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THE INDIANS TALE.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS

OF

DOMESTIC

AND

FOREIGN TRAVEL.

WITH

Sketches in Natural History,

AND

POETICAL SELECTIONS.

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CONTENTS.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES AND ADVENTURES,—

Life of Christopher Columbus,	Page 9
The Pelew Islanders,	62
Ascent of Mont Blanc,	102
Narrative of the Picard Family,	113
Incident in the Escape of Prince Charles,	133
Shipwreck of the Blendenhall,	162
Lavallette's Escape from Prison,	197
Singular Preservation of a Party of Shipwrecked Seamen,	203
Adventures of Two Brothers during the American War,	253
Adventure of Lewis Wetzel,	289
Adventure on the Adige,	315
Byron's Narrative,	327

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF FOREIGN TRAVEL,—

The Inundation at Pesth,	30
Visit to a Silver Mine,	37
Bear Hunting in Sweden,	48
The City of Petra,	130
The Pampas of South America,	149
Hunting Wild Elephants,	155
Hunting the Giraffe,	159
Algiers,	171
The Camp of Abd-el-Kader,	175
Misadventures of a Caravan,	183
The Ruins of Copan,	186
Visit to the Volcano of Masaya,	189
Overflow of the Dranse,	215
Pass of the Gemmi,	220
Dangers of Missionaries in South Africa,	227
Missionary Station in Greenland,	230
Moravian Settlement in South Africa,	232
Description of a Whale-Chase,	248

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A Lisbon Bull-Fight,	Page 277
Lion Hunting in India,	284
A Buffalo Hunt,	300
Ringing the Wild Horse,	308
Crocodile Pits of Egypt,	320
Earthquake at Zante,	323

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY,—

Ants—their Characteristics and Economy,	52
Rambles of a Naturalist,	91
The Prairie Wolves,	144
The Rattlesnake,	194
The Starling,	242
Eagles in the Hebrides,	295

POETICAL SELECTIONS,—

Helvellyn,	45
Burns,	47
Industry,	61
Loss in Delays,	62
Hymn to the Setting Sun,	89
An Evening Walk in Bengal,	99
The Ocean,	127
Unknown Isles,	129
Loch Katrine,	143
The Murdered Traveller,	153
The Orphan Boy's Tale,	169
The Destruction of Sennacherib,	181
Stirling Castle,	182
The Course of Life,	201
The Iceberg,	213
Waterloo,	224
Night,	240
The Indian's Tale,	271
Ode on Visiting Flodden,	274
Rosabelle,	282
The Everlasting Rose,	313

THE RECREATION.

LIFE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

THIS celebrated navigator was born in the city of Genoa, about the year 1436. His parents were persons of humble station, but honest and industrious; his father following the occupation of a wool-comber in that city. Christopher was the eldest of four children,—a sister and two brothers, the names of the latter being Bartholomew and Diego. As his parents were poor, they could not afford him an extensive education. However, he made up in ardour what he wanted in opportunity. He was sent to Pavia, then a great seat of learning in Lombardy; but the short time that he remained there was barely sufficient to give him the rudiments of the necessary sciences; his attention having been principally directed to those necessary to fit him for a maritime life. And it was at this period that he first evinced that strong inclination for the sea, which forms a striking feature in the early character of great navigators.

He began his nautical career at an early age. He is supposed to have been principally engaged in the Mediterranean, sometimes in voyages of commerce, sometimes in warlike contests between the Italian states, at other times in expeditions against the infidels. Hear-

ing that great encouragement was given in Portugal to enterprising navigators, Columbus determined to go to Lisbon, and arrived there about the year 1470.

Columbus had not long been in Lisbon when he married Donna Felipa, the daughter of Bartolomeo Monis de Palestrello, who had been one of the most distinguished of the sea-captains employed by Prince Henry in exploring the coast of Africa. The advantages which resulted to him from this alliance were peculiarly great; from his wife's mother, he obtained possession of all the charts and manuscripts of her deceased husband, together with all such information concerning his voyages as she herself could supply. Columbus thus became acquainted with the plans of the Portuguese; and the knowledge which he acquired contributed not a little to stimulate his passion for maritime enterprise. He made occasional voyages to the coast of Guinea, employing the intervals of his time in the construction of maps and charts. The income he derived from this source was small; yet a portion of it was set apart for the education of his younger brothers, and the support of his aged father at Genoa. He resided, too, for some time at the island of Porto Santo, which had been colonized and governed by his wife's father; and there his son Diego was born.

All this while the active and energetic mind of Columbus was engaged in his favourite pursuit; and as early as the year 1474, the theory to which we owe the discovery of America, had become fixed in his mind. The ruling passion of the age was a thirst for maritime discovery; and the grand object of navigators was the finding of a route by sea to India,—the land of gold and precious stones. To attain it, they strove to sail towards the east; and their frequent expeditions along the coast of Africa were undertaken in the hope, event-

ually gratified, of rounding its southern extremity, and thus penetrating in the required direction. Columbus conceived the happy idea, that, as the earth was a globe, India might be reached by sailing to the westward.

He consulted the opinions of old authors and travellers. He also made inquiry with respect to all the indications of land. One navigator, when four hundred leagues west from Cape St. Vincent, had taken from the water a piece of carved wood, which evidently had not been wrought with an iron instrument. As the winds had drifted it from the west, it might have come from some unknown land in that direction. Pedro Correa, his brother-in-law, told him that after a course of westerly winds, immense reeds were seen on the island of Porto Santo. Also pine-trees were wafted to the shores of the Azores; and, on one occasion, the dead bodies of two men were cast upon the Island of Flores, whose features differed from those of any known race of people.

Upon grounds such as these, Columbus firmly believed in the practicability of finding land by sailing west. He communicated his views to Paolo Tuscanelli of Florence, one of the most learned cosmographers of the time; the applause which the latter bestowed upon the design, together with the facts and arguments with which he supported its practicability, fixed it still more firmly in the mind of Columbus.

The accomplishment of his grand enterprise required means far beyond those of Columbus; indeed, he regarded it as fitting to be undertaken only by a sovereign state. It is said that his first application was made to his native republic, but he was unsuccessful in this as well as in his application to King John of Portugal. From the latter part of the year 1484, when

Columbus departed with his son from Lisbon, there occurs an interval of more than a year, during which our traces of his history are very slight. It is agreed that he at this time visited his aged father, and made such arrangements for his comfort as his poor means afforded. Having thus performed the duties of a pious son, he determined to repair to the court of Spain.

At what time, or in what manner, Columbus entered Spain is unknown. Our first notice of him in that kingdom, represents him as travelling on foot, accompanied by his youthful son, to visit a brother-in-law in the town of Huelva, and stopping on the way at the gate of the convent of Santa Maria de Rabida, near the sea-port of Palos de Moguer in Andalusia, to beg a little bread and water for his child. While his request was being complied with, the guardian or superior of the convent, Friar Juan Peres de Marchena, passing by, was struck with his appearance; and entering into conversation with him, at once felt a lively interest in his views. He accordingly detained Columbus as a guest, and sent for a learned friend, Garcia Fernandez, the physician of Palos, to discuss the great project. It excited the admiration of both; several conferences ensued; additional evidence of its practicability was obtained from experienced mariners of Palos; and eventually it was arranged that Columbus should seek the Spanish court, and there lay open his proposals.

The sovereigns of Spain at that time were Ferdinand II., King of Arragon, and Isabella, Queen of Castile, by whose marriage the power of the Christians in that country had become consolidated, and the dominion of the Moors confined within narrow limits. The whole force of the united crowns was now directed towards the final expulsion of the infidels through the conquest of Granada, the last of the Moorish kingdoms in Spain;

and everywhere the country resounded with the note of preparation for the approaching campaign. Such a juncture was unfavourable to a full and candid consideration of the proposals of Columbus, which, even in ordinary times, would have had to encounter severe obstacles, in the cold and suspicious temperament of King Ferdinand, in the apathy which the nation had evinced for maritime discovery, and their bigotry, which had a darker shade than that of the age in general.

On arriving at Cordova, where the court at that time was residing, he found it difficult to obtain a hearing. This he at length accomplished ; but it was long before he could make a sufficient impression on Ferdinand or his queen in order to second his views. She referred his suit to a body of learned professors, who laughed at his project, which they declared to be irreligious and impious. Indeed, his plan was generally ridiculed by those to whom he spoke concerning it, but the earnest sincerity with which he advanced his opinion gradually gained him friends. Alonzo de Quintanilla, comptroller of the finances, and other personages of importance about the court, became his patrons, and warmly supported his project. It would be painful to detail the many delays and disappointments that he underwent. After a period of six years, and when on the point of leaving Spain, he at length obtained a favourable hearing from the sovereigns.

But an early obstacle arose in what was deemed the exorbitant nature of his demands ; his principal stipulation being, that he should be appointed admiral and viceroy in all the lands which he should discover, and receive one-tenth of all gains arising therefrom. When it was objected that in case of failure he would lose nothing, he offered to advance one-eighth of the sum

required for the execution of his enterprise, on condition that he should be entitled to one-eighth of the profits. He made no stipulation for any reward or emolument whatever in the event of failure.

His terms were at last agreed to ; but there were still difficulties before commencing the voyage that required all the perseverance of Columbus to overcome.

It happened that the authorities of the seaport of Palos had been condemned, on account of misconduct, to serve the crown for one year with two armed ships, of the kind called caravels ; the penalty was now enforced, an order being issued on the 30th April, commanding the authorities of the place to have the vessels ready within ten days. Columbus availed himself of the permission contained in the last article ; and, through the aid of the Pinzon family of Palos, was enabled to contribute a third vessel. The authorities and inhabitants of the Andalusian coast were enjoined to facilitate to the utmost the operations of Columbus, and strictly forbidden, under severe penalties, to throw any impediment in his way. Columbus himself quitted the court at Granada on the 12th of May, after having received from Isabella a strong mark of her kindness, in conferring upon his son Diego the distinguished honour of being page to Prince Juan, the heir-apparent.

But in spite of repeated and imperative mandates, no ships were forthcoming ; owners refused to furnish them, seamen refused to serve, and weeks elapsed without any progress being made. At length Martin Alonzo Pinzon, who has been already mentioned as an early supporter of the enterprise, and as a sea-captain of wealth and influence in Palos, came forward with his brother Vincente Yanez Pinzon, and offering to furnish two vessels, and to sail themselves in the expedition, induced many to embark, and succeeded in getting the

vessels ready for sea within a month. The third vessel called the *Pinta*, was pressed into the service with its crew.

The month of August had arrived before the three vessels were ready for sea; and after all the difficulty which had been experienced in fitting them out, this slender armament was neither befitting the dignity of the nation by which it was equipped, nor adequate to the important service for which it was destined.

Two of them were caravels, or vessels of small size, generally compared to the coasting craft of modern times; they were only partially decked, being quite open in the middle. Columbus embarked in the largest of the three, which was completely decked; he named it the *Santa Maria*. Martin Alonzo Pinzon was the captain of the second, called the *Pinta*; and his youngest brother, Francisco Martin, the pilot; while the other caravel, called the *Nina*, was commanded by the second brother, Vincente Yanez Pinzon. Three other pilots were engaged in the expedition, with some official functionaries, a few private adventurers, a physician, and a surgeon, and ninety seamen, who made altogether one hundred and twenty persons.

On the morning of the 3d August 1492, being Friday, Columbus set sail from Palos with his small squadron, on that memorable voyage, which ended in the discovery of the New World. He shaped his course for the Canary Islands, it being his intention thence to steer due west. As a guide by which to sail, he had the map sent him by Paolo Toscanelli of Florence.

Although Columbus engaged in this perilous enterprise, in the full belief that he should succeed in carrying it to a glorious termination, yet the greater part of his followers were animated by feelings of a very different kind. We have spoken of the difficulty of manning the vessels, in consequence of the horror excited

among the mariners of Palos at the nature of the expedition; when the hour of parting arrived, and those who were engaged for the dreaded service came to take leave of their friends, their aversion to it was naturally increased. The little squadron sailed from the shores of Spain amid the lamentations of all who beheld its departure; and although the prayer was general for the prosperous issue of the voyage, there were few who ventured to expect it. This general distaste to the enterprise was a source of much uneasiness to Columbus, and on the third day of the voyage an incident occurred which increased his apprehensions. The *Pinta* made signals of distress, her rudder being broken and unhung. It was suspected that this injury had been purposely contrived by the owners of the caravel, in order that, being thus disabled, she might be left behind. As soon as this damage had been repaired, other defects were discovered in the same vessel; and Columbus determined, when he reached the Canaries, to replace her, if he could, by another. But in a search of three weeks he was unable to do so; and thus he was obliged to render the *Pinta* serviceable by such repairs as could be executed there. During his stay, he received intelligence of three Portuguese caravels which had been hovering off Ferro, with the design, it was said, of intercepting him. He therefore hurried his departure, and made sail from the Canaries on the 6th of September. For three days there was a profound calm, which kept the squadron in sight of land; but on Sunday, the 9th, a breeze sprung up, which carried them far out into the wide Atlantic, and before the day closed there was nothing to be seen but water all around them.

The voyage of discovery had now fairly commenced, and the difficulties of his situation at once forced themselves upon Columbus. In losing sight of land, the

sailors lost the last remnant of their courage ; many of them, dejected and dismayed before, now began to beat their breasts and to shed tears, and to burst forth into loud lamentations. Columbus endeavoured to console them by holding out assurances of success, and promising a speedy acquisition of vast wealth in those magnificent regions to which he was conducting them.

To provide for the contingency of the ships being separated by a storm, or other accident, he gave orders to the commanders of the *Pinta* and the *Nina*, that in such case they should continue sailing westward 700 leagues, and then look out for land. Yet, though he confidently expected to find it at that distance, he knew that disappointment was possible ; and, as the clamours of the seamen would naturally increase the further they advanced, he had recourse to the stratagem of keeping two reckonings,—one of them correct for his own use, the other incorrect, for the general information, and showing a smaller progress than was really made. On the 11th of September, when they were 150 leagues to the westward of Ferro, they found a part of the mast of a ship floating on the waves ; in this melancholy object the terrified crews beheld an indication of the wretched fate that awaited themselves.

Steadily continuing its course to the westward, in the latitude of the Canary Islands, the little squadron at length got within the sphere of the trade-wind, which blows invariably from east to west, between the tropics and a few degrees beyond them : their progress was rapid, and so uniformly easy, that for many days it was not necessary to shift a sail. Columbus was particularly struck with the bland and temperate serenity of the weather ; in his Journal, he compares the mornings to those of April in Andalusia, observing that, to complete the illusion, the song of the nightingale alone was wanting.

When they had sailed 360 leagues west of the Canaries, they found themselves among large floating patches of marine herbs and weeds, some yellow and decayed, others green, and with the appearance of having been recently detached from the rocks on which they had grown. These were all drifting from the west; and off one of them a live crab was taken. Tunny-fish played about the ships; and one of them was killed by the crew of the *Nina*. On the 18th of September, Martin Alonzo Pinzon, who always kept ahead, the *Pinta* being a fast sailer, lay-to till Columbus came up, and told him that he had seen a multitude of birds in the west, and that he had discovered certain indications of land towards the north. He was anxious therefore to alter his course; but Columbus bade him keep steadily on, for not much more than half of the estimated distance to the Asiatic continent had been yet accomplished, and he was unwilling to turn aside from the great object of his search, merely for the sake of discovering, as he thought, a little sooner, some of the intervening islands. On the 19th, two pelicans flew on board the ships, and Columbus himself began to think that land could not be far off; but, on sounding with a line of 200 fathoms, no bottom was found.

The sailors became very uneasy as these successive indications of land proved delusive. They were ignorant of the exact distance which they had advanced, but they knew that they had far surpassed the bounds of former enterprise. The steadiness with which the wind had blown from the east became a source of alarm to them; for they supposed that it would always blow in the same direction, and prevent their return to Spain. Fortunately some light breezes sprang up from the southwest on the 20th;—"much this contrary wind was needful to me," says Columbus, "for my people were

greatly alarmed with thinking that winds for returning to Spain did not blow in these seas." At the same time they were visited by some small singing-birds, which they looked upon as sure harbingers of land. On the next day they fell in with so large a quantity of weeds, that the surface of the sea for some distance resembled a vast meadow, and the progress of the vessels was at times seriously retarded. These thick fields of weeds are often observed in this part of the ocean. The crews became again alarmed; they thought that the sea was getting shallow, that rocks and shoals lay hidden beneath its surface, or that some large tract of land had sunk in that place. Columbus strove to reassure them by sounding continually with a deep-sea line, and showing that it gave no bottom. A fresh ground of alarm was then discovered by their anxious eyes, in the extreme calmness of the weather; for three days the smoothness of the water was unruffled, and the affrighted seamen shuddered at the prospect of remaining stationary in the midst of an unfrequented ocean, far out of reach of land. The reasoning of Columbus had little effect in dispelling their terror; but fortunately, on the 25th, being Sunday, a heavy swell, without wind, came on, and the astonishment which it excited diverted their fears.

The impatience of the crews had, however, now reached a height which threatened the most serious consequences. The men gathered in groups, and, taking confidence from union, became louder in their discontent. There were even some who had the villany to propose, that, if Columbus refused to turn back, they should throw him into the sea, and give out, on their arrival in Spain, that he had fallen overboard while contemplating the stars and the signs of the heavens with his astronomical instruments.

Columbus was fully sensible of his critical situation, but he still maintained a cheerful countenance, sometimes using all the arts of insinuation to sooth his men, at others striving to work upon their ambition or avarice, and at others assuming a tone of authority, and threatening the most refractory with the vengeance of their sovereign.

On the evening of the 25th of September, while Columbus was engaged with his pilot and some experienced mariners studying a chart, he was aroused by the voice of Martin Alonzo Pinzon, shouting from the stern of the Pinta, "Land! land! senor, I claim the reward" (for the Spanish government had promised a pension of thirty crowns to the first discoverer of land in the expedition). A dark mass was pointed out in the south-west, having the appearance of land, distant about twenty-five leagues; and all who gazed upon it agreed that it was land. Columbus threw himself upon his knees, and returned thanks to God; and the crews joined in singing the *Gloria in excelsis*. All night the ships stood towards the south-west; and at day-break all eyes were turned in that direction, but the land had vanished, and they found that they had been cheated by one of those evening clouds which in tropical skies assume such singular appearances about sunset, and so often delude the mariner into a belief that they are land. Columbus resumed his western course, and for several days the attention of the crews was diverted by the continued signs of land. The eagerness of the seamen to obtain the pension of thirty crowns led them to cry out upon trivial indications; accordingly, to prevent the continual disappointments which ensued, Columbus declared, that any one giving notice of land which should not be actually found in three days afterwards, should lose all claim to the pension.

On the 1st of October, Columbus found that he had sailed 707 leagues since leaving the Canaries, though the reckoning which he showed the crew gave only 584 leagues. On the 7th, having advanced 750 leagues, or the distance at which he had calculated upon finding the island of Cipango, and the indications of land in the south-west being strong, he yielded to the solicitations of Pinzon, and altered his course towards that point. For three days the crews lived in hourly expectation of finding land; fresh and green herbage floated past the ships; multitudes of small singing-birds came flying about them, and then darting off towards the south-west, in which direction also a pelican, a heron, and a duck, were seen moving. All these signs convinced Columbus that now indeed he was really in the vicinity of land. Accordingly, on the same evening, being that of the 11th of October, after the performance of the usual religious service, he called together his crew, bade them return thanks to God for having preserved them throughout so long a voyage, and conducted them, by so easy a navigation, to the object of their anxious search. He told them, that in all probability they would discover land before morning, and recommended them therefore to keep a careful look-out during the night, promising, at the same time, to him who should first descry it, a doublet of velvet, in addition to the pension already offered by the sovereigns.

The ships sailed on in their course throughout the evening, the *Pinta* as usual taking the lead, and the greatest anxiety pervading the minds of all on board them. Columbus mounted the lofty poop of his vessel, and from that elevated station kept up a close watch. Suddenly, about two hours before midnight, he saw a light in the distance, and calling to Pedro Gutierrez, a gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, made him observe

it likewise. Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, the armourer, was called next, but before he came, the light disappeared ; it was, however, seen for a moment twice afterwards, and its appearance increased the confidence of Columbus. At two in the morning, a gun from the Pinta—the preconcerted signal—announced the discovery of land, which soon afterwards was clearly seen at the distance of two leagues. It had been first descried by Rodriguez Bermejo, a mariner of Seville ; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to Columbus, who had so long before observed the light. The ships now lay-to for the rest of the night, waiting, in all the anguish of suspense, until the return of day should reveal to their impatient eyes the unknown country which they had at last reached through so many trying circumstances.

When day broke on the memorable morning of Friday the 12th of October, 1492, Columbus and his enraptured followers beheld before them an island of some extent, whose flat and verdant fields, well covered with trees, and watered by many rivulets, gave promise of a delightful country. They soon perceived that they themselves were the objects of equally anxious regard ; for they saw the naked inhabitants of the island crowding from all parts to its shores, and gazing towards the ships in evident astonishment. Columbus ordered the boats to be manned. He entered his own, armed and habited in a rich dress, and proceeded towards the land, with the royal standard unfurled ; he was followed by Martin Alonzo Pinzon, and Vincente Yanez Pinzon, commanders of the Pinta and the Nina, in their respective boats. If the distant view of the island had created favourable impressions of its beauty and fertility, a near approach confirmed them ; everywhere it showed the marks of a lovely and exuberant vegetation. —

On landing, Columbus fell upon his knees, kissed the

earth, and returned thanks to God for having brought his voyage to so happy an issue ; his followers then did the same. Rising, he drew his sword, and giving the island the name of San Salvador, took solemn possession of it in the name of the Spanish sovereigns, with the requisite forms and ceremonies. He then proceeded to assume his titles of admiral and viceroy, calling upon all present to take an oath of obedience to him ; and from this time forward he always subscribed himself *El Almirante*, or “ the admiral.”

We have spoken of the astonishment which the Spaniards could discern from their ships, in the gestures of the people gazing at them from the shore ; this astonishment was much increased by the apparently spontaneous movements of those vast machines, which, with their sails, seemed to the simple natives, huge monsters with wings. When the boats approached, they fled from the shore to the woods ; but quickly returning, they gazed in silent admiration on the Spaniards during the ceremony of taking possession. They were struck with the dresses of their new visitors, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, and armour ; and the quiet demeanour of the Spaniards inspiring them with confidence, they advanced close to the objects of their curiosity, and inspected them with minuteness.

The island was called by the natives *Guanahani*. It is one of the group known as the Lucayos, or Bahama Islands, and is generally identified with that which at the present day bears the name of San Salvador, being thus supposed to have retained ever since its discovery the name which Columbus then gave to it.

The astonishment of the Spaniards at the scene which they beheld, was scarcely inferior to that which the natives had evinced. The climate was delightful ; the soil of the island was evidently rich, and its products differed

entirely from those to which the strangers were accustomed in Europe; they quickly perceived, however, that it displayed but few marks of cultivation. In like manner, the inhabitants exhibited scarcely any traces of civilization. They were entirely naked, and painted with a variety of colours and devices so as to have a wild and fantastic appearance. Their natural complexion was of a tawny or copper hue, and they were entirely destitute of beards. Their features, though disfigured by paint, were agreeable. They appeared to be simple and artless people, and of gentle and friendly dispositions. Their only arms were lances, hardened at the end by fire, or pointed with a flint or a bone of a fish.

