wan, sunken, and sallow, and against each hung a spiral curl of sandy hair, depending from an upright cap of black felt; his eyes, keen and grey, were restless and inquisitive, not unlike those of a famished cat who expects injury, and is watchful to avert or avenge. He bent instinctively, as the harsh tones of General S—'s voice smote upon his ear; and his glances fell before the penetrating regard of the military commander.

This latter was, indeed, a man to be approached with awe by every one who knew the sternness of his character. Brave to desperation, vigilant and inflexible in discipline, the slightest breach of military duty was punished with implacable rigour. His men and officers respected but loved not their commander; yet no one dared provoke his anger, for so sure and fatal was his aim, that every duel he fought cost the life of his antagonist.

“Jew!” said the General, in his severest tone, “you have promised to conduct my troop by a secret path to the surprisal of the enemy. If you bring us in safety through this labyrinth, name your own reward; gold or lands shall be yours for requital of the service. But tremble, Hebrew, if you mean us falsely; for by the bones of my ancestors, and the honour of my sainted mother, the slightest suspicion of treachery on your part, ensures your certain death; aye death with all its horrors; long, lingering, fierce and cruel.”

The guide made a low and shrinking obedience, but without speaking, as though fear denied him the power of utterance.

“Dog!” exclaimed the wrathful General, “dost hesitate?—dost tamper with my patience? By heavens! if you swear not promptly to execute your mission discreetly and faithfully, life is not yours an instant!”

The Jew looked up, aghast. His ashen complexion seemed intermingled with a leaden hue, as if convulsed by some internal agony of remorse or fear; but habitual command of his passions soon wrought its effect; emotion passed away, and his features resumed their wonted expression of anxious endurance. “By

the beard of Aaron!" was at length his answer, "I have sworn to bring you where your enemies are encamped; wherefore are you wroth with your servant, who means most righteously to keep his oath."

The General regarded him with a withering look: "No one trusts a spy, even when employing him." He whispered, his aide-de-camp, "Sternberg, keep your eye on that fellow; I like not his looks. If you but suspect him of betraying us, on the instant bring him before me." The subaltern touched his hat in sign of obedience, and orders were soon after given for the troop to be in motion.

Their march was conducted with all possible silence and precaution, and for upwards of an hour proceeded in security and hope. By degrees the way became more intricate, and entangled with low underwood, or up-hill and miry, breaking their ranks and scattering the men in confusion, whilst at intervals they had to wade through patches of splashy ground, into which foot and horse sunk knee-deep, and with difficulty toiled through, only again to plunge deeper into some marsh.

Still these difficulties might be only on account of the untrodden path it was necessary to pursue, and might forebode no sinister intentions on the part of their guide. On, therefore, they were commanded to struggle their weary way, encountering fresh obstacles at every step. At length horses plunged in swamps and fell exhausted; men groaned and died. By the most strenuous efforts, General S—, his staff, and the remainder of the troop attained an eminence, overlooking a wild and desert plain. It was but the work of an instant, to despatch scouts to reconnoitre, and seize and bring before the General the Polish Jew guide. Suspicion was indeed strong against this latter, not only for bringing them through this morass, evidently with a view to dishearten and discomfort the soldiers; but twice during the confusion had he endeavoured to escape; and now, whether overcome by fright or guilt, would do nothing but prostrate himself on the ground, and exclaim, "Merely, merely!" Vain were assurances of safety, useless all interrogatories as to his knowl-

edge of the road, or the proximity of the Russians, the same shrill prayer for mercy, the same frantic cry of despair alone uprose upon the stillness of the night.

During this paroxysm, the scouts returned, bringing with them a peasant, who, by dint of threats and bribes, informed them that the Russians, who were at least double their number, were encamped within a mile of the place, and expecting the arrival of the Saxon detachment; that the road they had traversed conducted them through a slough to the enemy's camp, where, if any survived, they could be easily dispatched before they had obtained a firm footing, being previously worn out with the fatigues they must undergo on their march.

"By which road can we escape the snare into which we have been led?" demanded the General of the peasant.

"Easily enough;" was his reply. "You have only to descend on your right, and keep the beaten path, and you turn your backs on the Russian forces."

"You shall go with us, friend, as a surety for the truth of your direction;" replied the General, "and I pray you," he added significantly, "to remark how we punish a false guide."

He bent his mouth to Sternberg's ear, and glancing contemptuously at the still crouching Jew, whispered his commands in a few emphatic words. The aid-de-camp started; but with true military subordination, ventured not upon expostulation with his superior. Touching his hat, he selected a dozen of the pioneers, and with them descended the hill in the direction indicated by the peasant.

In a few seconds the sound of twelve spades might be heard trenching the moist earth, surely and deeply. The sound smote upon the stillness of the night, impressing silence and awe, and conveying something of terrible import to every listener; each one looked at his comrade, as if he would demand whose grave was digging, who was to be buried in that lone, wild spot?

The harsh tones of the General broke upon this unnatural quiet: "Seize and bind yon howling spy, and cast him into the

trench which is digging below ; then form into ranks, and every man march over the traitor Jew's grave."

For a brief instant there was a pause of horror ; but ere the General could look his displeasure, the fierce behest was fulfilled. Yell after yell burst from the struggling wretch as he was hurried down, which was shortly exchanged for stifled and smothered cries, as the earth was heaped over the hapless victim of his own duplicity and the General's savage revenge.

Anon the silence was only broken by deep, low groans, and at intervals the short sharp word of command to march. The heavy measured tramp of a thousand men soon pressed down and obliterated the mound of earth which marked this deed of horror, and as the General urged his recoiling steed over the spot, he exclaimed, "So perish all spies and traitors!" forgetting that he himself had bribed the Jew to an act of treachery.

However lightly the military commander might consider this punishment, it is said that from that period he never slept more ; and that in the lonely watches of the night, the pale visage of the Polish Jew, distorted with agony, was his constant and horrible companion.



THE FOREST RIDE OF A WEST INDIA PLANTER.

As we progressed at Mazeppa speed, the character of the evening became more alarming, or—(and we shall best describe it by the term)—awful. The tallest and toughest trees bent like canes beneath the storm, and the lighter ones were uprooted altogether. On came the thunder closer and closer still, until it burst directly overhead in one tremendous roar, which might have been supposed to herald the dissolution of a world. On the animal creation the effect was terrific. Birds, apparently bewildered, flew here and there, uttering discordant screams; beasts, small and large, wild and domesticated, ran madly through the forest; innumerable monkeys mowed and chattered from the crashing branches upon which they had perched themselves; the owls hooted, the vampire-bats shrieked hideously, the serpents' hissings could be heard distinctly, and howlings and bellowings, and noises indescribably demoniac, left it doubtful whether the denizens of the lower world had not been indulged on this dreadful night with an infernal saturnalia, and had selected this forest for the nonce.

In the interval between the livid flashes that lighted up the dense woods the darkness became deeper and more impenetrable. Poor Jumbo appeared to have heard of the demoniac attempt made upon the tail of Tam O'Shanter's mare, and in fear and terror that an onslaught would be made upon himself, and his own rear might thus undergo a fiendish visitation, he took to strong running as a last security, and heedless of the murky darkness, which by contrast seemed deeper and deeper after every lightning flash, plunged forward as if he felt the foul fiend already pulling at his tail. With difficulty I kept my seat—and indeed a Rothscommon steuple chase-rider could do no more.

Jumbo was hard-mouthed in his unexcited moments, but to get a pull at him as matters stood at present, would have been about as practicable as to uproot a milestone with a pocket handkerchief. At last we cleared the wood, and falsified the proverb, for we were not yet authorized to halloo. Trees, on a runaway horse, are a tarnation nuisance in the dark, but a couple of swollen rivers are also ugly experiments—and in my mind it is a toss-up between wood and water after all.

Like the final crash of the overture to a fashionable melodrama, the elements had husbanded their strength for a last grand effort. The wind blew, not caring for bursting cheeks; the thunder retained its concentrated force for a wind-up in a parting volley, while half-a-dozen clouds, which had prudently retained their aqueous treasures, showered them simultaneously on the earth beneath. I never emulated or enacted a young gentleman called Lochinvar, who

“Swam the Esk river where ford there was none;”

I never attempted the passage of the Dardanelles, like Lord Byron; but if crossing a couple of South American rivers in high flood, with the grand accompaniment of an elemental uproar,—if these should entitle me to first honours in horsemanship and navigation, I hold myself equal to either Leander or Lochinvar, and but for personal diffidence (a fault of mine) as good touching performances as the twain united.

I reached my destination (the plantation,) and the kindness of the overseer was only equalled by his astonishment. He first inquired touching my sanity; presumed that my life was insured; ordered a rum-bath, dry clothing, a hot supper, and punch that would have scattered Father Mathew's self-denial to smithereens; and then I had such a sleep afterwards! that was indeed, a wind up to a night, which even

“A child might understand
The de'il had business on his hand.”

A West Indian planter is always a man of feeling—and next

morning (the storm having totally abated) Mr. —, my employer, sent two or three negroes to recover my corpse, were that possible, and have my remains decently interred. Dear good man! he generously presented me with a couple of dollars on my return, and hinted, that in half a dozen years perhaps he would add some ten pounds to my salary, if the demand for sugar became brisker. That promise was not realized—for in six weeks he was food for land-crabs. He died intestate—and being Scotch, the claimants to represent him were a legion in number, and extended even to the third and fourth generation. Law proceedings in property cases are conducted with caution—and Mr. Sergeant Roundabout has given a decided and satisfactory opinion, that the Theluston estates, and the assets of Mr. Mungo Mactavish, will receive their final adjudication (the year not specified) very probably upon the same day.





A NATIVE AUSTRALIAN.

AN EXPLORING ADVENTURE IN AUSTRALIA.

THE Litany of a Bushman on the Borders might well run, "From native dogs, from scabby sheep, from blacks, from droughts, from governors' proclamations, good Lord, deliver us."

The droughts come in their appointed season, and the day will be, when wells, and tanks and aqueducts will redeem many a part from the curse of periodical barrenness; the blacks soon tame or fade before the white man's face; unfortunately the scat of the native dogs, and home-bred or town-bred governing crotchets are more plentiful in long-settled than new-found countries. At any rate I have experienced them all, and now give the following passage of my life for the benefit of the gentlemen "who live at home at ease," hatching theories for our good—Heaven help their silliness!

I had been two years comfortably settled with a nice lot of cattle and sheep, part my own, part on "thirds," when the people south of me began to complain of drought. I had enough feed and water; the question was, whether it would last.

I called my bullock-driver, Bald-faced Dick, into consultation. He was laid up at the time with a broken leg. Dick strongly advised looking for a new station "to the nor'ard."

The sheep would do for months, but he thought we were overstocked with cattle. I had a good deal of confidence in Dick's judgment; for he was a "first fleeter," that is, came over with Governor Phillips in the first fleet; had seen every thing in the colony, both good and bad; had, it was whispered, in early years fled from a flogging-master, and lived, some said, with the blacks; others averred with a party of Gully-rakers, (cattle-stealers); he swore horridly, was dangerous when he had drank too much rum, but was a thorough Bushman; by the stars, or

by sun, and the fall of the land, could find his way any where by day or night, understood all kinds of stock, and could make bullocks understand him. He knew every roving character in the colony, the quality of every station, and more about the far interior than he chose to tell to every one. With all his coarseness, he was generous and good-natured, and when well paid, and fairly and strictly treated, stood upon "Bush honour," and could be thoroughly depended on.

Having had an opportunity of serving him in a rather serious matter previous to his entering my service, I was pretty sure of his best advice.

The end of it was, for a promise of five pounds he obtained from a friend of his a description of a country hitherto unsettled, and first-rate for cattle. These men, who can neither read nor write, have often a talent for description, which is astonishing.

Having heard a minute detail of the "pack," and studied a sort of map drawn on the lid of a tea-chest with a burned stick, I decided on exploring with my overseer, Jem Carden, and, if successful, returning for the cattle and drags, all loaded for founding a station.

We only took our guns and tomahawks, with tea, sugar, a salt tongue, and small damper ready baked, being determined to make long marches, starting early, camping at mid-day, and marching again in the evening as long as it was light.

Our first stage was only twenty-five miles to young Marson's cattle-station. Marson was a cadet, of a noble family, and having been too fast at home and in India as a cavalry subaltern, had been sent out with a fair capital to Australia, under the idea that a fortune was to be had for asking, and no means of expense open in the Bush. What money he did not leave in the bars and billiard-rooms of Sidney, he invested in a herd of six hundred cattle; to look after these, he had four men, whom he engaged, one because he could fight, another because he could sing, and all because they flattered him. With these fellows he lived upon terms of perfect equality, with a keg of rum contin-

ually on the tap. Then, for want of better society, he made his hut the rendezvous of a tribe of tame blacks.

We found him sitting on the floor in a pair of trowsers and ragged shirt, unwashed, uncombed, pale-faced and red-eyed, surrounded by a half-a-dozen black gins (his sultanas), a lot of dogs, poultry, a tame kangaroo, and two of his men. The floor was littered with quart pots, lumps of fat, and damper outside the hut; the relations of the black ladies had made a fire, and were cooking a piece of a fine young heifer. What with the jabbering of the gins, the singing and swearing of the men, and the yelping of the dogs, it was no place for a quiet meal, so we only stayed long enough to drink a pot of tea, so as not to offend, and passed on to camp an hour under the shade of a thicket near the river.

Marsen having, with the assistance of his black friends, consumed all his stock, has returned home: and, I hear, asserts every where that Australia is not a country a gentleman can live in.

Our course next, after crossing the dividing range, lay over a very flat country, all burned up as far as the eye could reach,—a perfect desert of sand. The chain of pools which formed the river after rain, were nearly choked up by the putrifying carcasses of cattle, smothered in fighting for water. The air was poisonous; the horses sank fetlock deep at every stride; the blazing sun was reflected back from the hot sand with an intensity that almost blinded our half-shut eyes. After three hours of this misery, we struck into a better country, and soon after came up to the camp of a squatter, who had been forced forward by the drought. He had marked out about twenty miles along the river for his run—a pretty good slice, I thought, when, before turning back, he said, “That is all I want.” It was no business of ours, as we had views further a-field. For three days we pushed on, making from thirty to forty miles a day, without seeing any thing exactly to our mind. We rode over arid plains, dotted with scrubby brushwood, then up precipitous hills; now leaping, now clambering down and up, and now riding around to avoid dry gullies and ravines; passing occasionally breaks of

green pasture, but insufficiently watered for my purpose. Sometimes our way lay along mountain sides, sometimes in the dry bed of a torrent. Sometimes huge boulders interrupted our course, sometimes the gigantic trunks of fallen trees. More than once we had to steer through a forest of the monotonous and shadeless gum, with its lofty, dazzlingly white trunks festooned with the brown, curly bark of the previous year, and its parasol-like but shadeless branches, where crimson, green, and snowy parrot tribes shrieked and whistled among the evergreen leaves. It is impossible to conceive any thing more gorgeous than these birds as they fluttered in the sun; but I confess that, "on serious thoughts intent," during this journey, they were more often associated with my ideas of supper than any thing else.

The evening of the third day, we found ourselves obliged to camp down with a scanty supply of brackish water, and no signs of any living thing. The next day was worse; a land of silence and desolation, where it seemed as if mountains had been crumbled up and scattered about in hills and lumps. The dry earth cracked and yawned in all directions. Failing to find water, we camped down, parched, weary, silent, but not despairing.

The next morning the horses were gone.

I cannot find words to describe what we suffered in the subsequent twelve hours. I had walked until my feet were one mass of blisters, and was ready to lie down and die ten times in the day; but somehow I found strength to walk, always chewing a bullet. At length, at nightfall, we found our horses; and, nearly at the same time, to crown our delight—water. At the sight of this, we both involuntarily sank down on our knees to return thanks for life saved.

The next morning, after a scanty breakfast, we set to work, and by dint of cutting away with axe and jack-knife, at the expense of clothes and skin, through a brigalow scrub for half a mile, found our way into a gap through which our track lay,



KANGAROOS.

and which we had missed. It led straight to the dividing range.

After crossing five miles from the foot of the range, through a barren tract, our eyes and hearts were suddenly rejoiced by the sight of the wished-for land.

A plain, covered with fine-green barley-grass, as high as our horses' heads, and sprinkled over with the myal shrub, which cattle and sheep will eat and thrive on, even without grass. Such was the delicious prospect before us. A flood had evidently but lately subsided, for lagoons full of water were scattered all about; a river running at the rate of five miles an hour, serpentine as far as the eye could see, from which the waterfowl fluttered up as we passed; the eagle hawks were sweeping along after the flocks of quail, and mobs of kangaroos hopping about like huge rabbits. There was not a sign of horn or hoof any where, but it was evident that the aborigines were numerous, for there were paths worn down where they had been in the habit of travelling, from one angle of the river to another; we could trace their footmarks and of all sizes, and thereupon we unslung our guns and looked at the priming. Altogether I thought I had discovered the finest place for a cattle-station in the colony; I found out afterwards that the first appearance of a new country before it has been stocked is not to be depended on.

We formed a camp in an angle of the river, so as to have protection on three sides, ventured, in spite of the danger, to light a fire and cook some game. Oh, how delicious was that meal! As I lay near the river's edge, peeping through the tall grass, I saw the horrid emus, that rare and soon to be extinct bird, come down the slopes on the opposite side to drink in numbers; a sure sign that white men were as yet strangers to these plains.

We spent some days in examination, and during the exploration met with adventures with the aborigines, I will not now relate. Having marked a station with my initial, and in returning made out a route practicable for drays, by which I afterwards

made my way with a large herd of cattle, although not without enduring more than I could tell in a few lines.

Our horses having picked up their flesh in a fortnight's spell on the green plains, we got back at a rattling pace, but, before arriving home, met with an adventure I shall not soon forget. It was at the first station we reached after crossing the "barrens" that divided our newly discovered country. A hut had just been built for the Stockman, a big strong Irishman, more than six feet high, a regular specimen of a Tipperary chicken. He had been entertaining us with characteristic hospitality; and we were smoking our pipes round the fire, when the hut keeper rushed in without his hat, crying:

"Tom! Tom! the blacks are coming down on us all armed, as hard as they can run. Shut the door! for Heaven's sake shut the door!" Tom banged it to, and put his shoulder against it while the keeper was pulling up the bar, and Carden and I were getting the lock-cases off our fire-arms. Unfortunately the door was made roughly of green wood, and had shrunk, leaving gaps between the slabs.

In the mean time about thirty blacks hurled a volley of spears that made the walls ring again; and then advancing boldly up, one of them thrust a double-jagged spear through the door, slap into Tom's throat. My back was turned towards him, being busy putting a fresh cap on my carbine. I heard his cry, and, turning saw him fall into the arms of the hut-keeper. I thrust the barrel of my piece through a hole against a black devil, and fired at the same moment that my man did. The two dropped; the rest retreated, but turned back, and caught up their dead friends. Carden flung open the door again, and gave them the contents of his other barrel. My black put the hut-keeper's musket into my hand; I gave them a charge of buckshot. Three more fell, and the rest, dropping their friends, disappeared across the river. All this was the work of a moment. We then turned our attention to the stock-keeper. The spear had entered at the chin, and come out on the other side three or four inches. There was not a great flow of blood, but he was evidently bleeding inwardly.

He was perfectly collected, and said he was quite sure he should die.

We cut the end of the spear short off, but did not dare to take it out. The hut-keeper got on a horse, leading another, and rode for a doctor who lived one hundred and fifty miles off; he never stopped except to give the horses a feed two or three times in the whole distance, but when he reached his journey's end, the doctor was out. In the mean time poor Tom made his will, disposing of a few head of cattle, mare and foal, and also signed a sort of a dying testament to the effect that he had never wronged any of the blacks in any way. The weather was very hot, mortification came on, and he died in agony two days after receiving his wound.

The outrage was reported to the Commissioner, but no notice was taken of it although we were paying a tax for Border Police at the time.

Not many years have elapsed since we fought for our lives—since I read the burial service over the poor murdered Stockman. A handsome verandah'd villa now stands in the place of the slab hut; yellow corn waves over the Irishman's grave, and while cattle and sheep abound, as well as white men, women, and children there is not a wild black within two hundred miles.



CHRISTMAS IN SWEDEN.

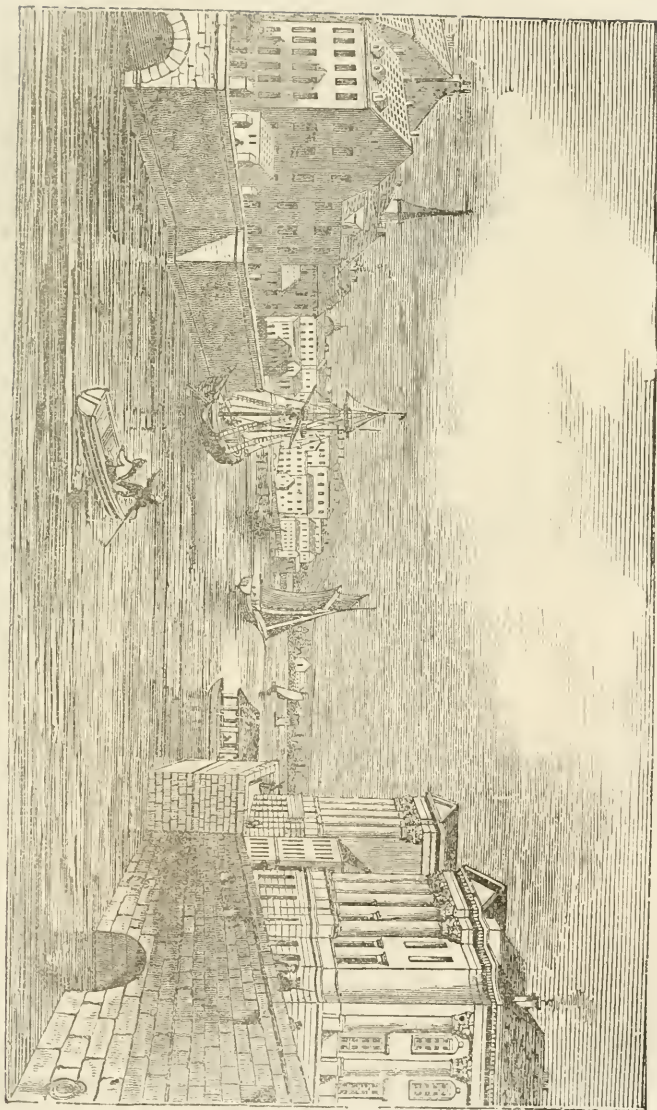
In a letter to a friend in England.

THE characteristics of Sweden and its people are not so generally known as those of more favoured regions of the world. It is common for tourists to visit almost every part of Europe except Scandinavia; and those who do go to the Swedish capital, Stockholm, seldom extend their observations much further. Yet the distinguishing traits of the Swedes cannot be fully known without a visit to those portions of the country where foreign influence is not exerted. Among the peasantry, the manners, customs, and traditions of the nation are distinctively preserved. In Stockholm, there are many who delight to keep up old customs, especially those relating to festivals, but the number diminishes as the intercourse of the inhabitants of other countries increases. A noted literary lady, writing from Stockholm to a friend in England, gives a very interesting account of the celebration of Christmas in that city, which we think worthy of quotation:—

“But I must now conduct you into my home, my humble home; but still there is to be found there the best which can be found under the sun, from the juice of the grape, and silk, and gilding—but all in the right proportion to my ability, my position in life, and my requirings, which I do not allow to go swarming about after pleasure, but put them early under a queen-bee’s guidance.