In the morning Columbus sailed along the coast of the island towards the north-west, and in his voyage discovered other islands, to which he gave names. The largest he fell in with was Cuba, which is nearly as large as Great Britain. At Cuba he expected to find a great trade, abundance of gold and spices, large ships, and rich merchants. But in these conjectures he was entirely mistaken. On the 5th of December he discovered and landed upon another large island, which he called Hispaniola, now named St. Domingo or Hayti. There he planted a fort and made it the seat of a colony. From this period may be dated the misfortunes of Columbus. That great man now lost control over his wicked and rapacious companions, who seemed desirous of plundering the newly discovered islands, and afterwards of sailing home to be the first to make known the discoveries that had been made. Pinzon, the commander of the *Pinta*, took the lead in these dastardly proceedings, for which he afterwards expressed the deepest regret.

After cruising about for some time, and endeavouring to enter into friendly alliances with native chiefs in the

islands, he set sail with his vessels on his return to Spain. His homeward voyage was exceedingly stormy ; and after braving the most imminent dangers, they came in sight of land near Lisbon on the 4th of March 1493. Having paid his respects, in passing, to the Portuguese monarch, he proceeded without loss of time towards the coast of Spain, and, on the 15th of March, he entered and anchored in the harbour of Palos.

Seven months and twelve days before, he had quitted the same harbour amid the tears and lamentations of those who beheld his departure ; for, as we have said, it was the general belief that all who engaged in the enterprise were doomed to destruction. Now, therefore, a natural anxiety seized the people when they heard that one of the adventurous squadron was approaching their town ; and there was an eagerness not only among them all generally to learn the results of the voyage, but among most of them individually, to gather tidings of some relation or friend who had embarked in it. As soon as its glorious termination became known, there was an universal effusion of unbounded joy. The bells were rung, guns were fired ; and when the admiral landed, the people accompanied him in procession to the chief church, to return thanks to God. They hailed his presence with the loudest acclamations, and testified their admiration of so extraordinary a man, by paying him such honours as were usually reserved for royalty.

The evening of this memorable day brought with it an accession of joy, by removing the last trace of anxiety from the minds of the people ; for, before its close, the lost *Pinta*, with Martin Alonzo Pinzon and her crew, sailed into the harbour of Palos.

When Columbus reached Palos, the Spanish court was at Barcelona ; he wrote directly to inform the sovereigns of his arrival, and awaited their reply at Seville.

Ferdinand and Isabella were astonished and delighted at the issue of the enterprise; they addressed him in the most flattering terms, and desired him to repair immediately to court, that from his own mouth they might receive a full detail of his extraordinary services and discoveries, and also that he might concert measures for a second and more extensive voyage. During his journey to Barcelona, the people crowded from the adjacent country towards him wherever he passed, following him with admiration and applause. His entrance into the city was conducted by order of Ferdinand and Isabella, with pomp suitable to the great event which added such distinguishing lustre to their reign. The people whom he brought along with him from the countries which he had discovered marched first, and by their singular complexion, the wild peculiarity of their features, and uncouth finery, appeared like men of another species; next to them were carried the ornaments of gold, fashioned by the rude art of the natives, the grains of gold found in the mountains, and dust of the same metal gathered in the rivers. After these, appeared the various commodities of the newly discovered countries, together with their curious productions. Columbus himself closed the procession, and attracted the eyes of all the spectators, who gazed with admiration on the extraordinary man whose superior sagacity and fortitude had conducted their countrymen by a route concealed from past ages, to the knowledge of a new world.

Ferdinand and Isabella received him clad in their royal robes, and seated upon their throne, which they had ordered to be placed in public under a magnificent canopy; Prince Juan, the heir-apparent, sat behind them, and around them stood the principal nobility of Spain. When he approached, the sovereigns stood up, and, raising him as he kneeled to kiss their hands,

commanded him to take his seat upon a chair prepared for him, and to give a circumstantial account of his voyage. He delivered it with a gravity and composure suitable to the disposition of the Spanish nation, as well as to the dignity of the audience in which he spoke.

After he had finished his address, the whole assembly fell upon their knees, while an anthem was chaunted by the choir of the royal chapel. With songs of praise, the glory was given to God for the discovery of a new world. Columbus and his adventures were for many days the wonder and delight of the people and the court. The sovereigns admitted the admiral to their audience at all hours, and loaded him with every mark of favour and distinction. Men of the highest rank were proud of the honour of his company.

All matters were soon prepared for the second voyage to the Western World. On the dawn of the 25th of September 1493, the Bay of Cadiz was crowded with the departing fleet of Columbus. There were three large ships and fourteen caravels waiting for the signal to sail. All on board were breathing hope and joy. Instead of the gloomy despondency that overshadowed the leave-taking at Palos, there was now animation and cheerfulness. The whole fleet was under weigh before the rising of the sun.

During this second voyage Columbus extended his discoveries, though without reaping any solid advantage to himself. He found the fort which he had planted entirely destroyed, and the men whom he had left slain; their avaricious and quarrelsome dispositions having led to their extirpation by the enraged natives. A new colony, under better auspices, was however settled, and the payment of a tribute by the natives enforced. In the mean time, the disaffected

and worthless among his companions carried groundless complaints against him to the court of Spain, and he returned to obtain reparation of the injurious imputations. On appearing before his sovereigns he was soothed by some trifling apologies, and dispatched on a third voyage in May 1498, and in this expedition he landed on the coast of Paria in South America. He found the lately discovered island distracted with the horrors of civil discord. The vices of the settlers he had left had produced misery and despair, and the unfortunate Columbus was loudly accused of being the cause of the universal ruin. His enemies in Spain had likewise the influence to induce the sovereigns to dispatch a commissioner to Hispaniola, to inquire into the truth of the charges against Columbus, and to supersede his administration. The consequence of this harsh procedure was, that Columbus, with his brothers Diego and Bartholomew, after being treated with the utmost indignity, were sent to Spain in chains.

The rumour was no sooner circulated at Cadiz and Seville, that Columbus and his brothers had arrived loaded with chains and condemned to death, than it gave rise to an immediate expression of public indignation. The excitement was strong and universal; and messengers were immediately dispatched to convey the intelligence to Ferdinand and Isabella. The sovereigns were moved by this exhibition of popular feeling, and were offended that their name and authority should have been used to sanction such dishonourable violence. They gave orders for the immediate liberation of the prisoners, and for their being escorted to Granada with the respect and honour they deserved. He was not, however, restored to his command at Hispaniola, nor was it till many months after-

wards that he was placed at the head of an expedition to open a new passage to the East Indies. On the 9th of May 1502, Columbus again set sail from Cadiz on a fourth voyage of discovery. During this voyage he touched at some parts of the South American continent, and also at some of the formerly discovered islands, but he failed in making any important discoveries, in consequence of the bad state of his vessels, which were old and unfit for sailing. With a squadron reduced to a single vessel he now returned to Spain, where he heard with regret of the death of his patroness Isabella. This was a sad blow to his expectations of redress and remuneration. In her justice, humanity, and favour, his only reliance had been placed; and, till the bitter tidings of her dissolution reached him, he had fondly cherished the hope of still obtaining through her agency the restoration of all his rights. None now remained to redress his wrongs or to reward him for his services and sufferings, but Ferdinand, who, jealous and ungrateful, had so long opposed and injured him. To him Columbus wrote many letters, and employed his brother Bartholomew and others to support them with personal applications, but his efforts were fruitless, and no attention was paid to his requests. Disgusted and mortified by the base conduct of Ferdinand, and exhausted with the hardships which he had suffered, and oppressed with infirmities, Columbus ended his life at Valladolid on the 20th of May 1506. He died with a composure of mind suitable to the magnanimity which distinguished his character, and with sentiments of piety becoming that supreme respect for religion which he manifested in every occurrence of his life.

THE INUNDATION AT PESTH.

THE following account of this awful calamity is extracted from Miss Pardoe's "City of the Magyar;" a work containing much interesting information respecting the Institutions of Hungary, and of the warlike and independent people (Magyars) who compose the bulk of the inhabitants of that country.

THE city of Pesth is built along the left bank of the Danube, from which its riverward line is only separated by a quay of a few toises in width, and in many places the houses advance even yet nearer to the lip of the stream. The soil occupied by the town, and the whole stretch of country for miles about it, is one waste of light deep sand; while the houses are (or perhaps, I should rather say, were) nearly all built over cellars, magazines, stables, and drains.

At the beginning of January 1838, the Danube had already attained an unusual and somewhat alarming height, and the water flooded all the drains and subterraneans in its immediate neighbourhood, whence it was obliged to be drawn off; after which the *debouchures* of all these underground inlets were carefully closed.

The Danube was entirely frozen over and firmly closed between the 5th and 6th of January; and a continuance of snow and extreme cold so severely operated upon it, that the ice gradually increased to upwards of three feet in thickness. During the 8th and 9th of March the stupendous mass began to yield, but after flooding the lower part of Buda, it again settled. It was considered, however, to wear so menacing an appearance, that a dyke six feet high was flung up the whole length of the city between the houses and the

river; when the authorities and inhabitants of Pesth, satisfied with this precaution, and the stoppage of the drains where they communicated with the Danube, and remembering that, during the inundation of 1775, the water had never risen to the height of their newly-erected barrier, abandoned themselves to the hope and belief that before the river had attained the level of the dyke, the ice would break up, and be carried away by the strength of the current. Some few individuals there were, nevertheless, who looked upon the frost-chained giant with more anxious forebodings.

Late in the afternoon of the 13th, the river appeared to become more threatening in its appearance, and it was considered necessary to use every precaution which might prevent its flooding the quays. Immediate orders were given to this effect, and the scene was described to me by an eye-witness as fearfully dramatic. In every direction were to be seen labourers toiling to fortify the dyke, and adding such other means of defence as the impulse of the moment suggested; but still no serious apprehensions were entertained, for it was believed that this was the last effort of the mighty river to free itself from its frozen load, and that, the feat accomplished, all peril would be past. And thus men moved about chatting, and speculating, and even jesting; excited into false, but nevertheless loud, spirits; giving advice when it was neither sought nor followed, and seeming rather to be actors in a wild dream than a peril-teeming reality. The greetings of acquaintance were heard among the crowd, the ribald jests of the thoughtless, and now and then even the laughter of women, who tried to trifle away their fears when they were chidden for them; but at eight in the evening the heavy peal of the alarm-bell boomed out, and doubt, and hope, and jest, were at an end.

When its iron tongue first broke upon the air, the scene along the river bank was most extraordinary. Workmen and soldiers, lighted by torch-bearers, were still actively employed in strengthening the defences of the dyke; crowds of people from all quarters of the city thronged the quay, and impeded the passage of the wag-gons which were moving to and fro laden with sand, to fill the breaches; strong men were carrying timber to different points to increase the resistance of the temporary breakwater; and it is calculated that not less than sixty thousand persons must have been collected on the shore; when about ten o'clock the swollen river suddenly made a new and mightier effort than any which had preceded it, and burst the dyke in several places; and the wild waters, laden with jagged ice, rushed onward with resistless violence, driving before them the cowering crowd, who fled appalled and breathless before the swift pursuit of this strange and terrific enemy.

Down fell the night, as if to aggravate the terrors of the hour; and men hurried on they knew not whither, pursued by a danger against which the bravest could not contend. There was no laughter now upon the air! The shrieks of women, and the groans of men; mothers screaming for their children, and children wailing for their mothers: the quick sharp sound of flying footsteps upon the frozen earth; and over all the rushing, dashing, headlong voice of the emancipated waters, made up the frightful diapason.

By an hour past midnight, several quarters of the city were flooded to the height of twenty-seven feet, and in several streets large boats might be seen moving from house to house; while at each extremity of the suburbs the ice-laden river poured like a torrent upon the town; and in those suburbs themselves the poor inhabitants had barely time to escape with life, leaving

their little possessions to the fury of the treacherous element to which they had so long fearlessly trusted.

On the morning of the 14th, whole streets, undermined by the body of pent-up water which filled the subterraneans beneath them, fell with successive and deafening crashes, burying alike men and animals amid their ruins; and perhaps this was the most awful moment to a spectator of all that fatal time.

I remember being told by the Archduchess Palatine, when she was one day conversing with me on the subject of this frightful inundation, that, as she stood at one of the windows of the Palace of Buda, and looked down upon the suffering city, seeing whole ranges of buildings sink and disappear in the watery waste about them, she felt her brain reel and her heart sicken, as a vague feeling grew upon her that the whole town would be ere long swept away!

From the 14th to the 15th, the water continued suddenly and steadily to increase, spreading wider and wider, sapping and overthrowing dwellings, and drowning their panic stricken inhabitants. But the day of horror—the acmé of misery—was the 15th itself. Pesth will probably never number in her annals so dark a day again.

Thousands of men, women, and children, homeless, houseless, hopeless beings, clinging to life when they had lost nearly all that made life a blessing—parents, and children, and sisters, the young, helpless in their first weakness, and the old, trembling in their last—the strong man, whose weapon was stricken from his hand by a Power against which the strongest contends in vain—the philosopher, who in all his abstraction had found no preparative for so hideous a death as this—the mother, whose hope had withered as her babe died upon her bosom, and who clung to life rather from

instinct than from volition—the fond, the beautiful, the delicately nurtured—all were huddled together during that fearful day upon the narrow spaces scattered over the town and suburbs which the waters had not yet reached. And as it wore by, every half hour added to the devastation around them; houses and buildings which had survived the first shock, seemed to have been preserved only to add to the horrors of that day; many of them fell and perished from roof to base; others became rent by the heavy dashing of the waters, and through the yawning apertures the wasting tide poured in, and ruined all it touched; while to add to the confusion, in some quarters of the city the heavy barges which had been procured to remove the sufferers from their threatened houses, broke loose, and went driving onward through the streets on the crest of the foaming waters.

Many individuals declared that they felt the shock of an earthquake on the night of the 13th, an assertion which added to the terror of the people: but this fact has never been verified, and it is probable that the impression was originated by explosions of the fixed air which was pent up in the subterraneans, and which, as the impetuosity of the water broke in, rushed out at the other extremity of the drains with a sound like thunder.

To attempt a description of the horrors of the 15th, would be a vain as well as an ungrateful task; but nothing tended so utterly to bring them to a climax as the fall of the extensive Derra Palace in the New Market-place. In vain did men murmur to each other that the building had been defective in its construction, and unsound in its foundation; their misery was deeper than the cheat which they sought to put upon themselves; and from that moment those who yet enjoyed

the shelter of a roof looked on their temporary asylum with suspicion, and a general fear grew among the multitude that the whole city was crumbling about them.

Horror accumulated upon horror: the young and the fragile, unaccustomed to exposure, in drenched and clinging garments, to the bleak wind of that chilly season, began to droop and sicken. Even amid the terrors which surrounded them, fathers of families, who sat silently among their quailing children, remembered that they had suddenly become beggars; and they glanced from their wretched offspring to the leaping and foaming waters about them, and listened to the crash of the falling houses which burst at intervals upon their ears, till they began to smile vaguely and fearfully, and to muse the wild musings of madness.

It having been found necessary to extricate all who had lingered in the suburbs from their frail and falling houses, a number of boats were busily plying in every direction, and as there was no time to waste on forms or convenience, the terrified people were rapidly put on board and carried off to places of comparative safety. By eleven o'clock at night, throughout the whole city there was not a foot of dry ground, save in the New-Market-Platz, the Joseph-Platz, the Franciscan-Platz, and the courts of the Lutheran Church, the County-Hall, and the Invalid Hospital, and these were crowded both by men and horses, while many families of the highest rank were huddled together in the rude wooden booths erected in the Market-place, or sat in their carriages for days and nights, exposed like the rest of the population to the sufferings of cold and damp.

While yet the fury of the element was at its greatest height, and all was want, and anguish, and desolation throughout the city—while thousands of wretched beings were still without food or shelter—the Archduke

Palatine sent his eldest son, the young Prince Stephen, to speak peace and comfort to the miserable citizens; and despite the danger of the mission, the high-hearted youth accepted it without hesitation.

Nor was it a light duty which this noble scion of the House of Hapsburg received as a boon at the hands of his imperial father; for the river was pouring down angrily, laden with masses of ice driven onward by the current, and threatening ruin to the unwary bark with which they might chance to come in contact. There were no attentive menials awaiting his disembarkation on the opposite shore, with ready services and obsequious words. He went to meet misery, famine, and madness; but as he stood erect in the boat, he cast not one look behind to the safe asylum which he had left—he waved his arm encouragingly towards the sinking city—he urged on his panting and trembling boatmen—and after a weary and perilous passage, his little bark began to thread the streets of Pesth.

No sooner had his appearance brought comfort to the sufferers—for there must have been comfort in the conviction that abandonment was not superadded to misery—than he vigorously applied himself to the task of mitigating the wretchedness by which he was surrounded. With his own hands, he distributed the bread with which his boat was laden; he had a kind and a hopeful word for all; and it is certain that the exertions and sympathy of the Palatinate family on the occasion of this dreadful calamity, will be as durably impressed upon the hearts of the inhabitants of Pesth, as though they had been graven upon marble.

Pesth has since been partly rebuilt in a style of great beauty, and on a plan more secure than formerly, and is now one of the most attractive places of residence in Europe.

VISIT TO A SILVER MINE.

MISS PARDOE, in the course of her tour, visited the celebrated silver mine of Bacherstollen, at Schemnitz, of which she gives the following vivid account. She was accompanied by M. de Svaiczzer, the supreme count of the mines of the district.

OUR first object was, of course, a descent into the subterranean wonders of which M. de Svaiczzer was the guardian; and the entrance nearest to the city being by the mouth of the extensive mine called Bacherstollen, it was at once decided that we should visit it on the morrow; and, meanwhile, we learned that there existed a communication throughout the whole chain extending for nearly fifty English miles; the mine of Bacherstollen alone occupying a surface of about one thousand square fathoms; its depth being two hundred, and the average number of miners employed in it from three hundred and fifty to four hundred.

By six o'clock the following morning we were all astir; and armed with a change of clothes for me, we sallied forth to the accountant's office, where we were to be furnished with mining dresses for the gentlemen, and our guides with lamps for our underground journey. There we were joined by a young Milanese count, a student at the university; and although three handsomer men will be rarely seen together than the companions of my intended expedition, yet when they came forth in their leathern aprons, black caps, and coarse jackets with padded sleeves, all encrusted with yellow clay, I began to fancy that I must have suddenly fallen among banditti; nor was the conceit diminished when the miners, who were to accompany us, joined

the party, with their smoking lamps in their hands, and, if possible, ten times wilder and filthier-looking than the gentlemen.

Away we went, however; and ere we had taken a hundred steps, we were in utter darkness. A low door had been passed, a narrow gallery had been traversed, a few stairs had been descended, and we were as thoroughly cut off from the rest of the world, as far as our outward perceptions were concerned, as though we had never held fellowship with them. We were moving along a passage, not blasted, but hewn in the rock, dripping with moisture, and occasionally so low as to compel us to bend our heads in order to pass; while beneath our feet rushed along a stream of water which had overflowed the channel prepared for it, and flooded the solitary plank upon which we walked.

But this circumstance, although producing discomfort for the first few moments, was of little ultimate consequence, for the large drops that exuded from the roof and sides of the gallery, and continually fell upon us as we passed, soon placed us beyond the reach of annoyance from wet feet, by reducing us to one mass of moisture.

So far all had been easy: we had only to move on in Indian file, every alternate person carrying a lamp, to avoid striking our heads against the protruding masses of rock, and endeavouring not to slide off the plank into the channel beneath, and thus make ourselves still more wet and dirty than we were. But this comparative luxury was soon to end, for ere long we arrived at the ladders which conduct from one hemisphere to another, and by which the miners ascend or descend to their work. Then began the real labour of our undertaking. Each ladder was based on a small platform, where a square hole sawn away in the planks made an outlet to

arrive at the next; and as these had been constructed solely for the use of the workmen, it was by no means easy to secure a firm footing upon all of them, particularly as the water was trickling down in every direction, and our hands stuck to the rails, which were encrusted with soil.

When we arrived, heated and panting, at the bottom of the first hemisphere, the chief miner led the way through an exhausted gallery, whence the ore had been long since removed, and which yawned dark, and cold, and silent, like the entrance to the world of graves. The half-dozen lamps which were raised to show us the opening, barely sufficed to light the chasm for fifty feet. The distance defied their feeble power; but the jagged and fantastic outline of the walls, partly blasted, and partly hewn away where the practised hammers of the workmen had followed up a vein of ore, seemed to my excited fancy to take strange and living shapes as the heavy smoke of the lamps curled over them—bats and serpents clung to the ceiling—phantoms of men and beasts supported the walls—and in the midst moved along a train of wizard beings, neither men nor demons.

To the right of this gallery opened another vast cavern, cumbered with large masses of rock, but of which we could see the whole extent. This was what is technically called in the mines a “false blast,” where, after having made an opening, the miners ascertained that the ore had taken another direction, and that this was mere rock, which it was useless to work further. Hence we passed through another gallery similar to the first, except that it had been produced by blasting, and that the various nature of the rock had rendered it necessary to line it in many spots with stout timber.

The sight of these precautions gave me an uncomfortable feeling, for their very necessity implied a cer-

tain degree of danger; and although cowardice is not my besetting sin, I confess that I should not like to occupy quite so capacious a grave as the mine of Bacherstollen.

Another set of ladders, as steep and as sticky as the last, admitted us to the second hemisphere; and on reaching it we came almost immediately upon a gallery in which the ore had been followed up, until the vein had become exhausted. In order to enter it, we clambered over the large masses of stone which had been severed from the rock by blasting; and when we were fairly gathered together in this gloomy cavern, for such it really was, and when our guides raised their lamps, and moved them rapidly along the roof and sides of the chasm, it was beautiful to see the bright particles of silver flash back the light, and to follow the sinuous course of the precious metal, which was so clearly defined by these glittering fragments.

Many large lumps of rock were also strewn beneath our feet, which appeared to pave the earth with stars, but they had not been considered sufficiently full of ore to render them worthy of being transported from the surface. These exhausted galleries are gradually re-filled with soil and stone in the process of mining, as the rubbish removed from every new excavation is flung into them; by no means a disagreeable reflection, I should imagine, to the inhabitants of Schemnitz, whose dwellings stand immediately above a portion of the Bacherstollen.

It was curious enough when on one occasion we came upon an immense iron pipe cutting through the side of the gallery along which we were passing, to see M. de Csapoj stop before it, and announce that it was that of the town-pump, in the centre of a square which we had traversed in the morning; and a little farther on, that

we were standing under the house of the supreme count, with whom, on our return to the surface of the earth, we were to dine.

Shortly after passing this point, I perceived that a very earnest discussion was taking place among my conductors; nor was I long in discovering, from the frequent and hesitating glances which the chief miner turned upon me, that I was its subject. As a matter of course, under these circumstances, I begged to be made a party in the consultation, when I ascertained that some doubt had arisen whether I should be permitted to descend lower, as I had now arrived at as great a depth as any lady had yet attempted; but I had no inclination to stop short so soon in my undertaking, and when I found that I was the first Englishwoman who had ever entered the Bacherstollen, I pleaded my privilege accordingly; but it appeared that they feared the displeasure of M. de Svaiczer, as the miners beneath us were employed in blasting the rock in every direction.

As it was, however, quite impossible that I should consent to leave the mine without witnessing this the grandest exhibition which it could offer, I only insisted the more strongly on the assurance which I had received from himself, that every thing should be done that I desired; and satisfied, when rid of the responsibility, the miner once more led the way to the ladders, and we commenced our third descent—the only variation being produced by an intense feeling of heat, increasing as we got lower, and a suffocating smell of sulphur, the natural effects of the work which was going on, two hundred explosions having already taken place since sunrise. The result of the blasting, as regarded the ore, had not yet been fully ascertained, but there was

every reason to believe that it had been very satisfactory.

When we arrived at the bottom, the sensation was all but suffocating; the dense vapours seemed to fold themselves about our wet garments, and in a few seconds we were enveloped in a steam which produced intense perspiration, and a faint sickness that compelled us to disburden ourselves of all the *wraps* by which we had sought protection against the damp above.

For a time we all stood still, quite unable to penetrate farther; and even those of the party who were accustomed to encounter the confined air of the galleries, were glad of a moment's rest; for the explosions had followed each other with such rapidity, that the atmosphere had as yet had no time to relieve itself of the sulphurous vapour with which it was burdened, and which created an exudation from the rock, that brought the water down upon us in large tepid drops in all directions.

We spent upwards of an hour in strolling through this section of the mine, in order to give time to the workmen for completing a bore on which they were labouring, to enable me to witness a blast—our conductor obligingly putting more hands to the work to expedite its completion; and during this hour we only encountered three miners, although nearly three hundred were at the moment employed in that particular hemisphere—a fact which will give you a better idea of this subterranean wilderness than any attempt to describe its extent.

There was something almost infernal in the picture which presented itself, when we at length returned to the spot where the next blast was to take place. A vast chasm of dark rock was terminated by a wooden platform, on which stood the workmen, armed with

heavy iron crow-bars, whose every blow against the living stone gave back a sound like thunder. One small lamp, suspended by a hook to a projecting fragment, served to light them to their labour; and it was painful to see their bare and sinewy arms wield the ponderous instrument, which at each stroke sent a quiver throughout their whole frame. I ascended this platform, which was raised about six feet from the rock-cumbered floor of the gallery, in order to see the process of stopping the bore, and thence I had a full view of the frightful scene presented by the vault.

At length the bore was completed, and a small canvass bag of gunpowder was inserted into the hollow, nothing remaining to be done but to aid the fire by which it was to be exploded. This is applied in a substance which it requires some seconds to penetrate, in order to give the workmen time to retreat to a place of safety. We, of course, declined to remain for this latter ceremony; and made our way, before the insertion of the inflammable matter, to the spot which had been already decided on as that whence we might safely await the explosion—a large opening, situate behind an abrupt projection, where an exhausted gallery terminated, and where no mass of rock could reach us in its fall—and we had scarcely crowded together in our retreat, ere we were followed by the workmen at the top of their speed, who, after having secured the aperture which it had cost them so many hours of labour to effect, had rushed to the same spot for safety from the effects of their own toil.

There we remained for full three minutes in silence, listening to the quick panting of these our new associates, ere the mighty rock, riven asunder by the agency and cupidity of man, yielded to a power against which, after centuries of existence, it yet lacked the power to

contend, and with gigantic throes gave up the hidden treasures it had so long concealed.

I need not explain that this last explosion had by no means improved the nature of the atmosphere, and we were accordingly not slow in preparing to depart. But my entreaties to descend yet lower proved abortive; not an individual of the party would listen to me; and I found myself compelled to obey, from sheer incapacity to persist; and I knew, moreover, that I must husband my powers of persuasion in order to induce my companions to permit me to ascend by the chain, an operation so formidable that it had never yet been contemplated by one of my own sex.

To me, the ascent by tiers of six and thirty ladders appeared infinitely more distressing than any process where violent bodily exertion was rendered unnecessary by machinery; and I consequently felt no inclination to retreat when I was requested to look up and down the shaft, near the centre of which I stood, and to examine the chain by which I was to be drawn up, and the leathern strap upon which I was to be seated.

There could be no positive danger where both were solid; and it was perfectly clear, that if barrels of ore could be drawn up by the same means, my weight, and that of the miner who was to ascend with me, must be very inconsiderable in comparison. I therefore only requested that the apparatus might be got ready; and, amid the wondering murmur of the men who steadied the chain, took my seat upon the sling, and having been raised about six feet above the mouth of the trap, hung suspended until my companion followed my example.

We then commenced our ascent; and although the sensation was very peculiar, it did not strike me that it was one calculated to create terror. All was dark above, and, save the lamp which was attached to the

arm of my companion, all was dark below ; consequently there was nothing in the aspect of the shaft to shake the nerves. The only inconvenience arose from the occasional twisting of the chain, which, from its great length (nearly six hundred feet), occasionally swung us suddenly round, and then righted itself with a jerk, when we had to guard our knees from contact with the timbers which lined the sides of the pit; but save this temporary drawback, the motion was rather agreeable, and, wet and weary as I was, I should have preferred ascending thus half a dozen times, to braving the fatigue of the ladders.

It is impossible to imagine what scarecrows we were when the light of day once more shone upon us, nor how oppressive the heat of the sun appeared when we emerged from the mouth of the mine: as for me, I could scarcely move under the weight of my clinging garments, and did not recover from my exhaustion until I had plunged in a tepid bath; by whose beneficial effects I was, after an hour's repose, enabled to prepare for M. Svaiczzer's dinner.

HELLVELLYN.

IN the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of rank and talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Hellvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful dog, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

I CLIMB'D the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
 Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty and
 wide ;
 All was still, save by fits when the eagle was yelling,
 And starting around me the echoes replied.

On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was
bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer
had died.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain
heather,

Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretch'd in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandon'd to weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment how oft didst
thou start ?

How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart ?
And, Oh, was it meet that—no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him—
Unhonoured the Pilgrim from life should depart ?

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall ;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall :
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are
gleaming ;
In the proudly-arched chambers the banners are beaming.
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
When, wilder'd, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,

And draws his last sigh by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

SCOTT.

BURNS.

—When HE breathes his master lay
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions in our frame of clay
Come thronging at his call.

All ask the cottage of his birth,
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung;
And gather feelings, not of earth,
His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sculptures, Dumfries!—
The Poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,
His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns?
Wear they not, graven on the heart,
The name of ROBERT BURNS?

HALLECK.

BEAR HUNTING IN SWEDEN.

WE are indebted to Lloyd's "Field Sports of the North of Europe" for the following exciting details, respecting the chase of the Scandinavian bear, rather a rough antagonist to encounter in his native forests. A party of five, including the author, started off to the scene of action, but were for some time unsuccessful in meeting with the grisly denizen of the woods.

AFTER resting for about half an hour, we again resumed the search for the bears, which we continued until near three o'clock, when it was beginning to get dusk. At this time I was to the right of the line, which was proceeding in a westerly direction; when, in the distance to the northward, and in a part of the forest we had not yet beaten, I heard my old dog Paijas giving tongue; this he did in such a manner, that I had more than a suspicion he had found what we had so long been in search of. I now lost not a moment, but, leaving the people, ran as fast as the broken nature of the ground would permit, towards the spot where the dog was challenging, which might be at one hundred and fifty to two hundred paces distance. This was in a rather thick part of the forest, and in a clump of pines, around the foot of which, though at some paces distant—for he probably remembered the rough treatment he had received upon a former occasion—Paijas still kept furiously baying. Though the dog had found the bears, I did not at the first moment observe the entrance to their den, which was an excavation in the face of a little rising, situated between and partly formed by the roots of the surrounding trees. But on discovering it, I at once sprang on to the top of the hillock; and though at that time immediately over the den, the bears still remained quiet. On my hallooing, they felt

so little inclination to leave their quarters, that the old bear simply contented herself with partially projecting her snout. At this, from its being the only point exposed to my view, I levelled my rifle, which was then pointed in a perpendicular direction. On reflection, however, I refrained from firing, as I considered that, though I might have smashed the forepart of her head to pieces, there was little chance of my killing her outright. Instead, therefore, of firing whilst in that situation, I stepped (and it certainly was not "the most prudent step" a man ever took), with my left foot in advance, directly over her, to the opposite side of the hole, when wheeling about on the instant, and having then a full view of her head, from which the muzzle of my gun was hardly two feet distant, and my left foot still less, for it was partially in the entrance to the den itself, I sent a bullet through her skull. I now called loudly to the people, none of whom, nor even the other dogs, which had been questing to some birds in another part of the forest, had as yet come up—for I was rather apprehensive the cubs might attempt to make their escape. To prevent this, I stood for a while over the den, in readiness to give them a warm reception with the butt-end of my rifle. But three or four minutes elapsed before Jan Finne, who was to the left of our line, Svensson, and the peasants, made their appearance; for, strange to say, though Paijas had been in Jan Finne's possession for several years, he either did not recognise his challenge, or he had not a suspicion it was to the bears; and, in consequence, neither he nor the people moved from where I had left them until they heard my shot. My apprehensions as to the cubs attempting to escape were, however, groundless, for they still continued quiet; at first, indeed we could see nothing of them; for the old bear, as is usual with those ani-

mals when they have young, was lying in the front of the den, and we, therefore, almost began to think we had hit upon a bear distinct from those of which we were in search. But on the people introducing a stake, and moving the old bear a little to the side, one of the cubs, and subsequently a second, and a third, exhibited themselves, all of which I despatched, either with my own, or with Jan Finne's rifle. The work of death being at length completed, we drew the bears out of their den. This, however, was of such small dimensions, that it was the admiration of us all how they could have stowed themselves away in it. Bears usually prepare their winter-quarters during the autumnal months, and some time previously to taking possession of them; but the animals, of which I am now speaking, having been disturbed from their original lair at a time when the ground was hard frozen, and when it was, of course, much more difficult to imbed themselves in the earth, probably accounted for the small size of the excavation in which we found them. The old bear had attained her full growth; the cubs were nearly a year old, and of about the size of large dogs. The whole of them were in tolerably good condition.

THE following singular adventure happened to one of Mr. Lloyd's attendants, named Elg. He had been a bear-hunter all his life; and, what was surprising, had never been wounded by any of these animals, though, in the encounter about to be related, he incurred some danger.

It was in the setting-in of the winter, and when the ground was but slightly covered with snow, that Elg and another peasant started off in company for a very wild range of country to the southward of Brunberg, in the hopes that they might fall in with and ring the track of a bear; this being, as I have said, the most proper

season for that purpose. But their search proved unsuccessful; and after the lapse of four or five days, during which they had either bivouacked on the ground or quartered at Satserwells, their provision being exhausted, they separated for their respective houses. In the afternoon of the same day, and when Elg was alone in a very wild part of the country, covered with much fallen timber and immense fragments of stone, he suddenly came upon the track of a bear; the next minute, and within a short distance from where he stood, he discovered in a cleft of a great mass of rocks, the den of the animal. As he had no confidence, however, in the lock of his rifle, he did not care to go immediately up to the den; he therefore mounted a pretty high stone, immediately overlooking it, at about fifteen paces distant. From this position he discovered the bear lying fast asleep near the entrance of the den; and as he got sight of her ear, under which is one of the most fatal places, he lost no time in levelling and discharging his rifle. For a moment after he had fired the bear lay still, and, in consequence, Elg almost imagined she (for it was a female) was killed; had he thought otherwise, he would have had ample time to get out of her way; but presently the beast raised herself up, when, fixing her eyes steadily upon him, and uttering at the same time a terrific growl, she dashed at him (to use his own expression) "with the rapidity of a bullet out of a gun," and was close upon him in almost the twinkling of an eye. Very fortunately for Elg the stone on which he was standing was situate in a declivity, the after part of it being some five or six feet from the ground; down this, in his hurry to escape, he tumbled all but headlong. It was well he did so, for the bear, followed by two of her cubs, which were more than half as large as herself, almost at the same instant made her spring, and

passed clean and far over him. In this situation Elg lay for a short while, frightened, as he said, almost out of his senses; when finding all quiet, and supposing, as was the case, that the bears, from not seeing him, had taken themselves off to another part of the forest, he ventured to get up, and to reconnoitre the den; he then discovered that, besides the three which had made a leaping-bar of his person, a fourth had taken an opposite direction. Though all four bears for this time made their escape, yet, in the course of eight or ten successive weeks, Elg, with the assistance of several other peasants, managed to kill the whole of them. On taking the skin from the old bear, which he described to have been of a very large size, he found the ball which he had fired at her flattened out, and set fast on the back of her skull. By this it would appear that he had mistaken the position in which she was lying, so that, instead of aiming at the root of her ear, as he imagined was the case, he had fired at her lengthwise. Had his ball, however, been of any moderate size, this would not have been of much consequence; for if his gun was properly loaded, I take it that, at so short a distance, her head would have been split in pieces.

ANTS.—THEIR CHARACTERISTICS AND ECONOMY.

THERE are many different varieties and species of ants, generally taking their names from their colour and peculiar habits—as the brown ant, the mason ant, the white ant, the carpenter ant, &c.; they also differ in size, the largest and the most extraordinary in character being found in Africa and other warm climates. The principal feature in the character of ants is their living in societies or communities. In this respect they resemble

bees, who cannot live alone like spiders, and many other insects. In examining the communities of the white ant, it is found that they each consist of at least four different descriptions of inhabitants, each of which has its own peculiar duties to perform. The most numerous class is that of workers, who build and repair the nests or houses, forage for provisions, and attend on the eggs and the young. These workers are neither male nor female, but rather incline to the character of females. The next class are soldiers, who are distinctly of neither sex. They are much larger than the workers, and are furnished with a pair of claws or mandibles, like two sharp little awls, projected from the head, and capable of inflicting a deadly wound. These soldiers do not work; and if they wanted the assistance of the workers, which supply them with food, they would soon starve. Their duty is to fight on all occasions that the community is in danger of attack; to go out on warlike expeditions; to stand as sentinels at the doors of the houses; in short, they are the guardians of the other classes who cannot fight for themselves. The other classes are the males and the females; but it is said that there is only one mother in the whole community, and that, like the queen bee, she is treated with a vast deal of respect and attention. As soon as she lays the eggs, the workers carry them off to nurseries, where they are hatched. It is observed by naturalists, that in these ant-communities no part of the population exerts any authority over the rest. The soldiers do not tyrannize over the workers, nor show any insolence in their gait over those who furnish the food and lodgings; neither do the workers presume upon their utility as labourers; while the queen ant is quite passive among the rest. By the most unerring instinct, each of these little creatures knows its own

duties, and performs them. The only idlers are the males ; and as they will not work, they are generally left to starve soon after they are hatched. We are told that nothing can exceed the affection of ants towards their common mother the queen. In whatever apartment in the nest she chooses to be present, a general gladness prevails, expressed by acts of joy and exultation. The ants have a peculiar way of skipping, leaping, and standing upon their hind legs, and prancing with the others. These frolics they make use of, both to congratulate each other when they meet, and to show their regard for the queen. Some of them gently walk over her ; others dance round her ; and all endeavour to exert their loyalty and attachment. She is generally encircled with a cluster of attendants, who, if you separate them from her, soon collect themselves into a body, and enclose her in the midst. She is never for a moment left without attendants in her apartment ; and when she dies, her faithful children crowd around her, licking her body continually, either in token of lasting affection, or from the hope of bringing her again to life.

Ants, according to their natures, build their nests or houses on the ground, under turfs or stones, or on a tree ; or erect huge structures above the surface of the earth, composed of particles of sand and dust, which they carry in their mouths to the required spot. In these ant-houses, there are different sized rooms, piled story above story, communicating with long galleries or passages, the ceilings being supported by pillars or thin walls, as may be necessary to support the weight above. It is told of the brown ant, which is an exceedingly industrious insect, that it forms its nest of stories, four or five lines in height. The partitions are not more than half a line in thickness ; and the sub-

stance of which they are composed is so finely grained, that the inner walls present one smooth unbroken surface. These stories are not horizontal; they lie in a sloping direction. They are also ranged on no regular plan, but are suited to circumstances. It has been noticed that ants are incessant in their labours. They do not seem to require sleep, and work as well during the night, or in darkness, as in the light of day. In working at the building or repairing of their houses, they use their antennæ—that is, a small projecting point from their head, which serves the purpose of a hand for feeling or touching any thing. After placing the particles of earth in their proper position, they press them lightly down with their fore-feet, which thus answer the purpose of a hammer. As there are thousands engaged at once in these occupations, the labour is not severe upon any individual; while the walls and stories are raised with amazing quickness. Dampier, a celebrated English navigator, in speaking of the yellow ant of South America, says, they construct their nests of green leaves upon trees, placed on the trunk between the limbs, and that some of these nests are as big as a hogshead. In the dry season, when they leave their nests, they swarm all over the woodlands. They go out light, but bring home heavy loads of leaves on their backs. Other sorts of ants excavate nests for their abode in the branches of trees, and this they do with no small ingenuity. Some exercise the art of mining or boring wood to a wonderful extent. They will penetrate beneath the foundation of houses—which in warm climates are often composed principally of wood—and cut their way so far as to render every beam, rafter, and deal in the house a mere shell; so that the houses so affected sometimes tumble down on the inhabitants. Most of these foreign ants are exceedingly

voracious; they are called by naturalists the scavengers of creation; for they clear the fields and woods of all fallen timber, which would choke vegetation, as well as the dead bodies of every animal that fall in their way. They also destroy noxious and loathsome insects, such as beetles and cockroaches, by which means they are really useful to man. In some parts of Asia and Africa, the nests of ants have been seen to rise as high as six feet from the ground, and, if meddled with by passers by, the soldier ants sally out in myriads to attack their enemy, which they instantly put to flight.

We are farther informed by naturalists, that some descriptions of ants are remarkable for the wars which they wage against each other. Here is Huber's account of these destructive enterprises:—"If," says he, "we are desirous of beholding regular armies wage war in all its forms, we must visit the forests in which the wood-ant establishes its dominion over every insect within the neighbourhood of the colony. We shall there see populous rival cities, and regular military roads diverging from the ant-hill like so many rays from a centre, frequented by an immense number of combatants of the same species, for they are naturally enemies, and jealous of any encroachment upon the territory which surrounds their capitals. I have witnessed in these forests the inhabitants of two large ant-hills engaged in spirited combat; two empires could not have brought into the field a more numerous or more determined body of combatants. The rival cities were situate about a hundred paces from each other, and alike in extent of population: what occasioned their discord I cannot pretend to say.

"Let us figure to ourselves this prodigious crowd of insects covering the ground lying between these two ant-hills, and occupying a space of two feet in breadth.

Both armies met at half-way from their respective habitations, and there the battle commenced. Thousands of ants took their station upon the highest ground, and fought in pairs, keeping firm hold of their antagonists by their mandibles: a considerable number were engaged in the attack, and leading away prisoners. The latter made several ineffectual attempts at escape, as if aware that, upon their arrival at the camp, they would experience a cruel death. The scene of warfare occupied a space of about three feet square: a penetrating odour exhaled from all sides; numbers of dead ants were seen covered with venom. The ants, composing groups and chains, laid hold of each other's legs and pincers, and dragged their antagonists on the ground. These groups formed successively. The fight usually commenced between two ants, who seized each other by the mandibles, and raised themselves upon their hind-legs, to allow of their bringing their abdomen forward, and spurring the venom upon their adversary. They were often so closely wedged together that they fell upon their sides, and fought a long time in that situation in the dust, till a third came to decide the contest. It more commonly happened that both ants received assistance at the same time, when the whole four, keeping firm hold of a foot or antennæ, made ineffectual attempts to win the battle. In this way they sometimes formed groups of six, eight, or ten, firmly locked together, the group being only broken when several warriors from the same republic advanced at the same time, and compelled the enchained insects to let go their hold, and then the single combats were renewed. On the approach of night each party retired gradually to their own city.

“Next morning, before dawn, the combatants returned to the field of battle, the groups again formed,

the carnage recommenced with greater fury than on the preceding evening, and the scene of combat occupied a space of six feet in length by two in breadth. The event remained for a long time doubtful; but about mid-day the contending armies had removed to the distance of a dozen feet from one of the cities, whence I conclude some ground had been gained. The ants fought so desperately, that they did not even perceive my presence; for though I remained close to the combatants, not one of them attempted to climb my legs, seeming to be wholly absorbed in the object of finding an enemy to wrestle with. During this furious warfare, the common operations of the two colonies were not suspended, for the paths, which led to a distance in the forest, were as much thronged as in time of peace, and, all around the ant-hill, order and tranquillity prevailed. On that side alone where the battle raged were seen crowds of the colonists running to and fro, some to join the army, and some to escort the prisoners. This war terminated without any disastrous results to the two republics. In fact, it appeared that its duration was shortened by long continued rains, which compelled each of the belligerents to keep within their walls, and the warriors ceased to frequent the road which led to the camp of the enemy."

Another remarkable characteristic of some descriptions of ants, is their expeditions to capture slaves. A colony wants workers, and a plan is followed of stealing away the unhatched working ants of other communities. Huber thus describes these predatory incursions:—"On the 17th of June, 1804, whilst walking in the environs of Geneva, between four and five in the evening, I observed, close at my feet, traversing the road, a column of legionary ants. They moved with considerable rapidity, and occupied a space of from

eight to ten inches in length, by three or four in breadth. Quitting the road in a few minutes, they passed a thick hedge, and entered a meadow, where I followed them, and observed them winding along the grass without straggling, their column remaining unbroken in spite of the obstructions in their way. They soon approached a nest inhabited by a colony of those called negro-ants, the dome of which rose above the grass, at a distance of twenty feet from the hedge. Some of the negroes were guarding the entrance, but, on the discovery of an approaching army darted forth upon the advancing legion. The alarm instantly spread into the interior, whence their companions rushed forth in multitudes to defend their homes. The legionaries, the bulk of whose army lay only at the distance of two paces, quickened their march; and when they arrived at the hill, the whole battalion fell furiously upon the negroes, who, after an obstinate, though brief conflict, fled to their subterranean galleries. The legionaries now ascended the dome, collected in crowds on the summit, and taking possession of the principal avenues, left some of their companions to excavate other openings in the exterior walls. They soon effected this, and through the breach the remainder of the army made their entrance, but in about three or four minutes afterwards issued forth again, each carrying off a pupa or a grub, with which booty they retraced their route, in a straggling, irregular march, very different from the close orderly array they had before exhibited."

The negro-ants, from their pacific disposition, seem generally to be the victims of these hostile excursions, though Huber found that other and more courageous ants were similarly attacked. He also remarked that the invaders never carried off old ants, probably from the difficulty of taming them down to the condition of slaves.

They take only those in an imperfectly developed state, before any attachment has been formed to their native place or their kindred, and, coming into existence in the dwellings of those who carried them into captivity, they naturally look upon it as their home. Developed in the enemy's encampment, they afterwards become house-stewards and auxiliaries to the tribe with which they are associated. Brought up in a strange nation, not only do they live socially with their captors, but bestow the greatest care on their eggs and their young, going in search of provisions for them, building their habitation, and fulfilling other duties, apparently not once suspecting that they live with those very insects which kidnapped them in their helpless and unconscious infancy. Their servitude is, moreover, no source of misery to the slaves themselves. They are naturally fond of working, and their condition is not different from what it would have been had they never been captured.

Such are a few of the characteristics of ants, whose general economy, and unremitting labours, ought to furnish you with a subject of agreeable and profitable meditation. In this little creature, which is usually not half the size of a common pea, you see the most extraordinary instances of instinctive intelligence, rivalling in some measure the boasted wisdom of mankind. You will now, therefore, judge whether Solomon had not reason to remind us of our duties, by the admonition, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise."—*Chambers's Journal*.