“‘He is always satisfied with himself and what belongs to him;’ you may, perhaps, dear brother, somewhat calumniously remark. We have a great festival to-day, you must know, and it may possibly so happen that the smell of candles and ——

STOCKHOLM.



now, also, there is an abominable smell of sealing-wax! That is because my wife is packing up and sealing Christmas boxes! The smell of tarts and roast meat, and the rejoicing of children, get rather into my head. It is Christmas eve, dear brother, a day which, through the whole of Sweden, is celebrated in castle and cottage with gifts given and received; with the best that people have of this world's wealth. For a month past one has seen that the festival was coming by the increase of life and bustle over the whole country, as if the whole country got itself ready for a feast. In the capital it seems as if a population of 80,000 souls had, all at once, increased to 100,000, and as if the bodies of all their souls had no more rest within the house. People drive, people walk, or rather people trudge up and down, from morning till night. People meet, people cross, people jostle one another in the crowds, in streets and lanes. At the turning on each hand one hears the words, 'Your most humble servant!' And in the Great West street in particular, people are in peril of their life—if they are poor foot passengers, like me. In the shops the ladies elbow one another, under the pleasant pretence of desiring to see this and that; examine, consider, turn over and over, ask questions, chatter, cheapen, and finally open their pocket-books and put in the bill; and then, without any impropriety, go out with their parcels, be they large or small, oblong or four-cornered, wrapped up with ingenuity in waste paper, and tied with pack-thread. The ladies, in their elegant pelisses, float to their elegant carriages, attended to the door by the gentlemen of the shops, who ask, with low bows, "Shall I send them home?—shall I add them to the account?" A nod, or gracious 'be so kind!' the window is pulled up, the whip cracks—the bills swell out! 500 rix-dollars for fine dresses; 1000 for gold and silver stuffs; 2000 for fine wines. Such purchases make them, the powerful money potentates, and then drive home to scold about a few pence and grumble over the dear times. 'Two farthings' worth of gingerbread!' demands little Janne, in his ragged coat, and with his nose-end red with the cold, standing before the paradise of the huckster's stall, gets called little friend by its red-

breasted cherub, receives two brown hearts, pays his money contentedly, goes his way as happy as a — prince? No, because a prince has too much to be happy with so little—but as a little, poor, good-hearted lad, who is as proud as can be to bid his little sister to a feast.

“In the great market-place, booth after booth is opened in long rows, each one filled with bread, books, stuffs of all kinds, confectionaries, and with—every thing in the world. It is the Christmas-market. And all the world—in Stockholm—goes to the Christmas-market to make purchases and to look about. Behind all this visible movement there is another movement in operation which is invisible. There are at this time in Stockholm, tailors, seamstresses, shoemakers, carriage-builders, furriers, lace-weavers, glovers, in a word, makers and workers of every kind, who are not so lucky as to deceive more than twenty times in the day with their ‘it shall be ready this evening!’ ‘in the morning!’ ‘by the end of the week!’ ‘the very first of all!’ which means the very last.

“Thus it goes on in the month of December in the capital, and thus, no doubt, down to the very least of Swedish towns. In the country it is fresh life. ~ Every mistress of a house steeps the fish, makes candles, and stuffs puddings. Every maid-servant is over head in business. All heads and all hands are busy for Christmas. All men and all domestic animals will be fed plentifully; even sparrows will sing of Christmas on their appointed sheaf of oats; and human sparrows—the beggars,—will be abundantly fed from rich men’s tables. The earth experiences the truth of the Lord’s words, ‘it is more blessed to give than to receive.’

“At this time there is an end of all candour and confidence in the family. Husbands and wives, parents, children, brothers and sisters, relations and friends, all conceal themselves from one another, all have secrets from one another, all have something to hide or withdraw from each other’s sight. And an observer might think that such things testified but indifferently for the

happiness of Swedish homes if the mirror of the soul, the eye, was not in the meantime become more loving and friendly than ever. But with roguish gravity, and repressed breath, the spirit of secrecy goes about sealing all lips until—all at once—as if by a magic stroke—amid the darkest night of the year, millions of lights are kindled, and, like a festive board, stands on the twenty-fourth of December, the whole kingdom of Sweden, from Lapmark down to Skone, and millions of voices exclaim the while, it is Christmas! it is Christmas!

“The genius of equality never reigned thus absolutely in the old states of the republic, as this evening throughout Sweden. A groat-ladle is the sceptre in his hand. The odour of sweet groats prevails over the whole kingdom, and in its atmosphere breathe all, in a brotherly concord, high and low, great and small. Christmas-candles burn in castle and cottage. Such is Christmas-eve. But the light which is thus kindled extends much farther; and, like a circling wheel,—pleasure follows pleasure for a long succession of days. There is dancing in cities, in towns, in hamlets. People drive, people feast, people play, and amid the sportive hours a more gladsome turn is often given to serious life. Many a grudge; much ill-will disappears amid the ‘borrowed fire,’ and Spirit, dost not observe something? Many a happy bond is knit for life amid blind-man’s-buff and ‘hide-the-ring—hide the ring, show it to no one!’ And so people go on till the twentieth day of Christmas, which is also called Knot, and which puts one upon the thread of Christmas pleasures. Christmas ends then; and on this evening, conformably with old Swedish custom, Christmas is danced out.

“In the midst of this garland of sports and pleasures occurs the great festival of the Church, full of solemnity and light. On this occasion the churches are filled with people. The true religion of God is the friend of joy and animation. Therefore we rejoice at Christmas.

“And now again is this festival come, and every where people think about giving pleasure to themselves, and, what is better,

of giving pleasure to others. Oh! what delight I had in childhood for many weeks before Christmas, in thinking upon the Christmas-boxes with which I should surprise my parents, and brothers and sisters. I remember, in particular, a sketch, a landscape of my own composition, with which I designed to astonish and delight my father. I awoke every morning with this in my mind. It was a very ambitious work. Every thing was there; the Alps, the Mediterranean Sea; sun-rise; a vessel under sail; a Roman aqueduct in ruins; a rushing mountain torrent, beside which sat a shepherd, playing on his flute to his flock, (a union of the sublime and the beautiful!) two travelling gentlemen, (the one was to represent my father) who from a path down the Alps, observed all this, and were enraptured. The joy of the artist,—the child's love; the child's, or rather human nature's—self-love united to make my heart beat with the thought of the evening on which this sublime composition should be exhibited to the light, be admired by my father and the whole family, perhaps even by the provost and burgomaster; and—who knows?—perhaps the fame of it might go over the whole city. I did not remark until the picture was finished, that the Mediterranean chanced to lie above the aqueduct; that the ship could not avoid striking against the sun; that the Alps looked like confectionary, and my father like a highwayman. My good father had not the heart to enlighten me on this subject, so that although my masterpiece did not, by any means, cause the rapture which I expected, yet I remained for this time unpunished for my presumption. But ah! I fear that the hour of retribution is come; that my first-born son inherits my artistical talent, and designs to prepare for me a surprise like that which I, once upon a time, prepared for my father. I have seen something horribly shining forth from his drawing-board, and which, as I came nearer, was concealed with mighty haste. I wish, that when my hour comes, I may restrain myself as well as my deceased father did. We have now, for several days, been so full of mysteries one with another, and have attempted to hide in all corners with

our intrigues, that I am quite weary of it, and long for the Christmas-goat, which will explain all. And anon, his hour will be come. The clock strikes seven; I hear the voice of my wife, which orders tea and saffron cakes, 'and lights in the parlour.' Now beat the hearts of the children, and—I almost think—mine also! I leave you, and will continue my letter to-morrow

“ Christmas-day.

You should have seen them, my four children, dancing round the Christmas-tree, which hung full of apples, gingerbread, and other gimeracks; you should have seen them in the light of the Christmas candles, beaming with joy, skipping, singing, laughing in unrestrained life enjoyment, and you would not have wondered that I, absorbed by the observation of the joyous picture, did not remark that the contents of my tea-cup which I poured into the saucer ran over, until I perceived something warm at my side, and to my horror, saw a gray pool upon the red worsted damask of the sofa. I immediately wiped it up, fortunately unobserved by my wife; but many will be the wonderings as to how and when that stain came upon it!

“And now we were all assembled; my wife—an excellent wife, I assure you, but almost too great a hater of stains upon furniture—my wife, my wife’s husband, two young relations, the Student N., and Mamsell Mina, and my four children. We drank tea and dipped in great slices of saffron-bread. We ought to have talked and made-believe that nothing was going to happen. But it would not do. The state of the weather was attempted. I thought we should have snow. The Student, that we should have thaw; my wife’s idea was, that we should soon have winter; mine, that we had winter already; Mamsell Mina’s that we should have an early spring, and so on. In the meantime, the children began to cast expressive glances one at another, and then quickly I saw my eldest daughter, with diplomatic address, steal out of the room, and then the rest, one after another. Nobody observed it—Heaven forbid! but my wife

smiled, and so did I. In a little while the children again entered, and now, in solemn procession, the eldest first, the youngest last.

“My eldest daughter, a twelve-year old, and very patriotic girl, stepped forward towards me with a waistcoat in her hand, which she herself had worked for me, and which blazed with the colours of the Swedish flag—yellow and blue; both waistcoat and girl I clasped tenderly to my heart. My first-born son, a promising youth of thirteen, presented at the same time to his mother, with some pride, a colossal long-legged foot-stool, which, with a certain fear and circumspection, she received into her hands, uttering a joyous exclamation of applause at this, his first masterpiece of carpentry. After this he approached me, and, with a certain degree of horror, I saw a great paper in his hand. ‘Now it comes!’ thought I. I saw, in spirit, the Alps, the Mediterranean Sea, the Sun, myself—myself, even!—but the gentle stars be thanked! it was better than I expected; for, as with terror I took the paper into my hands, I saw no Alps, only a pair of human heads, which seemed to be goring one another—although it was meant to represent kissing—yet, still, the whole thing was so human, that I could with great truth answer my wife’s somewhat uneasily questioning glances by—‘Ay, ay! look here, now. At his age I could hardly have done better myself!’

“My six-years-old Willie, a little quiet lad, given to looking after relics, and who must be designed for an antiquary—I had a presentiment regarding the Christmas gift which with some importance, he presented to his mother. This was a collection of remarkable things which he had found—crooked pins, broken-pointed needles, headless nails, glittering grains of sand, little pieces of gilding, a possible piece of money, and such-like curiosities, which caused us to burst into a hearty laugh. This embarrassed the little collector, and filled his eyes with tears, which we immediately kissed away, and assumed that demeanour of respect with which one regards relics from Herculaneum. And as among these treasures we discovered an old Northern coin of real value, then were my little fellow and I proud and glad. Bertha

my little darling—she, with her own small dear fingers, had made her first essay at hemming, on a pocket-handkerchief, which father and mother were to use alternately, or in company. The two young relations also came forth modestly with their presents. The student, with verses which he dedicated to my wife and me, in which ‘the strength of the North’ was spoken of, Ygdrasil and Ragnorak, and again ‘the strength of the North.’ Mamsell Mina presented us with an especially beautiful piece of work, for which, with crimsoning cheeks, she received our thanks.

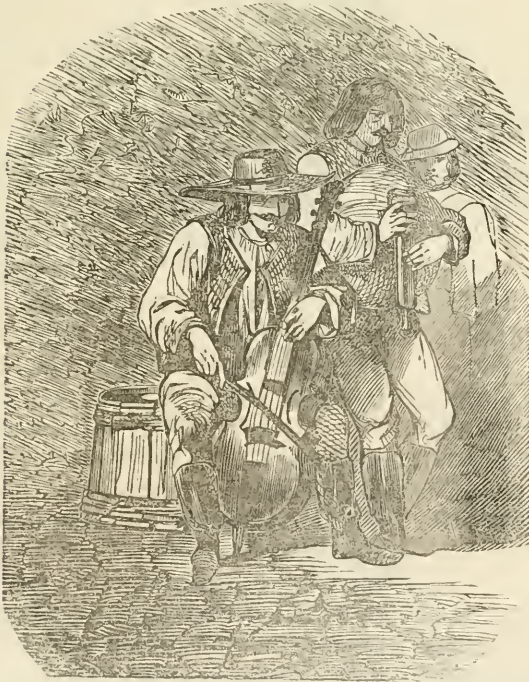
“Whilst we—my wife and I—were more closely examining our Christmas-gifts by the light, turning them in every direction, and finding them all remarkable, there suddenly was heard a thundering noise at the door. Great sensation! especially among the younger part of the company. Immediately afterwards the door opened, and there entered a beast which might have put to flight all the wild beasts of Africa, but which saluted with great good-will the small community in the room. This was the Christmas-goat, with great horns, with wild shaggy eyebrows, and many characteristics of the monster: behind him came a young servant-maid with a baking trough full of Christmas-boxes. And immediately was the room bombarded with these. They rolled about, and flew here and there, and after them the four children, amid a tumult of delight. A terrible tumult was this. The long legs of my first-born occasioned a dreadful convulsion among chairs and tables, and as I feared, even upon his own masterpiece of carpentry. Amid the universal tumult, I happened to see my wife wrap something up in her shawl; it seemed to me to be the ruins of the colossal footstool, and I fancied that three legs were missing.

“Every seven or ten minutes the Christmas goat made a volcanic movement, upon which many little packets were flung up into the air. At one time a half-anker, and then a half-cask, was rolled in; and all these had to be brought to the light, and there, in presence of all, their inscriptions read, which contained

many odd and significant puns, *jeu d'esprits*, which were duly interpreted. In various of the verses I perceived the young genius of the student; and in many of the jokes the merry humour of Mina. Two hours were spent amid frolics of this kind, and the peals of laughter which they excited. At the end of that time the young student stood in a new black suit, and, striking his hand upon his breast, declaimed, I know not what sort of tragic-comic oration, before Mamsell Mina, and she, almost killing herself with laughter, attempted to answer him in the same spirit. My first-born made *entrechats* on *entrechats* around a library of ten volumes; my eldest daughter danced before her new hat; Willie beat a drum; and little Bertha embraced a cat of pasteboard, and gave it the most loving of pet names. That was a confusion, but it was a confusion which did the heart good. All the young ones found their wishes gratified: and each and all had therein his sugar-plum to suck at a future time.

“And now we had to eat, and after that to sleep; both of which were difficult for the children, who now could see nothing, could occupy themselves with nothing, but their Christmas-boxes. Each one took his most precious gift to the table. Little Bertha's cat must go with her to bed. Every one longed for the morrow, that he might the better examine his splendid treasures. Whilst they lay and talked of these slumber came and kissed the words from their lips. They now lie and sleep. Joyous evening! God be praised for thee, and that thou comest and lightest up a portion of our long dark winter with a ray of that light which once, in the darkness of the world, was kindled at the cradle of a child. Beautiful, also, is the old Swedish custom of allowing all children to celebrate the birth of the Child of God. I have been a child, and have wept, and laughed, and wept again, like all my little April-mooded compeers, quickly forgetting the occasion both of smiles and tears. I have become a man, and have experienced the sorrows of life, and the pleasures of the world; they are now only as a dimmed memory; but like a newly kindled

light—like a clear, crackling winter's fire—flames up before my mind the delights of Christmas-evening in my childhood. Many a pleasure, many a breeze of spring, many a bright beam of autumn sunshine, may still cheer the aged; but the joy of Christmas-eve, that indescribable, unmixed, innocently-intoxicating delight, experiences he never more! Yet he still can enjoy it, in the gladness of children—his own, or—others!





BUDDHIST PRIEST OF CEYLON.

A PEEP AT THE "PERAHARRA."

OF the religious festivals of the Buddhists of Ceylon, that known as the Peraharra is the most important. It is observed at Kandy, the capital of the ancient kings of Ceylon, and at Ratnapoora, the chief town of the Saffragam district. Few good Buddhists will be absent from these religious observances; and whole families may be seen journeying on foot for many miles, over mountains, through dense jungles and unwholesome swamps, across rapid and dangerous streams, along hot sandy pathways, loaded with their pittance of food and the more bulky presents of fruit,

rice, oil, and flowers, to lay at the foot of the holy shrine of Buddha, to be eventually devoured by the insatiable priests.

In the month of July, 1840, I had a peep at the celebrated Peraharra of Ratnapoora, where the shrine sacred to the memory of *Saman* rivals in attraction the great *Dalada Maligawa* of Kandy. Like its mountain competitor, it has its relic of Buddha enshrined in a richly-jeweled casket, which is made an object of especial veneration to the votaries of that god. *Saman* was the brother of the famed Rama, the Malabar conqueror who invaded Ceylon in ages long past, and extirpated from its flowery shores the race of mighty giants who had held its people in subjection for many centuries—a sort of Oriental King Arthur. To *Saman* was given the district of Saffragam; and the people of that country at his death, promoted him to the dignity of a deity, as a slight token of their regard.

The Ratnapoora festival is the more attractive by reason of its being made the occasion of a large traffic in precious stones, with which the neighbourhood abounds. In this way the great part of the Buddhists manage to combine commerce with devotion.

The road to the Saffragam district was, in the time at which I travelled it, a very barbarous and dangerous affair, differing widely from the excellent traces which existed through most of the maritime provinces of Ceylon. It was then, in fact, little more than a mere bullock-track, or bridle-path, with no bridges to aid in crossing the streams which intersect it. The journey from Colombo to Ratnapoora may now be easily performed in one day: at that time it required a good nag and careful diligence to accomplish it in two.

Day dawned as I got clear of the Pettah, or Black Town of Colombo, and crossed a small stream which led me to the jungle, or village road, I was to follow. In England, we should call such a muddy lane; but here one knows little between the good high roads and the bullock track. Strange as it may sound to home travellers, one is often glad to see the sun rise, and feel it warm the heavy, damp air in the tropics. Before me lay a long straggling line of low jungle, indicating the road; far away in

the distance rose the high, bluff hill and rocks towering over the once royal domain of *Avishawella*. Around, on every side, was water, completely hiding the fields from view, and only allowing a bush, or a tree, or a hut-top, to be seen peeping up through the aqueous veil, dotting the wide expanse like daisies in a field. The rains had flooded the whole of the low country, which, inundated by many mountain torrents, could not discharge the mass of streams nearly so fast as it received them. Over and across all this watery wilderness huge masses of misty vapour came rolling and tumbling along, as though shrouding some Titanie water-sprites who had been keeping it up rather late the night before, and were not quite sure of the way home. One might have imagined, indeed, that it was some universal washing-day, and that the great lid of the national copper had just been lifted up.

As the sun rose above the line of black rocks in the distance, its rays lit up those misty monsters of the flood, imparting to them life-like tints, which gave them beauty, and forms they had not known before. As these sun-lit fogs rolled on, a thousand shapes moved fitfully among them; troops of wild horsemen; crystal palaces with gilded gates; grim figures playing at bo-peep; hills, towns, and castles; with many a ship at sea, and lovely cottages in quiet, sunny glades; all these, and more, seemed there. With the sea-breeze, all that array of cloudy creatures departed, leaving the air hot and stifling from the reflection of the sun's rays in the endless flood above me. But where were the poor Singalese villagers, their families, and their goods, amidst all this wreck? As I jogged along, the cry of a child, the crowing of a cock, the bark of a dog, floated across the ocean of mist, but whence came they? I looked to the right and to the left. I strained my eyes straightforward, but not a soul, or a feather, or a snout was to be seen. Presently the fog cleared away, and I could see overhead into the trees. There, chairs, tables, chattels, paddy-pounders, boxes of clothes, children in cots, men, women, cats, dogs, all were there in one strange medley, curiously ensconced among the wide-spreading branches of the trees. Over their heads, and on each side, mats and

cocoa-nut leaves were hung to keep off rain and damp fogs, while against each side of the tree was placed a thick notched stick, which served as a ladder for the whole party. Here and there canoes were to be seen paddled across the fields to keep up communication between the different villages. It was a strange but desolate spectacle, and I was glad to find myself, at last, free from the watery neighbourhood, and once more riding on *terra firma*.

During the heat of the next day I turned aside to a shady green lane. A mile along this quiet pathway, I was tempted to rest myself at the mouth of a dark-looking cave, by the side of a running stream of beautiful water. Tying my pony to a bush, I entered at the low archway, and found myself at once in utter darkness; but after a short time I began to distinguish objects, and then saw, close to me, one whom I should have least looked for in that strange desolate spot. It was a Chinese, tail and all. My first idea was, as I looked at the figure through the dim light of the cave, that it was nothing more than a large china jar, or, perhaps a huge tea-chest, left there by some traveller; but, when the great round face relaxed into a grin, and the little pea-like eyes winked, and the tail moved, and the thick lips uttered broken English, I took a proper view of the matter, and wished my cavern acquaintance "good-morning." I soon gathered the occupation of See Chee in this strange place; the cave we were then in was one of the many in that neighbourhood, in which a particular kind of swallow builds the edible nests so highly prized by the Chinese and Japanese for conversion into soups, stews, and, for aught we know, into tarts. The Chinaman told me, what I was scarcely prepared to learn, that he rented from the Ceylon government the privilege to seek these birds' nests in this district, for which he paid the yearly sum of one hundred dollars or seven pounds, ten shillings. Procuring a *chule*, or native torch, the Chinese nest-hunter showed me long ledges of shelving rock at the top of the cavern, whereon whole legions of curious little gummy-like exerescences were suspended; some were perfect nests, others were in course of formation, and these

latter I learned were the most valued ; those which had had the young birds reared in them being indifferently thought of, and were only bought by the lower orders of soup-makers. Having rested myself and pony, I once more pushed on for Ratnapoora, where I arrived, heated, jaded, and dusty, by high noon.

A chattie bath seldom fails to refresh the Indian traveller, and fit him for the enjoyment of his meal. In the cool of the evening I strolled out to watch the preparations for the nightly festivities. These continue for about a fortnight, chiefly after sunset, though devotees may be seen laying their simple offerings at the foot of the shrine, during most part of the afternoon. The little bazaar of the town was alive with business ; all vestiges of its wonted filth and wretchedness were hidden beneath long strips of white linen, and garlands of cocoa-nut leaves and flowers hung round by bands of bright red cloth. Piles of tempting wares were there ; beads, bangles, and scarfs to decorate ; rice, jaggery and sweetmeats to eat, and innumerable liquors to drink, were placed in profuse array. The streets and lanes poured forth long strings of human beings, heated with the sun, flushed with drink, and bedizened with trumpery jewelry, and mock finery. Poor tillers of the soil ; beggarly fishermen ; mendicant cinnamon-peelers ; half-starved coolies ; lean, sickly women, and poor immature children, passed onward in the motley throng, burying their every-day misery beneath the savage mirth of a night or two at the Peraharra.

Following the living, dark stream, as closely as the heat, dust, and strange odours would allow me, I arrived, at length, near to the Temple of Saman. The edifice, of which I caught a distant glimpse, was half concealed beneath the heavy, luxuriant foliage of cocoa-nut tops, arakas, plantains, and banyan trees. An ocean of human heads filled up the space around the building, from which proceeded the well-known sounds of the reed and the tom-tom. Gay flags fluttered from the four corners, and the lofty pinnacle in the centre ; wreaths of flowers, plaited leaves and ribbons of many colors, waved jauntily from roof to door ;

while round the pillars of the walls and door-posts clustered rich bunches of most tempting fruit.

Close by this busy scene, another group was forming under a large and lofty *Pundahl*, or open bungalow. Forcing my way to one corner of the shed, I found a company of Indian jugglers, consisting of two men, a girl, and a child of perhaps three years. The men were habited in strange uncouth dresses, with large strings of heavy black beads around their necks; the girl was simply and neatly clad in white, with silver bangles and anklets, and a necklace of native diamonds. It would be impossible to detail all their extraordinary performances, which far exceeded any thing I had ever read of their art. The quantity of iron and brass ware which they contrived to swallow was truly marvellous; ten-penny nails, clasp-knives, gimlets, were all treated as so many items of pastry or confectionary, and I could but picture to myself the havoc a dozen of these cormorants would commit in an ironmonger's shop. Not the least remarkable of their feats was that of producing a sheet of water upon the sand close at our feet; and, after conjuring upon its clear surface half-a-dozen young ducks and geese, suddenly causing it to freeze in such a solid mass as to allow of our walking across it without causing so much as a crack in its crystal body. One more feat I must relate; which was that of suspending the girl while seated on a sort of ottoman, to the ridge-pole of the shed; and at a given signal, removing the rope by which she hung, leaving her still suspended in the air—not with a regular apparatus, such as is used by the performers of a similar trick in London and Paris, but apparently with no apparatus at all! For, to my exceeding amazement, a sword was given to me, as the only European of the company, and I was told to cut and slash as much as I pleased above and around the girl. After some hesitation, I hacked and hewed the air in every direction, around and close to the suspended maiden with a vigour which would inevitably cut asunder any means of support; yet there she swung unmoved, without any sort of apparent agent of suspension except the air itself! Snake-charming

and dancing completed the entertainment. When I left the place it was night.

Near the temple all was noise and confusion, and it was with some difficulty that I forced my way through the dense crowd, and reached the steps of the venerated shrine. The priest stationed at the entrance made a way in for me as well as he could, but the pressure inside was intense. Hundreds of men and women pressed eagerly forward to reach the flight of huge stone stairs which led up to the sacred depository. It was as bad as a crush to get into the Crystal Palace. My passage was so slow that I had time to examine and admire the fine antique carved work on the pillars and ceiling of the entrance-hall, as well as on the tall pilasters which lined the ample staircase. There was a beauty of style and a high degree of finish about this work that could not be attained in Ceylon in the present day. Arrived, at length, at the inner temple or sacred shrine above, I passed with the rest, between a richly brocaded curtain which hung in folds across the entrance at the top of the stairs, and stood before the famed relic of Buddha, or rather the jeweled casket which contained it. I felt disappointed at the spectacle here arising, perhaps from my taking no interest in the exhibition as a religious ceremony, and looking at it merely as an empty show, not far removed from the status of Bartholomew Fair. The strong glare of a hundred lights, the heat and crowd of so many in so small a place, the sickly perfume of the piles of Buddha flowers heaped before the shrine by the pilgrims, the deafening, discordant din of a score of tom-toms, and vile screeching pipes made me glad enough to descend the stairs, and flinging a rupee into the poor-box of the god, to escape once more into the fresh air.

From the votaries of Saman I entered another crowd assembled round a gaily decorated building, which I at once perceived was a Hindoo temple. Here, to the sound of much music, and by the light of many lamps, a group of young dancing-girls were delighting the motley crowd. There were but three of them, one a finely-made, tall, sylph-like creature, with really graceful movements; the others younger, stouter, and far less pleasing. A

good deal of pains had evidently been taken with their dress, which sparkled at all points with what I was assured were precious stones. I have heard that is not uncommon for these Nautch girls to have jewelry about their dress to the value of twenty thousand pounds. The graceful little jacket which the chief dancer wore over her flowing white robes sparkled and glistened with something which was quite new to me as articles of ornament: along the edge of her pure white garment, shone a whole host of fire-flies, which by some ingenious arrangement had been secured to the dress, and gave a strange and pleasing novelty to the appearance of her attire, as she swept gracefully round in slow and measured steps. The music to which these people dance, is any thing but pleasing to an English ear: indeed, there is scarcely a trace of rhythm in it; yet they contrive to measure their mazy and difficult dance by its notes with admirable precision. Long custom has so attached them to their empty, meaningless music that they can appreciate no other. I am certain that M. Julien's band would scarcely be listened to by the Singalese if there were a few tom-toms within hearing. It is a curious fact that in the districts in which these Nautch girls are brought up, education is so rare, that these dancers are generally the only lay persons within many days' journey who can either read or write. The priests can all read, if not write, and they take care to instruct the temple-girls in order to enable them to learn the various songs and legends for recital at their periodic festivals. The rest of the population they keep in the densest ignorance.

Leaving the dancers and priests, I strolled toward the river Kaloo-ganga, whose quiet, palm-shaded banks stood out in sweetest contrast to the noisy revelry I had just beheld. The moon was near the full, and rising high above the many rich green tops of palms, and gorgeous plantains, lit up the peaceful scene with radiance not of earth. It is hardly possible to conceive the magic beauty of moonlight in the tropics; those who have witnessed it, can never forget their feelings under its influence.

it, but the affair would be a dead failure; and did it succeed, strangers to these climes would pronounce it an unnatural painting. Even in its reality, it bears the impress of something half unearthly, and it requires the testimony of the huge fingery leaves, as they wave to the breeze, to assure one that the whole scene is not imaginary. Fully as bright and radiating, though softer in its hue, than the broad sunshine, the moon poured down in living streams its gifts of ether-light. The monster palms, the slender arekas, the feathery bamboos and tamarinds, revelled in the harmony and glow of radiant moonlight, which leaping down in phosphorescent waves, sprang on from leaf to flower, from bud to herb, and streaming through the waving seas of giant, emerald grass, died sparkling at its feet.

Some of the topes along this gentle river grew so thickly that not the faintest ray of light found its soft way among them; the deepest shade was there, and only in one of these could I trace any vestiges of living beings. A little hut was buried far away in the inmost recesses of a tope—all bright above, all gloom below. The door was open, and from it shone a faintly glimmering light; so tiny was the ray amidst that heavy shade, so distant did it seem, that it defied all conception of space, and made my eyes ache to gaze at it. I, at length, distinguished faint sounds proceeding from it. They were those of a regular harmony. Strolling nearer, I heard that they proceeded from cultivated voices. What a sensation! The music was that of the "Evening Hymn!" and it came upon me with the echoes of the uncouth Babel of Heathenism I had just left still ringing in my ears, like the sun-light on a surging sea. When I recovered from the delightful surprise, I found that the singers were the family of a native missionary who had embraced Christianity.

The next day the bazaar was crowded with dealers in and diggers for precious stones. Hundreds of Moormen, Chitties, Arabs, Parsees, and Singalese were busily employed in barter; and a most noisy operation it was. In the neighbourhood of Ratnapoora exist many tracts of clayey and gravelly land, rich in

rubies, sapphires, garnets, turquoise, and cat's-eyes. For the privilege of digging for these, or of sifting them from the sands of some of the rivers, the natives pay heavy rents to Government; often sub-letting the ground, at large profits, to needy speculators. Their harvest is usually offered for sale during the Peraiarra; and, be their gains what they may, they are generally rid of the whole amount before the end of the festival. The existence of this source of wealth is unfortunately, a bane, rather than a blessing, to the district; for whole villages flock to the ruby-grounds, delving and sifting for weeks together, utterly neglecting their rice fields and gardens. Arrack taverns have multiplied, intemperance has increased, long tracts of fertile land have ceased to be sown with paddy, and the country-people now buy their food from strangers, in place of growing it as formerly. It will be a happy time for Saffragam when its stores of precious stones shall be exhausted; for not till then will peaceful industry be once more sought.

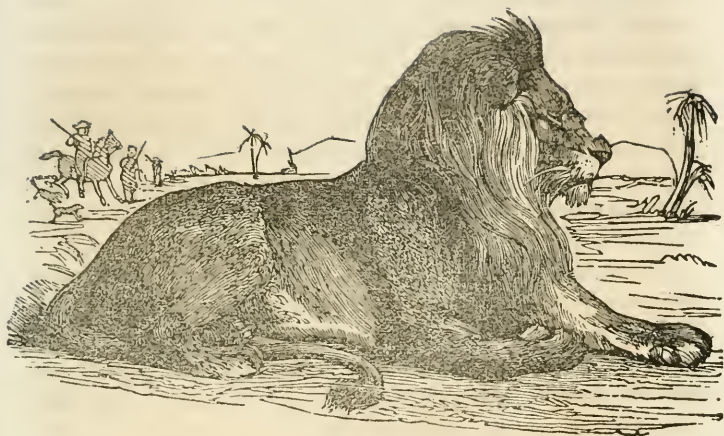
Struggling and forcing a way through the busy crowd were to be seen one or two Hindoo fakeers, most repulsive objects, depending for subsistence on the alms of pilgrims and others. One of these wretched creatures, in the fulfilment of a vow, or as an act of fancied righteousness, had held his left arm for so many years erect above his head, that it could not now be moved—and grew transfixed, emaciated, and bony. It seemed more like a dry, withered stick tied to the body than a part of itself. The other fakeer had closed his hands so long that the finger-nails had grown quite through the palms, and projected at the back of them; these miserable-looking objects appeared to reap a tolerable harvest, and seemed to be then in no pain.

Under the shade of a banyan tree, a grave-looking Moorman was amusing a crowd of boys and women with the recital of some wonderful or silly legend. The trade of story-telling, in the East, is still a profitable one, if I might judge from the comfortable appearance of this well-clad talker.

When I left Ratnapoora crowds were still flocking into the

town, for on the morrow the huge temple elephants were expected to march in procession through the place, decked out in all sorts of finery, and bearing the casket and relic; but it was a wearisome spectacle, and I was heartily glad to find myself once more on my pony, quietly winding through green paddy-fields and under shady topes.





THE INDIAN LION.

HUNTING IN THE INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

IN consequence of information received from several natives that abundance of large game was to be found along the banks of the Moar river, a party of three agreed to explore its resources. A Malacca boat, with a small cabin capable of sheltering us from rain and sun, was accordingly hired, the necessary provender for a three weeks' cruise put on board, and we started from Singapore with favouring breezes. The latter soon forsook us, and instead of a passage of twenty-four hours, as we expected, we did not arrive at the mouth of the river before three days, where we were very nearly terminating our journey in a rather unpropitious manner. A strong north-west wind blowing against an ebb tide caused the sea to get up most unpleasantly, and upon attempting to get over the bar we found so little water that our boat all but struck several times, so that we were compelled to up sail and go out to sea for the night. Had we struck, the boat would have gone to pieces in five minutes, for they are

miserably constructed craft, put together with the very fewest possible number of nails, and look as if a good shake would cause them to fall asunder. The two large mat sails have to be lowered and shifted from side to side of the masts on every occasion of tacking, and are so cumbrous and clumsy that one would suppose them to have been invented about the time of the Argonauts. We got, however, safely over the bar and into the river the following morning, and with about half-flood in our favour, proceeded to pull leisurely up the river.

The Moar is a fine river, and could vessels get over the bar, a ship of the largest size might go up for fully one hundred miles. There is ample depth of water, but the river is extremely tortuous in its course, winding so as to bring the sun shining in your face this hour, right behind you the next, or in less than that time right round the compass. The general direction of the river is westward, and it rises, by the account given us by the Malays in the mountains of Pahang, leaving Mount Ophir considerably to the west, and the fall must be very gradual, for the ebb and flow are pretty equal. The river is about five hundred yards broad, after you enter, but it soon diminishes to about three hundred yards, and this breadth I should think it retains for seventy or eighty miles. At Bukit Kupong, where we stopped for some days, about one hundred miles up the river, the Malay man who lives there, told us he measured the stream opposite his house, and that it was exactly sixty-five fathoms broad. Between Sungei Mati and Grisi the river becomes entirely fresh; the water is excellent to drink, and soft and most refreshing to bathe in. It is, however, full of alligators of large size, and it is therefore unsafe to swim about, although we did so on one occasion; but the sight of large alligators next day was sufficient hint to us to confine our ablutions to lifting water from the river in a *timbang*, eastern fashion. For the first ten or twenty miles the banks of the river are clothed with the usual mangrove, but not so entirely as I expected. Every now and then there are pleasant vistas showing diversified foliage. The *nipah* palm fringes the river, and is evidently cut down all along the

banks. The nebong palm is very abundant; there appears to be regular forests of it, and often did we desire a cabbage from the top of one, but we had no hatchet to cut them down, and the thorns with which the tree is covered effectually prevents the possibility of climbing it. For a long way up the river there is no appearance of human habitations. The first arrived at are those at Sungei Mati, but we did not visit this place, to our great regret, as there are abundance of deer to be found on an island formed by the splitting of this tributary of the Moar before it joins the parent stream, and it seems to be the very region of elephants, of which we had a convincing proof the first night of our arrival. As it is impossible to proceed against the tide, we were compelled to anchor every ebb, and pull with the flood. Anxious to avail ourselves to the utmost of the flood-tide, we had agreed to take our turns of watch to keep the men at their oars, and much they needed such vigilance, for a more lazy, good for nothing set of fellows we could scarcely have found had we been looking for them. About half-past eleven our companion on watch heard a roar, which he at first thought issued from a legion of tigers, and presently a plunge into the water as if a shoal of whales were playing their gambols in the vicinity. But he was not left long in suspense, for, although the night was dark, he soon observed some fifteen or twenty large objects approaching the boat, which after contemplating for some time, he concluded must be elephants, whereupon he ran down and awoke Mr. S. and myself. All our guns were unfortunately in their cases, as we did not dream of having shooting so soon, or that animals would be so accommodating as to swim off to us, but Mr. S. had a single-barrel rifle loaded the previous evening to shoot alligators. This was discharged at three or four of the animals at about twenty paces distant. Immediately after firing he looked down and found the proboscis of a fellow within a few feet of him, so close that he was compelled to start back to prevent the animal from laying hold of him. The beast had got right under the bow of the boat, and one of the boatmen, to keep him off, took a long pole used for keeping the sail on stretch, and commenced poking the

elephant in the head, which he resented by jerking the pole out of the man's hand, with such violence that he narrowly escaped joining them in their nocturnal swim. The boat then passed right over the back of the beast, who came up on the opposite side and made for shore, and when he was about five paces distant, a Bengali Shikari, who accompanied us, put a couple of bullets into his neck, from a large musket he had contrived to load with a charge, judging from the report, enough for a small cannon. Upon this the beast uttered a yell as if grievously hurt, and had we stopped, the chances are we might have followed him up and got him next day. But, we were anxious to get up the river to the plains, where we had reason to suppose the wild cattle abounded, and therefore proceeded on our way so soon as the excitement of the present visit subsided. The troop of elephants must have been very large, for besides those that swam the river, we heard trumpeting in all directions along the side they came from, answering those that crossed over, who no doubt intimated to their companions that all was not quite right in the river. The following day we stopped at a place called Grisi, where there is a single Malay hut inhabited by an old man and his family, who has a few cocoa-nut trees around the house, but, save those, no other species of cultivation, although the spot appears to be one capable of producing all tropical fruits, rice, &c. It is a marvel how these people exist. The river supplies them with fish, and a large fine kind of prawn, called "Udong Gala," but how they procure rice and salt I know not, seeing that they are too lazy to put their hands to any kind of work. We spent a pleasant time at Grisi, saw the tracks of a variety of wild animals, deers and tigers especially, also of the elephant, and the rhinoceros, and heard and saw several jungle-fowl, and got some shots at the latter. On the tide making, and after a most refreshing bathe, we started for Pankalang Kotah, where we hoped to obtain guides to show us the haunts of the Saladang or wild cow, deer, and other game.

We arrived at Pankalang Kotah at about two, P. M. This village is pleasantly situated on rising ground, and was the resi-

dence of the late Tumungong of Moar, whose house still remains surrounded by a pager of nibong. It has a "bali-bali," or place for the natives to assemble and talk over events within the enclosure, and the tenement itself is about as good as a native of Singapore, with ten or twelve dollars per mensem, would think of living in. The rest of the houses or huts are miserable habitations, but quite good enough for their owners, for of all the lazy, good-for-nothing fellows I ever met with, those at Pankalang Kotah have the pre-eminence; even our lazy boatmen were astonished at their indolence, and remarked that elsewhere the men worked, but here the women. We saw these poor drudges pounding rice and going to the river for water, which they carried in a number of cocoa-nut shells collected together with rattans, whilst their lords and masters walked about, the very emblems of indolence. The Malays look lazy and harmless, but there are some of the most cut-throat looking scoundrels I ever saw, Bugis, who evidently rule the kampong, although nominally under the chief of the village and acting by his direction. Indeed there does not appear to be at present any properly acknowledged head. The late Tumungong died about a year and a half ago, and since then all has been anarchy and confusion. Every fellow who can collect a few followers dubs himself Rajah, and exercises authority to the extent of his power. We had several instances of this. The Rajah at Pankalang Kotah seized the salt passing up the river to the Rajah at Segamet, and whilst we were at anchor off Bukit Kupong, a Pahang trader in the habit of visiting Singapore, came on board the boat, and said the Rajah had seized four coyans of salt he was taking up the river. We inquired what Rajah, and he replied, the Rajah at Pagoo. This is a place so small that it altogether escaped our observation. There may be three or four huts in the Raj. Thus in forty or fifty miles we had three rajahs at least, and perhaps an aggregate of about thirty huts. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that the people are in a miserable condition, and that the land is given up to wild beasts. The suspicion evinced by all whom we hailed in their little canoes, rowing up and down the river,

spoke plainly of their fears, and gave us the impression of people labouring under habitual oppression, whose energies were paralysed by the conviction that they could not enjoy the fruits of their labour. The consequence of this stoppage of salt is, that the price in the interior has risen to eighty dollars per coyan, the Singapore price being ten dollars. We found the people at Pankalang Kotah most blustering talkers, but most slow to realize their promises. At first they could show us any amount of game. There were herds of wild cows in the vicinity—of tens, thirties, and forties—were we not afraid? they would take us in amongst them, but having done so must run off, as they persisted in saying these animals invariably charged, and were the most savage in the jungle. They then tried to deter us from going, by telling us thirty men had been eaten by tigers. These again were said to be unusually numerous and ferocious. But all could not do. We told them so much the better; all we desired was to see the animals, which they promised faithfully to show us, if we could get up at four in the morning. We made no difficulty of this, so at four A. M., we were up and ready, but no guides. At last, after waiting until past six, we went on shore and roundly taxing them with having told us deliberate lies, we got one fellow to come with us, and a precious entangled jungle he took us through, showing us certainly where game had been some months previous, but we could come upon no previous tracks. After losing a day to no purpose, we determined to proceed further up the river, and started accordingly in the evening.

The morning after we left Pankalang Kotah we found our boat at anchor of a rather better-looking sort of Malay hut, picturesquely situated at the bottom of a nice-looking hill, and surrounded by fruit trees. A little old Malay came off to us in his boat, with whom we immediately entered into conversation, and soon discovered that he was a regular Nimrod, who had waged war against all the denizens of the forest, and who volunteered to show us wild cows within forty-eight hours; he told us, however, what we knew pretty well before, that if we wanted sport it was necessary to burn the *lalang* grass some two or three weeks before-



JUNGLE FOWL.





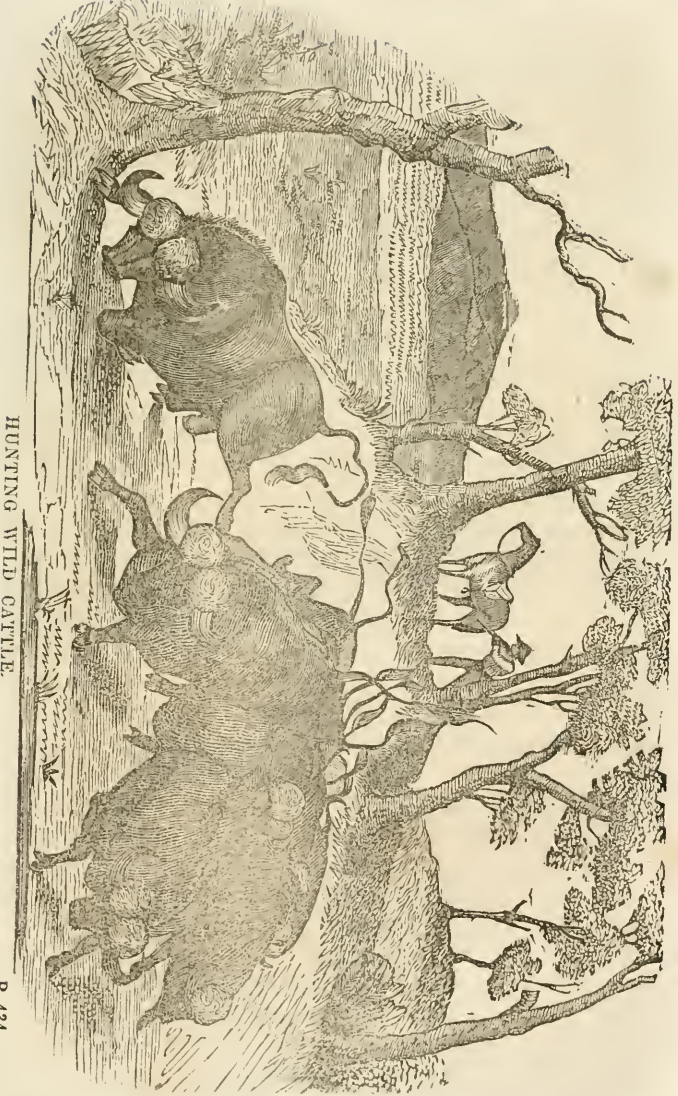
HUNTING DEER.

hand, when we would be sure of finding herds of the wild cattle feeding upon the young grass morning and evening. In consequence of this not having been done, we had many a weary walk in vain, and it was not a little tantalizing to see on every plain we went to, the whole place intersected with their paths, but nought else but tracks were to be seen. Judging from the foot-marks, however, the numbers of wild animals in these jungles must be immense. No spot where we landed was free from either the foot-prints of the saladang, elephant, tiger, deer, bear, or rhinoceros, and often the tracks of all these were to be seen in a quarter of an hour's walk. We found our little Malay friend, whose name "Inchi Basow" I have much pleasure in recording for the benefit of future sportsmen, most active, intelligent, and obliging. He beguiled us in the evenings with stories of the forest, and many an hair-breadth 'scape he appears to have had. The little fellow had immense pluck, and appeared afraid of nothing in the shape of a wild beast. His father had been a sportsman before him, and ended his days in a sporting manner, having been kneaded into a pancake by a huge elephant he had the temerity to go after. Inchi Basow himself has several times nearly shared his father's fate. On one occasion, whilst in a boat with three others, he fired at an elephant in the river, who swam up to the boat, and with one thrust of his tusks sent it to the bottom, Inchi and the others narrowly escaping by their duck-like powers of swimming and diving.

We spent several days at Bukit Kupong, making excursions up and down the river to the various plains where the deer and wild cattle come out to feed. We saw a good many of the former, but they were very shy and difficult of approach, not coming out to feed until nearly dusk in the evening, and returning to the jungle at day-light. Jungle-fowl are tolerably abundant, and of these we shot several, and could have killed many more, but were prevented firing for fear of disturbing the large game. Pigeons small and large are very plentiful, and we saw a variety of birds of the most brilliant plumage, particularly kingfishers, of which there were very many species of great beauty. Their

colours sparkled in the sun like brilliant gems, and were only surpassed in their hues by the butterflies, which were also most numerous and diversified, and would have yielded a rich harvest to an entomological collector. The river is full of fish. A man with rod and line might catch any quantity. With a crooked pin and piece of thread at the end of a bamboo, our people caught dozens; indeed, the bait was no sooner in the river than it was seized, but the extemporaneous hook would not hold, so that the bait was taken off some dozen times ere a fish could be jerked out of the water with this primitive tackle. The fish thus caught very much resembled salmon fry, but there were plenty of large fellows leaping in the deep water at no distance from us. Any lover of the gentle art would find full occupation for his rod and line in this fine river, but who could look after such insignificant sport when the jungles around are full of the noblest quarry that sportsmen ever went after? Our stay in this secluded spot (Bukit Kupong,) surrounded by primeval forests, with every thing to reward the labours of the naturalist and sportsman, was an agreeable change from the monotony of a Singapore life. Every day we saw some new bird or flower.