INDUSTRY.

NATURE expects mankind should share
 The duties of the public care.
 Who's born for sloth ? To some we find
 The ploughshare's annual toil assigned ;
 Some at the sounding anvil glow ;
 Some the swift sliding shuttle throw ;
 Some studious of the wind and tide,
 From pole to pole our commerce guide ;
 Some, taught by industry, impart
 With hands and feet the works of art ;
 While some, of genius more refined,
 With head and tongue assist mankind.
 Thus, from each other's useful aid,
 By turns are obligations paid :
 The monarch, when his table's spread,
 Is to the clown obliged for bread,
 And, when in all his glory drest,
 Owes to the loom his royal vest.
 Do not the mason's toil and care
 Protect him from the inclement air ?
 Does not the cutler's art supply
 The ornament that girds his thigh ?
 All these, in duty to the throne,
 Their common obligations own.
 'Tis he (his own and people's cause)
 Protects their properties and laws.
 Thus they their honest toil employ,
 And with content the fruits enjoy,
 In every rank, or great or small,
 'Tis industry supports us all.

GAY.

LOSS IN DELAYS.

SHUN delays, they breed remorse,
Take thy time, while time is lent thee ;
Creeping snails have weakest force,
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee.
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Lingering labour comes to nought.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure ;
Seek not time when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure :
After-wits are dearly bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks before,
Take thou hold upon his forehead ;
When he flies he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is naked :
Works adjourned have many stays,
Long demurs breed new delays.

SOUTHWELL.

THE PELEW ISLANDERS.

THE vicissitudes and perils of a sailor's life ever excite our warmest sympathies, and we feel confident that no apology need be offered for presenting the reader with the following narrative, which exhibits the adventures of a body of British seamen who were cast upon the

Pelew Islands, then an unknown group, situated to the south of the Carolinas. The simple and humane character of the natives, the kindness with which they received the shipwrecked mariners, add deeply to the interest of the narrative.

The *Antelope*, commanded by Captain Wilson, in the service of the East India Company, of about 300 tons burden, sailed from Macao, in China, on her homeward passage, on the 20th of July, 1783. She had on board a crew of fifty persons, of whom sixteen were Chinese. Till the 9th of August they had very stormy unsettled weather, but on that day it cleared up, and they fondly hoped that distress and danger were now fairly passed; little foreseeing the heavy misfortunes which were so quickly to overtake them.

Early on Sunday morning, 10th October, a strong breeze sprung up, attended with much rain, thunder, and lightning. Captain Wilson had gone to bed about twelve, leaving Mr. Benger, the chief mate, to command on deck. While the seamen were busy in reefing the sails the man on watch exclaimed, *Breakers*. Scarcely had he pronounced the word, when the ship struck. It is not easy to express the consternation which ensued; all who were in bed below came immediately on deck, inquiring the cause of this sudden shock and confusion: too soon they learned their dismal situation; the breakers appeared alongside, with the rocks through them; in less than an hour the ship bulged, and filled with water up to the lower deck hatchways. During this tremendous interval, the seamen eagerly thronged round the captain, and besought him to direct them what to do, and his orders would be implicitly obeyed.

Captain Wilson's first orders were, to secure the gunpowder and small arms, and to get on deck the bread and such other provisions as were liable to be spoiled by

the water, covering them with tarpaulins, &c., to protect them from the rain. The ship threatened to over-set; to prevent which they cut away the mizzen-mast, the main and fore top-masts, and lowered the fore and main yards, to ease and preserve her as long as possible. The boats were then hoisted out, and filled with provisions; two men, with a compass, some small arms, and ammunition, being put into each, with directions to keep them under the lee of the ship, and be ready to receive their shipmates, in case the vessel should part by the violence of the wind and waves.

Every thing being now done that prudence could dictate in so awful a situation, the officers and people assembled on the quarter-deck, that part being highest out of the water, and best sheltered from the rain and sea by the quarter-boards; here they waited for daylight, in hopes of seeing land, which as yet they had not been able to discern.

The dawn discovered to their view a small island, at the distance of about three or four leagues to the southward; and as the day-light increased, they saw more islands to the eastward. Their apprehensions were now on account of the natives, to whose dispositions they were perfect strangers; however, after manning the boats, and loading them in the best manner they were able for the general good, they dispatched the crews to the small island, under the direction of Mr. Benger, who was earnestly requested to establish, if possible, a friendly intercourse with the natives, if any were found, and carefully to avoid all disagreement with them, unless caused by the most urgent necessity. As soon as the boats were gone, those who were left in the ship began to get the booms over board, and to make a raft for their security, in case the *Antelope* should go to pieces, which was hourly expected.

In the afternoon they hailed with inexpressible joy the return of the boats, with the welcome news that there was no appearance of inhabitants on the island; that they had found a secure harbour, well sheltered from the weather, and also some fresh water. They had landed the stores, and left them under charge of five of the men. This good account revived the crew, and they proceeded in completing their raft with fresh vigour.

Having finished the raft, they loaded it, as well as the jolly-boat, with as many stores and provisions as they could contain, consistently with the safety of the people. The stoutest of the hands were put on board the pinnace, which took the raft in tow, and moved slowly on till they had cleared the reef; while the jolly-boat proceeded alone to the shore. Those on board the pinnace and raft were exposed to much danger in crossing the reef; indeed, the swell of the waves was such, that they repeatedly lost sight of each other, and those on the raft were obliged to tie themselves to the planks to prevent their being washed off. At last, with much exertion, they reached the shore, where they found their companions, who had erected a tent for their reception, and cleared a spot of ground for the stores. It need scarcely be added that they shook hands together with great cordiality. They kindled a fire in the cove, by which they dried their clothes and warmed themselves; and having supped on cheese, biscuit, and water, they set a watch, and slept on the ground by turns.

Next day they endeavoured to bring off from the ship such articles as might be useful to them, but as the weather was very stormy they did not prove very successful.

In the morning it blew exceedingly strong, so that the boats could not go off to the wreck; the men, therefore, employed themselves in drying their provisions, and

forming better tents, from the materials which they had brought from the ship the day before. About eight o'clock in the morning, the people being employed as above, and in clearing the ground from the wood which was behind the tents, Captain Wilson, with Tom Rose, a Malay, whom they had taken on board at Macao, being on the beach collecting the fresh water which dropped from the rocks, saw two canoes with men in them coming round the point into the bay. This gave such alarm that the people all ran to their arms; however, as there were but few of the natives, Captain Wilson desired them to keep out of sight until they should perceive what reception he met with, but to be prepared for the worst. They soon perceived that the natives had seen the captain and Tom Rose, for they conversed together, and kept their eyes stedfastly fixed on that part of the shore where the English were. The natives advanced very cautiously toward the captain, and when they came near enough to be heard, he directed Rose to speak to them in the Malay language, which they at first did not seem to understand, but they stopped their canoes, and soon after one of them asked in the Malay tongue who our people were, and whether they were friends or enemies? Rose was directed to reply, that they were unfortunate Englishmen who had lost their ship on the reef, but had saved their lives, and that they were friends. On this they seemed to confer together for a short time, and then stepped out of the canoes into the water, and went toward the shore. Captain Wilson instantly waded into the water to meet them, and embracing them in the most friendly manner, led them to the shore, and presented them to his officers and unfortunate companions. They were eight in number, two of whom, it was afterwards known, were brothers to the Rupack, or King of the neighbouring islands, and

one was a Malay, who had been shipwrecked in a vessel belonging to a Chinese, resident on the island of Ternate, one of the same group of islands.

How truly fortunate for the poor mariners that they had one on board who could speak the Malay tongue! It was by a singular and no less fortunate accident that a tempest should have thrown a Malay on this spot, who had, as a stranger, been noticed and favoured by the king; and having been near a year on the island previous to the loss of the *Antelope*, was become acquainted with the language of the country. By this extraordinary event, both the English and the inhabitants of Pelew had each an interpreter who could converse freely together in the Malay tongue. After breakfast Captain Wilson introduced the natives to several of his officers, and acquainted them with our mode of welcoming, by shaking hands, a custom which they never afterwards omitted on meeting any of the English.

The natives were of a moderate size, but admirably proportioned, and very muscular; their hair was long and black, rolled up in a peculiarly neat manner close to their heads. They were perfectly naked, and their skin of a deep copper colour, only their thighs appeared much darker, from being tattooed very closely. They used cocoa-oil, rubbing it on their skins, which gave them a shining appearance, and great softness. It was evident the natives had never before seen a white man, and their natural surprise at seeing them may be conceived. The appearance of clothes was quite new; they began stroking the waistcoats and coat-sleeves, at a loss to determine whether the man and his dress were not of the same substance. They were conducted round the cove; and as they were now enabled to support a mutual conversation, by means of Tom Rose on the part of the English, and the Malay on that of the natives, they had

an opportunity of examining and explaining the different appearances that occasioned mutual surprise.— Nothing afforded them greater surprise than the sight of two dogs belonging to the ship, which, immediately on their approach, set up a loud bark, to the great delight of the natives, who answered them in a shout almost as violent; the cause of this joy and surprise was explained to be, that, except a few grey rats, there were no quadrupeds on the island.

At Captain Wilson's request, Mr. Matthias Wilson, his brother, willingly agreed to go in one of the canoes to the king, in order that the latter might see what sort of beings white men were. He was directed to relate to him their misfortune, and to solicit his friendship and protection, and permission to build a vessel to carry them to their own country. He also took a present to the king, consisting of blue cloth, tea, sugar-candy, and some other articles. Four of the natives, among whom was Raa Kook, the elder of the king's brothers, remained, of their own accord, until the canoe returned with Mr. Wilson.

During the absence of Matthias Wilson, they had an opportunity of getting more intimately acquainted with Raa Kook, whom they found a most amiable character indeed. Observing a piece of polished bone around his wrist, they took occasion to inquire the meaning of it. He informed them it was a mark of great distinction, conferred only on the blood royal and principal officers of state; and that he enjoyed it as being the king's brother, and commander-in-chief of the forces both by sea and land. Raa Kook's friendship was therefore cultivated with all imaginable assiduity, and he in return showed himself attached to them by a most attentive politeness; he imitated them in all their actions, and on every occasion showed them how high an opinion he had formed of them.

On the morning of the 24th two canoes arrived, in which were Arra Kooker, the king's other brother, and one of the king's sons. They informed Captain Wilson that his brother was on his way back. The king offered them a hearty welcome to his territories; he also desired them to build a vessel in any part of the island they inclined, and he and his subjects would willingly afford them every assistance in their power. Raa Kook then took his nephew and introduced him particularly to the captain and his officers; after which he conducted him round the cove, explained every thing according to the information he himself had just received, and seemed mightily pleased with his friend's astonishment.

The people were highly entertained with Arra Kooker, who proved to be a most facetious and entertaining person, possessing uncommon talents for mimicry and humour; he described, by many diverting signs, the terror of Matthias Wilson while at Pelew; indeed, he had been under very great apprehension, but they were all revived with his appearance, and the account he gave them of his embassy in nearly the following words:—

“On the approach of the canoe in which I went to the island where the king lives, a vast concourse of the natives ran out of their houses to see me come on shore. The king's brother took me by the hand, and led me up to the town, where a mat was spread for me on a square pavement, and I was directed to sit down on it. In a little time the king appeared, and being pointed out to me by his brother, I rose and made my obeisance after the manner of Eastern nations, by lifting my hands to my head and bending my body forward, but he did not seem to pay any attention to it. I then offered him the presents which my brother had sent by me, and he received them in a very gracious manner. His brother now talked a great deal to him, the purport of

which, as I conceived, was to acquaint him with our disaster and our number; after which the king ate some of the sugar-candy, seemed to relish it, distributed a little of it to several of his chiefs, and then directed all the things to be carried to his own house. This being done, he ordered refreshments to be brought for me. A great crowd of the natives had by this time surrounded me, who were curious and eager to examine my clothes and person. Taking off my hat by accident, all who were present seemed struck with astonishment, which I perceiving, unbuttoned my waistcoat, and took my shoes from my feet, in order that they might see they were no part of my body; being of opinion, that, at first sight of me, they entertained a notion that my clothes constituted a part of my person, for, when, undeceived in this, they came nearer to me, stroked me, and put their hands into my bosom to feel my skin.

“As it began to be dark, the king, his brother, myself, and several others, retired into a large house, where supper was brought in, consisting of yams boiled whole, and others boiled and beaten together, as we sometimes do potatoes. After supper I was conducted to another house, at some distance from the first, by a female. Here I found at least forty or fifty men and women, and signs were made for me to sit or lie down on a mat, which seemed spread on purpose for me to sleep on; and after all the company had satisfied their curiosity by viewing me very accurately, they went to sleep, and I laid myself down on the mat, and rested my head on a log, which these people use as a pillow, and drew another mat, which also seemed laid for the purpose, over me. I was unable even to slumber, but lay perfectly still; and some considerable time after, when all was quiet, about eight men rose and made two great fires at each end of the house, which was not divided

by partitions, but formed one large habitation. This operation, I confess, alarmed me very much, indeed ! I thought of nothing less than that they were going to roast me, and that they had only laid themselves down that I might drop asleep, when they might dispatch me in that situation. However, as there was no possibility of escaping, I collected all my fortitude, and recommended myself to the Supreme Disposer of all events. I lay still, expecting every moment to meet my fate ; but, to my great surprise, after sitting a while to warm themselves, they all retired again to their mats, and stirred no more till daylight. I then got up and walked about, surrounded by great numbers of men, women, and children, and in a little time was joined by the king's brother, who took me to several houses, in every one of which I was entertained with yams, cocoa-nuts, and sweetmeats. I spent the remainder of the day in walking about the island, and observing its produce, which consisted chiefly of yams and cocoa-nuts : the former they cultivate with great care, in large plantations, which are all in swampy watered ground like the rice in India."

The favourable account which Mr. Wilson brought, joined to the message the king had sent to the captain by his brother and son, put all our people into great spirits, so that they applied to their several avocations with redoubled vigour, and particularly to getting every thing they could from the wreck.

At day-break a number of canoes were seen approaching the harbour, and our people were informed that the king was coming. When they had come in as far as the tide would permit, Captain Wilson went out to meet him, being carried through the shallow water by two of his own men ; upon entering the canoe, Captain Wilson embraced the king, informing him, through the

interpreters, that he and his friends were Englishmen, who had lost their ship ; but having saved their lives by landing on his territory, supplicated his permission to build a vessel to convey themselves back to their own country. The king replied, in the most courteous manner, that he was welcome to build, either at the place he then was, or at his own island. Captain Wilson then made him a present of a scarlet coat ; and after some discourse he made signs to go on shore. The men again took the captain up as before, whilst the king stepped into the water and waded to land.

The king was perfectly naked, nor had he any bone on his wrist, or any ornament of distinction. He bore a hatchet on his shoulder, the head of which was made of iron, a circumstance which much surprised our people, as all the other hatchets they had seen were of shell ; the handle being formed in a sharp angle, struck close to the shoulder, lying before and behind, and wanted no tying to keep it steady in walking. The king, on landing, looked about with the same kind of caution as his brothers, and those who came with them had before done on their first visit. Raa Kook met him on the shore, and as he declined going into the tents, the English spread a sail for him to sit on, which he did, and clearly took and understood it as a mark of respect, the chief minister placing himself opposite to him at the extremity of the canvass, whilst his two brothers, Raa Kook and Arra Kooker, sat on each side, at the extent also of the sail, forming, when thus arranged, a square. The principal chiefs and officers of state who accompanied him seated themselves near, and behind these chiefs the large retinue of his own people which filled his train, being about three hundred, formed a circle, not standing, but squatting, in a position ready to rise up in an instant. Some tea was

made, and offered him; he drank one cup, but did not seem to relish it. After sitting a little while, he was presented with a remnant of scarlet cloth and half a piece of long cloth, and also had some ribands of different colours given to him to distribute among his attendants, which he did immediately, and they on receiving them rolled them up very handily, for they had all been unrolled before to dry. During the time that they were rolling up the ribands, our people observed, by the gestures and looks of the natives, that each chief fixed his attention upon some particular person. This at the time alarmed them, apprehending that the individual each chief had particularly noticed, was singled out as his devoted prisoner; but they soon afterwards found the meaning to be quite contrary, and that the individual so selected was to be that chief's particular friend or guest. Captain Wilson then introduced his chief mate to the king, as the first officer under him; the rest of the officers were next introduced, and Mr. Sharp, the surgeon, was pointed out as the gentleman who cured the diseases which any of his people were afflicted with, at which the king seemed wonderfully surprised, and kept his eyes fixed on him. Lastly, all the private men were introduced in their turns.

During the time that this business was transacting, Raa Kook was conversing with the king upon every thing he had seen and observed during his stay with our people; this his countenance and gestures fully demonstrated, and they plainly noticed his description of their fire-arms and exercise, which the king seemed eagerly to attend to, and then expressed a wish to see them himself; which Captain Wilson said should be done immediately.

He ordered every man to be under arms, and drawn

up on the beach (the tide then being low) before the king, who was placed with all his retinue just above the flow of the water, and that they should be exercised by the chief mate, that he might not absent himself from the king; they without loss of time prepared themselves, marched on the shore in the king's presence, and fired three volleys in different positions. The surprise of the natives, their hooting, hallooing, jumping, and chattering, produced a noise almost equal to the report of the muskets.

The king then spent some time in going through the tents, examining with great attention the various articles that came under his notice. After which he departed, apparently highly pleased with his visit.

The king's son and Raa Kook staid with the English, having five canoes and about twenty people remaining with them. They slept in two tents by themselves, our people lying in the tent where their arms and stores were, two tents having been erected for the accommodation of the king and his retinue. In the tent intended for the king, was Raa Kook, the king's son, and several chiefs; Captain Wilson remained with them after the guard was set and sentinels placed, to show them respect, as well as to testify the confidence he placed in them. Soon after which the following circumstance happened, which occasioned much alarm.

After the guard was set, and the sentinels placed, our people were going to rest, when, on a sudden, the natives began a song, the shrillness and manner of which made them think it was their war-cry, or the signal for the king and his party from the back of the island to come upon them. The English instantly took to their arms. But they were soon relieved from every anxiety, by finding that the natives were only tuning their

voices, in order to begin a song; which, as soon as they had in their manner properly pitched, Raa Kook gave out a line or stave, which was taken up by another rupack, seated at a little distance, who sang a verse, accompanied by the rest of the natives present, except himself and the prince. The last line they sung twice over, which was taken up by the natives in the next tent, in chorus. Raa Kook then gave out another line, which was sung in the same manner; and this continued for ten or twelve verses. Their song ended, they requested to hear some English songs, which was readily complied with. This put an agreeable end to every apprehension, as the English were now convinced their sole intent was to amuse them.

The next day they were visited by the king, who, after much apparent reluctance, made a request of Captain Wilson to permit four or five of his men to go to war with their muskets, against one of the neighbouring islands that had done him an injury. Captain Wilson instantly replied, that the English were his own people, and that the enemies of the king were their enemies. The king said he should want the men in five days, by which time his own people would be prepared for battle, and that he would take them down to Pelew with him next day.

The king came in the forenoon of the following day, and every one of the English expressed a readiness to go. At length five young men, who requested their comrades with particular earnestness to be the first upon the list, were appointed,—they also took with them Tom Rose as their interpreter. Their companions gave them three cheers as they moved from the shore.

As they would now be free from any interruption from the natives for some days, they formed the plan of their intended vessel, each taking one department, in order to

facilitate their operations; and all arrangements being made, they set vigorously to work.

During the following week, our people went almost every day to the wreck, and recovered a variety of provisions and stores. It was judged expedient to form a barricade in front of the tents towards the sea, which was assisted by a double row of strong posts, interlaced with branches of trees, and filled up with logs of wood, stones and sand, on which they mounted a six pounder and two large swivels. Notwithstanding the heat of the weather also, they continued to make progress in building the vessel.

After an absence of nine days, they welcomed with great joy the return of their five companions, who had gone to assist the king in his warlike expedition. They reported that they had been successful in their attack, having put the enemy to flight, and that the king was highly pleased with his triumph. He charged them to carry an invitation to Captain Wilson, to visit Pelew, the island where the king resided. However, this Captain Wilson declined for the present, as he was very busy superintending the construction of the vessel; but he sent Mr. Benger, the first mate, Mr. M. Wilson, and Tom Rose, to compliment the king upon his victory. They were received with the most perfect friendship and hospitality.

In the afternoon of Saturday, Mr. Cummin was sent in the jolly-boat, to try for the passage through the reef which was thought to have been discovered the day before from the look-out above the tents. Captain Wilson took up some men, and cleared still more the spot intended for an observatory. The jolly-boat returned, after having been without the reef through a narrow passage, in which they found at low water three feet and a half of water, and, as it rose eight or nine feet

upon a spring-tide, it was judged there must be at those times twelve feet of water, which would be almost double the draught of the schooner when finished. This was an information which revived every one's hopes, and made all our people look forward with fresh spirits.

The captain having fixed this day for visiting the king at Pelew, as soon as all had breakfasted, he read prayers in the tent. After prayers were ended, Captain Wilson took leave of his people, taking with him Mr. Sharp, Mr. Devis, and his son Mr. Henry Wilson. They went in the jolly-boat, the general accompanying him in his canoe.

As Pelew came in sight, the jolly-boat hoisted English colours, and fired three muskets, which were answered as they approached nearer the shore, by a white flag stuck on a pole; this was conceived to have been suggested by the Malay, and proved to be some of the white cloth that had been given to the king. Raa Kook having quitted his canoe, came into the jolly-boat; and our people, on landing, fired three muskets more, after having hoisted their colours, and fixed them in the ground opposite a house close to the water-side, at the end of the causeway where they came on shore; to which house our people were conducted by Raa Kook, to wait the king's coming, he having despatched a messenger to notify the captain's arrival.

Before the king appeared, some of the natives were sent down with refreshments. These were all placed in a kind of order, preparatory to the king's coming. On his arrival, Captain Wilson rose and embraced him, as he had done at their first interview. Abba Thulle sat down by him, and they were then served with the before-mentioned provisions, by a man who seemed to act as butler, and gave to each a portion, by the king's directions. After this entertainment was over, Captain

Wilson offered him the presents he had brought, which consisted of some iron hoops, some necklaces made of gold and silver lace, tied with a ribbon at each end; to which he meant to have added a few files, but one of the natives purloined them from the person who had them in charge.

The king came down without any state, and seemed only attended by those whom curiosity to see the English had brought together. The house, and every part about it, was thronged with the natives, to see the captain, who had dressed himself in the Company's uniform.

After the repast was ended, the king conducted them to various parts of the town. They were first shown the house in which they were to sleep during their stay at Pelew, and afterwards introduced to the queen, who had expressed a great desire to see them.

The general now told them he wished to conduct them to his own house, which was a little distant from the first square, where the king had allotted their habitation. At the house of this chief they were received quite in a family way, without any form. They were obliged just to taste of what was set before them, though their appetites had been sufficiently taken away by partaking of so many entertainments before. Raa Kook's wife brought them in a broiled pigeon, which they, out of compliment, eat a bit of, for the honour done them. In this domestic scene, Raa Kook appeared in a new and amiable light. It was a situation which placed to their view that benevolent heart of his they had themselves before frequently noticed. Here he was surrounded by several of his children, two of whom were very young, and seemed almost of the same age. They were climbing up his knees and caressing him, whilst he seemed to enjoy great pleasure in rolling and

tossing them about, and playing with them, handing them to our people, that they might also notice and play with them.