The Malays distinctly described to us two species of wild cattle to be found here, one called Saladang, the other Sapi. On the 20th my companions fell in with a herd of nine of the latter. They got up to within one hundred and fifty yards of the herd. Each selected his sapi, fired, and all made off; one was seen with his leg broken, but in a moment they disappeared into the jungle, instead of charging as was expected. Upon following them up, however, one, a fine young cow, was found quite dead, about forty yards from where the herd was feeding, struck through the heart with a rifle bullet. Upon this discovery, the gentlemen with their attendants must have been a treasure for Punch, could he have seen them. They capered about, (I only give their own account of the matter immediately after,) shook hands, I am not sure if they did not kiss each other, but at all events their joy was tolerably exuberant. The Shikaris they had with them proposed all manner of observances for future luck; first, it was



HUNTING WILD CATTLE.



gravely propounded that all the guns should be left on the spot for the night, but upon further deliberation it was deemed sufficient to put their muzzles to the wounds, pass them under the animal, and anoint each of the gentlemen on the forehead with a little of the blood. Some other poojahs were gone through to prevent the tigers demolishing the carcass, which was left in the jungle, it being night, minus the head and tail, brought home in triumph and displayed before the writer, who could make but a poor set-off against such spolia in a very good specimen of a jungle-cock. Next day was devoted to the cutting up of this splendid beast. The following is a description of it made on the spot. The Sapi has much the general appearance of the Bali cattle, but has not the white patch on the buttocks; the horns are small, curved inwards, white tipped with black; the forehead is flat, with a tuft of long hair on it, particularly on the bulls; the back is curved, the highest point being about the centre; the spines of the vertebra are unusually long; the total height of the animal killed, from hoof to spines of the dorsal vertebra, was six feet two inches; the hair was smooth and silky, of a brown colour, except on the feet, which were a dirty white; a mane about two inches long ran the whole length of the spine. There was no dewlap, and the whole appearance of the animal was decidedly game. The fibre of the flesh was fine, well mixed with fat, and proved decidedly the most delicious meat for flavour, tenderness and juiciness, that ever any of us tasted. The only regret was the dreadful waste of it, for it having been killed dead by the ball, it could not undergo the Mahomedan rite of "simbeleh" and therefore was "harum" to the Islamites. Some stakes from the porcine muscles will nevertheless be ever remembered by us infidels with the most grateful and pleasing recollections; whether it be our lot to be feasted by aldermen in London, or to enjoy a *recherche* dinner upon Soyer's best principles, I am confident that the flavour of that steak will rise triumphant against all the science of the "artiste," and be for ever the standard of all excellence in our imaginations. The following dinner in the jungle the day after the sapi's death, is too important an item to

be omitted in the list of our doings. We observe that the bills of fare are laid before the public when a great commander is feted and feasted, and why not those of the great hunter? not that we can claim title to Nimrods of the first degree, but our game was truly noble of its kind, and needed nerve and skill to follow and secure it; truly it is mighty hunting.

After a day of more than usual exposure we sat down to a soup, the quintessence of the wild cow, followed by steaks which I have already feebly attempted to give some notion of. Then came a tongue of the sapi stewed with peas, not plucked from the jungle exactly, but out of an hermetically sealed tin. Then there was a roast heart, and curry and rice from the most tender portions. After that roasted to a turn, and looking most inviting, a particularly fine jungle fowl; but alas for the limited powers of man, we could not get beyond the steaks. An impotent attempt was made at the tongue, a delicacy Apicius might have praised, but it proved quite a failure. We could only mourn our incapacity to do justice to it, uttering feebly, as we sipped our Madeira, "Suda Chukop." Whilst in this pitiable state of inertia, a dish was laid before us, that might truly have raised an appetite under the ribs of death. Smoking hot marrow bones from the sapi! Never have I laid eyes on such marrow and fatness. We had plenty of potatoes and biscuit to eat with it, and one of our trio essayed a trial; the deliciousness of the marrow beguiled him into the belief of his having a corner left, but he found himself afterwards much in the condition of the boa constrictor after he has swallowed an ox, and I have my doubts if the repletion would have been recovered from under a week's abstinence, had it not been for some digesters fortunately brought with us, and said to contain a pretty good proportion of croton oil. So let this be a caution to all future sportsmen to take care how they venture on too much sapi in a single day.

The other species of wild cattle (the Saladang) we did not see, although we met their tracks every day. The Malay guide, Inchi Basow, told us the meat was coarser than the buffalo, and not good eating, but the animal was much larger than the Sapi,

some of the bulls growing to several "astas." This is the moderate height of ten and a half feet. My readers may believe it or not as they please. I am rather sceptical myself, and only relate what was told me by a man whose statements we found correct so far as we had the opportunity of testing them. Besides the various animals I have already mentioned as denizens of the jungle here, there are a variety of fine birds; I saw one morning a brace of those magnificent pheasants called the macartney or euplocomus. There were also the argus, the cryptonix, and a variety of others, but our time began to shorten, and the plains not having been burned, there was little use of our remaining longer with Inchi Basow, who, poor fellow, was completely foot sore and knocked up at Bukit Kupong. So we determined to go down the river, stay a day at Grisi and another at Sungie Mati for deer, and then return to Singapore. At Grisi two of us agreed to take our guns on shore with only shot to pick up a jungle-fowl for dinner. We had not walked on more than ten minutes from the Malay hut at Grisi when one of us saw and shot a jungle-cock. Having loaded and stepped on a little further most cautiously, to get another shot at a cock we heard crow a little in advance, we were saluted out of a fern brake with an ominous growl, which brought us both to a halt. The growl was repeated three or four times, when, looking at each other, we determined on the better part of valour, and took to our heels, laughing and looking back. We had nothing but small shot in our guns, so we went to the boat, got a supply of ball, and returned to the spot, where we had the satisfaction of finding a tiger had just been, but who had taken himself off, leaving a very unpleasing odour behind him, and his prints most unpleasantly fresh, considering that had we gone on we should have been face to face in another minute, a predicament any thing but pleasant with nothing in your gun larger than small shot. We have therefore to make honourable mention of this praiseworthy act on the part of the royal beast in giving us such timely warning.

As I have before mentioned, it was our intention to proceed

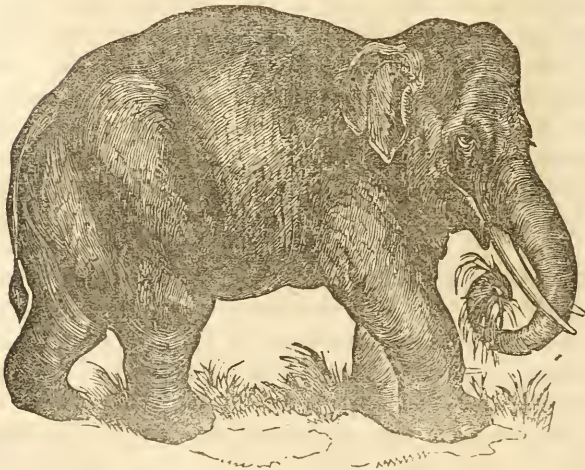
to Sungei Mati and beat the island for deer where they are said to abound, but we were prevented by the following incident, which did not make a bad wind-up to our trip. As we were proceeding towards Sungei Mati, not far from the spot the troop of elephants crossed when we were going up the river, the Malay boatmen called to us, giving us the information that some elephants were bathing in the river. Although asleep, it being about four o'clock, A. M., we were soon astir. The morning had not begun to break, and it was still very dark, so we could see nothing, and so little did I expect to see any thing, I at first made no attempt to obtain my gun, for, when we got on deck, the noise and gabble of the Malay boatmen was sufficient in my idea, to frighten any animals, and I fully believed that they had made off with themselves. Upon pulling in shore, however, we soon perceived a large elephant enjoying his morning bath, and so little did he seem to care for us, he deliberately swam towards the boat. It was an exciting moment, for the great fear was of his escape. As I have said, there was but little light, but we could see his large body and the great nob on the top of his head pretty distinctly. The word was given, "Be steady now," and at about ten paces distance a couple of balls were put into his head. With this, he turned round, and again he was saluted with a couple more bullets. Not liking such reception he made for land, and got upon the river bank, when a well-directed rifle shot hit him hard and made him scream with pain. But instead of making off, as he might have done, the noble beast instantly came back into the river to take vengeance upon his adversaries; but he was received so warmly, that he could never make up his mind to a regular onslaught on the boat, and when he turned and made off we followed, pouring in volley after volley upon his devoted head. Finding the side of the river we first saw him on rather too hot to be pleasant, he made up his mind to a change, and across the river he went. Then, indeed, he was at our mercy, and we followed, giving him the contents of three double-barrels, one after the other, in rapid succession, for by the time the third had



SHOOTING THE ELEPHANT.

fired, number one was again loaded. All this time we were having target practice at the large bump on the top of the head, for we could see nothing else at about ten yards distance. Every shot told, and the poor beast spouted water from his proboscis, uttering low yells of dissatisfaction. But his merciless pursuers had not pity, although when we did reach the land, and we heard him at the edge of the river uttering plaintive cries, they did elicit a few words of sympathy, such as, "Poor beast, he is severely hurt, do you think he can get away?" When the boat was close to the shore, he made one more attempt and came back into the river, getting so close to the boat as to put us in no small jeopardy from his tusks, but we gave way, and repulsed him with a regular broadside; he then took the shore again. By this time morning began to break, and there was light sufficient to see him standing at the river's verge, tossing his trunk from side to side, with his head towards us. Two of us caught sight of him at this moment, and saw the large hollow in the forehead where the animal is most vulnerable. We pulled our triggers simultaneously, and when the smoke cleared away his large carcass lay stretched on the ground with the head reclining in the river. We soon boarded him, that is, so soon as we could convince the boatmen he was really dead, and found him a large male with fine tusks; his fore-foot being exactly fifty-four inches round the bottom, which would make his height nine feet. He had evidently been a belligerent gentleman, for his body was covered with scars of old wounds received in combat, and under one of his eyes there was an extensive recent wound given by the tusk of some larger and more powerful adversary. The Malays say that all the males have tusks, and that even the females are not altogether without them, so that elephant shooting here would be a more profitable amusement than in Ceylon, where the tuskers are few, and seldom to be seen. Having secured the tusks, which is a more difficult matter than I imagined, and took us several hours, we determined to make the best of our way to Singapore, our time being up. In taking out the

tusks we got seven of our balls, but the brain was not examined, neither the nob on the top of the head, which was regularly riddled with balls. These, however, were of little effect, the last shots fired were the settlers, and I have no doubt that one shot in the right place is quite sufficient to bring down the largest elephant that ever wore tusks.



ASIATIC ELEPHANT.



TURKISH OFFICER OF STATE.

A WALK THROUGH CONSTANTINOPLE.

BREAKFAST over, I prepared to go forth with the impatience of feeling that the world of Constantinople was all before me. I found a ready dragoman in the hall,—another Demetri, and a Greek also, as may be supposed,—and with him I started down another steep hill towards Galata. This thoroughfare was just as narrow and dirty as the former one; but it was bordered with shops kept by Italians, Greeks, and Frenchmen. There were

many English articles for sale,—stockings, cotton prints, cutlery and blacking. In one window was a number of *Punch*, with one of Mr. Leech's clever cuts, attracting the puzzled gaze of some Levantines; at a corner was a sign-board, with "Furnished Apartments to Let" painted on it; and on the wall of a small burying ground a Turk sat with a tray of Birmingham steel pens on cards.

The number of veiled women, straggling and shuffling about, in their large awkward yellow Wellington boots,—for I can describe them in no better fashion,—first engaged my observation. The greater portion of them were clad in a cumbersome wrapper or *ferijee* of what appeared to be coarse brown serge entirely concealing the figure. When it was drawn up a little, one could see the naked skin of the leg, just appearing above the foot; for socks and stockings are unknown to the inmates of the harems. They thrust these odious boots into slipshod slippers without heels when they go abroad; and the difficulty of keeping them on produces a most ungainly shuffling in-toed gait. The veil, or *gashmack*, is of one or two pieces. It is now made of such fine material,—a simple layer of tarlatane in most instances,—that the features are perfectly discernible through it; and the more coquettish beauties allow something more than their eyes to be seen where it divides. These last features are wonderfully fine—dark, heavy-lashed, and almond-shaped; and they derive a strange force of expression from their contrast with the veil. Their brilliancy is aided by a dark powder introduced under the lid, which blackens its edges. The women wear no gloves but stain the ends of their fingers, and palms of their hands, (as well as, I believe, the soles of their feet,) with a dye called *Henna*. This tinges them a deep tawny red, and the effect is most unseemly, making them any thing but the "rosy-fingered" beauties which some writers have laboured to pass them off as. Their complexions are pallid and unhealthy-looking, which may in some measure result from want of legitimate exercise; and they become prematurely aged. There is not, I imagine, a more perfect representation of a witch to be found than an old Turkish woman

affords, when seen hobbling, with a long staff, along the dingy alleys of Constantinople.

Descending the steep narrow lane, we passed an old gateway which divides Pera from Galata, and then the road became steeper and narrower still. But the same busy throng kept slipping and jostling, and hurrying up and down; although the absence of carriages allowed an odd kind of silence to prevail,—such as has struck one in a great London thoroughfare when the pavement has been taken up. Now and then, a horseman clattered and stumbled over the rough pavement, in imminent danger as regarded himself, his horse, and the foot passengers: and occasionally some mules increased the confusion. But every thing was carried by the *hamals*—even the blocks of stone from the port, to be used for the buildings high above us; and at last I met one toiling up with a sick sailor on his back, going to a hospital.

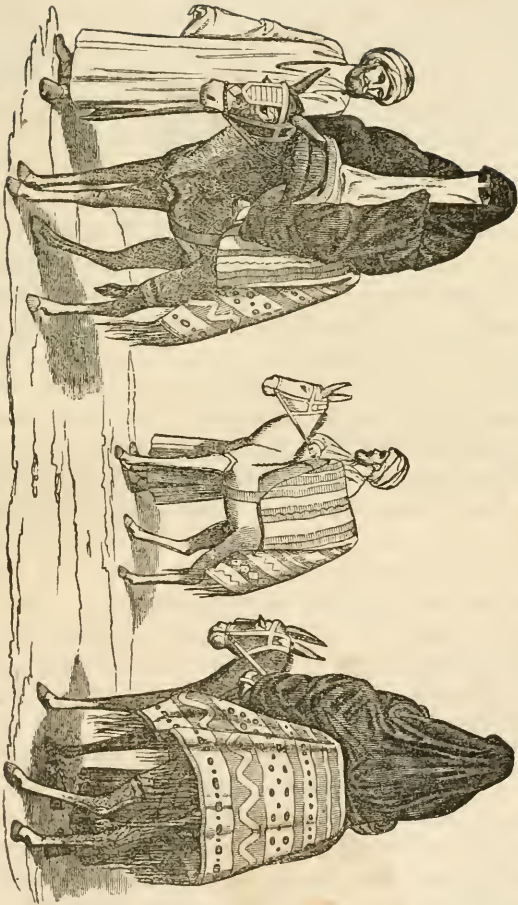
A few minutes brought us down to the bridge of boats, leading from Galata to Stamboul, across the Golden Horn, which is here somewhat over a quarter of a mile in breadth. From this point one of the most superb views in Constantinople is to be obtained,—more comprehensive than that from the steamer, as the continuation of the port towards the arsenal is added to the range. Emerging from the close and dirty Galata, the bright panorama fairly takes one's breath away. The wondrous and dazzling confusion of minarets, domes, towers, ships, trees, ruins, kiosks, and warehouses with the sparkling water below, more intensely blue than the sky above, is beyond description. The ever-changing kaleidoscope, however, that the bridge affords, may be better dealt with. One has only to lean against the rails for five minutes, and he will see some specimen of every known oriental race pass by him. Take your place, with your back to the arsenal, near where the good-tempered little cripple has permission to sit and ask for alms, (as the blind girl in the large straw hat, and the man with the ragged vulture, used to do on the Pont des Arts, at Paris,) and make all use of your eyes. First observe how the poor mannikin at your feet has chosen his place care-

fully. He knows that some paras will come in change from the toll, and he waits for them, near the gate, before you put them in your pocket. At the other end of the bridge he would have no chance of this small money. And now watch the folks before you, and let me be the showman.

First of all comes a person high in command, upon horseback. He has adopted, in common with his Sultan, the European dress—the red fez alone distinguishes him from any other foreigner you might chance to meet. His servant, in Turkish costume, runs by his side, and can keep up with him for any distance. The trappings of the horse are magnificently embroidered with tinsel and gold, and they carry your mind back to the days when you saw the combat between Kerim and Sanballat, in *Timour the Tartar*. The old Turk with the mighty turban, who meets him, dislikes the European dress and the simple fez; he foresees, in the change from the lumbering costume of himself and fathers, the spirit of advancing civilization which must shake the most time-honoured observances of the Eastern world, in another age: and he knows, with sorrow to himself, that every paddle-wheel which churns the waters of the Bosphorus, produces, by its revolutions, others almost imperceptible, but no less certain, in his social and political state. He clings, however, to his religion and his Koran; *that* will always endure, for the wily impostor who drew up the Mohammedan code so flattered the passions of his followers, that their allegiance was certain as long as human nature remained unchanging.

There is loud musical female laughter now heard, and an odd vehicle crosses the bridge, drawn by a jaded horse. We have no conveyance like it in England: nor possibly is there its fellow out of Turkey. It has no seats; but on cushions in its interior those dark-eyed beauties are sitting,—pale Circassian girls, and inmates of the harem of some great man. The carriage halts in front of you, to allow a train of mules, carrying planks, to pass on their way to Pera, and you can see the inmates plainly. One of them stares fixedly at you; you look again, and she is not angry—a few years ago you would have been sent away

TRAVELLING IN TURKEY.



She only draws back, but she still keeps her eyes on you—wondrous, large-pupilled eyes, in whose depths your own vision appears to lose itself. Then she speaks to her companion, and just as the vehicle moves on, they all three join in another burst of ringing laughter, and leave you to debate whether an uncompanionable beauty—to say nothing of three—can be regarded as a jewel of a bore in a man's household. All this time the tide of foot passengers has been flowing on. Here are some Turkish soldiers; untidy looking fellows, in blue coats and white trousers, still with the red fez. A cavass, or policeman, is with them. He wears a surtout, pistols are in his belt, a sabre at his side, and his breast is ornamented with rows of cartridges: they are all going to take up some unfortunate wight. He is followed by a Dervish—one of those who dance, on certain days, at Pera: he also keeps a shop in Stamboul. The other way comes a group of keen Armenian merchants, each swinging a chaplet of beads about, or counting them restlessly, and half unconsciously, with his finger. This will be a feature you cannot fail to notice before you have been an hour in Constantinople. The Chaplet or tesbeh, contains ninety-nine wooden beads, divided into three rows by little oblong pieces of turned wood. It is used in certain forms of the Mohammedan religion: but the active minds of the Armenian and Greek traders require something to expend their irritability upon, and so they all carry these beads, constantly whirling them about, or rapidly reckoning them up, by twos and threes, all the while they are conversing or smoking.

Amongst the crowd you see porters; water-carriers, or Sakas; cake-men, or Locumjees; native couriers, or Tatars, who will take you for a certain sum, every thing included, to Bagdad, if you please; and, bending beneath their baskets, are grape-sellers, with the beautiful fruit we have before noticed—the chow-ooshazume, as it is pronounced, and which you should always ask for. Now two trains of mules, laden with firewood and barrels, have met, and there is great confusion, which the drivers considerably increase. On the water below there is equal bustle.

The eighty thousand caiques, said to be plying about Constantinople, must necessarily get, at times, in each other's way; and our own "bargees," would pale before the riot and swearing that begin when such takes place. Here a heavy boat, filled with country people, is going up the Bosphorus: there are two steamers lying, all ready to start from the bridge—one for Prince's Islands, and the other for Buyukdere. The dogs sleep about the bridge just the same as in the streets, and do not move for any body. Little Greek Children, taught to beg with a winning smile and courtesy, instead of the whining cant of our mendicants, get immediately before you; and the distant appearance of a camel or two at the Stamboul end of the bridge, and a buffalo drove at the other, with the opposition mules still in the centre, promises such an awkward rencontre, that our best plan is to get away as soon as possible. But you will often return to this Galata bridge, and always find amusement in watching its ever-changing-objects.

My guide took me on, through the narrow crooked streets of Stamboul—which are certainly a trifle cleaner than those of Pera—towards the chief bazaar. He was anxious to prove that he was doing his duty; and showed and told me so much that my head was soon in an absolute whirl.

"Here's where they cut the heads off," he said, in somewhat more difficult English than I care to distress my readers with; "just here, where these two streets meet, and the body is left here a day or so, and sometimes the dogs get at it. Not many executions now—only English subjects."

There was something very startling in this information, until it was explained. By "English subjects," he meant the emigrants from Malta and the Ionian Islands—natives of those places, who bear the worst characters of all the graceless scamps forming, unfortunately, a large proportion of the Pera population. There had not, however, been an execution for more than a year, with all the popular talk of Turkish scimitars and sacks.

"All English Gentlemen," continued Demetri, "think they cut off heads every day in Stamboul, and put them, all of a row,

on plates at the Seraglio Gate. And they think people are always being drowned in the Bosphorus. Not true. I know a fellow who is a dragoman, and shows that wooden shoot which comes from the wall of the Seraglio point, as the place they slide them down. It is only to get rid of the garden rubbish. Same with lots of other things."

Demetri was right. To be completely *desillusionne* on certain points, one has to journey with a determination to be affected by things as they strike you. Swiss girls, St. Bernard dogs, Portici fishermen, the Rhine, Nile travelling, and other objects of popular rhapsodies, fearfully deteriorate upon practical acquaintance. Few tourists have the courage to say that they have been "bored," or at least disappointed, by some conventional lion. They find that Guide-books, Diaries, Notés, Journals, &c. &c., all copy one from the other in their enthusiasm about the same things; and they shrink from the charge of vulgarity, or lack of mind, did they dare to differ. Artists and writers will study effect, rather than graphic truth. The florid description of some modern book of travel is as different to the actual impressions of ninety-nine people out of a hundred—allowing all these to possess average education, perception, and intellect—when painting in their minds the same subject, as the artfully tinted lithograph, or the picturesque engraving of the portfolio or annual, is to the faithful photograph.

The Han, or, as we usually pronounce it, Khan, was a square surrounded by buildings with galleries; with other occupants it could have been easily converted into a slave-market. A vague notion of it may be formed from an old Borough inn—one story high, and built of stone. There was, however, a tree or two in the middle, and a fountain; in the corner was also an indifferent coffee-house.

These places, of which there are nearly two hundred in Constantinople, have been built from time to time, by the Sultans and wealthy persons, for the accommodation of the merchants arriving, by caravan, from distant countries. No charge is made for their use; but the rooms are entirely unfurnished, so that

the occupier must bring his mattress, little carpet, and such humble articles of cookery as he may require, with him. A key of his room is given to him, and he is at once master, for the time being, of the apartment. In the Han I visited, the occupants were chiefly Persians, in high black sheep-skin caps, squatted, in the full enjoyment of Eastern indolence, upon their carpets, and smoking their narghillas, or "hubble-bubbles." Some of them came from a very great distance—Samarcand, and the borders of Cabool, for instance; so that their love of repose after the toil and incertitude of a caravan journey was quite allowable. Demetri next insisted that I should see the two vast subterraneous cisterns, relics of great antiquity. One of these, the roof of which was supported by three or four hundred pillars, is dry, and used as a rope-walk, or silk-winding gallery. The other has water in it. You go through the court of a house, and then descend, over rubbish and broken steps, to a cellar, from which the reservoir extends, until lost in its gloomy immensity. The few bits of candle which the man lights to show it off, cannot send their rays very far from the spectator. It is more satisfactory to throw a stone, and hear it plash in the dark water at the end of its course with a strange hollow sound. Over this mighty tank are the houses and streets of Stamboul. The number of columns, which are of marble, is said to be about three hundred; and the water, which you are expected to taste, is tolerably good.

We left the cistern, and traversed a few more lanes on our way to the bazaars. In these Eastern thoroughfares, narrow and crowded, one continually labours under the impression of being about to turn into a broad street or large square from a by-way: but this never arrives. A man may walk for hours about Constantinople, and always appear to be in the back streets; although, in reality, they may be the great arteries of the city. Tortuous and very much alike, Stamboul is also one large labyrinth, as regards its thoroughfares; the position of a stranger left by himself in the centre would be hopeless.