Whilst the attention of Captain Wilson and his companions had been engaged by this interesting scene, the night had crept fast on them, and it being now quite dark, they requested leave to retire.

Next day they returned to their own island, highly gratified with what they had seen, and the cordiality with which they had been received. All hands were now kept busily employed at the schooner, which was now rapidly advancing. The seamen also continued to send frequently to the wreck, from whence they brought a variety of articles very useful to them. That hunger is an excellent sauce, has often been experienced, but never more fully than at present; they discovered about twenty bags of rice in the wreck, which, having been so long under water, would not now boil to a grain, but a jelly; yet they considered it as very savoury food.

In the afternoon of Monday, the 8th of September, the king paid our people a visit, attended by his two brothers, the chief minister, and several of his other chiefs, and brought them some fine fish, that his canoes had caught in nets, which they make very nicely.

The little island of Oroolong having been rendered far more commodious to the English by the many necessary establishments they had made since the king had paid them his former visit, there was, of course, a good deal of additional novelty for him to attend to. After he had pointed out to his tacklebys, or artificers, to notice with particular attention every thing about the barricade, he strolled inquisitively round the cove with his company. The noise of the forge which our people had set up, and which was then at work, soon drew his attention that way. It happened that the boatswain

was at that instant beating out a piece of hot iron upon a pig of the same metal, which he had made his anvil. This was a circumstance so entirely new, and a discovery so interesting to them, that they all stood absorbed in admiration. They could not be persuaded to keep at a distance, but would get so close to the anvil as to receive occasionally a hot spark on their naked bodies ; nor did this deter them from catching with their hands the luminous particles that flew from under the stroke of the hammer. Every thing, under such circumstances as the present, naturally excited wonder. When the iron was beaten on the anvil till the redness was gone off, and it was become too cold to be malleable, they could not comprehend why it was again put into the forge. The throwing water on the fire to make it burn brisker, was also a new source of surprise ; and it was with much difficulty they could be drawn away from a scene so new and interesting to them. However, the noise of the neighbouring cooper, who was repairing the water-casks for sea-store, was attracting enough to allure them to his hut. The agility with which they saw this man work, the whirling of the casks, the knocking down of the hoops, the sound from within, and the quickness with which they perceived a defective cask was brought round and perfect, seemed altogether to impose on their minds a kind of magic influence. They stood and stared at one another, with looks equally expressive of astonishment and pleasure.

The king after this took leave with much good humour, and, accompanied by all his retinue, returned to Pelew.

The vessel was now considerably advanced, when an unlucky accident had nearly balked their high-raised expectations. One night the tide rose to a very uncommon height, and had nearly washed away the blocks

from under her. At this time they were very short of hands. Besides those at Pelew, three were very sick, so that the repairing the accident, and raising a strong bank to defend from any similar tide, took up several days. The weather was at this time so stormy and disagreeable, that on some of the days they could not leave the tents to work. The jolly-boat was despatched to Pelew for provisions, and in three days returned with the agreeable news, that the English were safely returned to Pelew, from the second expedition to Artingall, which had been very successful; but Abba Thulle would not yet part with them, as he was anxious to show them his gratitude by entertaining them in the best manner he could. They now also brought with them the ship's coppers, which some of the natives had carried off on their first trip to the wreck; and which, coming to Raakook's knowledge, he had ordered them to be returned, as he would by no means suffer anything to be kept that belonged to the English.

By the 26th of October the vessel was beamed, and the outside caulking was completed. A consultation was held respecting the safest method of launching her, which was agreed to be by laying ways, rather than by large rollers, as proposed by some. They had neither pitch nor rosin; but this want, necessity, the mother of invention, taught them to supply, by burning coral stone into lime; then, sifting it thoroughly, they mixed it up with grease, and found in it an excellent substitute.

Agreeably to a previous promise he had made to the king, Captain Wilson despatched the jolly-boat to Pelew on the morning of the 6th of November, under the direction of Mr. Sharp and Mr. Matthias Wilson, who carried along with them all the iron and tools they could spare. They were desired to inform Abba Thulle,

that until the vessel was completely finished, they could not spare him the muskets, nor any more tools, but, in the mean time, they hoped to have the pleasure of a visit from him, as they expected to be ready to sail in a few days. They were also desired to express, in the warmest manner, the high sense the English entertained of the unbounded kindness they had received, which they were determined publicly to declare on their return in Britain. While Captain Wilson was talking with his ambassadors about his message, Madan Blanchard entered the apartment in quest of some tools he wanted; and immediately took the opportunity of desiring Tom Rose, who was to be of the party, to inform the king that he was determined to stay behind and reside at Pelew: and, upon the captain ridiculing his message, he solemnly declared his resolution not to embark. Many attempts were made to convince him of the impropriety of such a step, but all in vain. Meantime, the captain ordered that this circumstance should not be mentioned at present, and the boat departed. By Captain Wilson's desire, Blanchard's companions used every argument in their power to divert him from a scheme so very imprudent in every point of view; but he informed them that his mind was resolved. The idea of deserting his comrades suggested itself on his return from the first expedition against Artingall, and he then mentioned it; at the same time adding, that he would cheerfully join in their daily labours, with the same diligence and perseverance as any of them, but that he resolved to end his days at Pelew, without again encountering the elements.

Next day the boat returned from Pelew, having in company the king, his young favourite daughter, Raa Kook, and several chiefs of distinction. They had been impeded by a storm. The Englishmen in the pinnace

fell in with the Pelew company in their canoes during the storm, and accompanied them to the island of Pethoull, where they spent the night together. The ladies who were of the party expressed not a little disappointment in being obliged to halt a night by the way, as they were very impatient to see the launch at Oroolong. They supped together very cheerfully, when there was again opportunity of remarking, that no one presumed to eat till the monarch pronounced the word *Munga*, that is, *Eat*, upon which a signal is given to the attendants without, when all begin to eat together. Each one's share was portioned out on a plantain leaf, which served for a plate; though on great occasions they use a sort of dish made of tortoise-shell, and others of earthenware and wood. They cut their meat with a knife made of split bamboo, with which they carve very tolerably. Mr. Sharp and Mr. Wilson now presented the king with the iron tools, which were very graciously received. They explained the method of using them, to which Raa Kook paid particular attention.

The order in which the company sat during this night's entertainment is worthy of notice. The house in which they all were, was one large apartment; torches were lighted and sunk in betwixt the boards of the floor in a line, through the centre of the room; and the company sat in rows with their backs to the light.

When ready to retire to rest, the servants brought in the mats, and fires being lighted to defend from the musquitoes, the torches were extinguished, and all was silence.

Next morning proved calm, and they set sail; the king and his daughter, Raa Kook, and another chief, went with the English in the pinnace. A sudden squall arising nearly overset most of the canoes; but the pin-

nace sailed very easily, to the great satisfaction of Abba Thulle, who was mightily pleased to hear that Captain Wilson proposed leaving her with him.

We come now to contemplate a scene peculiarly interesting. On the morning of Sunday the 9th of November, the English proceeded before daybreak to make ready for the launch. It need scarcely be mentioned, that uncommon pains had been taken to put every thing in the most favourable train for getting her afloat. About seven the king and attendants were desired to be present, and in a little time the vessel was happily launched, to the general joy of every spectator. Never was there a more affectingly happy scene. Every eye seemed to sparkle with a lustre borrowed for the occasion. Every countenance looked animated with joy and heartfelt satisfaction; but few could utter their feelings; looks of congratulation were exchanged, while every one shook his neighbour's hands with the warmest fervour.

After breakfast, the happiest meal they had made since the loss of the *Antelope*, the English proceeded to carry every thing on board with all possible expedition, and in the afternoon, the flood tide coming in, the ship was hauled into the basin, where they had four or five fathoms of water; and in the course of the day they got on board all the provisions and stores, except such only as were to be given in presents to the king; and in the morning they took on board their anchors, cables, and other necessaries, making bitts, and fitting a rail across the stern of the vessel.

Abba Thulle, being now at the watering-place, sent for Captain Wilson to attend him; on whose arrival it was intimated to him, that the rupacks had determined to invest him with the Order of the Bone, and to create him a rupack of the first rank; an honour which Cap-

tain Wilson said he considered very flattering, and would receive with much joy.

Monday the 10th, the old dwellings at the cove were cleared, and all the necessaries carried on board. The wondering natives so thronged the vessel, that the English were obliged to complain to Raa Kook, who received orders from the king, that none but rupacks should go on board; but that the multitude might observe her at some little distance in their canoes. As soon as the sails were bent, they took her to the west side of the island, and moored her in six fathoms water. An immense concourse of natives followed in their canoes, hallooing and shouting in a most joyous manner. The king's two brothers accompanied them, and repeatedly called to their people to be minute in observing the management of the ship; as if, at some period, they expected to have one of their own. The captain then went on shore to the king, who was waiting for him at Oroolong. Abba Thulle now resumed the subject of sending two of his people to England. He told the captain, by means of the interpreter, that he had the happiness of being much respected by all his subjects, as being superior, not only in rank, but understanding. Yet, after living with the English, he had often felt his own insignificance, in seeing the meanest among them display an ingenuity, and exercise talents, of which he had no conception. He had therefore resolved to part with his youngest son, Lee Boo, who should, in company with one of the Malays, be intrusted to Captain Wilson's care, that he might be instructed in such sciences as would tend, on his return, to advance the prosperity of the people, and reflect honour on the royal family. He described the youth as sensible, of a mild, pliable disposition, and a stranger to every kind of vice. He was under the care of an old man who lived at some

distance, but had orders to be at Oroolong in the morning. Captain Wilson replied, that this mark of his regard and esteem affected him deeply, and he should ever think of his confidence with pride. He assured Abba Thulle, that any person belonging to Pelew would meet with attention from him; but the son of the man to whom he had been so much indebted, he held himself engaged by every tie, to treat with the same tenderness as his own son.

The weather and wind appearing favourable, the captain informed Abba Thulle, that they intended sailing next day. Prince Lee Boo arrived in the evening from Pelew, under the care of his elder brother, when Abba Thulle presented him to the captain, and then to the officers. The young prince accosted them in so easy and polite a manner, and had so much good humour and sensibility in his aspect, that every one was prepossessed in his favour.

Wednesday morning early, an English jack was hoisted at the mast-head of the Oroolong, and a swivel fired as a signal for sailing; which being explained to the king, he ordered all the provisions on board which he had brought for their voyage. A great number of canoes surrounded the vessel, loaded with presents, so that it was with difficulty they could avoid being overstocked. When just ready for sea, a boat was sent on shore for the captain, who then took Blanchard and the men of the boat into a temporary hut that had been erected, and making them kneel, offered up thanksgivings to that Power who had supported their spirits through so many hazards and toils, and had at last opened to them the door of deliverance.

The vessel now proceeded towards the reef, laden with Abba Thulle's bounty to a degree of superfluity, yet surrounded by great numbers of the natives in their

canoes, who had every man brought his present, for their good friends the *Englees*, entreating that they might be accepted. The king now came alongside, gave Lee Boo his blessing, which the youth received with great respect and tenderness. He next embraced the captain, in much apparent distress, and then cordially shook hands with all the officers, crying, "You are happy because you are going home, and I am happy because you are happy; but still very unhappy myself to see you going away." Once more renewing his assurances of regard and good will, he left the vessel, and went into his canoe. The natives, who were to return with the king, all looked up to the vessel eagerly, but with looks more expressive than language; and the English might say, with truth, that they had left a whole people in tears. So deeply were they themselves impressed with the scene, that it was with much difficulty they summoned resolution enough to give three cheers at their final departure; and their eyes followed to catch the latest look. Raa Kook remained, with a few of his attendants, to see them out of danger beyond the reef; but was so deeply dejected, that the vessel had gone a great way before he thought of summoning his canoes to return. As he had been their first friend, the captain gave him a brace of pistols, and a cartouch-box with cartridges; and the moment of separation being now come, he appeared so much affected that it was some time before he could speak. Pointing to his heart, he said it was there he felt the pain of bidding them adieu. He spoke a few words to Lee Boo; but, unable to proceed, precipitately went into the boat, and giving them a last expressive glance, instantly dropped astern.

After a favourable voyage, they reached Macao, on

the 30th November. Here they had to part, as they could only obtain passages to England in separate vessels; and it is pleasant to know that, after all the dangers and anxieties they had undergone, they all reached England in safety.

Having thus presented a brief but faithful picture of the adventures of our countrymen in their shipwreck on the Pelew Islands, a few words respecting the fate of Lee Boo are all that our space permits us to give. The surprise he manifested when he first entered an English house cannot be easily described. The rooms, the furniture, and ornaments, all severally crowded so many new objects on his mind at once, that he was perfectly lost in astonishment. Captain Wilson took him to his own house, and ever treated him as his adopted son. After he had been settled a little time, he was sent every day to an academy to be instructed in reading and writing, which he was himself eager to attain, and most assiduous in learning. His whole deportment whilst there was so engaging, that it not only gained him the esteem of his tutor, but also the affection of his young companions; and, indeed, he was so courteous and pleasant to all, that he became a general favourite wherever he went. The world of wonders that surrounded him, did not make him forget his friends and companions in Pelew. In fact, everything that he saw brought them to his memory. If he visited a garden, he attentively observed the plants and fruit-trees, and asked many questions about them, saying, when he returned home he would take seeds of such as would live and flourish in Pelew. He talked frequently of the things he should persuade the king to alter or adopt; and appeared, in viewing most objects, to consider how far they might be rendered useful to his own country. But all the hopes

of his friends were blasted. While advancing rapidly in his studies, he was attacked with the smallpox, and after a few days' illness fell a prey to the disease.

About five years after the death of Lee Boo, the East India Company fitted out two small vessels, which they despatched to Pelew, to inform the king of the death of his son. When the vessels reached Pelew, they were cordially welcomed by the natives. They found Abba Thulle still alive, but Blanchard, Raa Kook, and Arra Kooker, and many of the old warriors who had been the particular friends of the crew of the Antelope, had fallen in battle.

HYMN TO THE SETTING SUN.

(Supposed to be sung by the Northern Peasantry.)

Slow, slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,
 Thy course of beneficence done;
 As glorious go down to the ocean's warm breast
 As when thy bright race was begun.

For all thou hast done,
 Since thy rising, O Sun!

May thou and thy Maker be blest.

Thou hast scattered the night from thy broad golden way,
 Thou hast given us thy light through a long happy day,
 Thou hast roused up the birds, thou hast wakened the
 flowers,

To chant on thy path, and to perfume the hours.

Then slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,
 And rise again beautiful, blessing and blest.

Slow, slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,
 Yet pause but a moment to shed

One warm look of love on the earth's dewy breast,
Ere the starr'd curtain fall round thy bed,
And to promise the time,
When, awaking sublime,
Thou shalt rush all refresh'd from thy rest.
Warm hopes drop like dews from thy life-giving hand,
Teaching hearts closed in darkness like flowers to expand;
Dreams wake into joys when first touched by thy light;
As glow the dim waves of the sea at thy sight.
Then slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,
And rise again beautiful, blessing and blest.

Slow, slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,
Prolonging the sweet evening hour;
Then robe again soon in the morn's golden vest,
To go forth in thy beauty and power.
Yet pause on thy way,
To the full height of day,
For thy rising and setting are blest.
When thou com'st after darkness to gladden our eyes,
Or departest in glory, in glory to rise,
May hope and may prayer still be woke by thy rays,
And thy going be mark'd with thanksgiving and praise.
Then slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,
And rise again beautiful, blessing and blest.

G. P. R. JAMES.

RAMBLES OF A NATURALIST.

The succeeding sketches are extracted from a work named "Rambles of a Naturalist," by Dr. Godman, an American naturalist of great and deserved reputation. They exhibit a freshness of description and an enthusiastic love of the study of nature that cannot fail to charm and engage the attention of the reader.

ONE of my favourite walks was through Turner's-lane near Philadelphia, which is about a quarter of a mile long, and not much wider than an ordinary street, being closely fenced in on both sides; yet my reader may feel surprised when informed that I found ample employment for all my leisure, during six weeks, within and about its precincts. On entering the lane from the Ridge Road, I observed a gentle elevation of the turf beneath the lower rails of the fence, which appeared to be uninterruptedly continuous; and when I had cut through the verdant roof with my knife, it proved to be a regularly arched gallery or subterranean road, along which the inhabitants could securely travel at all hours without fear of discovery. The sides and bottom of this arched way were smooth and clean, as if much used: and the raised superior portion had long been firmly consolidated by the grass roots intermixed with tenacious clay. At irregular and frequently distant intervals, a side-path diverged into the fields, and by its superficial situation, irregularity, and frequent openings, showed that its purpose was temporary, or had been only opened for the sake of procuring food. Occasionally I found a little gallery diverging from the main route beneath the fence, towards the road, and finally opening on the grass, as if the inmate had come out in the morning to breathe the early air, or to drink of the

crystal dew which daily gemmed the close-cropped verdure. How I longed to detect the animal which tenanted these galleries, in the performance of his labours ! Farther on, upon the top of a high bank, which prevented the pathway from continuing near the fence, appeared another evidence of the industry of my yet unknown miner. Half a dozen hillocks of loose, almost pulverized earth, were thrown up at irregular distances, communicating with the main gallery by side-passages. Opening one of these carefully, it appeared to differ little from the common gallery in size ; but it was very difficult to ascertain where the loose earth came from, nor have I ever been able to tell, since I never witnessed the formation of these hillocks, and conjectures are forbidden where nothing but observation is requisite to the decision. My farther progress was now interrupted by a delightful brook, which sparkled across the road over a clear, sandy bed ; and here my little galleries turned into the field, coursing along at a moderate distance from the stream. I crept through the fence into the meadow on the west side, intending to discover, if possible, the animal whose works had first fixed my attention ; but as I approached the bank of the rivulet, something suddenly retreated towards the grass, seeming to vanish almost unaccountably from sight. Very carefully examining the point at which it disappeared, I found the entrance of another gallery or burrow, but of very different construction from that first observed. This new one was formed in the grass, near and among whose roots and lower stems a small but regular covered way was practised. Endless, however, would have been the attempt to follow this, as it opened in various directions, and ran irregularly into the field, and towards the brook, by a great variety of passages.

Tired of my unavailing pursuit, I now returned to the

little brook, and, seating myself on a stone, remained for some time unconsciously gazing on the fluid which gushed along in unsullied brightness over its pebbly bed. Opposite to my seat was an irregular hole in the bed of the stream, into which, in an idle mood, I pushed a small pebble with the end of my stick. What was my surprise, in a few seconds afterwards, to observe the water in this hole in motion, and the pebble I had pushed into it gently approaching the surface! Such was the fact; the hole was the dwelling of a stout little crayfish or fresh-water lobster, who did not choose to be incommoded by the pebble, though doubtless he attributed its sudden arrival to the usual accidents of the stream, and not to my thoughtless movements. He had thrust his broad lobster-like claws under the stone, and then drawn them near to his mouth, thus making a kind of shelf; and as he reached the edge of the hole, he suddenly extended his claws, and rejected the incumbrance from the lower side, or down stream. Delighted to have found a living object with whose habits I was unacquainted, I should have repeated my experiment, but the crayfish presently returned with what might be called an armful of rubbish, and threw it over the side of his cell, and down the stream as before.

Under the end of a stone lying in the bed of the stream, something was floating in the pure current, which at first seemed like the tail of a fish; and being desirous to obtain a better view, I gently raised the stone on its edge, and was rewarded by a very beautiful sight. The object first observed was the tail of a beautiful salamander, whose sides were of a pale straw-colour, flecked with circlets of the richest crimson. Its long lizard-like body seemed to be semi-transparent, and its slender limbs appeared like mere productions of the skin. Not far distant, and near where the upper end of

the stone had been, lay crouched, as if asleep, one of the most beautiful coloured frogs I had ever beheld. Its body was slender compared with most frogs, and its skin covered with stripes of bright reddish-brown and greyish-green, in such a manner, as to recall the beautiful markings of the tiger's hide. It was now past twelve o'clock; I began to retrace my steps towards the city; and, without any particular object, moved along the little galleries examined in the morning. I had advanced but a short distance, when I found the last place where I had broken open the gallery was repaired. The earth was perfectly fresh, and I had lost the chance of discovering the miner while watching my new acquaintances in the stream. Hurrying onward, the same circumstances uniformly presented; the injuries were all efficiently repaired, and had evidently been very recently completed. Here was one point gained; it was ascertained that these galleries were still inhabited, and I hoped soon to become acquainted with the inmates. But at this time it appeared fruitless to delay longer, and I returned home filled with anticipations of pleasure from the success of my future researches.

On the day following my first-related excursion, I started early in the morning. No particular change was discoverable in the works of my little miner, except that all the places which had been a second time broken down were again repaired, showing that the animal had passed between the times of my visit; and it may not be uninteresting to observe how the repair was effected. It appeared, when the animal arrived at the spot broken open or exposed to the air, that it changed its direction sufficiently downwards to raise enough of earth from the lower surface to fill up the opening; this, of course, slightly altered the direction of the gallery at this point, and though the earth thrown up was quite

pulverulent, it was so nicely arched as to retain its place, and soon became consolidated. Having broken open a gallery where the turf was very close and the soil tenacious, I was pleased to find the direction of the chamber somewhat changed. On digging farther with my clasp-knife, I found a very beautiful cell excavated in very tough clay, deeper than the common level of the gallery, and towards one side. This little lodging-room would probably have held a small melon, and was nicely arched all round. It was perfectly clear, and quite smooth, as if much used. To examine it fully, I was obliged to open it completely. (The next day it was replaced by another, placed a little farther to one side, exactly of the same kind; it was replaced a second time, but when broken up a third time it was left in ruins.) As twelve o'clock approached, my solicitude to discover the little miner increased to a considerable degree; previous observation led me to believe that about that time his presence was to be expected. I had trodden down the gallery for some inches in a convenient place, and stood close by in vigilant expectation. My wishes were speedily gratified. In a short time, the flattened gallery began at one end to be raised to its former convexity, and the animal rapidly advanced. With a beating heart, I thrust the knife-blade down by the side of the rising earth, and quickly turned it over to one side, throwing my prize fairly into the sunshine. For an instant he seemed motionless from surprise, when I caught and imprisoned him in my hat. It would be vain for me to attempt a description of my pleasure in having thus succeeded, small as was my conquest. I was delighted with the beauty of my captive's fur; with the admirable adaptation of his diggers or broad rose-tinted hands; the wonderful strength of his fore limbs, and the peculiar suitableness of his head and

neck to the kind of life the Author of nature had designed him for.