Smyrna had, in some measure, prepared me for the general

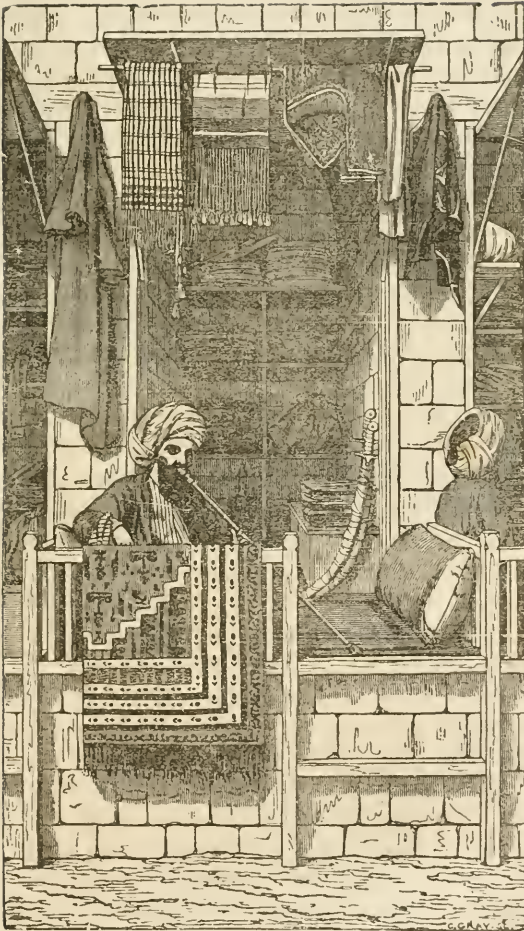
appearance of an oriental bazaar ; but the vast extent of these markets at Constantinople created a still more vivid impression. To say that the covered row of shops must altogether be miles in length—that vista after vista opens upon the gaze of the astonished stranger, lined with the costliest productions of the world, each collected in its proper district—that one may walk for an hour, without going over the same ground twice, amidst diamonds, gold, and ivory ; Cashmere shawls, and Chinese silks ; glittering arms, costly perfumes, embroidered slippers, and mirrors ; rare brocades, ermines, Morocco leathers, Persian nick-nacks ; amber mouth-pieces, and jewelled pipes—that, looking along the shortest avenue, every known tint and colour meets the eye at once, in the wares and costumes, and that the noise, the motion, the novelty of this strange spectacle is at first perfectly bewildering—all this, possibly, gives the reader the notion of some kind of splendid mart, fitted to supply the wants of the glittering personages who figure in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments ; yet it can convey but a poor idea of the real interest which such a place calls forth, or the most extraordinary assemblage of treasures displayed there, amidst so much apparent shabbiness. No spot in the world—neither the Parisian Boulevards nor Regent-street—can boast of such an accumulation of valuable wares from afar, as the great bazaar at Constantinople. Hundreds and thousands of miles of rocky road and sandy desert have been traversed by the moaning camels, who have carried those silks and precious stones from Persia, with the caravan. From the wild regions of the mysterious central Africa, that ivory, so cunningly worked, in the next row, has been brought, the coal-black people only know how, until the Nile floated it down to Lower Egypt. Then those soft Cashmere shawls have made a long and treacherous journey to Trebizond, whence the fleet barks of the cold and stormy Euxine at last brought them up the fairy Bosphorus to the very water's edge of the city. From the remote, active America, from sturdy England, from Cadiz, Marseilles, and all along the glowing shores of the Mediterranean, safely carried over the dark and

leaping sea, by brave iron monsters that have fought the winds with their scalding breath, these wares have come, to tempt the purchasers, in the pleasant, calm, subdued light of the bazaars of Stamboul.

I have said that each article has its proper bazaar assigned to it. Thus, there is one row for muslins, another for slippers, another for fezzes, for shawls, for arms, for drugs, and so on. Yet there is no competition amongst the shopkeepers; no struggling to out-placard or out-advertize each other, as would occur with us in cool-headed, feverish, crafty, credulous London. You must not expect them to pull one thing down after another for you to look at, until it appears hopeless to conceive that the counter will ever again be tidy, or every thing returned to its place. The merchant will show you what you ask for, but no more. He imagines that when you came to buy at his store, you had made up your mind as to what you wanted; and that not finding it, you will go elsewhere, and leave him to his pipe again.

He knows how to charge, though; but he is easily open to conviction that he has asked too high a price. For the way of dealing with him is as follows. Wanting one of the light scarfs with the fringed ends, which supersede the uses of braces in the Levant, I inquired the price at a bazaar stall. The man told me fifty piastres (half a sovereign). I immediately offered him five-and-twenty. This he did not take, and I was walking away, when he called me back, and said I should have it. I told him, as he had tried to cheat me, I would not give him more than twenty now; upon which, without any hesitation, he said it was mine. This plan I afterwards pursued, whenever I made a purchase at Constantinople, and I most generally found it answer. My merry friend at Smyrna had given me the first lesson in its practicability.

I do not suppose that they ask these high prices as the French do, because they suppose we are made of money; I believe, on the contrary, that they try to impose on their own countrymen in the same manner; for, to judge from the long haggling and



A SHOP IN THE BAZAAR.

solemn argument which takes place when they buy of each other, the same wide difference of opinion as to a fair value exists between the purchaser and vendor, under every circumstance.

There is a common failing with tourists, of wishing to buy every thing in the way of souvenirs of a place, as soon as they arrive; instead of waiting to see which is the most advantageous market. In this mood, I thought it proper to lay in a stock of otto of roses immediately; and we went to the most famous merchant of the bazaar for this purpose. We were asked into a small back room, in which were soft cushions to sit upon; and the attendant directly filled a pipe for each of us, and brought some coffee, in tiny cups placed in a little metal stand, the size of an egg-cup. The pipe-sticks were of cherry-wood, and very long: where the red bowl rested on the matting, a neat little brass tray was placed; and a small charcoal fire-place in the corner, on which the coffee was made, supplied the braise to light the latakia.

I was very much disappointed with the Turkish coffee, of which we hear so much in England: it is not to be mentioned in the same breath with that of the Estaminet Hollandais, in the Palais Royal, or any other good Parisian house. The coffee, in this instance, was bruised rather than ground, made very strong, sweetened, and then poured out, grouts and all, into the little cups. When it had settled, it was carefully sipped, and the grounds filled up above a third of the cup.

There was much to look at in our merchant's shop. Apart from his perfumes, he dealt in Damascus arms, tiger skins, and Persian curiosities—these latter being chiefly portfolios, looking-glasses, and oblong cases, which my lady friends at home have pronounced to make admirable knitting-boxes. They were all painted with representations of ladies and gentlemen hunting, making love, and walking about in fine gardens. The ladies appeared all of one family, with marvellously dark almond-shaped eyes; and the gentlemen had long dark beards, that a French sapeur might have hoped in vain to have equalled. Every thing, however, was outrageously dear.

The otto was poured into the little gilded bottles we are familiar with ; and in each of their slender channels a little balloon of air was left that the purchaser might see he was not cheated, by floating it up and down. There are different kinds of otto. The cheapest is exceedingly nasty, and leaves a scent behind it something between turpentine and peppermint ; it is as bad in its way as Boulogne eau-de-Cologne. The best costs about sixteen pence a bottle. This is the purest essential oil of the rose, and will impart its scent to a casket or drawer for years, even through the piece of bladder tied over it.

The shop-keepers come to the bazaar in the morning, and leave it at night, when it is shut up. They take their meals there, however. One, a shawl-merchant, was making a light dinner upon grapes and bulls'-eyes ; another had bread and dates ; and many had little portions of minced meats done in leaves, from the cook-shops. Of a coarser kind were the refreshments carried about by men on round trays. These were chiefly cold pancakes, chesnuts of poor flavour, rings of cake-bread, fruits, and sweet-meats. Of these last, the rah-hak-la-coom (I spell it as pronounced) is the most popular. It is made, I was told, of honey, rice, and almonds, and flavoured with otto in an extremely delicate manner. Its meaning is, "giving repose to the throat."

The bazaars are perfect thoroughfares for horses and carriages, as well as for foot-passengers ; and as there is no division in the narrow row between road and footway, one must always be on his guard. Now, a man of importance, with his servant running at his stirrup, will come by ; now, one of the lumbering carriages filled with women. And indeed these latter form the principal class of customers. Early in the day they crowd to the finery shops, and there you will see them having every thing unrolled, whether they want it or not, comparing, haggling, and debating, exactly as our own ladies would do at any enormous sacrifice that "must be cleared" in a few days. Sometimes, by great good chance, you may see a taper ankle and small white naked foot displayed at the shoe-shop ; but under such circumstances you must not appear to be looking on, or



TURKISH WOMEN.

the merchant may address some observation to you very uncomplimentary to the female branches of your family, and singularly forcible to be uttered before his lady customers. Of verbal delicacy, however, the Turkish women have not the slightest notion.

The walk back to Pera, through Galata and up the steep rugged lane, was very tiring, yet the constant novelty still made me forget fatigue. At the scrap of burying ground on the hill, which, like many of the other cemeteries, lies in the most thickly crowded quarters of the city, like the London graveyards,—I stopped awhile for a cup of sherbet from one of the venders of that drink, which is precisely the *cherryade* of our evening parties, into which a lump of compressed snow is put. Looking at the burial-ground, I thought that very little respect appeared to be paid to the dead. It was not enclosed; dogs were sleeping about, and cocks and hens scratching up a miserable living from the ground. The gravestones were all out of the perpendicular, and some had been tumbled down completely. Here and there the stone turbans which had been knocked from the tombs of the janissaries were yet lying; and on that part that bordered the street they had put old boxes, crates, tubs, cheap goods for sale, and lastly the fire-engine, about which, and the dancing dervish who was sitting near it opposite his convent, I shall have something to say further on. Just beyond the burying-ground I went into a French hair-dresser's for some trifles for the toilet. He was a smart active fellow, and a Parisian—apparently doing a good business in his way, but hating the Turks and their country intensely. He told me, amongst much Pera scandal, that he once had an intrigue with a Turkish woman—a very dangerous game in this country—and that her relations became aware that she was under his roof. They had it surrounded by a *cordon* of police, and he was ultimately obliged to break through the wall into the next house, by which means she escaped, with the connivance of the neighbours. He added, that the whole of the story was in *Galignani's Messenger* at the time; and upon inquiry afterwards in Pera, I found that it was all entirely true,

for the affair had made some noise at the time; and brought no small custom to the shop of the gallant *coiffeur*.

We had a large party at the *table-d'hôte* when we got back to the hotel, at dinner-time; and, for aught that there was different in the company or cooking, one might just as well have been in France. Somewhat tired, I was not sorry to get to bed about eight, but sleep was not just yet permitted, for a quantity of persons connected with the various steamers were having a private dinner in the next room, and were becoming so very convivial, that slumber was out of the question. So I sat awhile at the window, looking at the moon on the Bosphorus and Golden Horn, and hearing my festive neighbours go through all the stages of a man's dinner-party—first, proposing toasts, then speaking, then singing, then doing funny things, then singing without being listened to, then in chorus without knowing the tune, and finally differing in opinion and breaking up.

The lights in Stamboul disappeared, one after another,—for there are no public lamps to make mention of,—and the whole of the city was soon as quiet as a country village, the silence being only broken by the clang of the night-watchman's iron-shod staff, as he made it ring against the pavement, from time to time, to proclaim his approach. On retiring to bed, I carried with me the feeling of still being on the sea, and so appeared to be undulating gently, with a sensation far more disagreeable than the reality. I was restless, too, with the recollection of my day's sights, and after an hour's doze, I woke up again, and went and sat by the window. The noise I then heard I shall never forget.

To say that if all the sheep-dogs going to Smithfield on a market day had been kept on the constant bark, and pitted against the yelping curs upon all the carts in London, they could have given any idea of the canine uproar that now first astonished me, would be to make the feeblest images. The whole city rang with one vast riot. Down below me at Tophané—over at Stamboul—far away at Scutari—the whole eighty thousand dogs that are said to overrun Constantinople, appeared engaged in the most active extermination of each other, without a moment's cessation.

The yelping, howling, barking, growling, and snarling, were all merged into one uniform and continuous even sound, as the noise of frogs becomes when heard at a distance. For hours there was no lull. I went to sleep, and woke again; and still with my windows open, I heard the same tumult going on: nor was it until daybreak, that any thing like tranquillity was restored. In spite of my early instruction, that dogs delight to bark and bite, and should be allowed to do so, it being their nature, I could not help wishing that, for a short season, the power was vested in me to carry out the most palpable service for which brickbats and the Bosphorus could be made conjointly available.



CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE JEWS OF EGYPT.

EGYPT has always been a disagreeable dwelling-place for the Jews. In no Eastern country have they been so ill-treated and oppressed. With the tenacious energy of their race, however, they have clung to this land of task-masters, and, in spite of every discouragement, have managed to maintain their ground in respectable numbers. Some five or six thousand of them are to be found congregated in Cairo and Alexandria, where from the presence of the government, they are less liable to be annoyed by the populace. It is rare to meet with them in country towns, although a few are established both at Rosetta and Damietta. In Cairo—their chief resort—they occupy a particular quarter, which bears their name, and is considered one of the most curious and characteristic in the whole city. It constitutes a perfect labyrinth of narrow passages, sometimes dignified with the name of streets. To obtain the best idea of its aspect, you must, on leaving the neighbourhood of the Khal Khaleeleh to return towards the Mooski, keep a little to the right, instead of making for the new street to the Citadel. You will thus soon find yourself making all sorts of turns at right angles; and presently, after traversing a batch of ruined houses, you will see before you an alley having the most cut-throat appearance imaginable, into which it is necessary, for prudential reasons, to urge your donkey at reduced speed. The walls of the houses on each hand are rarely more than three feet apart, which circumstance would of itself almost account for the obscurity that prevails. In addition, moreover, you must know that every front is covered with a multiplicity of projecting windows, which sometimes touch the opposite wall, so that it is only here and there that a few scanty

gleams of light penetrate to the regions below. The street I allude to is unusually straight, so that you can see at intervals these little patches of dim light receding until the last is a mere point. If there be any body moving along, you know the fact simply by finding your view intercepted, for it is impossible to distinguish any form. Some boldness is required in a perfect stranger to venture alone into this cavernous aperture. However, pride gets the upper hand, and in we go.

The air becomes at once cold and damp, and the eyes, at first unaccustomed to the darkness, are of no assistance. You must trust to the sagacity of the donkey, for the little boy behind is a mere instrument of impulsion. Presently, however, you begin to distinguish that the walls on either hand are built of massive stone, but that they have begun to give way and lean forward, and exhibit enormous cracks and crevices. The doors are low, and in general carefully closed. If they be ajar, you can only see a sombre passage, with perhaps a little pale light coming round a corner; for it is a rule in all Eastern domestic architecture to make the entrance-corridor of a house to turn off at right angles, in order to prevent the eye of a stranger from penetrating into the court, and obtaining by chance a glimpse of the harem. Here and there dark alleys, or rather crevices, branch off, in which, though rarely, you may see a few indistinct forms of women and children fitting up and down; but there is nothing to tell you that you are traversing a quarter remarkable for its riches; that within these gloomy, prison-like mansions there are courts full of light and sunshine, adorned with fountains and creeping plants; and that Israelitish taste has fitted up many of the apartments in the most sumptuous style. This you can only learn when a greater familiarity with the country enables you to make the acquaintance of some shabby-looking Jew, who, if you please him, may take you home and treat you like a prince. As you ride along, you imagine you are in a quarter smitten with poverty and distress; and, not knowing the internal arrangements of the houses, imagine it next to impossible that human beings can exist in such an unventilated mass of

buildings. Now and then you are disturbed in your reflections by a distant hail, informing you that some other bold character is

Sounding on his dark and perilous way

through the Jewish quarter. This is a warning not to be disregarded. It is necessary at once, if you wish to avoid a collision, to find a place where the passage is a little wider than elsewhere, and draw your donkey close up against the wall, in order to allow the new-comer to squeeze by. Under the most favourable circumstances, knees and stirrups often get entangled during this operation, and sometimes abrasions and bruises take place. In a crowded street in Europe it is not uncommon for two people in a hurry to meet face to face, and dance from side to side in the utmost distress and confusion before they manage to pass by one another. In the Jewish quarter of Cairo a scene similar in character may often be witnessed. If both wayfarers hail at the same time, each selects at once a place of refuge, and comes to a full stop, and each generally begins to move again at the same time; so that it is necessary at length to scream out at the top of one's voice, and hold a long parley, before a proper understanding is come to. Occasionally, in passing through these unknown places, you stumble upon a woman in the darkest and narrowest spot. Instead of running on, they always halt, and try, as it were, to squeeze into the wall. As you cannot turn round and go back, you must force past, driving your knees sometimes into the poor creature's side, however much you may feel inclined to do otherwise. They often implore your forbearance by communicating some particulars as to their state; and I used not unfrequently to manage to cross my legs over the donkey's neck, in order to avoid doing damage.

In some places the thoroughfares, which are by courtesy called streets, are low, covered passages, more resembling sewers in appearance than any thing else. Into these, I suppose, few Europeans ever penetrate. I once got off my donkey and crept in, in a stooping posture. After one or two turns, I came to a small, open space, where a number of Jewesses of the poorer class were

squatting together, assisting one another in the duties of the toilet, or, in other words, making a reciprocal examination of heads! A great scream told me that my intrusion was considered impertinent; so, for fear of consequences, I took to my heels, and escaped with no other disaster than a bruise on my forehead, which I owed to my prudent precipitation.

The business portions of this quarter are much more airy and respectable in appearance; but of course the Jews engaged in trade do not all congregate. Their shops are dispersed in various parts of the city. The occupations they especially follow are those of merchants, bankers, money-lenders, money-changers, jewellers, goldsmiths, provision-dealers, butchers, &c. In most mercantile houses in Egypt there is a Jew employed to conduct the small money transactions. Despite the bad estimation in which they are held both among Moslems and Christians, they are rather honest than otherwise, quite as much so at least as the classes which despise and anathematize them. They return the hatred awarded them with interest, and seem really to consider themselves as a race infinitely superior in all the attributes of humanity to those around them.

In personal appearance the Jews of Egypt are not prepossessing. Their features, it is true, are often finely formed; but they are a down-looking, gloomy tribe, as might be expected from the treatment they have so long experienced. Many of them are fairer than the rest of the population, which may be accounted for by their Syrian origin. It has been remarked that they are frequently bloated in appearance, and are liable to sore eyes; and some attribute the circumstance to the immoderate use of sesame oil. Whether this be the case or not, certain it is that this peculiarity in their cookery gives their persons a very unpleasant odour, so that you may know a Jew in the dark. I ought to add, that almost all the Eastern Jews I have seen are very different in the type of their features from those of Europe; and that I do not remember the real Hebrew nose more than once—namely, on the face of a young money-changer in Alexandria, whose father rejoiced in a regular pug. The women, on the

other hand, in as far as I have been able to ascertain, preserve a very characteristic caste of countenance. They are often handsome and well made. Their mode of life and character resembles that of the Levantines, between whom and them, however, there exists an insuperable antipathy. I knew an Almek woman of this race, named Kalah, who gained her living by singing. She had a very fine voice, so that, although she had but one eye, was old, and had never been handsome, she was quite in vogue. As is commonly the case now, however, she found it necessary to add a knowledge of dancing to her accomplishments; and I have often beheld her with wonder and regret perform feats of agility of which I could not previously believe the human body capable. But Kalah's favourite occupation was singing: and when she called, in passing, at the house where I resided, to ask for a drink of water, she would often, of her own accord, take up a *darabukah*, or tambourine, and sing a snatch of some one of those tender love-songs with which the Arabic language abounds.

It is the custom for the Jews in Egypt to celebrate very strictly the Feast of the Tabernacle. During eight days they forsake their rooms, and sleep in little cabins made of palm-leaves on the terraces of their houses. (Is this the reason why ophthalmia is frequent among them?) Those who have no convenient place for so doing are invited by their friends, so that on this occasion the roofs of the Jewish quarters are covered with a regular encampment. The streets previously are absolutely filled with camels laden with palm-branches, which fetch a handsome price, for there is an eager demand for them. The Levantines used to tell me that on the first day of this festival the Jews go to the priest, and ask if it will be a good year. He oracularly and gutturally answers, "Ch—." If the year be good, he says, "Did I not tell you *ch—?*" meaning (*cheir*) good. But if it be a bad year, he says, "Did I not tell you *ch—?*" meaning (*châra*) bad.

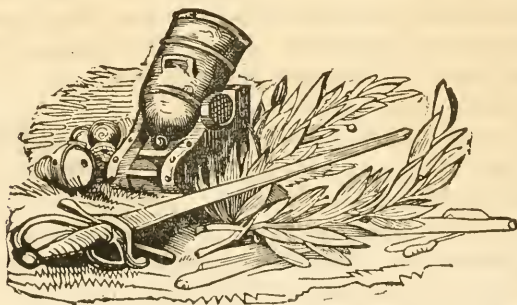
This reminds me that a few years ago, when there was a great drought in Egypt, the inundation of the Nile being unusually

delayed, it struck the pasha that it would be wise to apply to all the religious sects in his dominions for their intercessions with Heaven. So all the heads of the Moslems, with all the Christian priests, and all the Jewish Rabbins, followed by their congregations, went down to the brink of the water to pray. A good deal of bigotry was exhibited on the occasion, and it was attempted to exclude the Jews; but the pasha, who was never very orthodox, wisely determined that he would not throw away a single chance, as the safety of the whole crops of the country depended on the result. He had reason to be amply satisfied; for the Nile, in reality, rose two palms the next night, and continued rapidly rising until there was a very good inundation.

Of late years, the treatment of the Jews in Egypt has been gradually becoming better and better. It was not, however, until during the early part of my stay in the country, in the year 1846, that toleration was extended to them sufficiently to allow of their burying their dead by day. It was only by moonlight that they could hurry the remains of their departed friends stealthily to the grave. No law, it is true forced them to this, but only the bigotry of the population. On the few occasions when they ventured to face the daylight, Moslems, Greeks, and Levantines used to pelt the bier and its bearers with stones and rubbish, and often to proceed to the most abominable excesses. No one ever felt ashamed of such acts; but, on the contrary, they were considered meritorious; for there is no object on earth which is regarded in the East as beneath a descendant of Abraham. This may be understood from the progression of their terms of abuse—"ass, bull, dog, pig, Jew!"

Such was the state of public opinion when the death of Mercado el Ghazi, the grand rabbin, happened. This was thought by the Jewish community to be a good opportunity for taking advantage of the growing toleration of the government; Mohammed Ali was absent from the country on his celebrated visit to Constantinople; but Ibrahim Pasha was at Cairo, and to him application was made for two guards. The Sirasker had just returned from Europe, very little improved, it is true, but with

some desire to merit the approbation of the civilized world. This was a capital opportunity, because it enabled him to carry out at the same time his favourite system of intimidating and overawing the people who were destined by fate, treaty, and the right of the strongest, to be his most dutiful subjects. So he replied, "Two guards!—you ask only for two! I will send my own carriage, thirty cawasses, and a battalion of infantry; the shops on the whole line of procession shall be closed; and woe be to the man who lifts a stone that day!" What was said was done; the people murmured, but remained tranquil, and a bright example of toleration was manifested. It is worth knowing that the greater part of the improvement which has taken place in the conduct of Egyptians to foreigners and infidels is entirely attributable to similar exertions of supreme power; but it is a gross mistake to suppose that, in as far as the government is concerned, any thing has been done to soften the rancour of Moslem prejudice. Toleration is not to be instilled into a people by force; and I doubt whether the good that might have been done by increased intercourse with Europe, has not been more than counterbalanced by the envy and indignation excited by the marked favour with which they are treated, and the privileges and immunities they enjoy.







THE MONSOON.

A VISIT TO BOMBAY.

WE left Aden on the 28th of July last, and for the greater part of the passage, up to the 4th of July, we had favourable weather, the monsoon accompanying us and driving us along under reefed fore-sail and half steam, at the rate of about eight knots an hour, a tremendous sea following us.

Our ship was long and low, and rolled heavily, having in our voyage from Suez consumed the greater part of her fuel, which the stores at Aden were not in a condition to replenish. The south-west monsoon renders the whole western coast of India a dangerous lee-shore, and to be caught on it, in thick weather, in a steamer, without plenty of coal, is to find one's self in a very serious predicament. That our captain thought so was very evident. At two o'clock in the afternoon we had struck soundings in fifty fathoms; at four we were shoaling our water fast, with wind increasing, sea running high, and the atmosphere so thick that standing near the binnacle one could hardly see the funnel. As the evening closed in, the captain became nervous. By seven we had shoaled to sixteen fathoms. "I wish we could get a glimpse of the lights," said he, forgetting that if we did—so thick was the haze—they must have been under the jib-boom end. The rain poured in torrents accompanied by tremendous squalls from the south-south-west. "You had better ease the steam, Mr. Jones," said he to the first lieutenant, "and round her to for the night."—"Aye, aye!" down went the helm, and instead of wearing; which would have been the more prudent course, the vessel was thus brought head to wind. During this operation, a heavy sea struck the starboard paddle-box and swept the deck, rushing in formidable cascades down the main hatch into the engine-room, and very nearly extinguishing the fires.

The steam generated by so much water coming in contact with the blazing furnaces, rolled up the hatchway in volumes of white vapour, which, in the darkness of the night, made us all fancy that some terrible explosion had taken place below; the same sea inundated the cabin, and fairly drove all its inmates on deck. A general impression prevailed that the ship was going down; which was not a little aided by a succession of heavy seas, into which she plunged, and dipped, and rolled in a very alarming manner. The change, from going before the gale to breasting it, was most extraordinary; the force and fury of the wind—although in reality no greater than before—seemed increased tenfold, and it was nearly half an hour before we got our head off shore. We then cast the lead; and finding only eight fathoms, the captain decided on deepening our water, and for this purpose it was necessary to get up our full steam. This, after the thorough drenching of the engine room, was no easy matter. However, in about half an hour, she was got under the most steam we could raise; and we then began to breast the opposing billows at the rate of about two knots an hour.

For the previous three days we had had no observation, and we were therefore doubtful of our latitude. It was impossible for us to say whether we were to the northward or southward of our port. In this uncertainty we passed the night, the gale increasing, and the sea high in proportion. Our ship being light, rolled gunwale under, and occasionally shipped green seas "over all"—as the sailors term it—which gave all us landsmen no trifling alarm. As the day broke, a change took place for the better; and, ere the sun had risen, a range of hills was seen on our port-beam, showing their rugged outline clear and distinct against the gleam of the dawn. On making the land out, we ran towards it, in order to identify the locality, and soon discovered that we were about thirty miles to the southward of Bombay, off a place called Chowl. We therefore shaped our course for the harbour, and ere long caught a glimpse of the floating Lights and stationary Light-house, situated at the entrance of Bombay Harbour.



SHIP STRANDED AT BOMBAY.

By seven o'clock we were at anchor off the dock-yard of Bombay.

Few people in England are aware of the beauty of Bombay Harbour. I know of no port that equals it, except Rio Janeiro, which is not only more extensive and more picturesque, but more landlocked. In heavy gales from the south-south east, Bombay Harbour is entirely unprotected; and in 1837, several large ships were stranded and lost in a hurricane from that quarter. Fortunately, such occurrences are rare: and, up to the present year, no similar event has taken place.

Let us now step ashore, at the steps of the Apollo bunder, amongst a throng of native boats and a crowd of native boatmen, whose discordant cries and yells recall vividly the chaotic confusion of Babel. From natives of every country, and every isle of the countless archipelagos, these unintelligible sounds proceeded. They were vociferated in tones that put to shame the garrulous noisiness of Billingsgate, Naples or Lisbon, probably the three most noisy stairs in Europe. Once on the bunder, or pier—a roomy, commodious landing place, armed with half-a-dozen long fifty-six pounders—I jumped into a friend's Brougham; and in twenty minutes, find myself on the top of Malabar Hill in a villa, or bungalow, abounding with every comfort compatible with the climate of this latitude. The view from this spot—which is one hundred and twenty feet above the bay below—is extensive and picturesque, and presents a faint resemblance to that of Naples from Posilipo. At this time of the year the heat is great, but much modified by the strong south-west wind, which, however, bears so much moisture on its wings, as to make the whole island one vast vapour bath.

A drive through the ill-constructed streets of the fort and native town is one of the most interesting that can be conceived. The houses are slenderly built, but from their gay and bright colouring, and their great irregularity, offer many tempting bits for an artist. Nearly all the shops are without windows; and here may be seen in unlimited profusion, not only the piece goods, hardware, woollens, and crockery of Europe, but all the countless

productions of the gorgeous East, in endless variety. In one are exposed the vivid and tasteful tapestries of Persia, with the gilded bottles, inlaid hubble-bubbles, amber mouth-pieces, and silver-mounted hookahs of that country: in another, the rich silks, the splendid toys, and cool mats of China; in another, the carpets of Cabool and Herat, the gold-mounted sabres of Beloochistan, and the embroidered shawls of Delhi and Cashmere; in another, the gorgeous Kincaubs, brocades, and tissues of Surat; here, a keen-eyed shroff, or native banker, sits cross-legged, enthroned on bags of gold, silver, and copper coin; there, a lusty Banian is enveloped in half open sacks, and dishes of every sort of grain. In one quarter are piled ponderous bales of Manchester, Glasgow, and Leeds manufactures; in another, the warehouses groan with wooden chests of opium, camphor, spices, and other odouriferous commodities; among which, the odious assa-fœtida fails not to assert its disagreeable superiority.

The population is as varied as the articles exposed for sale, and a crowded street presents to the eye as florid and brilliant a whole as a bed of tulips. Were another Paul Veronese to arise to delight the world with his many-hued productions, what a field would Bombay present to his pencil! It was said of him, with truth, that he painted not with ordinary colours, but with tints derived from the diamond, the emerald, the ruby, and the sapphire; and in painting the costumes of Bombay, those vivid colours would be indispensable. The Oriental, with few exceptions, dresses with taste and elegance: the Hindoo, in his spotless vest of the purest white, with his turban of crimson, scarlet, or yellow; the Mussulman, with equally clean vestments, but with turban of a soberer dye; the Parsee, in his crimson cap, which, without being picturesque, is striking; the Affghan, with his flowing ringlets, sable beard, and fair complexion; the Persian, in his robe of striped silk and Astracan lamb-skin cap; the swarthy Arab, in his Lead-dress of flowing silk, with long and pendant fringe; the Scindian, in his becoming cap, that gives every peasant the air of a prince; the diminutive Malay, in his national costume; the quaint

Chinese in his broad-brimmed straw hat,—all throned the thoroughfares in perfect independence of the tyrant fashion; which in European cities clips the wings of exuberant taste, and reduces the whole population to one sombre and monotonous hue. The brilliant rays of a midday sun show all those iridescent tints to great advantage, and no collection of butterflies surpasses the denizens of Bombay in variegated splendour. A few squalid half-naked figures are, of course, to be seen among this motley crowd; but the general effect is hardly marred by their intrusion. However various in race and appearance, one sole and single object animates this moving mass; one sole and single idea occupies their thoughts: acquisition and retention of money. They are all traders. No Oriental, having once amassed money, sits down to enjoy it quietly. No such thing as retiring from business is known or thought of. Enormous fortunes have been accumulated in Bombay by trade, and so keen is commercial ardour, that it generally devours all the other passions of existence. The opium trade with China has been one fruitful source of wealth to the Bombay merchant, and the immense riches attributed to the Parsee knight, Sir Jamatjee Jeejeebpooy, are entirely derived from it. He has made a noble use of his money; and the public establishments suggested by his philanthropy, erected by his bounty, and endowed by his munificence, proclaim loudly to the world, not only his unbounded command of money, but his splendid application of it. He is reported to have given away, within the last ten years, upwards of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling to works of permanent utility. I know no recorded example of similar generosity, during life, in any individual in Europe.

The Parsees are perhaps the most energetic, enterprising, and speculating people in the East. Generally connected with some European mercantile house as brokers, in the first instance, they accumulate considerable sums, which subsequently have, in many instances, been applied to save their employers from ruin. The Parsee community may consist of about fifty thousand, almost all of whom are engaged in trade and manufactures. A

few go out to service as coachmen and butlers, but not one is to be met with either in the army or the police force. Next in intelligence to the Parsees come the Hindoos, who outnumber them sixfold. Education is making great strides amongst this class, and the literature of the West is fast superseding the fables of the East. The Brahmins in Bombay are falling rapidly into disrepute, and the true theories of material philosophy are taking the place of the senseless doctrines of their ancestors. As their minds became enlightened, the Hindoos naturally and necessarily abandon the faith of their fathers; for which, however, they decline to substitute the 'mysteries of Christianity. Next in number to the Hindoos stand the followers of Mahomet, who, however, are any thing but unanimous in their doctrines. The Sheeah, the Soornee, the Khojah, the Mehmon, the Borah, the Mussulman from the Deccan, and he from the Konkan, have all some distinctive Shibboleth, but agree in the two great points of Mahometanism—the unity of God, and the truth of Mahomet's mission as his prophet.

The Portuguese or native Christians form a considerable portion of the population of Bombay; thousands of temporary sojourners add variety even to this variegated mass. Armenians, Jews, Persians, Scindians, Affghans, Beloochees, Cashmerians, Bengalese, Madrassces, Chinese, Malays, Arabs, are to be met with at every turn. The rich Parsees, Hindoos, and Mussulmans drive about in very elegant equipages, chiefly procured from London or Liverpool; for the art of carriage-building is not, as in Calcutta, one of those brought to perfection in Bombay. The English settled here are a mere handful in point of numbers, although they are the motive and regulating power of the whole of the other machinery. They consist exclusively of temporary residents, members of the two services, civil and military, of the law, or of the mercantile profession. No settler or colonist is to be found here. All hope to lay their bones in England, and, with this feeling predominant in every English breast, it is clear that not much permanent interest for India can be entertained by this class.

The mode of life amongst the English gentry is very pleasant. An early ride before the sun has risen high enough to be annoying; the indispensable cold bath; a substantial breakfast at nine; tiffin or luncheon at two, for those who like it; and dinner at half-past seven, before which a ride or a drive for a couple of hours serves to dissipate the vapours of office work—form the usual routine of existence. Where no one is idle, there is, of course, small time left for literary pursuits, and the lassitude induced by the climate renders it next to impossible to read or write after dinner. Reading is consequently much limited to the ephemeral productions of the daily press. This, for India, is on rather an extensive scale, since there are no fewer than three morning journals, conducted with much spirit and vigour.

Parell, the Governor's residence, is a spacious and handsome edifice, with no pretensions to architectural beauty, but imposing from its magnitude. It contains excellent private apartments, besides a magnificent suite of reception rooms. A ball here in January or February, when every body is at the Presidency, is like a costume ball. Ladies dressed in the height of fashion, men in uniforms of every gradation of splendour, a superb military band, rooms illuminated in a manner that shames the feeble efforts of a London wax-chandler, the finest flowers (such as are only to be procured in England from hot-houses) in the most luxuriant profusion, constituting the leading features of those very agreeable parties. Such scenes are not, however, confined to Government House. The Byculla Club occasionally lends its magnificent saloon to this sort of reunion: and the other day the Bachelors gave a sumptuous *soiree* in the grand and classic saloon of the Town Hall; besides which the leading members of society here are continually giving agreeable dances. Thus, here, as elsewhere, we try to cheat existence of its sombre hue, and to give it a varnish of hilarity not quite consistent with its natural tones. The rooms here are, in general, large and lofty, and the profusion of wax lights is on these occasions, quite dazzling. Nothing can exceed the tedium of a formal Bombay dinner. Tables groaning with Brummagem imitations of splendour,

and dishes redolent of the strong and greasy compositions of Portuguese cooks; guests thrown together, in numerous confusion, without reference to acquaintanceship or similarity of tastes or habits; fifty or sixty people seated at an immense table resembling a table d'hôte in all except the goodness of its dishes, with a servant behind every chair. This is a picture of a Bombay dinner.

The Fine Arts are unknown in Bombay. A gaudy-coloured lithograph would be here as much esteemed as a Titian or a Raphael; and, I fear, the want of taste is not confined to the native inhabitants. Europeans come out so young, so partially educated, and with their ideas on the subject of Art so little developed, that they remain for the rest of their lives as much children in this respect as when they first arrived. I remember once accompanying two Indian friends through the gallery of the Pitti Palace. Their admiration was wholly given to the worst pictures and the worst statues. An artist here would starve; and although the Hindoos have a taste for sculpture their efforts are confined to the grotesque. This is extraordinary, when we reflect that the human figure in its most beautiful proportions is constantly displayed to them. Some of the men from Hindostan—who go by the name of Purdasees, or foreigners—are the most superb models for a sculptor that can be conceived. The women, too, throw their drapery about them in the most elegant folds, and a group of Hindoo girls at a well is perhaps the most artistic combination that could be desired. Yet these pass unnoticed and unadmired, except perhaps, by an occasional amateur, whose other avocations leave him little time to note or perpetuate the graceful scene. We are apt to imagine that the Greeks derived their superiority in the Fine Arts from their constant familiarity with the finest forms, in battles and wrestling places in the forum, the agora or the hippodrome. Yet these could only have been occasional opportunities compared with those offered daily in the streets of Bombay. The genius of Mahometanism is opposed to the imitation of the human figure, either in painting or sculpture; but Hindoo temples abound with exam-

ples of both. How is it, then, that Art should be here at a lower ebb in the nineteenth century than it even was in Egypt! Even in architecture the taste of the Hindoos is vicious and trivial to a great extent; great labour and expense are frittered away in the most tasteless attempts at ornament, and not a single Hindoo monument of architectural science is to be seen in or near Bombay. The same may be said of the Parsees, none of whom, even the richest, possesses a painting worth five shillings, although their rooms are crowded with chandeliers, lustres, mirrors, and gilding, of the most expensive character, and all procured from London, which, if desired, could furnish their magnificent saloons with exquisite pictures, bronzes, and statues, at a very moderate expense. Taste may perhaps arise after another half-century of education, but at present it finds no resting-place to the eastward of the Cape. One only good picture is to be seen here, a large whole length portrait of Queen Victoria, by Wilkie. This is in the possession of the Parsee Knight, and was made a present to him by the late Sir Charles Forbes.

The Town Hall, which contains the library of the Bombay branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, is rich in three magnificent works of Chantrey. These are colossal statues of Mount Stewart Elphinstone, Sir John Malcolm, and Sir Charles Forbes; the two former in his best manner. This building is, perhaps, the finest specimen of English taste in India. It is in the Doric style, vast and well proportioned, though a little ponderous.

The trade of Bombay is extensive and important, the imports and exports each reaching on an average nearly ten millions sterling. By far the greater part of this traffic is conducted on commission, the majority of the houses here being merely commission agents. A large proportion of the trade with China and other Eastern countries is in the hands of natives; that with England and Europe chiefly, if not entirely, in English and German firms. There is not a single French house of agency here. Taking the profits on these twenty millions at eight per cent., which I fancy every house of agency expects as its share, we have here one million eight hundred thousand pounds to be distributed amongst the

mercantile community, some of the leading members of which must be annually realizing very large sums. There is not, however, much appearance or show of wealth amongst the cotton lords here, who, generally speaking, live in a very modest quiet way. The great staple of export is raw cotton—the great staple of import the same cotton manufactured.

It is singular that so few indigenous Indian horses should exist. Those employed in our regular cavalry and horse artillery are invariably either Arab or Persian; the former small, active, and of perfect symmetry; the latter, larger and more powerful, but with less activity, and far less beauty. A well-bred Arab has small ears, wide and square forehead, jowl and cheekbones wide apart; eye bright and large; nostril open, angular, and transparent; nether lip pendulous; skin of a smooth silky texture; fore-hand fine; shoulder not very high, but very oblique; joints large, angular, and well-knit. The back sinew of the fore-leg remarkably large, and standing out well from the leg-bone, pastern rather long, hoof hard, and crust rather high; barrel round; hips wide, tail set on high; buttock square, thigh muscular, hock large and free from flesh; tail fine at the extremity like that of a greyhound; temper mild and equable; height seldom exceeding fourteen hands two inches. This is the Arab horse of good blood, and of such about two thousand are imported annually into Bombay, chiefly from Bussorah. Of course, all do not answer this description, which comprises almost every desirable quality of shape and make to be found in this quadruped. Their speed is good, but not equal to our English blood; a mile in one hundred and twelve seconds being about the utmost they can come up to. In England the same distance has often been performed in eighty seconds by our best blood. The average speed of an Arab is, however, much greater than that of the ordinary run of English horses, not thorough-bred. The price of an Arab here is high; young, sound, and of good blood, with power to carry twelve or thirteen stone. Such a horse cannot be bought at the stables for less than one thousand or twelve hundred rupees. The trade is in the hands of Parsee brokers, four or five

of whom keep stables, capable of containing from three to four hundred horses each. On each sale they realize thirty-two rupees, seventeen from the buyer and fifteen from the seller, irrespective of the value of the horse. It follows, therefore, that as these brokers generally dispose of five or six hundred horses each, annually, they must realize large profits, besides that which they derive from the horses standing at livery.

Another article of commerce consists of pearls, also from the Persian Gulf. The Arabs bring these down in December or January, and return before the monsoon sets in, carrying home in exchange large quantities of Manchester and Yorkshire goods.

Of these orient gems a large proportion is unsuited to the European markets, being of a yellowish golden lustre, and not of that pure white so much desiderated at home. The natives do not despise them for this, and in my eye—which ever delighted in the rich Venetian tone of colour, in preference to the cold tints of Rome or Florence—I must say they lose nothing by this golden hue. The opulent here of every caste possess vast hoards of these treasures of the deep; with which, on gala days, they delight to deck their children and wives. A considerable portion of each wealthy native's riches consists in jewelry, but for the most part the stones are badly set and badly cut. Size, irrespective of symmetry or water, is much coveted, and the consequence is that no where are so many indifferent jewels treasured up as here.

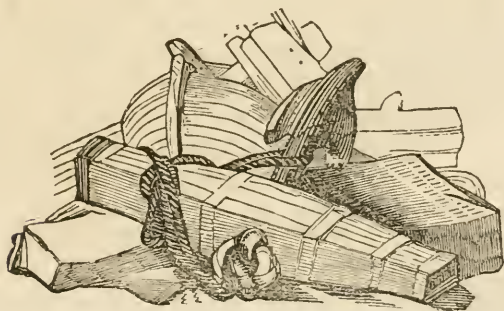
Magnitude and profusion are the rules of native taste in the precious stones on this side of India, which possesses none of the skill or science evinced by the jewellers and lapidaries of Agra and Delhi, or even by those in the Madras Presidency. Ornaments of pure and massive gold distinguish the less opulent, many of whom carry about their persons their whole wealth. An immense quantity of the precious metals is lost to circulation by this propensity, which probably may trace its origin to habits engendered by long years of turbulence and warfare, when no safe investment of capital existed. Even now it is difficult to

persuade a native of the advantage held out by a Government savings bank in preference to a gold chain or bangle, the ready and ever-available resources of which are, to his mind, more easily realizable than those offered by the signature of a bank secretary. A well informed native has assured me that he has reason to believe that not less than five crores of rupees, or five millions sterling, is invested in gold and silver ornaments in Bombay. Certain it is that nowhere have I seen so universal a diffusion of these ornaments as here. The commonest coolie has his gold ear-ring; the meanest artizan his amulet of gold, or his waist-belt of silver—probably both. Should Bombay ever be laid under contribution by a French line-of-battle ship) and one such would be sufficient for the purpose), the bushels of golden ornaments that might be collected in a couple of hours would exceed ten-fold the knightly spoils of the field of Cannæ.

No place in the world is more open to a marauding enemy than Bombay. The defences towards the sea are contemptible, and half-an-hour's bombardment would destroy the Fort, the crowded houses of which are built up to within a few feet of the ramparts, where, in case of conflagration, no men could stand to their guns. Without the aid of some heavy men-of-war, Bombay might be sacked and burned in an hour, and no vestige left of its pristine prosperity. I don't know whether foreign rulers are aware of its insecurity; but there is certainly, at present, nothing to prevent the approach of a hostile line-of-battle ship, and when arrived, nothing to prevent her from laying the place in ashes, or under contribution, as might best suit her views. The great importance of Bombay, as the key of communication between the upper provinces of India and England, as the emporium of the cotton trade, as the great entrepot of the Manchester, Glasgow, and Yorkshire goods, as the seat of a most extensive and efficient naval dock-yard, and as the capital of Western India, ought to direct attention to this state of things; for the place at present is as defenceless as Southampton, and still more accessible; for the heaviest line-of-battle ship could lie within two hundred yards of the Custom House, the Treasury,

and the mint. So large a population, such extensive wealth, and so important interests, ought to demand the most serious attention of the authorities to their insecure state; for a blow once struck home would be irreparable.

A sketch of Bombay would be imperfect without a notice of the railroad now in progress, and which is fondly thought by many will be the forerunner of a host of others, that are to bring the most distant cities of India within a few hours of each other. It is very nearly completed as far as Tannah, the northernmost point of Salsette; and it is progressing thence towards Callian, in the Northern Konkan. Thence, it is hoped that eventually it will be carried farther into the interior, and that the Ghâuts will be surmounted, so as to bring the traffic of the Deccan and Khandeish within its grasp, and thus, in a great measure, remedy the crying evil of India—the want of internal communications. The projectors, on calculations which are understood to have been well considered, anticipate large profits. The East India Company has acted wisely in so far complying with the exigencies of the times as to yield gracefully to the clamour for a railroad. Its real importance or value will never be understood in England; and it is a good tub to throw to the whale on the approaching discussions on the charter.



MADAME PFEIFFER AT TAHITI.

MADAME IDA PFEIFFER, of Vienna, a lady, favourably known to the reading public of Germany as the pleasant narrator of a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and of various Tours in different parts of Europe, has recently published an account of her Travels round the World. In her preface, she states that an uncontrollable desire to travel, and to see distant and little known regions, impelled her to undertake the bold enterprise, the details of which are now recorded in three little volumes, entitled "A Lady's Travels round the World." In the course of so extensive a circuit, much that is curious and interesting must have presented itself to an intelligent observer like Madame Pfeiffer. We subjoin, with some abridgement, her account of Tahiti and its inhabitants.

It may be well to premise, that until lately Tahiti was under the protection of England, but it is now transferred to France. The island was long an object of dispute between the Governments of both nations; but in November, 1846, peace was concluded. Queen Pomare, who during the interval of contention, fled to another Island, had returned to Papeiti, one of the chief cities, a few weeks before Madame Pfeiffer arrived there. Her abode was a small house containing only four rooms, and she dined every day at the residence of the Governor. A suitable abode is now being built for the Queen, by the French Government, from which Her Majesty receives a pension of twenty-five thousand francs per annum.

Papeiti, the port, is surrounded by coral-reefs, which defend it like the outworks of a fortress, and render its entrance at once difficult and dangerous. Between the rocks, against which the billows break with frightful force, a very narrow open-

ing barely affords sufficient room for the passage of ships. On our approach, says Madame Pfeiffer, a pilot came out to us, and, in spite of a very adverse wind, we succeeded in working our way safely into the harbour. After we had landed, we were congratulated on our lucky escape; the people who were anxiously watching our entrance assured us that at one moment we were nearly struck on a coral bank—an accident which had a short time previously befallen a French vessel.