My next visit to my old hunting-ground, the lane and brook, happened on a day in the first hay-harvest, when the verdant sward of the meadows was rapidly sinking before the keen-edged scythes swung by vigorous mowers. This unexpected circumstance afforded me considerable pleasure, for it promised me a freer scope to my wanderings, and might also enable me to ascertain various particulars concerning which my curiosity had long been awakened. Nor was this promise unattended by fruition of my wishes. The reader may recollect that, in my first walk, a neat burrow in the grass above ground, was observed, without my knowing its author. The advance of the mowers explained this satisfactorily; for in cutting the long grass, they exposed several nests of field-mice, which, by means of these grass-covered alleys, passed to the stream in search of food or drink, unseen by their enemies the hawks and owls. The numbers of these little creatures were truly surprising; their fecundity is so great, and their food so abundant, that were they not preyed upon by many other animals, and destroyed in great numbers by man, they would become exceedingly troublesome. There are various species of them, all bearing a very considerable resemblance to each other, and having, to an incidental observer, much of the appearance of the domestic mouse. Slight attention, however, is requisite to perceive very striking differences; and the discrimination of these will prove a source of considerable gratification to the inquirer. The nests are very nicely made, and look much like a bird's, being lined with soft materials, and usually placed in some snug little hollow, or at the root of a strong tuft of grass. Upon the grass-roots and seeds these nibblers principally feed; and, where very

abundant, the effects of their hunger may be seen in the brown and withered aspect of the grass they have injured at the root. But, under ordinary circumstances, the hawks, owls, domestic cat, weasels, crows, &c., keep them in such limits as prevent them doing essential damage. —

I had just observed another and a smaller grassy covered way, where the mowers had passed along, when my attention was called towards a wagon at a short distance, which was receiving its load. Shouts and laughter, accompanied by general running and scrambling of the people, indicated that some rare sport was going forward. When I approached, I found that the object of chase was a jumping-mouse, whose actions it was truly delightful to witness. When not closely pressed by its pursuers, it ran with some rapidity in the usual manner, as if seeking concealment. But in a moment it would vault into the air, and skim along for ten or twelve feet, looking more like a bird than a little quadruped. After continuing this for some time, and nearly exhausting its pursuers with running and falling over each other, the frightened creature was accidentally struck down by one of the workmen during one of its beautiful leaps, and killed. As the hunters saw nothing worthy of attention in the dead body of the animal, they very willingly resigned it to me; and with great satisfaction I retreated to a willow shade, to read what nature had written in its form for my instruction. The general appearance was mouselike, but the length and slenderness of the body, the shortness of its fore limbs, and the disproportionate length of its hind limbs, together with the peculiarity of its tail, all indicated its adaptation to the peculiar kind of action I had just witnessed. A sight of this little creature vaulting or bounding through the air strongly reminded

me of what I had read of the great kangaroo of New Holland ; and I could not help regarding our little jumper as in some respects a sort of miniature resemblance of that curious animal. It was not evident, however, that the jumping-mouse derived the aid from its tail, which so powerfully assists the kangaroo. Though long and sufficiently stout in proportion, it had none of the robust muscularity which, in the New Holland animal, impels the lower part of the body immediately upward. In this mouse, the leap is principally, if not entirely, effected by a sudden and violent extension of the long hind limbs, the muscles of which are strong and admirably suited to their object. We have heard that these little animals feed on the roots, &c. of the green herbage, and that they are every season to be found in the meadows. It may, perhaps, puzzle some to imagine how they subsist through the severities of winter, when vegetation is at rest, and the earth generally frozen. Here we find another occasion to admire the all-perfect designs of the Author of nature, who has endowed a great number of animals with the faculty of retiring into the earth, and passing whole months in a state of repose so complete as to allow all the functions of the body to be suspended, until the returning warmth of the spring calls them forth to renewed activity and enjoyment. The jumping-mouse, when the chill weather begins to draw nigh, digs down about six or eight inches into the soil, and there forms a little globular cell, as much larger than its own body as will allow a sufficient covering of fine grass to be introduced. This being obtained, he contrives to coil up his body and limbs in the centre of the soft dry grass, so as to form a complete ball ; and so compact is this, that, when taken out, with the torpid animal, it may be rolled across a floor without injury. In this snug

cell, which is soon filled up and closed externally, the jumping-mouse securely abides through all the frosts and storms of winter, needing neither food nor fuel, being utterly quiescent, and apparently dead, though susceptible at any time of reanimation by being very gradually stimulated by light and heat.

AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL.

“The evening was so fine that I continued to walk up and down, till Abdullah besought me not to take so much exercise, saying it was that which had *turned my hair so gray since my arrival in India.*”

OUR task is done ! o'er Gunga's breast,
The sun is sinking down to rest ;
And, moored beneath the tamarind bough,
Our bark has found its harbour now ;
With furled sail, and painted side,
Behold the tiny frigate ride.
Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,
The Moslem's savoury supper steams ;
While, all apart, beneath the wood,
The Hindoo cooks his simpler food.
Come, walk with me the jungle through ;—
If yonder hunter tell us true,
Far off, in desert dank and rude,
The tiger holds his solitude ;
(Nor taught by recent harm to shun
The thunders of the English gun) ;
A dreadful guest, but rarely seen,
Returns to scare the village green.—
Come boldly on ! no venom'd snake
Can shelter in so cool a brake ;

Child of the sun ! he loves to lie
'Mid nature's embers, parch'd and dry,
Where o'er some tower, in ruin laid,
The peepul spreads its haunted shade,
Or round a tomb his scales to wreath,
Fit warder in the gate of death !
Come on ! Yet pause ! behold us now
Beneath the bamboo's arched bough ;
Where, gemming oft that sacred gloom,
Grows the geranium's* scarlet bloom ;
And winds our path through many a bower
Of fragrant tree and giant flower :—
The ceiba's† crimson pomp display'd
O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade,
And dusk anana's prickly blade ;
While, o'er the brake so wild and fair,
The betel waves his crest in air.
With pendent tráin and rustling wings,
Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs ;
And he, the bird of hundred dyes,
Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize.—
So rich a shade, so green a sod,
Our English fairies never trod ;
Yet, who in Indian bower has stood,
But thought on England's "good greenwood;"
And bless'd, beneath the palmy shade,
Her hazel and her hawthorn glade ;
And breath'd a prayer (how oft in vain !)
To gaze upon her oaks again.

A truce to thought ! the jackal's cry
Resounds like silvan revelry ;

* A shrub whose deep scarlet flowers very much resemble the geranium, and thence called the Indian geranium.

† The ceiba is the wild cotton-tree. A canoe, made from a single trunk of this tree, has been known to contain a hundred persons.

And, through the trees, yon failing ray
Will scanty serve to guide our way.
Yet, mark ! as fade the upper skies,
Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes :—
Before, beside us, and above,
The fire-fly lights his lamp of love,
Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
The darkness of the copse exploring ;
While, to this cooler air confest,
The broad dhatura bares her breast,
Of fragrant scent, and virgin white,
A pearl around the locks of night !
Still as we pass, in soften'd hum,
Along the breezy alleys come
The village song,—the horn,—the drum.—
Still as we pass, from bush and brier,
The shrill cigala strikes his lyre ;
And, what is she whose liquid strain
Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane ?
I know the soul entrancing swell !
It is—it must be—Philomel !

Enough ! enough ! the rustling trees
Announce a shower upon the breeze.—
The flashes of the summer sky
Assume a deeper, ruddier dye ;
Yon lamp that trembles on the stream
From forth our cabin sheds its beam ;
And we must early sleep, to find,
Betimes, the morning's healthy wind.
But, oh ! with thankful hearts confess
Even here there may be happiness ;
And He, the bounteous Sire,—has given
His peace on earth—his hope in heaven.

HEBER.

ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

THE ascent to the summit of Mont Blanc has always been reckoned among the boldest enterprises of a traveller. Many attempts have been made, but very few have proved successful. In August, 1827, the ascent was performed by Mr. John Auldjo, who published a very animated account of his perilous journey. We select a few extracts fitted to give some idea of the many hair-breath escapes that he and his party made when passing the fearful chasms that impeded their progress. The weather being favourable, the author set out from Chamounix, accompanied by eight guides, four of whom had been previously up to the top of Mont Blanc. They were also accompanied by some persons; but having mounted to a considerable height, the latter took leave, whilst they connected themselves together by ropes and proceeded on their perilous way.

“WE were surrounded by ice piled up in mountains, crevices presenting themselves at every step, and masses half sunk in some deep gulf; the remainder, raised above us, seemed to put insurmountable barriers to our proceeding; yet some part was found where steps could be cut out with the hatchet; and we passed over these bridges, often grasping the ice with one hand, while the other, bearing the pole, balanced the body, hanging over some abyss, into which the eye penetrated, and searched in vain for the extremity. Sometimes we were obliged to climb up from one crag of ice to another, sometimes to scramble along a ledge on our hands and knees, often descending into a deep chasm on the one side, and scaling the slippery precipice on the other.

“A large mass of ice now opposed our progress: we passed it by climbing up its glassy sides. After winding some time among chasms and enormous towers, we arrived at the edge of another crevice, over which we could see but one bridge, that not of ice, but of snow

only, and so thin that it was deemed impossible to trust to it. A plan was resorted to, which enabled us to pass over in safety : our batons were placed on it, and in doing so the centre gave way, and fell into the gulf ; however, enough remained on each side to form supports for the ends of these poles, and nine of them made a narrow bridge, requiring great precaution and steadiness to traverse. Other crevices were passed over on bridges of snow, too weak to allow of walking on, or too extended to admit this application of the poles. A strong guide managed to creep over, and a rope being tied round the waist of a second, who lay on his back, he was in that position pulled across by the first. In this manner the whole party were drawn singly over the crevice."

Rather more than half-way up the mountain, two sharp pinnacles of rock, called the Grand and Petit Mulets, rise above the snow and ice. The Grand Mulet usually affords shelter to the adventurers during the first night of their journey, if not also during the second—for the ascent and descent together more frequently require three than two days. When the party approached the Grand Mulet, they found it nearly inaccessible, in consequence of a tremendous fissure immediately below it. In front was a solid wall of ice of prodigious height, to which there was only one perilous approach by means of a promontory projecting from the site on which the party stood. Coutet the chief guide cut steps in the wall with his hatchet, and thus enabled the party to climb over it. After ascending the wall, Mr. Auldjo's route lay for some distance along the top, which was very narrow, and inclined in each direction towards unfathomable gulfs.

"Taking my steps with the greatest caution, I could not prevent myself from slipping ; as the space became wider I became less cautious, and while looking over the edge into the upper crevice, my feet slid from under me : I came down on my face, and glided rapidly towards the lower one : I cried out, but the guides who

held the ropes attached to me did not stop me, though they stood firm. I had got to the extent of the rope, my feet hanging over the low crevice, one hand grasping firmly the pole, the other my hat. The guides called to me to be cool and not afraid; a pretty time to be cool, hanging over an abyss, and in momentary expectation of falling into it! They made no attempt to pull me up for some moments, but then, desiring me to raise myself, they drew in the rope until I was close to them and in safety. The reason for this procedure is obvious. Had they attempted, on the bad and uncertain footing in which they stood, to check me at the first gliding, they might have lost their own balance, and our destruction would have followed; but by fixing themselves firmly in the cut step, and securing themselves with their batons, they were enabled to support me with certainty when the rope had gone its length. This also gave me time to recover, that I might assist them in placing myself out of danger."

The place appropriated for the repose of the travellers during the night, is a ledge near the top of the Grand Mulet, where it is just possible, by laying the batons against the rock, to form a kind of tent sufficient to cover the party during their sleep. Between the Grand Mulet and the base of the summit expressly termed Mont Blanc, the way zigzags along a vast ascending hollow, broken by three plains of ice, the last of which is called the Grand Plateau.

"At last we attained the Grand Plateau, the largest of the plains of ice on the mountain. The view from this situation is very fine; the mountains around, all rising directly from the plain, have a most striking appearance; some large crevices intersect it, and others extend immediately under Mont Blanc, where the guides were lost in 1820. There is also a great accumulation of broken ice and snow from avalanches, on the part close to Mont Blanc and the Dome.

“The sun was shining on some parts of the Plateau, but far from us. As we felt the cold bitterly we agreed to stop at the commencement of the plain, in a crevice of from fifteen to twenty feet in width. In it we found a bridge, which on examination, was considered strong enough to bear the whole party at once, and being down in the chasm, it would shelter us from the north wind, which had blown strongly the whole morning, and now cut us most acutely on our elevated situation. We therefore chose this bridge to breakfast upon. It was past seven, and we had been walking for more than four hours and a half, without any rest but the wearying and tedious halting which I have described. It was with pleasure that I found all anxious to stop in this comfortable crevice ; comfortable compared with our previous exposure to the wind, but still very cold.

“While breakfast was preparing, I could not resist the temptation of wandering along the edge of the crevice on the Plateau side. The depth of it was immense. The deep bluish-green layers of ice, now varying into others more or less so, and sometimes nearly white, were shown to great advantage, with thousands of long clear icicles hanging from all the little breaks in the strata. Immediately to the right of our bridge, I found that the opposite side of the crevice formed an obtuse angle, from which a wall of ice passed along the side of the hill which we had last ascended. The side I was standing on joined an immense wall or precipice, which crossed the remainder of the space between the angle thus formed and the Mont Blanc du Tacul, forming a barrier to that part of the Plateau. Under our bridge I could see, and the manner in which it hung suspended, with all the guides sitting on it, was a beautiful and curious sight. It thrilled through my body, my blood curdled at the thought, that in one moment, without a

chance of escaping, they might be all precipitated into eternity. Yet no such idea ever entered the imagination of the thoughtless but brave guides, who sat singing, laughing, and eating as hearty a meal as if each was safely at home by his own fireside, either unconscious or regardless of the danger of their present situation.

“The time allotted for our repast was agreeably passed, not one of the party regretting his having engaged in this expedition, and all desirous of proceeding; therefore the meal was no sooner finished than we prepared to depart, leaving most of the provisions and all the knapsacks which we had brought there but one. This contained bottles of negus, a mixture of vinegar, wine, and water, boiled with spices and a great deal of sugar (a capital beverage for such an expedition), lemonade, and one chicken, in case any of us should feel disposed to eat on the summit.

“We traversed the Plateau, winding towards the left, or Mont Blanc du Tacul, leaving the old route which led right across the plain, and ascended the steep masses of snow and ice which hang on this side of Mont Blanc, so delicately and dangerously poised, that the slightest noise or concussion of the air, even that proceeding from speaking, moves them from their situation, and they fall, rushing down the declivities with overwhelming velocity, widening as they proceed, till at last they extend from one side of the mountain to the other, and cover the plain below with *debris*. It was one of those avalanches, or slips of snow, which, in this very spot involved and buried under its mass, in the deep crevice, the three unfortunate men who were lost in the expedition formed by Du Hamel.

“At last the sun shone forth with animating heat, and welcome was it to us, for our pace was too steady and slow to give us an opportunity of keeping ourselves

warm by exercise. Cold and shivering as we were, we could hardly bear the fatigue we had now to encounter, or undertake to pass the dangerous point which we found in the direction of our march, and which must be got over, though it was some consolation that it was known to be the last trial we were to undergo, after it there being only two enemies to contend with—the rarified air, or the fatigue arising from climbing the almost perpendicular ascent which leads directly to the summit.

“The approach to this last danger was from the Plateau descending into a broken crevice, and thence ascending a cliff of snow exceedingly steep, which brought us to a wall of ice some feet in height; having scaled which, we found a declivity of snow, inclining towards a precipice, at an angle of 70° . Along the edge of this precipice we had to walk for some minutes, and then in zigzag to ascend the hill until we came to a plain. This was a difficult thing to accomplish, and to keep a footing in the awkward position in which we were obliged to move, supporting ourselves with the right hand buried in the snow, which was beginning to soften, to keep our bodies up; then the steps being cut, and soon worn by those who trod in them first, made it a hazardous enterprise to move forward; and to retreat was impossible. No accident did occur, and I thought it quite miraculous.

“Our success now was quite certain, and we congratulated each other on this happy circumstance, which inspired each member of the party with fresh animation and spirit.

“While engaged in passing this last difficulty, our attention was arrested by a loud noise or hissing sound, which the guides knew to proceed from some vast body of ice and snow falling in avalanche. It lasted some

moments, and finished by a report which must have been caused by the precipitation of some immense mass upon a rock or plain. In an instant the stillness which had been disturbed resumed its reign. A great avalanche had fallen. The guides decided that it was upon the Italian side of the mountain, but were mistaken, as was afterwards discovered.

“A plain of snow which presented no difficulty allowed us to proceed with great comfort and to quicken our pace. For some minutes we passed along the base of the rocks called Rochers Rouges, and came to an ascent of snow leading to their summit. It was here that I first felt any effect from the rarity of the air; for soon after I began to ascend there was an oppression on the chest, a difficulty of breathing, a quickness of pulsation soon followed, with a great inclination to thirst, and a fulness in the veins of the head; but still I experienced no headache, nor was there the slightest symptom of hæmorrhage. Most of the guides were affected in the same way.

“At nine o'clock we were on the last point of the Rochers Rouges, and came again into the old line of ascent, which we had quitted, on the Grand Plateau, the first deviation from which had been made by Messrs. Hames and Fellows on the 25th July last. These gentlemen pursued the route which I followed.

“I felt a little exhausted, and was greatly disappointed of finding that the lemonade, the best thing that could be used for refreshing our weakened powers, had been lost by the breaking of the bottles. I was obliged to proceed without relief, being afraid to attack the negus, for the guides must have shared it, and we might find the want of it when we had got higher up, and when the increase of fatigue, and the rarity of air, would

render it more necessary to us than at present, every few paces that we ascended the oppression and suffering becoming greater.

“ We crossed a plain of snow, which rose gently from the Rochers Rouges ; at the end of it was the only crevice we had met for some time. It was deep and wide. One bridge was tried, but it gave way ; a little further another was found, over which we managed to pass, by placing the batons on it, and being drawn over on our backs. Two or three managed to cross on another, using great care, and joined us ; but when we had proceeded up the acclivity before us some little distance, we were surprised by a shrill scream ; on turning we beheld Coutet, the principal guide, up to his neck in the snow covering the crevice. He had wandered from the party, and coming to the crack, sought and found the place where the guides had walked across, and attempted to follow their course ; but not taking the proper care to choose their footsteps, had got about eighteen inches on one side of them, and the consequence was, that when in the centre, he sunk up to his shoulders, saving himself from inevitable destruction only by stretching out his arms, his baton by mere chance coming obliquely on the bridge, otherwise he would have slipped through, and all attempts to have saved or raised him out of the crevice would have been impossible. The perilous situation he was in was appalling ; all ran down to him, and he was drawn out, but had nearly lost his presence of mind, so greatly had he been terrified. However, he soon recovered, and acknowledged his want of precaution, which had very nearly destroyed the pleasure of the undertaking, when we were so near its happy conclusion.

“ The ascent from this point was very steep, and the difficulty of surmounting it was greatly increased ; for

those effects of the rarity of the atmosphere which we had felt previously, now became exceedingly oppressive. The new symptoms I now experienced were violent palpitation of the heart, a general lassitude of the frame, and a very distressing sensation of pain in the knees and muscles of the thigh, causing weakness of the legs, and rendering it scarcely possible to move them. We had to climb about one hour to get to the summit; but this part of the undertaking required a most extraordinary exertion, and severe labour it was. At length I found myself upon the summit. I hastened to the highest point (towards Chamounix); and taking my glass, observed that the party on the Breven had noticed the accomplishment of our undertaking, and were rewarding us by waving their hats and handkerchiefs, which salutation we returned.

“The most peculiar sensation which all have felt who have gained this great height, arises from the awful stillness which reigns, almost unbroken even by the voice of those speaking to one another, for its feeble sound can hardly be heard. Nothing I ever beheld could exceed the singular and splendid appearance which the sun and sky presented. The blue colour of the one had increased to such a depth as to be almost black, while the sun’s disc had become excessively small, and of a perfect and brilliant white. I also experienced the sensation of lightness of body, of which Captain Sherwell has given a description in the following words:—‘It appeared as if I could have passed the blade of a knife under the sole of my shoes, or between them and the ice on which I stood.’ ”

Mr. Auldjo began the descent at noon, with the view of getting back to Chamounix that night. When this gentleman and his party had regained a particular part of the Plateau, they discovered that, by a slight variation in their ascending route, they had escaped a slip

of snow which had been precipitated down the usual track at the moment when they must have been upon it, so that the whole might consider their lives as saved by a mere accident. In crossing the Plateau, Mr. Auldjo and his party suffered greatly from burning heat, and also from the toilsomeness of the march, the snow being at this period of the day melted to such a degree as to take them up to the knees at every step. The precipitous intervals between the various plateaux were descended by sliding—a method not without its perils, as an individual, in attempting it, is liable to overshoot his point, and glide into chasms from which he might never again ascend. As they proceeded, the materials of a thunder-storm gathered in the sky, and a thick sleet began to fall. Some time after passing the Grand Mulet, perplexed by the storm, they lost their way, and soon found themselves wandering amidst numberless crevices, where progress was not less difficult than dangerous.

“The storm recommenced with greater violence than before; the hailstones, large and sharp, driven with force by the wind, inflicted great pain on the face; we were exposed to it, standing on a narrow ledge, overhanging an abyss. Here we awaited for a short time the return of two guides, sent to explore the crevices and banks around us, in an endeavour to discover the route of our ascent, but with very little hope of success; indeed, it was greatly feared that we should have to remain where we were for that night. The storm, increasing every instant, compelled us to seek some place in the glacier in which we could obtain shelter; following the footmarks of the guides who had gone forward, we succeeded in finding a recess, formed by the projection of a part of the glacier over a narrow ledge in the side of a crevice. We could form no idea of the depth of the chasm, but its width appeared to be about twenty feet, and its opposite side rose considerably above us. Along this ledge we moved with great care, and had just space to stand in a bending posture, and in a row. Wet through, and suffering excruciating torture from the cold, our position was both painful and danger-

ous. The tempest raged with the most awful fury; the gusts of wind sweeping through the chasm with tremendous violence, the pelting showers of hail, accompanied by most vivid lightning, and peals of thunder, alternating with a perfect calm, were enough to appal the bravest of the party

“We waited for some time in this situation, when, in one of those moments of calm, we heard the loud halloo of one of the exploring guides, who was returning to us, and called to us to advance, for they had found the angle which we had so much difficulty in climbing up the day before. We soon joined him and his companion, who conducted us to it. Nearly deprived of the use of my limbs, from the excessive cold and wet state of my apparel, I could scarcely walk; my fingers were nearly frozen, and my hands so stiffened and senseless, that I could not hold my baton, or keep myself from falling.”

It was in this state that Mr. Auldjo was brought to a wall of ice which he had to descend for a certain way, in order to get upon a point on the opposite side of the chasm.

“Being incapable of making any exertion, I was lowered down to the guides, who were already on the ledge beneath the wall. At the very moment I was rocking in the air, a flash of lightning penetrated into the abyss, and showed all the horrors of my situation; while the crash of the thunder seemed to tear the glacier down upon me. I was drawn on to the neck of ice, and set down until the other guides had descended. The hearts of two or three failed, and they declared that we must all perish; the others, though conscious of our awfully dangerous position, endeavoured to raise the courage and keep up the spirits of the depressed. All suffered dreadfully from the cold, but, with a solicitude for which I shall ever feel deeply grateful, they still at-

tended to me in the kindest manner. They desired me to stand up, and, forming a circle, in the centre of which I stood, closed round me. In a few minutes, the warmth of their bodies extended itself to mine, and I felt much relieved; they then took off their coats, covering me with them, and each in turn put my hands into his bosom, while another lay on my feet. In ten minutes I was in a state to proceed."

At no late hour in the evening, Mr. Auldjo returned to Chamounix, from which he had been only thirty-seven hours absent. He was met and congratulated by a great number of strangers and natives who had felt an interest in his undertaking, and to all of whom he declared that the magnificence of what he had seen much more than compensated for the pain of what he had felt.

NARRATIVE OF THE PICARD FAMILY.

THE colony of Senegal, on the coast of Africa, was captured from the French by the English in the year 1809, but was ceded to its former masters at the peace of 1815, when the French government fitted out an expedition, consisting of the governor and other functionaries, to take possession of the restored settlement. The vessels dispatched for this purpose (May 1816) were the Medusa frigate, the Loire store-ship, the Argus brig, and the Echo corvette. On board of the Medusa, there was a family of the name of Picard, whose story, from the sufferings which they endured, has excited no small degree of sympathy. Monsieur Picard, the father, was an aged man, and a lawyer by profession, who had sought for, and with difficulty obtained, the situation of

resident attorney at Senegal, where he had formerly been for several years. He was accompanied by his eldest daughter, Mademoiselle, and her sister Catherine, both children by a first marriage, and his wife and younger daughters; the whole composing a happy group, but ill calculated to endure the horrors which overtook the luckless expedition.

During several days the voyage was delightful. All the ships of the expedition kept together; but at length the breeze became changeable, and they all disappeared from each other. The Peak of Teneriffe was passed by the Medusa on the 28th of June, and soon the shores of Sahara came in sight. Off this low part of the coast of Africa lies the Arguin Bank, a sandy reef, dangerous to mariners, and which the ignorant and headstrong captain of the Medusa, notwithstanding all the hints on the subject, persisted in disregarding. In the mean while, the wind, blowing with great violence, impelled the vessel nearer and nearer to the danger which menaced it. A species of stupor overpowered the minds of those on board, and a mournful silence prevailed. The colour of the water entirely changed; a circumstance remarked even by the ladies. About three in the afternoon of the 2d of July, being in $19^{\circ} 30'$ north latitude, a universal cry was heard upon deck. All declared they saw the sand rolling among the ripples of the sea. The captain in an instant ordered to sound. The line gave eighteen fathoms, but on a second sounding it gave only six. He at last saw his error, and hesitated no longer on changing the route, but it was too late. A strong concussion told that the frigate had struck. Terror and consternation were instantly depicted in every face; the crew stood motionless, and the passengers were in utter despair. The account of the miserable shipwreck which ensued is already well

known. Not only the worst possible management was displayed, but an absolute want of humanity and bravery. The governor and other exalted functionaries attempted to leave the crew and humbler passengers to their fate, but were prevented by the soldiers: at length a raft was formed and covered with passengers, nearly all of whom perished either by one another's knives, by hunger, or by drowning; several boats were also filled, but only two were properly provisioned; and, in short, out of four hundred persons who were on board, only a few reached Senegal in the provisioned boats, and two small parties were able to effect a landing, which was not till the fourth day after the abandonment of the wreck, and when hunger overcame the fear of the natives.

Among the persons who reached the shore, were the Picards, in a state approaching to utter destitution. "Doubtless, we experienced great joy at having escaped the fury of the flood (says Mademoiselle, the eldest daughter, in her narrative, which we quote in an abridged form), but how much was it lessened by the feelings of our horrible situation! Without water, without provisions, and the majority of us nearly naked, was it to be wondered at that we should be seized with terror, on thinking on the obstacles which we had to surmount, the fatigues, the privations, the pains, and the sufferings, we had to endure, with the dangers we had to encounter in the immense and frightful desert we had to traverse before we could arrive at our destination. About seven in the morning, a caravan was formed to penetrate into the interior, for the purpose of finding some fresh water. We did accordingly find some at a little distance from the sea, by digging among the sand. Every one instantly flocked round the little wells, which furnished enough to quench our thirst.

This brackish water was found to be delicious, although it had a sulphureous taste; its colour was that of whey. As all our clothes were wet and in tatters, and as we had nothing to change them, some generous officers offered theirs. My stepmother, my cousin, and my sister, were dressed in them; for myself, I preferred keeping my own. We remained nearly an hour beside our beneficent fountain, then took the route for Senegal; that is, a southerly direction, for we did not know exactly where that country lay. It was agreed that the females and children should walk before the caravan, that they might not be left behind. The sailors voluntarily carried the youngest on their shoulders, and every one took the route along the coast. Notwithstanding it was nearly seven o'clock, the sand was quite burning, and we suffered severely, walking without encountering any thing but shells, which wounded our feet.

“ On the morning of the 9th, we saw an antelope on the top of a little hill, which instantly disappeared before we had time to shoot it. The desert seemed to our view one immense plain of sand, on which was seen not one blade of verdure. However, we still found water by digging in the sand. In the forenoon, two officers of marine complained that our family incommoded the progress of the caravan. It is true the females and the children could not walk so quickly as the men. We walked as fast as it was possible for us; nevertheless, we often fell behind, which obliged them to halt till we came up. These officers, joined with other individuals, considered among themselves whether they would wait for us, or abandon us in the desert. I will be bold to say, however, that but few were of the latter opinion. My father being informed of what was plotting against us, stepped up to the chiefs of the conspiracy, and reproached them in the bitterest terms for

their selfishness and brutality. The dispute waxed hot. Those who were desirous of leaving us drew their swords, and my father put his hand upon a poniard, with which he had provided himself on quitting the frigate. At this scene, we threw ourselves in between them, conjuring him rather to remain in the desert with his family, than seek the assistance of those who were, perhaps, less humane than the Moors themselves. Several people took our part, particularly M. Bégnère, captain of infantry, who quieted the dispute by saying to his soldiers, ‘My friends, you are Frenchmen, and I have the honour to be your commander; let us never abandon an unfortunate family in the desert, so long as we are able to be of use to them.’ This brief but energetic speech caused those to blush who wished to leave us. All then joined with the old captain, saying they would not leave us on condition we would walk quicker. M. Bégnère and his soldiers replied, they did not wish to impose conditions on those to whom they were desirous of doing a favour; and the unfortunate family of Picard were again on the road with the whole caravan.

“About noon, hunger was felt so powerfully among us, that it was agreed upon to go to the small hills of sand which were near the coast, to see if any herbs could be found fit for eating; but we only got poisonous plants, among which were various kinds of euphorbium. Convolvuli of a bright green carpeted the downs; but on tasting their leaves, we found them as bitter as gall. The caravan rested in this place, whilst several officers went farther into the interior. They came back in about an hour, loaded with wild purslain, which they distributed to each of us. Every one instantly devoured his bunch of herbage, without leaving the smallest branch; but as our hunger was far from being satisfied

with this small allowance, the soldiers and sailors be-took themselves to look for more. They soon brought back a sufficient quantity, which was equally distributed, and devoured upon the spot, so delicious had hunger made that food to us. For myself, I declare I never ate any thing with so much appetite in all my life. Water was also found in this place, but it was of an abominable taste. After this truly frugal repast, we continued our route. The heat was insupportable in the last degree. The sands on which we trode were burning; nevertheless, several of us walked on these scorching coals without shoes; and the females had nothing but their hair for a cap. When we reached the sea-shore, we all ran and lay down among the waves. After remaining there some time, we took our route along the wet beach. On our journey we met with several large crabs, which were of considerable service to us. Every now and then we endeavoured to slake our thirst by sucking their crooked claws. About nine at night we halted between two pretty high sand-hills. After a short talk concerning our misfortunes, all seemed desirous of passing the night in this place, notwithstanding we heard on every side the roaring of leopards.

“Our situation had been thus perilous during the night; nevertheless, at break of day we had the satisfaction of finding none missing. About sunrise we held a little to the east, to get farther into the interior to find fresh water, and lost much time in a vain search. The country which we now traversed was a little less arid than that which we had passed the preceding day. The hills, the valleys, and a vast plain of sand, were strewed with mimosa or sensitive plants, presenting to our sight a scene we had never before seen in the desert. The country is bounded as it were by a chain of moun-

tains, or high downs of sand, in the direction of north and south, without the slightest trace of cultivation.

“Towards ten in the morning, some of our companions were desirous of making observations in the interior, and they did not go in vain. They instantly returned, and told us they had seen two Arab tents upon a slight rising ground. We instantly directed our steps thither. We had to pass great downs of sand very slippery, and arrived in a large plain, streaked here and there with verdure ; but the turf was so hard and piercing, that we could scarcely walk over it without wounding our feet. Our presence in these frightful solitudes put to flight three or four Moorish shepherds, who herded a small flock of sheep and goats in an oasis. At last we arrived at the tents after which we were searching, and found in them three Mooresses and two little children, who did not seem in the least frightened by our visit. A negro servant, belonging to an officer of marine, interpreted between us and the good women, who, when they had heard of our misfortunes, offered us millet and water for payment. We bought a little of that grain at the rate of thirty pence a handful : the water was got for three francs a glass ; it was very good, and none grudged the money it cost. As a glass of water, with a handful of millet, was but a poor dinner for famished people, my father bought two kids, which they would not give him under twenty piastres. We immediately killed them, and our Mooresses boiled them in a large kettle.”

Resuming their march, the party fell in with several friendly Moors or Arabs, who conducted them to their encampment. “We found a Moor in the camp who had previously known my father in Senegal, and who spoke a little French. We were all struck with astonishment at the unexpected meeting. My father recollected having employed long ago a young goldsmith at Sen-

egal, and, discovering the Moor Amet to be the same person, shook him by the hand. After that good fellow had been made acquainted with our shipwreck, and to what extremities our unfortunate family had been reduced, he could not refrain from tears. Amet was not satisfied with deploring our hard fate; he was desirous of proving that he was generous and humane, and instantly distributed among us a large quantity of milk and water free of any charge. He also raised for our family a large tent of the skins of camels, cattle, and sheep, because his religion would not allow him to lodge with Christians under the same roof. The place appeared very dark, and the obscurity made us uneasy. Amet and our conductors lighted a large fire to quiet us; and at last bidding us good night, and retiring to his tent, said, ‘Sleep in peace; the God of the Christians is also the God of the Mussulmen.’ ”

Next day the band of wayfarers, assisted by asses which they had hired from the Moors, regained the sea-shore, still pursuing the route for Senegal, and they had the satisfaction of perceiving a ship out at sea, to which they made signals. “The vessel having approached sufficiently near the coast, the Moors who were with us threw themselves into the sea, and swam to it. In about half an hour we saw these friendly assistants returning, making float before them three small barrels. Arrived on shore, one of them gave a letter to the leader of our party from the commander of the ship, which was the *Argus*, a vessel sent to seek after the raft, and to give us provisions. This letter announced a small barrel of biscuit, a tierce of wine, a half tierce of brandy, and a Dutch cheese. Oh, fortunate event! We were very desirous of testifying our gratitude to the generous commander of the brig, but he instantly set out and left us. We staved the barrels which held our small stock

of provisions, and made a distribution. Each of us had a biscuit, about a glass of wine, a half glass of brandy, and a small morsel of cheese. Each drank his allowance of wine at one gulp; the brandy was not even despised by the ladies. I however preferred quantity to quality, and exchanged my ration of brandy for one of wine. To describe our joy, whilst taking this repast, is impossible. Exposed to the fierce rays of a vertical sun, exhausted by a long train of suffering, deprived for a long while of the use of any kind of spirituous liquors, when our portions of water, wine and brandy, mingled in our stomachs, we became like insane people. Life, which had lately been a great burden, now became precious to us. Foreheads, lowering and sulky, began to unwrinkle; enemies became most brotherly; the avaricious endeavoured to forget their selfishness and cupidity; the children smiled for the first time since our shipwreck; in a word, every one seemed to be born again from a condition melancholy and dejected.

“About six in the evening, my father finding himself extremely fatigued, wished to rest himself. We allowed the caravan to move on, whilst my stepmother and myself remained near him, and the rest of the family followed with their asses. We all three soon fell asleep. When we awoke, we were astonished at not seeing our companions. The sun was sinking in the west. We saw several Moors approaching us, mounted on camels; and my father reproached himself for having slept so long. Their appearance gave us great uneasiness, and we wished much to escape from them, but my stepmother and myself fell quite exhausted. The Moors with long beards, having come quite close to us, one of them alighted, and addressed us in the following words: ‘Be comforted, ladies: under the costume of an Arab, you see an Englishman who is

desirous of serving you. Having heard at Senegal that Frenchmen were thrown ashore on these deserts, I thought my presence might be of some service to them, as I was acquainted with several of the princes of this arid country.' These noble words from the mouth of a man we had at first taken to be a Moor, instantly quieted our fears. Recovering from our fright, we rose and expressed to the philanthropic Englishman the gratitude we felt. Mr. Carnet, the name of the generous Briton, told us that our caravan, which he had met, waited for us at about the distance of two leagues. He then gave us some biscuit, which we ate; and we then set off together to join our companions. Mr. Carnet wished us to mount his camels, but my stepmother and myself, being unable to persuade ourselves we could sit securely on their hairy haunches, continued to walk on the moist sand; whilst my father, Mr. Carnet, and the Moors who accompanied him, proceeded on the camels. We soon reached a little river, of which we wished to drink, but found it as salt as the sea. Mr. Carnet desired us to have patience, and we should find some at the place where our caravan waited. We forded that river knee-deep. At last, having walked about an hour, we rejoined our companions, who had found several wells of fresh water. It was resolved to pass the night in this place, which seemed less arid than any we saw near us. The soldiers being requested to go and seek wood to light a fire, for the purpose of frightening the ferocious beasts which were heard roaring around us, refused; but Mr. Carnet assured us that the Moors who were with him knew well how to keep all such intruders from our camp.

"We passed a very good night, and at four in the morning continued our route along the shore. Mr. Carnet left us to endeavour to procure some provisions. At

noon, the heat became so violent, that even the Moors themselves bore it with difficulty. We then determined on finding some shade behind the high mounds of sand which appeared in the interior; but how were we to reach them? The sands could not be hotter. We had been obliged to leave our asses on the shore, for they would neither advance nor recede. The greater part of us had neither shoes nor hats; notwithstanding, we were obliged to go forward almost a long league to find a little shade. Whether from want of air, or the heat of the ground on which we seated ourselves, we were nearly suffocated. I thought my last hour was come. Already my eyes saw nothing but a dark cloud, when a person of the name of Borner, who was to have been a smith at Senegal, gave me a boot containing some muddy water, which he had had the precaution to keep. I seized the elastic vase, and hastened to swallow the liquid in large draughts. One of my companions, equally tormented with thirst, envious of the pleasure I seemed to feel, and which I felt effectually, drew the foot from the boot, and seized it in his turn, but it availed him nothing. The water which remained was so disgusting, that he could not drink it, and spilled it on the ground. Captain Begnere, who was present, judging, by the water that fell, how loathsome must that have been which I had drunk, offered me some crumbs of biscuit, which he had kept most carefully in his pocket. I chewed that mixture of bread, dust, and tobacco, but I could not swallow it, and gave it all masticated to one of my younger brothers, who had fallen from inanition.

“ We were about to quit this furnace, when we saw our generous Englishman approaching, who brought us provisions. At this sight I felt my strength revive, and ceased to desire death, which I had before called

on to release me from my sufferings. Several Moors accompanied Mr. Carnet, and every one was loaded. On their arrival we had water, with rice and dried fish in abundance. Every one drank his allowance of water, but had not ability to eat, although the rice was excellent. We were all anxious to return to the sea, that we might bathe ourselves, and the caravan put itself on the road to the breakers of Sahara. After an hour's march of great suffering, we regained the shore, as well as our asses, who were lying in the water. We rushed among the waves, and after a bath of half an hour, we reposed ourselves upon the beach."

There was still another day's painful travelling before reaching the banks of the river Senegal, where boats were expected to be ready to convey the party to the town of St. Louis, the place of their destination. "During the day we hastened our march; and for the first time since our shipwreck, a smiling picture presented itself to our view. The trees always green, with which that noble river is shaded, the humming-birds, the red-birds, the paroquets, the promerops, and others, who flitted among their long yielding branches, caused in us emotions difficult to express. We could not satiate our eyes gazing on the beauties of this place, verdure being so enchanting to the sight, especially after having travelled through the desert. Before reaching the river, we had to descend a little hill covered with thorny bushes. It was four o'clock in the afternoon before the boats of the government arrived, and we all embarked. Biscuit and wine were found in each of them, and all were refreshed. After sailing for an hour down the stream, we came in sight of St. Louis, a town miserable in appearance, but delightful to our vision after so much suffering. At six in the evening we arrived at the fort, where the late English governor

and others, including our generous friend Mr. Carnet, were met to receive us. My father presented us to the governor, who had alighted. He appeared to be sensibly affected with our misfortunes: the females and children chiefly excited his commiseration; and the native inhabitants and Europeans tenderly shook the hands of the unfortunate people; the negro slaves even seemed to deplore our disastrous fate.

“The governor placed the most sickly of our companions in an hospital; various inhabitants of the colony received others into their houses; M. Artigue obligingly took charge of our family. Arriving at his house, we there found his wife, two ladies, and an English lady, who begged to be allowed to assist us. Taking my sister Caroline and myself, she conducted us to her house, and presented us to her husband, who received us in the most affable manner; after which she led us to her dressing-room, where we were combed, cleaned, and dressed by the domestic negresses, and were most obligingly furnished with linen from her own wardrobe, the whiteness of which was strongly contrasted with our sable countenances. In the midst of my misfortunes my soul preserved all its strength; but this sudden change of situation affected me so much, that I thought my intellectual faculties were forsaking me. When I had a little recovered from my faintness, our generous hostess conducted us to the saloon, where we found her husband and several English officers sitting at table. These gentlemen invited us to partake of their repast, but we took nothing but tea and some pastry. Among these English was a young Frenchman, who, speaking sufficiently well their language, served to interpret between us. Inviting us to recite to them the story of our shipwreck and all our misfortunes, which we did in few words, they were asto-

nished how females and children had been able to endure so much fatigue and misery. As they saw we had need of repose, they all retired, and our worthy Englishwoman put us to bed, where we were not long before we fell into a profound sleep."

Monsieur Picard and his family were now settled; but nothing but a series of misfortunes attended him, the first of which was the death of his wife and several of the children, who fell victims to the malignant distempers of the country. The legal business which he expected to form, entirely failed, from the poverty of the people, and bad state of affairs of the colony. Poor Picard, broken down with disasters and family afflictions, after a manful struggle as an attorney, a trader, and a cultivator of cotton, at length sank under the complicated calamities which pressed upon him. He died, in an almost destitute condition, of a broken heart. "This last blow (says the narrator) plunged me into a gloomy melancholy. I was indifferent to every thing. I had seen, in three months, nearly all my relations die. A young orphan (Alphonso Fleury), our cousin, aged five years, to whom my father was tutor, and whom he had always considered as his own child, my sister Caroline, and myself, were all that remained of the Picard Family, who, on setting out for Africa, consisted of nine. We, too, had nearly followed our dear parents to the grave. Our friends, however, by their great care and attention, got us by degrees to recover our composure, and chased from our thoughts the cruel recollection which afflicted us. We recovered our tranquillity, and dared at last to cherish the hope of seeing more fortunate days. That hope was not delusive. A worthy friend of my father, Monsieur Dard, who had promised to act as a guardian to his orphan children, proved himself a more than friendly benefactor. After

gathering together the wrecks of our wretched family, he tenderly offered himself as my husband, and I need not say that he was worthy of my sincerest attachment. I gave my hand where already was my esteem. My sister Caroline afterwards married a gentleman belonging to the colony.

“ Leaving Senegal with my husband and the young Alphonso, in November 1820, in a month thereafter we landed safely on the shores of our dear France, which we resolved should henceforth be our home. The place where we settled was that of my husband’s nativity, at a short distance from Dijon, and here I have had the happiness of finding new relations, whose tender friendship consoles me in part for the loss of those of whom cruel death deprived me in Africa.”

THE OCEAN.

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man’s ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell’d, uncoffin’d, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
For earth’s destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,

And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving ; boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of eternity—the throne
Of the invisible ; ever from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

BYRON.

UNKNOWN ISLES.

OH ! many are the beauteous isles
 Unknown to human eye,
 That, sleeping 'mid the Ocean-smiles,
 In happy silence lie.
 The Ship may pass them in the night,
 Nor the sailors know what a lovely sight
 Is resting on the Main ;
 Some wandering ship who hath lost her way,
 And never, or by night or day,
 Shall pass these isles again.
 There, groves that bloom in endless spring
 Are rustling to the radiant wing
 Of birds in various plumage bright
 As rainbow-hues, or dawning light.
 Soft-falling showers of blossoms fair
 Float ever on the fragrant air,
 Like showers of vernal snow,
 And from the fruit-tree, spreading tall,
 The richly ripen'd clusters fall,
 Oft as sea-breezes blow.
 The sun and clouds alone possess
 The joy of all that loveliness ;
 And sweetly to each other smile
 The livelong day—sun, cloud, and isle,
 How silent lies each shelter'd bay !
 No other visitors have they
 To their shores of silvery sand,
 Than the waves that, mumuring in their glee,
 All hurrying in a joyful band
 Come dancing from the sea.

WILSON.

THE CITY OF PETRA.

A short description of the principal features of this extraordinary remnant of the early world—the principal city of the land of Edom—whose antiquity is supposed to go back to the time of Esau, may be interesting to a considerable portion of our young readers. It is extracted from Stephens's *Incidents of Travel*.

THIS ancient and extraordinary city is situated within a natural amphitheatre, of two or three miles in circumference, encompassed on all sides by rugged mountains, 500 or 600 feet in height. The whole of this area is now a waste of ruins, dwelling-houses, palaces, temples, and triumphal arches, all prostrate together in undistinguishable confusion. The sides of the mountains are cut smooth in a perpendicular direction, and filled with long and continued ranges of dwelling-houses, temples, and tombs, excavated with vast labour out of the solid rock; and while their summits present nature in her wildest and most savage form, their bases are adorned with all the beauty of architecture and art, with columns, and porticoes, and pediments, and ranges of corridors, enduring as the mountains out of which they are hewn, and fresh, as if the work of a generation scarcely yet gone by.

Nothing can be finer than the immense rocky rampart which incloses the city. Strong firm and immovable as nature itself, it seems to deride the walls of cities and the puny fortifications of skilful engineers. The only access is by clambering over this wall of stone, practicable only in one place, or by an entrance the most extraordinary that nature, in her wildest freaks, has ever framed. The loftiest portals ever raised by the hands of man, the proudest monuments of architectural skill and daring, sink into insignificance by the

comparison. It is, perhaps, the most wonderful object in the world, except the ruins of the city to which it forms the entrance. . . . For about two miles this mountainous passage lies between high and precipitous ranges of rocks, from 500 to 1000 feet in height, standing as if torn asunder by some great convulsion, and barely wide enough for two horsemen to pass abreast. A swelling stream rushes between them ; the summits are wild and broken, in some places overhanging the opposite sides, casting the darkness of night upon the narrow defile ; then receding and forming an opening above, through which a strong ray of light is thrown down, and illuminates with the blaze of day the frightful chasm below. Wild fig-trees, oleanders, and ivy, were growing out of the rocky sides of the cliffs, hundreds of feet above our heads ; the eagle was screaming above us ; all along were the open doors of tombs, forming the great Necropolis of the city ; and at the extreme end was a large open space, with a powerful body of light thrown down upon it, and exhibiting in one full view the façade of a beautiful temple, hewn out of the rock, with rows of Corinthian columns and ornaments, standing out fair and clear, as if but yesterday from the hands of the sculptor. . . . Neither the Coliseum at Rome, grand and interesting as it is, nor the ruins of the Acropolis at Athens, nor the pyramids, nor the mighty temples of the Nile, are so often present to my memory. The whole temple, its columns, ornaments, porticoes, and porches, are cut out from, and form part of, the solid rock ; and this rock, at the foot of which the temple stands like a mere print, towers several hundred feet above, its face cut smooth to the very summit, and the top remaining wild and misshapen as nature made it. The whole area before the temple is perhaps an acre in extent, inclosed on all sides except at the narrow en-

trance, and an opening to the left of the temple, which leads into the area of the city, by a pass through perpendicular rocks, 500 or 600 feet in height.