Before we cast anchor, we observed some half-dozen Pirogues making towards us; and in the space of a few minutes our deck was thronged with Indians, who nimbly climbed up to the ship's sides to offer us fruit and shell-fish. But these luxuries are not now, as they were in Captain Cook's time, obtained in exchange for glass beads and bits of red cloth. They are to be had for money only; and our Tahitian visitors showed us that they knew how to drive bargains and extort high prices as well as the most practised hucksters of Europe. I presented to one of the Indians a ring made of some kind of gilt metal. He took it; and after smelling it, shook his head, giving me to understand that he knew it was not made of gold. Observing a ring on my finger, he took my hand, and whilst he smelt the ring, a pleasant smile that lighted up his features seemed expressive of a request that I would give it to him.

We found Papeiti (on the 25th of April, 1847,) full of French troops, and several French ships were lying in the harbour. The town, which contains between three and four thousand inhabitants, consists briefly of a range of wooden houses with gardens extending along the shore. A noble forest, crowning a range of hills, forms the background of the scene, and here and there on the upland are scattered many small huts.

The only buildings of any commodious size, are the Governor's house, the French magazine, the military bakehouse (whence the barracks are supplied with bread), and the Queen's residence, not yet completed. Many little wooden houses, containing only one room, had been hastily constructed, to supply the demand for dwelling places, which, when I was there, were so scarce,

that French officers of rank were glad to take up their quarters in wretched Indian huts.

I looked about in vain for a lodging. Nowhere could I find a single room to let: and at length I was fain to content myself with part of a room—in short, literally a corner. This accommodation I found in a hut, occupied by a carpenter, his wife, and two children. A space about six feet in length, and four in width, was allotted to me behind the door. The floor was not boarded, and the walls were formed of staccadoes and palisades. There was neither bedstead nor chair; and yet for this lodging I was obliged to pay very exorbitantly.

The hut of a Tahitian Indian frequently has no walls, and consists merely of a roofing of palm-leaves supported on poles. Even those better sort of huts, which have palisadoed walls, are not divided into compartments; all comprise only one room, the dimensions of which usually vary from twenty to fifty feet in length, and from ten to thirty in breadth. The whole furniture consists of mats of plaited straw, some coverings for beds, a few wooden chests, and possibly one or two jointed stools: the latter, however, rank among superfluities. Of cooking utensils or apparatus, the Indians possess none. Their food is all baked in stone ovens. The stones are heated, and the meat is put into the oven without any dish. At table, one knife suffices for a whole party; and a cocoa-nut shell serves as a basin to contain water for their drink. The missionaries who have successively resided here during the last fifty years, have wrought a change in the dress of the natives, especially those in the neighbourhood of Papeiti.

Still, however, their costume is sufficiently characteristic of savage life. Both men and women wear a garment called the pareo; it is a sort of petticoat made of coloured cloth, and fastened round the waist by a band. By the women it is worn long enough to descend to the ankles; but the men have it much shorter, reaching only to the knee. The men wear a short shirt of coloured cotton over the pareo, and under it they frequently have loose trowsers. The upper garment of the women is a sort

of long full blouse. Both sexes wear flowers in their ears instead of ear-rings, the hole in the lobe of the ear being bored sufficiently large to admit of flower stalks being easily drawn through it. The Tahitian women, old as well as young, adorn themselves profusely with flowers and foliage, of which they form very tasteful wreaths and bouquets. I also frequently saw men wearing wreaths round their heads. On holidays and other festive occasions, they wear, in addition to their ordinary dress, an upper garment called the tiputa. This is made of a material of their own manufacture, prepared from the bark of the bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees. The bark, when newly stripped from the tree, is beat and pressed with stones until it becomes as thin as paper; after which it is coloured yellow and brown.

I visited a little wooden building used as a place of worship. It was thronged by Indians, all of whom had been converted to Christianity. They called themselves Protestants; but, of the faith they professed they knew nothing but the name. Before entering the house of prayer they all divested themselves of their floral ornaments, with which they again decorated themselves on departing. Some of the women wore black satin blouses; others, who were resolved on being particularly fine, appeared in bonnets—gay creations of Parisian millinery, of a fashion which has been obsolete for at least half-a dozen years. It is impossible to conceive the ludicrous effect produced by the broad, flat faces of these Tahitian belles, under their fantastically shaped bonnets.

Whilst the psalms were being sung, an air of devotion pervaded the congregation, many of whom joined in the singing with tolerable correctness; but during the delivery of the sermon, the clergyman was listened to with the utmost indifference. The children were engaged in playing, quarrelling, and eating; and of the grown-up portion of the assembly, those who were not gossiping were sound asleep. I was assured that most of the natives are able to read, and that many of them can write; but, during worship in the church, I saw only two individuals (aged men) make use of their bibles.

The Tahitians are tall in stature, and strongly made. Men of six feet high are by no means uncommon. The women are likewise tall, and, in general, very stout. The men are decidedly handsomer than the women. Both sexes are alike remarkable for beautiful white teeth, and fine dark eyes; all have very large mouths, thick lips, and broad, flat noses; the latter are so highly admired, that, as soon as an infant is born, it is customary to press down the cartilages of the nose, in order to give to the feature the broad, flat form which is an indispensable condition of Tahitian beauty. Both men and women have long black hair, which hangs down their backs in one or two thick plaits. The complexion of these islanders is copper colour. Nearly all of them are tattooed on the lower limbs; but the hands, feet, and all other parts of the body are free of these ornaments. The figures employed in this tattooing, chiefly arabesques, are frequently executed with much artistic taste.

The Governor of Tahiti, M. Bruat, made arrangements for some grand public festivities on the first of May, in honour of the fete of Louis Philippe. In the forenoon, a sham sea-fight was got up under the superintendence of the sailors belonging to the French ships in the port. This being ended, the spectators adjourned to a meadow to witness feats of agility, exhibited by some of the natives in climbing a Maypole. At the summit of this pole coloured handkerchiefs and other trifles were the prizes won, to those who were lucky enough to reach them. At noon the principal native chiefs were invited to a grand feast prepared for them on the lawn fronting the Governor's house. The banquet consisted of salt meat, bacon, bread, roasted pigs, and fruits of various kinds. But the guests instead of sitting down, as was expected they would, to partake of the delicacies provided for them, divided the whole into portions, and each carried his share home with him. In the evening there were fireworks, illuminations, and ball.

I was present at this ball, and was vastly amused and interested. The assembled company exhibited the most ludicrous contrast of art and nature. Elegant Parisian ladies were seated

side by side, with coarse, swarthy, native females; and French staff officers, in full uniform, might be seen holding conversation with half-naked Indians. Several of the natives, desirous of making a particularly elegant appearance on this occasion, wore loose white trousers; others had no other clothing than the pareo and the loose shirt over it. One of the chiefs, arrayed in this costume, was a most pitiable object; he was perfectly crippled by elephantiasis. On the occasion of this ball I saw Queen Pomare for the first time. Her figure is tall and stout, but very well formed. She is thirty-six years of age, but fresh and blooming; and I have observed that the women of Tahiti retain their youthful appearance to a more advanced period of life than the women of other warm climates. The countenance of Queen Pomare is pleasing, and is almost continually animated by a good-humoured smile. She wore a robe of azure-blue satin, made very full, and somewhat in the form of a blouse. It was trimmed with rich black blonde, set on in double rows. In her ears she wore sprigs of jasmin, and a profusion of flowers were wreathed in her hair. In her hand she held a beautifully worked cambric handkerchief, trimmed with very rich, broad lace. On that evening she wore stockings and shoes; but Her Majesty, on ordinary occasions, goes barefooted. I was informed that the dress worn by Queen Pomare at this ball was a present from King Louis Philippe.

The Queen's Consort, who is somewhat younger than herself, is exceedingly handsome. The French have surnamed him, "*Prince Albert of Tahiti*," not only on account of his good looks, but because like Prince Albert in England, he is not the King regnant. At the ball he appeared in the uniform of a French General officer, and wore it with tolerable grace.

Besides Queen Pomare and her Consort, there was another royal personage in the company. This was King Otoume, the sovereign of one of the neighbouring islands. He was dressed in the most comical style imaginable. He wore a pair of white trousers very wide and short. Over his other garments was a

kind of surtout, made of cotton of a bright canary colour. It had evidently been made in imitation of a European coat; but its shape and style of fitting proclaimed it to be a production of native genius, rather than the handiwork of a Parisian tailor. The king was bare-footed.

The Queen's ladies in waiting, four in number, were dressed in blouses of white muslin. They also had flowers for ear ornaments, and wreaths in their hair. Their manners and deportment were not devoid of grace. These young ladies danced quadrilles with some of the French officers; but it was painful to see them dance with their bare feet; and I was continually apprehensive that their toes would be trodden on by their partners' boots. Except the Queen and her Consort, none of the natives had shoes or stockings. A few of the more elderly females wore faded old-fashioned bonnets for head-dresses; and several young mothers were accompanied by their children—even infants in arms.

A short time before supper was announced, the Queen withdrew into an adjoining apartment to smoke a cigar; and whilst her Majesty was thus engaged, her Consort amused himself by a game at billiards.

At supper, I had the honour of sitting between Prince Albert of Tahiti, and the canary-coloured King of Otoume. Both were sufficiently initiated in the rules of good breeding to show me such ordinary marks of attention as filling my glass with water or with wine, helping me to the dishes near them. It was evident that they took vast pains to imitate European manners. Nevertheless, some of the guests now and then committed themselves by doing the most extraordinary things. The Queen herself, having desired an attendant to bring her a plate, placed upon it a large assortment of sweetmeats and dainties, which her Majesty selected for the purpose of carrying home with her. It was also found necessary to check several of her company in their too copious libations of champagne; but, on the whole, the party, though exceedingly merry, was tolerably decorous.

I subsequently dined several times with the Royal Family at

the residence of the Governor. On these occasions, the Queen, as well as her husband, appeared in the national costume—the coloured pareo, and the loose upper garment; both were bare-footed. The heir to the throne, a boy of nine years of age, is already betrothed to the daughter of a neighbouring king. The future bride, who is two or three years older than the prince, resides at the court of Queen Pomare. She has been brought up in the Christian religion, and has been taught the English language.

Tati, the principal native chief of the island, who had come to the port to be present at the festivities on the first of May, was now about to return, with his family, to his residence at Papara; and a French officer, who was to escort the chief, proposed that I should join the party. To this proposition I very readily acceded; and on the 4th of May we embarked in a sailing-boat along the coast of Papara, a distance of thirty-six nautical miles. Tati, the chief, a venerable old man, ninety years of age, perfectly well remembered the landing of Captain Cook. His father, at that time first chief of the island, formed a close friendship with Cook; and, in conformity with a custom then prevalent in Tahiti, he changed names with the English navigator.

Tati receives from the French Government an annual pension of six thousand francs, which at his death, will revert to his eldest son. He had with him his wife, a young woman, apparently about twenty-five years of age, and five of the children, the offspring of a previous marriage. The lady who travelled with us was his fifth wife.

We passed several interesting points as we sailed along the coast. Nor was the sea itself less interesting than the romantic scenery on shore. Our little skiff glided over shallows, where through the clear crystal current, every pebble—nay, almost every grain of sand was perceptible. Looking down through the translucent waves, I beheld groups of coral and madrepore, presenting such exquisite masses of form and colour, that I readily could have lent faith to the fanciful superstition which

supposes the existence of fairy gardens at the bottom of the sea.

In the wide-spreading ramifications of marine vegetation might be pictured miniature groves and arabesque parterres, interspersed here and there with hillocks of sponge. Multitudes of little transparent fishes darted to and fro, rivalling in colour and radiance, the variegated hues of the butterfly, and the brightness of the glow-worm. These tiny fishes were scarcely an inch in length. For splendour of colouring, I scarcely ever beheld any thing to equal them. Some were of clear azure blue, some bright yellow, and others, nearly transparent, exhibited richly shaded tints of brown and green.

We had left Papeiti about noon; and at six o'clock, when the sun was setting, it was resolved that we should not pursue our course further that evening, as the numerous rugged cliffs which fringe that part of the coast render the passage somewhat unsafe after dark. We therefore landed at Paya (a place situated about twenty-two miles from Papeiti) of which the sixth son of Tati is the ruling chief.

In honour of his father's visit, the young chief ordered a supper to be prepared. A pig was accordingly killed, and cooked in the Tahitian fashion. A hollow dug in the ground contained a number of stones, round which a fierce fire was kindled. Meanwhile bread-tree fruits were skinned and divided into halves by a sharp wooden hatchet. When the fire burned up, and the stones were sufficiently heated, the pig and the bread-fruits were put in the oven, and heated stones laid over them. The whole was then covered over with leaves, branches of trees, and finally with a layer of earth.

Whilst the supper was being cooked by this process, the table was laid out. A straw mat having been spread on the ground, large leaves, intended to serve as plates, were placed upon it. As a drinking cup, each guest was furnished with a cocoa-nut shell; half filled with a sort of acid beverage, called Miti.

In about an hour-and-a-half supper was pronounced to be ready; and though the pig was not to be prepared in the most

tempting style, yet it was consumed with inconceivable rapidity. By the help of a single knife the pig was divided into as many portions as there were individuals to partake of it; and each one was helped to his or her share, together with half a bread-fruit, placed on a leaf. Excepting the French officer, old Tati, his wife, and myself, no one sat down at the rustic table; it being inconsistent with the customs of the country for the host to eat with his guests, or a child with his parent.

On our arrival at Papara, we were informed of the death of one of Tati's sons. The event had taken place a few days previously, but the funeral was deferred until the arrival of the aged chief. I visited the hut, and the attendants gave me a new pocket handkerchief, directing me to offer it as a present to the departed. This custom, of offering presents to the dead, is still kept up by the Tahitians—even those among them who have become converts to Christianity. The body lay in a coffin, resting on a low bier; both coffin and bier were overspread with a sort of white paint or lacker. Before the bier two straw mats were spread. On one of these mats were placed all the clothes, drinking-cups, knives, &c., which had belonged to the deceased. On the other lay a vast collection of presents, consisting of shirts, parces, handkerchiefs, bits of cloth, &c.

I attended the ceremony of the interment. The priest delivered a short oration over the grave, and when the coffin was lowered, the mats, the straw hat, and the clothes of the deceased, together with some of the presents, were thrown into the grave. In the vicinity of the place of interment there were some ancient Indian tombs called Murais. They were quadrangular spaces surrounded by stone walls four or five feet high. Within the Murai or quadrangle, the corpse used to be laid, resting on a wooden framework. There it was left until nothing remained but the skeleton, which was afterwards buried in some sequestered spot.

After my return from Papara, I made a visit to Venus Point, a little tongue of land, on which Captain Cook stationed himself to observe the transit of Venus over the sun's disk. The

stone on which his telescope was fixed is still on the spot where it then was.

One of my most interesting excursions was to Fontana and the Diadem. Fontana is a point which the Tahitians considered to be impregnable, and where, nevertheless, they sustained the most signal defeat by the French during the last war. Governor Brouat obligingly lent me his horse to make this excursion, and he sent with me as a guide a sub-officer, who had been engaged in the action, and who explained to me the positions and movements of the hostile forces.

For the space of six miles I rode through thick forests and deep ravines, intersected by mountain torrents. In many parts of these ravines, extremely narrow passes are flanked on either side by steep and inaccessible mountains; so that here, as in ancient Thermopylæ, a small band of brave warriors were enabled to keep at bay a strong and numerous army. The defiles of Fontana may be said to be the key to the whole island. During the late war Fontana was the principal stronghold of the Tahitians, and the only mode by which the French could hope to carry the important position was by climbing up an almost perpendicular precipice, and thereby reaching a narrow ridge near the summit. General Brouat announced his wish that this dangerous enterprise should be entrusted only to volunteers; and sixty-two men were selected from the very considerable number who eagerly offered themselves. After twelve hours of difficult and perilous exertion, the gallant adventurers at length gained the summit. As soon as they appeared in sight, the dismayed Indians threw down their arms, exclaiming, "These are not men, for that steep acclivity is inaccessible to mortal footsteps. They must be spirits; therefore let us surrender, for it is needless to attempt defence."

At Fontana, a little fort, surmounted by a watch-tower, has been built. It is reached by a footpath running along a narrow mountain ridge, beneath which yawns a chasm of unfathomable depth. For persons liable to vertigo, it would be dangerous to attempt to lie along this path, which, however, commands a



SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.

magnificent prospect over the surrounding country. Mountains, valleys, ravines, and waterfalls diversify the romantic scene; and high above every other object in the landscape towers the Diadem. I reached that colossal mass of rock after a three hours' ride along a difficult road. The prospect from the Diadem is still grander than that from the fort, extending in two directions, far beyond the boundaries of the island, and to some distance over the sea.

This was my last excursion in the lovely island of Tahiti.



AN ADVENTURE ON THE DEE.

It was hot, burning hot, hot enough for Bengal, a few weeks ago, when a party of us were sitting in the shade of a clump of trees beside the brook that rattles down from the lake with the unpronounceable name, on the big hills behind Tremadoc. Some of our party (they were from town, and lately arrived) had been haymaking in the field, which is not quite as steep as the roof of St. Paul's, but steep enough to tempt a roll or two in the fresh, sweet hay; two had been fishing in the lake; while a trio, lazy and romantic, had just been reading, with occasional intervals of discussion, during which, it was wonderful the number of bottles of porter they had managed to empty, out of the three dozen put to cool in the hollow of the brook bank for the amateur haymakers. By a universal vote, we had lunched under the trees on all manner of comestibles, including a wonderful salad of cold turbot, for want of a lobster. We were very happy and very warm, except the idlers. After luncheon, some went to sleep; I am afraid some smoked; but no one scolded, and no one argued. As the evening crept on, the tide went down in the bay, and for miles there was nothing to be seen but a desert of yellow sand, real yellow sand, where Ariel's friends might have danced with pleasure. We watched the sea receding, and receding, until only a dim, white, waggling line on the horizon told us where the waters of Port Madoc were to come from, at the turn of the tide.

Every body seemed deliciously lazy; no one could be called or coaxed into haymaking again. To half of us, open-air work was something new; to the other half, the rattle of new arrivals from town was wonderfully refreshing, after the vegetation of a Welsh village. So, gossiping, with a little singing, a little



LAURA.

story-telling, and I am afraid, a little flirting, the day wore out, the moon rose up, and presently, up a hundred channels, before unseen, the sea began to flow back, and sparkle below us, as we sat on the turf, on the hill-side, beside the rustling torrent.

At length the conversation turned on rides across the sands, on the shores of the Solway, and the perils of Morecombe Bay. One quoted the adventure in "Redgauntlet," another of Sir Arthur Wardour and Lovell in the "Antiquary;" a third, the story of the narrow escape of Madame D'Arblay, near Ilfracombe; but we were all piqued with the acutest curiosity, when Alfred Aubrey, the matter-of-fact man, with a romantic name, said, between the whiffs of a genuine Manilla,

"I once had a narrow escape myself, crossing the Dee, on just such a night as this, only there was no moon; and I can assure you that galloping a race with time and tide is no joke."

"Come," cried Carry Darling, the self-elected dictatress of our *al fresco* parliament, "that will do; you have been talking nothing these three days but fishing and politics; put down your filthy tobacco, and tell us that—for you owe us a story." So Aubrey, knowing that he had a Napoleon in petticoats to deal with, began, with fewer excuses than customary in such cases, as follows:—

About twenty years ago, after a fatiguing London season, I was stopping at the decayed port and bathing village of Parkgate, on the Dee, opposite the equally decayed town and castle of Flint. It was a curious place to choose for amusement, for it had, and has, no recommendation except brackish water, pleasant scenery at high water, and excessive dulness. But, to own the truth, I was in love, desperately in love, with one of the most charming, provoking little sylphs in the world, who after driving me half crazy in London, was staying on a visit with an uncle, a Welsh parson at dreary Parkgate. Not that it was dreary to me when Laura was amiable; on the contrary, I wrote to my friends and described it as one of the most delightful watering-places in England, and, by so doing, lost for ever the good graces and legacy of my Aunt Grumoh, who travelled all the way from Brighton on my

description, and only stayed long enough to change horses. One sight of the one street of tumble-down houses, in face of a couple of miles of sand and shingle at low water was enough. She never spoke to me again, except to express her extreme contempt for my opinion.

Our chief amusement was riding on the sand, and sometimes crossing to Flint at low water. You know, of course, that formerly the Dee was a great commercial river, with important ports at Chester, Parkgate, and Flint; but in the course of time the banks have fallen in, increasing the breadth at the expense of the depth; so that at Parkgate, whence formerly the Irish packets sailed, the fisher-girls can walk over at low water, for the whole way across, except just round Flint, where there are several quicksands, when the tide turns, in certain states of the wind, the whole estuary is covered with wonderful rapidity; for the tide seems to creep up subterraneous channels, and you may find yourself surrounded by salt-water when you least expect it.

This was of no consequence to us, as we were never tied for time. I was teaching Laura to ride, on a little Welsh pony, and the sands made a famous riding-school. I laugh now when I think of the little rat of a pony she used to gallop about, for she now struggles into a Brougham of ordinary dimensions with great difficulty, and weighs nearly as much as her late husband, Mr. Alderman Mallard. In a short time, Laura made so much progress in horsemanship, that she insisted on mounting my hackney, a full-sized well-bred animal, and putting me on the rat-pony. When I indulged her in this fancy—for of course she had her own way—I had the satisfaction of being rewarded by her roars of laughter at the ridiculous figure I cut, ambling beside her respectable uncle, on his cart-horse cob, with my legs close to the ground, and my nose peering over the little Welshman's shaggy ears, while my fairy galloped round us, drawing all sorts of ridiculous comparisons. This was bad enough, but when Captain Egret, the nephew of my charmer's aunt's husband, a handsome fellow, with "a lovely grey horse, with such a tail," as Laura described it, came up from Chester

to stay a few days, I could stand my rat-pony no longer, and felt much too ill to ride out; so stood at the window of my lodgings with my shirt-collar turned down, and Byron in my hand, open at one of the most murderous passages, watching Laura on my chesnut, and Captain Egret on his grey, cantering over the deserted bed of the Dee. They were an aggravatingly handsome couple, and the existing state of the law on manslaughter enabled me to derive no satisfaction from the hints contained in the "Giaour" or the "Corsair." Those were our favourite books of reference for young England in those days. Indeed, we were all amateur pirates, and felons in theory: but when I had been cast down in disgust at the debased state of civilization, which prevented me from challenging Captain Egret to single combat, with Laura for the prize of the victor, instead of a cell at Chester Castle, my eye fell on an advertisement in a local paper, which turned my thoughts into a new channel, of "*Sale of Blood Stock, Hunters and Hackneys,*" at Plas * * *, near Holywell.

I determined to give up murder, and buy another horse, for I could ride as well as the Captain; and then what glorious *tête-à-têtes* I could have, with my hand on the pommel of Laura's side saddle. The idea put me in good humour. Regimental duties having suddenly recalled Captain Egret, I spent a delightful evening with Laura; she quite approved of my project, and begged that I would choose a horse, "with a long tail, of a pretty colour," which is every young lady's idea of what a horse should be.

Accordingly I mounted my chesnut on a bright morning of July, and rode across to Flint, accompanied by a man to bring back my intended purchase. It was dead low water; when, full of happy thoughts, in the still warm silence of the summer morning, holding my eager horse hard in, I rode at a foot pace across the smooth, hard, wave-marked bed of the river. There was not a cloud in the sky. The sun, rising slowly, cast a golden glow of sparkling sand. Pit-pat-pit-pat, went my horse's feet, not loud enough to disturb the busy crows and gulls seeking their breakfast; they were not afraid of me; they knew I had

no gun. I remember it; I see it all before me, as if it were yesterday, for it was one of the most delicious moments of my life. But the screaming gulls and whistling curlews were put to flight, before I had half crossed the river's bed, by the cheerful chatter, laughter, and fragments of Welsh airs sung in chorus by a hearty crowd of cockle and mussel gatherers, fishermen, and farmers' wives, on the way to the market on the Cheshire side—men, women, (they were the majority), and children on foot, on ponies and donkeys, and in little carts. Exchanging good-humoured jokes, I passed on until I came to the ford of the channel, where the river runs between banks of deep soft sand. At low water, at certain points, in summer, it is but a few inches deep; but after heavy rains, and soon after the turning of the tide, the depth increases rapidly.

At the ford I met a second detachment of Welsh peasantry preparing to cross, by making bundles of shoes and stockings, and tucking up petticoats very deftly. Great was the fun and the splashing, and plenty of jokes on the *Saxon* and his red horse going the wrong way. The Welsh girls in this part of the country are very pretty, with beautiful complexions, a gleam of gold in their dark hair, and an easy graceful walk, from the habit of carrying the water-pitchers from the wells on their heads. The scene made me feel any thing but melancholy or ill-natured. I could not help turning back to help a couple of little damsels acrosss, pillion-wise, who seemed terribly afraid of wetting their finery at the foot ford.

Having passed the channels, the wheels and footmarks formed a plain direction for a safe route, which, leaving Flint Castle on my right, brought me into the centre of Flint, without any need of a guide. The rest of my road was straightforward and common-place. I reached the farm where the sale was to take place, in time for breakfast, and was soon lost in a crowd of country squires, Welsh parsons, farmers, horsedealers, and grooms.

Late in the day I purchased a brown stallion, with a strain of Arab blood, rather undersized, but compact, and one of the

handsomest horses I ever saw before or since, very powerful, nearly thorough-bred. When the auctioneer had knocked him down to me, I said to one of the grooms of the establishment who was helping my man—handing him a crown-piece at the same time—

“As the little brown horse is mine, with all faults, just have the goodness to tell me what is his fault?”

“Why, sir,” he answered, “he can walk, trot, gallop, and jump, first rate, surely; but he’s very awkward to mount; and when you are on, he’ll try uncommon hard to get you off, for two minutes; if you stick fast, he will be quiet enough all day.”

“Thank you, my man,” I replied; “I’ll try him directly.”

Just before starting I found the chesnut had a shoe loose, and had to send him to the nearest village, two miles off. I had promised Laura to return by eight o’clock, to finish a delightful book we were reading aloud together, until the tiff about Captain Egret had interrupted us. You may judge if I was not impatient; and yet, with fifteen miles to ride to Flint, I had no time to spare.

My friend the groom saddled the brown horse, and brought him down to the open road to me. He trotted along, with shining coat and arched neck, snorting and waving his great tail like a lion. As he piaffed and paraded sideways along, casting back his full eye most wickedly, every motion spoke mischief; but there was no time for consideration; I had barely an hour to do fifteen miles of rough roads before crossing the river, and must get to the river-side, cool. I had intended to have ridden the chesnut, who was experienced in water, but the loose shoe upset that arrangement. Without giving him any time to see what I was about, I caught him by the mane and the reins, threw myself from a sloping bank into the saddle, and although he dragged the groom across the road, I had both feet in the stirrups before he burst from his hold. Snorting fiercely, he bucked and plunged until I thought the girths would surely crack; but other horsemen galloping past, enabled me to bustle

him into full speed, and in five minutes he settled down into a long, luxurious stride, with his legs under his haunches, that felt like a common canter, but really devoured the way, and swept me past every thing on the road. Up hill and down, it was all the same, he bounded, like a machine full of power on the softest of steel-springs.

Ten miles were soon past, and we reached Holywell; up the steep hill and through the town, and down the steep narrow lanes, we went, and reached the level road along the shore leading to Flint, without halt, until within two miles of that town; then I drew bridle to walk in cool.

By this time the weather, which had been bright all day, had changed; a few heat drops of rain fell, thunder was heard rolling in the distance, and a wind seemed rising and murmuring from the sea.

I looked at my watch as we entered the town; it was an hour past the time when I intended to have crossed. But Laura must not be disappointed; so I only halted at the inn long enough to let the brown wash his mouth out, and, without dismounting, rode on to the guide's house. As I passed the Castle, I heard a band playing; it was a party of officers, with their friends, who had come up on a picnic from Chester.

When I reached the cottage of old David, the guide, he was sitting on the bench at the door, putting on his shoes and stockings; and part of the party I had met in the morning, as they passed, cried, "You're late, master; you must hurry on to cross to-night." David was beginning to dissuade me; but when I threw him a shilling, and trotted on, he followed me, pattering down the beach.

"You must make haste, master, for the wind's getting up, and will bring the tide like a roaring lion—it will. But I suppose the pretty lady with the rosy face expects you. But where's the red horse? I wish you had him. I do not like strange horses on such a time as this—indeed, and I do not," he added. But I had no time for explanations, although David was a great

ally of ours. I knew I was expected; it was getting dusk, and Laura would be anxious, *I hoped.*"

Pushing briskly along, we soon reached the ford of the channel, so calm and shallow in the morning, but now filling fast with the tide; dark clouds were covering the sky, and the wind brought up a hollow murmuring sound.

"Now get across, young gentleman, as fast as you can, and keep your eye on the wind-mill, and don't spare your spurs, and you will have plenty of time; so good evening, God bless you, young gentleman, and the pretty lady, too," cried David, honestest of Welsh guides.

I tried to walk the brown horse through the ford where it was not more than three or four feet deep; but he first refused; then, when pressed, plunged fiercely in, and was out of his depth in a moment. He swam boldly enough, but obstinately kept his head down the stream; so that, instead of landing on an easy shelving shore, he came out where all but a perpendicular bank of soft sand had to be leaped and climbed over. After several unsuccessful efforts, I was obliged to slip off, and climb up on foot, side by side with my horse, holding on by the flap of the saddle. If I had not dismounted, we should probably have rolled back together.

When I reached the top of the bank, rather out of breath, I looked back, and saw David making piteous signs, as he moved off rapidly for me to push along. But this was easier said than done; the brown horse would not let me come near him. Round and round he went, rearing and plunging, until I was quite exhausted. Coaxing and threatening were alike useless; every moment it was getting darker. Once I thought of letting the brute go, and swimming back to David. But when I looked at the stream, and thought of Laura, that idea was dismissed. Another tussle, in which we ploughed up the sand in a circle, was equally fruitless, and I began to think he would keep me there to be drowned, for to cross to Parkgate on foot before the tide came up strong, seemed hopeless. At length, finding I could not get to touch his shoulder, I seized the opportunity,

when he was close to the bank of the stream, and catching the curb sharply in both hands, backed him half way down almost into the water. Before he had quite struggled up to the top, I threw myself into the saddle, and was carried off at the rate of thirty miles an hour towards the sea.

But I soon gathered up the reins, and firm in my seat, turned my Tartar's head towards the point where I could see the white windmill gleaming through the twilight on the Cheshire shore.

I felt that I had not a moment to spare. The sand, so firm in the morning, sounded damp under my horse's stride; the little stagnant pools filled visibly, and joining formed shallow lakes, through which we dashed in a shower of spray; and every now and then we leaped over or plunged into deep holes. At first I tried to choose a path, but as it rapidly grew darker, I sat back in my saddle, and with my eyes fixed on the tower of the windmill, held my horse firmly into a hand gallop, and kept a straight line. He was a famous deep-chested long-striding little fellow, and bounded along as fresh as when I started. By degrees my spirits began to rise; I thought the danger past; I felt confidence in myself and horse, and shouted to him in encouraging triumph. Already I was, in imagination, landed and relating my day's adventures to Laura, when with a heavy plunge down on his head, right over went the brown stallion, and away I flew as far as the reins, fortunately fast grasped, would let me. Blinded with wet sand, startled, shaken, confused by a sort of instinct, I scrambled to my feet almost as soon as my horse, who had fallen over a set of salmon-net stakes. Even in the instant of my fall, all the horror of my situation was mentally visible to me. In a moment I lived years. I felt that I was a dead man; I wondered if my body would be found; I thought of what my friends would say; I thought of letters in my desk I wished burned. I thought of relatives to whom my journey to Parkgate was unknown, of debts I wished paid, of parties with whom I had quarrelled, and wished I had been reconciled. I wondered whether Laura would mourn for me, whether she really loved me. In

fact, the most serious and ridiculous thoughts were jumbled altogether, while I muttered, once or twice, a hasty prayer; and yet I did not lose a moment in remounting. This time my horse made no resistance, but stood over his hocks in a pool of salt water, and trembled and snorted—not fiercely, but in fear. There was no time to lose. I looked round for the dark line of the shore; it had sunk in the twilight. I looked again for the white tower; it had disappeared. The fall and the rolling and turning of the horse in rising, had confused all my notions of the points of the compass. I could not tell whether it was the dark clouds from the sea, or the dizzy whirling of my brain; but it seemed to have become black night in a moment.

The water seemed to flow in all directions round and round. I tried, but could not tell which was the sea, and which the river side. The wind, too, seemed to shift and blow from all points of the compass.

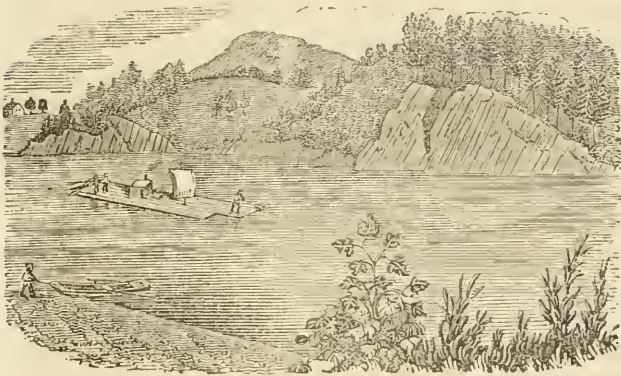
Then, "Softly," I said to myself, "be calm; you are confused by terror; be a man;" and pride came to my rescue. I closed my eyes for a moment, and whispered, "Oh Lord, save me." Then with an effort, calmer, as though I had gulped down something, I opened my eyes, stood up in my stirrups and peered into the darkness. As far as I could see, were patches of water eating up the dry bits of sand; as far as I could hear, a rushing tide was on all sides. Four times, in different directions, I pushed on, and stopped when I found the water rising over the shoulders of my horse.

I drew up on a sort of island of sand, which was every minute growing less, and gathering all the strength of my lungs, shouted again and again, and then listened; but there came no answering shout. Suddenly, a sound of music came floating past me. I could distinguish the air; it was the military band playing "Home, sweet Home." I tried to gather from what quarter the sound came; but each time the wind instruments brayed out loudly, the sounds seemed to come to me from every direction at once. "Ah!" I thought, "I shall see home no more." I could

have wept, but I had no time; my eyes were staring through the darkness, and my horse, plunging and rearing, gave me no rest for weeping. I gave him his head once, having heard that horses, from ships sunk at sea, have reached land distant ten miles, by instinct; but the alternation of land and shallow and deep water confused his senses, and destroyed the calm power which might have been developed in the mere act of swimming.

At length, after a series of vain efforts, I grew calm and resigned. I made up my mind to die. I took my handkerchief from my neck, and tied my pocket book to the D's. of the saddle. I pulled my rings off my fingers, and put them in my pocket—I had heard of wreckers cutting off the fingers of drowned men—and then was on the point of dashing forward at random, when some inner feeling made me cast another steady glance all round. At that moment, just behind me, something sparkled twice and disappeared, and then reappearing, shone faintly but so steadily, that there could be no doubt it was a light on the Cheshire shore. In an instant, my horse's head was turned round. I had gathered him together, dug in the spurs, and crying from the bottom of my heart, "Thank God!" in the same moment, not profanely, but with a horseman's instinct, shouted encouragingly, and dashed away toward the light. It was a hard fight; the ground seemed melting from under us—now struggling through soft sand, now splashing over hard, now swimming (that was easy,) and now and again leaping and half falling, but never losing hold of my horse or sight of the beacon; we forced through every obstacle, until at length the water grew shallower and shallower; we reached the sand, and, passing the sand, rattled over the shingle of high-water mark—and I was saved! But I did not, could not stop; up the loose shingles I pressed on to the light that had saved me. I could not rest one instant, even for thanksgiving, until I knew to what providential circumstance I owed my safety. I drew up at a fisherman's hut of the humblest kind, built on the highest part of the shore, full two miles from Parkgate; a light which seemed faint when close

to it, twinkled from a small latticed window. I threw myself from my horse, and knocked loudly at the door, and as I knocked, fumbled with one hand in my soaked pocket for my purse. Twice I knocked again, and the door, which was unhasped, flew open. A woman, weeping bitterly, rose at this rude summons; and at the same moment I saw on the table the small coffin of a young child, with a rushlight burning at either end. I owed my life to death!



SPECIMEN OF A SPANISH REVOLUTION.

MR. BORROW had arrived in Madrid at a very interesting period, and we extract at some length from the chapter in which he paints from the life the revolution of La Granja, and the fate of Quesada.

The Granja, or Grange, is a royal country-seat, situated amongst pine-forests, on the other side of the Guadarama hills, about twelve leagues distant from Madrid. To this place the queen regent Christina had retired, in order to be aloof from the discontent of the capital, and to enjoy rural air and amusements in this celebrated retreat, a monument of the taste and magnificence of the first Bourbon who ascended the throne of Spain. She was not, however, permitted to remain long in tranquillity; her own guards were disaffected, and more inclined to the principles of the constitution of 1823 than to those of absolute monarchy, which the Moderados were attempting to revive again in the government of Spain. Early one morning a party of these soldiers, headed by a certain sergeant Garcia, entered her apartment, and proposed that she should subscribe her hand to this constitution, and swear solemnly to abide by it. Christina, however, who was a woman of considerable spirit, refused to comply with this proposal, and ordered them to withdraw. A scene of violence and tumult ensued; but, the regent still continuing firm, the soldiers at length led her down to one of the courts of the palace, where stood her well-known paramour, Munos, bound and blindfolded. "Swear to the constitution, you she-rogue," vociferated the swarthy sergeant. "Never!" said the spirited daughter of the Neapolitan Bourbons. "Then your cortejo shall die!" replied the sergeant. "Ho! ho! my lads; get ready your arms, and send four bullets through the fellow's brain." Munos

was forthwith led to the wall, and compelled to kneel down; the soldiers levelled their muskets, and another moment would have consigned the unfortunate wight to eternity, when Christina, forgetting every thing but the feelings of her woman's heart, suddenly started forward with a shriek, exclaiming, "Hold! hold! I sign, I sign!"

The day after this event I entered the Puerta del Sol at about noon. There is always a crowd there about this hour, but it is generally a very quiet, motionless crowd, consisting of listless idlers calmly smoking their cigars, or listening to or retailing the—in general—very dull news of the capital; but on the day of which I am speaking the mass was no longer inert. There was much gesticulation and vociferation, and several people were running about shouting "*Viva la Constitucion!*"—a cry which, a few days previously, would have been visited upon the utterer with death, the city having for some weeks past been subjected to the rigour of martial law. I occasionally heard the words "*La Granja! La Granja!*" which words were sure to be succeeded by the shout of "*Viva la Constitucion!*" Opposite the Casa de Postas were drawn up in a line about a dozen mounted dragoons, some of whom were continually waving their caps in the air and joining the common cry, in which they were encouraged by their commander, a handsome young officer, who flourished his sword, and more than once cried out, with great glee, "Long live the constitutional queen! Long live the constitution!"

The crowd was rapidly increasing, and several nationals made their appearance in their uniforms, but without their arms, of which they had been deprived, as I have already stated. "What has become of the Moderado government?" said I to Baltasar, whom I suddenly observed amongst the crowd, dressed as when I had first seen him, in his old regimental great coat and foraging cap; "have the ministers been deposed, and others been put in their place?"

"Not yet, Don Jorge," said the little soldier-tailor; "not yet; the scoundrels still hold out, relying on the brute bull Que-

sada and a few infantry, who still continue true to them; but there is no fear, Don Jorge; the queen is ours, thanks to the courage of my friend, Garcia; and if the brute bull should make his appearance—ho! ho! Don Jorge, you shall see something—I am prepared for him, ho! ho!” and thereupon he half opened his great coat, and showed me a small gun which he bore beneath it in a sling, and then, moving away with a wink and a nod, disappeared amongst the crowd.

Presently I perceived a small body of soldiers advancing up the Calle Mayor, or principal street, which runs from the Puerta del Sol, in the direction of the palace: they might be about twenty in number, and an officer marched at their head with a drawn sword; the men appeared to have been collected in a hurry, many of them being in fatigue-dress, with foraging caps on their heads. On they came slowly marching; neither their officer nor themselves paying the slightest attention to the cries of “Long live the constitution!” save and except by an occasional surly side-glance; on they marched with contracted brows and set teeth, till they came in front of the cavalry, where they halted and drew up in a rank.

“Those men mean mischief,” said I to my friend D——, of the Morning Chronicle;—“but what can those cavalry fellows behind them mean, who are evidently of the other opinion by their shooting; why don’t they charge at once this handful of foot people and overturn them? Once down, the crowd would wrest from them their muskets in a moment. You are a Liberal; why do you not go to that silly young man who commands the horse, and give him a word of counsel in time?”

D—— turned upon me his broad, red, good-humoured English countenance, with a peculiarly arch look, as much as to say (whatever you think most applicable, gentle reader :) then taking me by the arm, “Let us get,” said he, “out of this crowd, and mount to some window, where I can write down what is about to take place, for I agree with you that mischief is meant.” Just opposite the post-office was a large house, in the topmost story of which we beheld a paper displayed, importing

that apartments were to let; whereupon we instantly ascended the common stair, and, having agreed with the mistress of the étage for the use of the front room for the day, we bolted the door, and the reporter, producing his pocket-book and pencil, prepared to take notes of the coming events, which were already casting their shadow before.

What most extraordinary men are these reporters of the English newspapers! Surely, if there be any class of individuals who are entitled to the appellation of cosmopolites, it is these; who pursue their avocation in all countries indifferently, and accommodate themselves at will to the manners of all classes of society; their fluency of style as writers is only surpassed by their facility of language in conversation, and their attainments in classical and polite literature only by their profound knowledge of the world, acquired by an early introduction into its bustling scenes. The activity, energy, and courage which they occasionally display in the pursuit of information are truly remarkable. I saw them, during the three days at Paris, mingled with canaille and gamins behind the barriers, whilst the mitraille was flying in all directions, and the desperate cuirassiers were dashing their fierce horses against those seemingly feeble bulwarks. There stood they, dotting down their observations in their pocket-books as unconcernedly as if reporting the proceedings of a reform meeting in Finsbury Square; whilst in Spain, several of them accompanied the Carlist and Christino guerillas in some of their most desperate raids, exposing themselves to the danger of hostile bullets, the inclemency of winter, and the fierce heat of the summer sun.

We had scarcely been five minutes at the window when we heard the clattering of horses' feet hastening down the Calle de Carretas. As the sounds became louder and louder, the cries of the crowd below diminished, and a species of panic seemed to have fallen upon all; once or twice, however, I could distinguish the words Quesada! Quesada! The foot soldiers stood calm and motionless; but the cavalry, with the young officer who commanded them, displayed both confusion and fear, exchanging

with each other some hurried words. All of a sudden that part of the crowd which stood near the mouth of the Calle de Carretas fell back in great disorder, leaving a considerable space unoccupied, and the next moment Quesada, in complete general's uniform, and mounted on a bright bay thorough-bred English horse, with a drawn sword in his hand, dashed at full gallop into the area, much the same manner as I have seen a Manchegan bull rush into the amphitheatre when the gates of his pen are suddenly flung open.

He was closely followed by two mounted officers, and at a short distance by as many dragoons. In almost less time than is sufficient to relate it, several individuals in the crowd were knocked down and lay sprawling beneath the horses of Quesada and his two friends, for as to the dragoons, they halted as soon as they had entered the Puerta del Sol. It was a fine sight to see three men, by dint of valour and good horsemanship, strike terror into at least as many thousands. I saw Quesada spur his horse repeatedly into the dense masses of the crowd, and then extricate himself in the most masterly manner. The rabble were completely awed and gave way, retiring by the Calle del Comercio, and the street of Alcala. All at once, Quesada singled out two nationals who were attempting to escape, and, setting spurs to his horse, turned them in a moment and drove them in another direction, striking them in a contemptuous manner with the flat of his sabre. He was crying out "Long live the absolute queen!" when, just beneath me, amidst a portion of the crowd which had still maintained its ground, perhaps from not having the means of escaping, I saw a small gun glitter for a moment, then there was a sharp report, and a bullet had nearly sent him to his long account, passing so near to the countenance of the general as to graze his hat. I had an indistinct view for a moment of a well-known foraging cap just about the spot from whence the gun had been discharged, then there was a rush of the crowd, and the shooter, whoever he was, escaped discovery amidst the confusion which arose.

As for Quesada, he seemed to treat the danger from which he

had escaped with the utmost contempt. He glared about him fiercely for a moment, then, leaving the two nationals, who sneaked away like whipped hounds, he went up to the young officer who commanded the cavalry, and who had been active in raising the cry of the Constitution, and to him he addressed a few words with an air of stern menace; the youth evidently quailed before him, probably in obedience to his orders, resigned the command of the party, and rode slowly away with a discomfited air; whereupon Quesada dismounted and walked slowly backwards and forwards before the Casa de Postas with a mien which seemed to bid defiance to mankind.

This was the glorious day of Quesada's existence, his glorious and last day. I call it the day of his glory, for he certainly never before appeared under such brilliant circumstances, and he never lived to see another sun set. No action of any conqueror or hero on record is to be compared with this closing scene of the life of Quesada; for who, by his single desperate courage and impetuosity, ever before stopped a revolution in full course? Quesada did; he stopped the revolution at Madrid for one entire day, and brought back the uproarious and hostile mob of a huge city to perfect order and quiet. His burst into the Puerta del Sol was the most tremendous and successful piece of daring ever witnessed. I admired so much the spirit of the "brute bull," that I frequently during his wild onset, shouted "Viva Quesada!" for I wished him well. Not that I am of any political party or system. No, no! I have lived too long with Rommany Chals and Petulengres to be of any politics save gipsy politics: and it is well known, that during elections, the children of Roma side with both parties so long as the event is doubtful, promising success to each; and then, when the fight is done, and the battle won, invariably range themselves in the ranks of the victorious. But I repeat that I wished well to Quesada, witnessing as I did, his stout heart and good horsemanship. Tranquillity was restored to Madrid throughout the remainder of the day; the handful of infantry bivouacked in the Puerta del Sol. No more cries of "Long live the Constitution!" were heard; and the revolution

in the capital seemed to have been effectually put down. It is probable, indeed, that, had the chiefs of the moderado party but continued true to themselves for forty-eight hours longer, their cause would have triumphed, and the revolutionary soldiers at the Granja would have been glad to restore the Queen Regent to liberty, and to have come to terms, as it was well known that several regiments who still continued loyal were marching upon Madrid. The moderados, however, were not true to themselves: that very night their hearts failed them, and they fled in various directions—Isturitz and Galiano to France, and the Duke of Rivas to Gibraltar; the panic of his colleagues even infected Quesada, who disguised as a civilian, took to flight. He was not, however, so successful as the rest, but was recognized at a village about three leagues from Madrid, and cast into the prison by some friends of the constitution. Intelligence of his capture was instantly transmitted to the capital, and a vast mob of the nationals, some on foot, some on horseback, and others in cabriolets, instantly set out. "The nationals are coming," said a paisano to Quesada. "Then," said he, "I am lost," and forthwith prepared himself for death.

On the evening of the day in question I was seated in a coffee house in Madrid sipping a cup of the brown beverage, when I saw a body of the nationals enter the coffee-house marching arm in arm, two by two, stamping on the ground with their feet in a kind of measure, and singing in loud chorus.

A huge bowl of coffee was then called for, which was placed upon a table, around which gathered the national soldiers. There was silence for a moment, which was interrupted by a voice roaring out "*El panuelo?*" A blue kerchief was forthwith produced; it was untied, and a gory hand and three or four dissevered fingers made their appearance; and with these the contents of the bowl were stirred up. "Cups! cups!" cried the nationals. "Ho, ho, Don Jorge!" cried Baltasarito, "pray do me the favour to drink upon this glorious occasion."

So much for Madrid and its Patriots in February, 1836.





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