A short description of a temple and the theatre will give an idea of the various edifices of which this wonderful city is composed.

Ascending several broad steps, we entered under a colonnade of four Corinthian columns, about thirty-five feet high, into a large chamber of some fifty feet square, and twenty-five feet high. The outside of the temple is richly ornamented, but the interior is perfectly plain, there being no ornament of any kind upon the walls or ceiling; on each of the three sides is a small chamber for the reception of the dead.

In the bosom of the mountain, hewn out of the solid rock, is a large theatre, circular in form, the pillars in front fallen, and containing thirty-three rows of seats, capable of containing more than 3000 persons. Above the corridor was a range of doors opening to chambers in the rocks, the seats of the princes and wealthiest inhabitants of Petra, and not unlike a row of private boxes in a modern theatre. The whole theatre is at this day in such a state of preservation, that if the tenants of the tombs around could once more rise into life, they might take their old places on its seats, and listen to the declamation of their favourite player.

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PRINCE CHARLES IN ADVERSITY.

INCIDENT IN THE ESCAPE OF PRINCE CHARLES.

The following extract from Chambers's "History of the Rebellion in 1745," giving a full account of this singular incident, will be read with interest—heightened when we recollect that thirty thousand pounds had been offered for the capture of Prince Charles; a bribe which these seven outlaws had the virtue to resist.

It must be premised that, towards the close of July (1746), after more than three months of incredible hardship, Charles found himself amongst the hills between Glenmorriston and Strathglass in Inverness-shire. He was attended by two or three faithful adherents, to whom he had recently confided himself, the principal being Macdonald of Glenaladale, who had been a major in his army. Late in the evening of the 28th, they reached the highest, and consequently safest point amongst the hills, where, though drenched with rain, the prince could get no better lodging than a small chink in a rock, which gave him scarcely room to stretch himself, and where he had no fire, no food, and not the slightest comfort of any kind but a pipe of tobacco. At this time, a great quantity of troops were quartered at Fort Augustus, in the centre of the county, and large parties daily scoured the glens, to lay waste the property of the disaffected, and use their best endeavours to capture the prince. The Duke of Cumberland had given them the significant order, with a view to the stability of his father's dynasty, "to make no prisoners."

Charles had scarcely at any former period been in greater danger than now, and at no former time were his personal sufferings so great. It chanced that, a day or two before, there had been added to his party a Glengarry man, who had fled from the soldiery for his life,

after they had put his father to death. This particular act of cruelty, by sending the Glengarry man in the way of the prince, had an effect very different from what the soldiery could have contemplated, for it was the means of his being introduced to the seven Glenmorriston men, who protected him effectually for the ensuing three weeks. At three in the morning of the 29th, the Glengarry man went with Glenaladale's brother to find out these men, and to negotiate for their receiving the distressed party under their care, but without the name of the prince being mentioned. It was also Charles's wish by their means to make inquiry respecting a French vessel which he understood had come to Pollew, on the west coast of Ross-shire, in order to carry him off. Some hours afterwards, by appointment, the party, including the prince, met the two messengers on the top of a neighbouring hill, to learn what success had attended the mission. The men had been found, and had agreed to take charge of the distressed party, the chief man of whom they understood to be Glenaladale. The party was to repair to a cave called Coiraghoth, in the braes of Glenmorriston, where the men undertook to meet them before a particular hour. Charles accordingly set out for this place, attended by Glenaladale, the brother of that gentleman, a son of Macdonald of Borodale, the Glengarry man, and two boys.

The men who had promised to entertain the party were only in a modified sense "robbers." They had been out in the rebellion, and had consequently seen their little possessions in Glenmorriston become a prey to the spoiler. About seventy of their fellow-dalesmen who had been induced to obey an order of the Duke of Cumberland, for surrendering their arms at Inverness, had been seized and thrust on ship-board, to be deported to the colonies. These men, determined not to be dealt

with after the same manner, had entered into an association of offence and defence against the duke and his army, binding themselves by solemn oath never to yield, to fight on any particular emergency to the last drop of their blood, and never till the day of their death to give up their arms. At first they were seven in number, namely, Patrick Grant, a farmer, commonly called Black Peter of Craskie; John Macdonell, alias Campbell; Alexander Macdonell; Alexander, Donald, and Hugh Chisholm, brothers; and Gregor Macgregor. Afterwards, in the course of their marches with the prince, an eighth, Hugh Macmillan, joined them, and took their oath. They lived at this time a wild life amongst the mountains, supplying themselves with necessaries chiefly by bold attacks upon the military parties, from whom they often retrieved cattle and other spoil.

It was into the hands of such men that the fugitive prince was now to pass. At the appointed time, he and his friends approached the cave of Coiraghoth, where only three of the men at this time were, namely, the two Macdonells, and Alexander Chisholm. Glenaladale went forward to converse with them, and hinted that he had young Clanranald in his company. They professed that they would be very glad to see young Clanranald, and take all possible care of him. They were then brought out to meet the party; but they had no sooner set eyes upon the person who was to pass for young Clanranald, than they knew him to be the prince. He was received by them with the greatest demonstrations of fidelity and kindness, and conducted to their cave, where, at Charles's request, they took an oath, administered by Glenaladale, in the dreadful terms then customary amongst the Highlanders. This oath they kept so well, that not one of them spoke of the prince having been in their company till a twelvemonth after he had

sailed to France. Charles proposed that he and Glenaladale should take a like oath of fidelity to the men—namely, that, if danger should come, they should stand by one another to the last drop of their blood; but the men refused to take this pledge from the prince and Glenaladale.

Charles now broke a fast of about forty-eight hours, by a refreshment of mutton, butter, and cheese, with some whiskey. Next day, the other four, who had been absent in search of provisions, returned with a dead deer and a live ox. These men also knew the prince at first sight, and took the same oath as the rest. They killed the ox in his presence. They still wanted bread, and only had a little salt; but fresh water was supplied to them in abundance by a spring which glided through the cave.

When the four men had taken the oath, Charles told the whole seven that they were the first privy council he had had sworn to him since the battle of Culloden, and that he should never forget them or theirs, “if ever he came to his own.” Hereupon one of them hinted to him, that a priest who used to come amongst them in Glenmorriston, frequently had told them that King Charles II., after his restoration, was not very mindful of his friends. Their guest said he was heartily sorry for that, and hoped he should act differently—for this he gave them his word, the word of a prince.

Three days of repose and good nourishment in Coiraghoth recruited the prince considerably, and, being afraid to stay too long in any one place, he and his attendants shifted their quarters (August 2) to another and equally romantic cave about two miles off, named Coirskreaoch. Here, after taking some food, and planting sentries at proper points of outlook, they made up a bed of heath for the prince in a small recess resem-

bling a closet opening from the cave. He remained in this cave four days; when, hearing that one Campbell, a captain of militia, and factor to the Earl of Seaforth [a nobleman who had taken the government side], was encamped within four miles of him, he thought proper to remove. On the evening of the 6th, he and his attendants set out in a northerly direction, and by break of day on the 7th they had passed the height of the country, and come in upon Strathglass. In the evening, two of the men who had been left as scouts, brought intelligence that they need be in no apprehension from the factor Campbell for that night; and they then repaired to a neighbouring sheiling, or hut, where, after kindling a fire, and taking some refreshment, they prepared a bed for the prince, composed of sods, with the grass uppermost, on which he slept soundly the whole night.

He remained in this place two days. During that time, he dispatched a messenger to Pollew, to make inquiry respecting some French vessels which were said to have arrived there in order to carry him away from Scotland. That he might be ready to take advantage of these vessels, if it should be found that they had not sailed, he resolved to draw somewhat nearer to the west coast. His messenger, before setting out, had been appointed to bring him intelligence to a particular place, judged convenient for the purpose. Early in the morning of the 9th, he and his friends and attendants, about a dozen persons in all, set out to the northward by an unfrequented moor-road, and came that night to a sheiling, where they halted for a few hours. At two o'clock in the morning of the 10th, they once more addressed themselves to their journey, and at noon came to Glencannich, where they passed the remainder of the day in a wood, and at night repaired to a neighbouring

hamlet. At two o'clock in the morning, they left this village, and climbed a hill called Peinachyrine, on the north side of Glencannich, where they passed the day, and sent off two of their party to obtain a fresh supply of provisions. This place, which is about forty Highland miles from Pollew, is the most northerly point which the prince reached on the mainland. At night they repaired to a sheiling, in which they remained two days, waiting for the return of the messenger. At the end of that time, the man rejoined them, with intelligence that the only vessel which had ever touched at Pollew had sailed again, leaving a couple of men, who had set out for Locheil's country in quest of the prince. Anxious to know if these men had any dispatches for him, he resolved to return towards Locheil's country, in order, if possible, to meet them.

They set out at night, and recrossing the water of Cannich, arrived about two in the morning at a place called Fassanacoil in Strathglass. Here it was thought proper to tarry, until scouts should bring back intelligence of the state of the country to the south, and if the search for him was over in that quarter, and the troops returned to Fort Augustus. While the scouts were absent, the party remained in a dense wood, completely concealed from the neighbouring people. They were supplied with provisions by one John Chisholm, a farmer who had been in the insurgent army, but to whom they did not at first confide the secret of the prince being of the party. Charles having at length expressed a wish to see Chisholm, Patrick Grant and another were dispatched to bring him. They desired him to come along with them, to see "a friend whom they knew he would like well to see." Apprehending from this that they had a person of some consequence with them, he said he had a bottle of wine which a

priest had left with him, and he should be glad to take it along with him. "What! John," said Grant, "have you had a bottle of wine all this time, and not given it to us before?" On coming into the presence of the prince, John knew him at first sight. Patrick Grant, according to his own simple recital, put the bottle of wine into the prince's hands, and requested him to drink to him, "for," said he, "I do not remember that your Royal Highness has drunk to me since you came among our hands." "Accordingly, the prince put the bottle of wine to his mouth, and drank a health to Patrick Grant and all his friends. John Chisholm having received a good payment for any provisions he had furnished, and finding that they had been purchased for the use of his prince, immediately offered to return the whole price, and pressed the thing much; but the prince would not hear of it at all, and ordered him to keep the money." Chisholm took the same oath as the Glenmorrison men.

In due time, the spies returned with intelligence that the troops had returned to their camp at Fort Augustus, and that there was consequently a prospect of the prince being able to execute his design of crossing the Great Glen, and joining Locheil, in Badenoch. They therefore set out at six in the morning of the 17th, and, travelling by an unfrequented road, at ten in the forenoon reached the braes of Glenmorrison. Having passed the day on the top of a hill, they set out at night, but had not travelled above a mile, when they learned that a strong military party had been sent to the braes of Glengarry, in quest of the prince. Upon this it was resolved to proceed no farther, until the motions of the enemy should be farther known; and they repaired to a neighbouring sheiling, where they passed the remainder of the night. In the morning of the 18th, three men were sent off towards Loch Arkaig,

in Locheil's country, two of whom were to seek out, and, if possible, form an appointment for the prince with Cameron of Clunes, while the other was to turn at Glengarry, and bring back intelligence of the movements of the party said to be in that district, so that Charles might perhaps be able to proceed even while the meeting with Clunes was in the way of being arranged.

We have here a remarkable anecdote of the prince; which may be best related in the language in which Mr. Forbes has reported it from the mouth of Patrick Grant. When returned to Glenmorrison Braes, "The prince was pretty positive to proceed forwards sooner than the Glenmorrison men thought it safe for him, and they would by no means allow him to go, till they should think it safe for him so to do. In a word, the kind contention ran so high, that they threatened to turn their backs upon him, and to leave him, if he did not listen to their counsel, as they knew the country best, and what dangers might happen to him in it; and immediately insisted upon his taking some little refreshment and rest, and staying there as long as they judged it safe for him. But the prince refused to eat or to drink, because they would not do as he desired. Upon this, they plainly told him, that if he did not eat and drink heartily, he could not well hold out with the fatigues he was obliged to undergo in his present situation; that if he should happen to turn faintish by abstaining from meat and drink too long, and then danger should come nigh them, he would not be in a condition either to get away from it, or to act his part in any shape so well as he would wish to do; and therefore they urged him more than ever (as being absolutely necessary for him) to take some refreshment and rest, which accordingly he did. The prince said, 'I find kings and princes must be ruled by their privy council,

but I believe there is not in all the world a more absolute privy council than what I have at present,' &c. They added, they had rather tie him than comply with him, so well did they know his danger. 'The prince was at last obliged to yield the point, as he found them positive to the last degree, and as they assured him, if he complied with their requests in behalf of his safety, the enemy should not get within two miles of him without being discovered. This was the only time (said Patrick Grant), that we ever differed with the prince in any one thing, and we were very sorry for it."

While the party rested at this place, Patrick Grant and Alexander Chisholm went out to forage for provisions, and in the course of their walk, met the Laird of Glenmorrison (Grant), who had been in the prince's army, and had had his house burnt and his lands pillaged in consequence. Glenmorrison asked them where they now lived, as they were seldom seen—what they were doing—and how did they obtain the means of subsistence. "What is become," said he, "of the prince? I have heard that he has passed the braes of Knoydart." Even to this gentleman, whom habit had trained them to regard with the greatest respect, they would not disclose any of their secrets, merely remarking that, as the enemy were plundering the country, it were a pity not to share in the spoil; and that they accordingly did so, and made a shift to live upon it. On their return to the prince, they informed him of this interview, and said that, if his royal highness pleased, they would bring Glenmorrison to see him, he being a faithful and trusty friend. The prince said, "he was so well pleased with his present guard, that he wanted none other; and that he had experienced poor folks

to be as faithful and firm, as any men, rich or high, could be."

On the 19th, the man who was to bring intelligence from Glengarry came back, reporting that that district was clear of troops. The prince, therefore, with his party, now ten in number, set out in the afternoon, under the benefit of a fog, and passing through Glenmorrison and the minor vale of Glenluing, arrived late at night on the braes of Glengarry. When they came to the Garry water, it was found breast-deep with the rain; nevertheless, they crossed it in safety, and ascending the hill for about a mile, tarried there for the remainder of the night, in the open air, notwithstanding that it rained heavily. Early in the morning, the heavy rain still continuing, they advanced six highland miles across hills and moors, and about ten in the forenoon came to the hill above Auchnasaul, where the two messengers had been appointed to meet them on their return from Cameron of Clunes. They passed the day in a most inconvenient habitation, it raining as heavy within as without. Towards the afternoon, after they had begun to despair of the return of their messengers, and were deliberating what should be done, the two men came in, bringing a message from Clunes to Glenaladale, to the effect that he could not wait upon him immediately, but had directed that the party should lodge for that night in a certain wood two miles off, where he would meet them in the morning.

Two of the men, Patrick Grant and Alexander Macdonell, were now dispatched to reconnoitre their proposed lodging-place, and finding it suitable, they quickly returned to bring forward the party. Their provisions were now reduced to half a peck of meal, and they had starvation staring them in the face. By the greatest good fortune, Patrick shot a large hart, at the place

where they were to pass the night; so that when the prince and the rest arrived, they had one of the finest meals they had as yet enjoyed.

Charles now fell under the care of other friends, and some days after dismissed all the Glenmorriston men except one, Patrick Grant, whom he kept for some time longer, and carried along with him, but only till he had got his purse replenished, so as to be able to send his preservers a pecuniary acknowledgment of their services.

LOCH KATRINE.

ONE burnished sheet of living gold
Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains, that like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land.

STORIES OF THE PRAIRIE WOLVES.

The following particulars respecting that terror of travellers, the wolf, are extracted from Judge Hall's "Notes on Western States." The wolf resembles the dog in shape, but is generally larger and more muscular, as well as more savage in its appearance. Its leading peculiarity is ferocity of disposition, accompanied with a certain degree of meanness and cowardliness, which is foreign to the dog in all its varieties. Wolves were at one time plentiful in Britain and Ireland, but it is long since they were extirpated. They still abound in the northern parts of Europe, particularly in Russia, and are numerous in some parts of France, where they commit dreadful devastations. They are likewise common in North America.

WOLVES are very numerous in every part of the western country. There are two kinds—the common or black wolf, and the prairie wolf. The former is a large fierce animal, and very destructive to sheep, pigs, calves, poultry, and even young colts. They hunt in large packs; and, after using every stratagem to circumvent their prey, attack it with remarkable ferocity. Like the Indian, they always endeavour to surprise their victim, and strike the mortal blow without exposing themselves to danger. They seldom attack man, except when asleep or wounded. The largest animals, when wounded, entangled, or otherwise disabled, become their prey; but in general they only attack such as are incapable of resistance. They have been known to lie in wait upon the bank of a stream which the buffaloes were in the habit of crossing, and when one of those unwieldy animals was so unfortunate as to sink in the mire, spring suddenly upon it, and worry it to death, while thus disabled from resistance. Their most com-

mon prey is the deer, which they hunt regularly; but all defenceless animals are alike acceptable to their ravenous appetites. When tempted by hunger, they approach the farm-houses in the night, and snatch their prey from under the very eye of the farmer; and when the latter is absent with his dogs, the wolf is sometimes seen by the females lurking about in mid-day, as if aware of the unprotected state of the family.

Of the few instances of their attacking human beings of which we have heard, the following may serve to give some idea of their habits. In very early times, a negro man was passing, in the night, in the lower part of Kentucky, from one settlement to another. The distance was several miles, and the country over which he travelled entirely unsettled. In the morning his carcass was found entirely stripped of flesh. Near it lay his axe, covered with blood, and all around the bushes were beaten down, the ground trodden, and the number of foot-marks so great, as to show that the unfortunate victim had fought long and manfully. On pursuing his track, it appeared that the wolves had pursued him for a considerable distance,—he had often turned upon them and driven them back. Several times they had attacked him, and been repelled, as appeared by the blood and tracks. He had killed some of them before the final onset, and in the last conflict had destroyed several. His axe was his only weapon.

On another occasion, many years ago, a negro man was going through the woods, with no companion but his fiddle, when he discovered that a pack of wolves were on his track. They pursued very cautiously, but a few of them would sometimes dash up, and growl, as if impatient for their prey, and then fall back again. As he had several miles to go, he became much alarmed. He sometimes stopped, shouted, drove back his pursuers,

and then proceeded. The animals became more and more audacious, and would probably have attacked him, had he not arrived at a deserted cabin which stood by the way-side. Into this he rushed for shelter, and without waiting to shut the door, climbed up, and seated himself on the rafters. The wolves dashed in after him, and becoming quite furious, howled and leaped, and endeavoured, with every expression of rage, to get to him. The moon was now shining brightly, and Cuff being able to see his enemies, and satisfied of his own safety, began to act on the offensive. Finding the cabin full of them, he crawled down to the top of the door, which he shut and fastened; then removing some of the loose boards from the roof, scattered them with a tremendous clatter upon such of his foes as remained outside, who soon scampered off, while those in the house began to crouch with fear. He had now a large number of prisoners to stand guard over until morning; and drawing forth his fiddle, he very good-naturedly played for them all night, very much, as he supposed, to their edification and amusement; for, like all genuine lovers of music, he imagined that it had power to soften the heart even of a wolf. On the ensuing day, some of the neighbours assembled and destroyed the captives, with great rejoicings.

Many years ago, a Frenchman, with his son, was hunting in a part of Missouri, distant about forty miles from St. Louis. Having wounded a large bear, the animal took refuge in a cave, the aperture leading into which was so small as barely to admit its passage. The hunter, leaving his son without, instantly prepared to follow, and with some difficulty drew his body through the narrow entrance. Having reached the interior of the cave, he discharged his piece with so true an aim, as to inflict a mortal wound upon the bear. The latter

rushed forward, and passing the man, attempted to escape from the cave ; but on reaching the narrowest part of the passage, through which it had entered with some difficulty, the strength of the animal failed, and it expired. The entrance to the cave was now completely closed with the carcass of the animal. The boy on the outside heard his father scream for assistance, and attempted to drag out the bear, but found his strength insufficient. After many unavailing efforts, he became much terrified, and mounted his father's horse with the determination of seeking assistance. There was no road through the wilderness, but the sagacious horse, taking the direction to St. Louis, carried the alarmed youth to that place, where a party was soon raised and dispatched to the relief of the hunter. But they searched in vain for the place of his captivity. From some cause not now recollected, the trace of the horse was obliterated, and the boy, in his agitation, had so far forgotten the land-marks as to be totally unable to lead them to the spot. They returned after a weary and unsuccessful search ; the hunter was heard of no more, and no doubt remained of his having perished miserably in the cave. Some years afterwards, the aperture of the cavern was discovered in a spot so hidden and so difficult of access as to have escaped the notice of those who had passed near it. Near the mouth was found the skeleton of the bear, and within the cave that of the Frenchman, with his gun and equipments, all apparently in the same condition as when he died. That he should have perished of hunger, from mere inability to effect his escape by removing the body of the bear, seems improbable, because, supposing him to have been unable by main strength to effect this object, it would have cost him but little labour to have cut up and removed the animal by piecemeal. It is most likely either that he was

suffocated, or that he had received some injury which disabled him from exertion. The cave bears a name which commemorates the event.

The other circumstance to which we allude occurred in Monroe county, in Illinois. There are in many parts of this country singular depressions or basins, which the inhabitants call sink-holes. They are sometimes very deep, circular at the top, with steep sides meeting in a point at the bottom, precisely in the shape of a funnel. At the bottom of one of these, a party of hunters discovered the den of a she-wolf, and ascertained that it contained a litter of whelps. For the purpose of destroying the latter, they assembled at the place. On examining the entrance to the den, it was found to be perpendicular, and so narrow as to render it impossible or very difficult for a man to enter; and, as a notion prevails among the hunters that the female wolf only visits her young at night, it was proposed to send in a boy to destroy the whelps. A fine courageous boy, armed with a knife, was accordingly thrust into the cavern, where, to his surprise, he found himself in the company of the she-wolf, whose glistening eyeballs, white teeth, and surly voice, sufficiently announced her presence. The boy retreated towards the entrance, and called to his friends, to inform them that the old wolf was there. The men told him that he was mistaken, that the old wolf never staid with her young in daylight, and advised him to go boldly up to the bed and destroy the litter. The boy, thinking that the darkness of the cave might have deceived him, returned, advanced boldly, and laid his hand upon the she-wolf, who sprang upon him, and bit him very severely, before he could effect his retreat, and would probably have killed him had he not defended himself with resolution. One or two of the men now succeeded in effecting an entrance; the wolf was shot, and her offspring destroyed.

THE PAMPAS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

Captain (now Sir Francis) HEAD took charge of an association, the object of which was to work the gold and silver mines of La Plata, in South America. He made several rapid journeys across the Pampas or Great Plains for the purpose of examining various mines, that he might report a circumstantial account of each to the parties concerned in the speculation. In the course of his journeys he made a few rough notes, as he calls them, and these will be found full of lively pictures of scenery, customs, and manners.

THE great plain, or Pampas, on the east of the Cordillera, is about nine hundred miles in breadth, and the part which I have visited, though under the same latitude, is divided into regions of different climate and produce. On leaving Buenos Ayres, the first of these regions is covered for one hundred and eighty miles with clover and thistles; the second region, which extends for four hundred and fifty miles, produces long grass; and the third region, which reaches the base of the Cordillera, is a grove of low trees and shrubs. The second and third of these regions have nearly the same appearance throughout the year, for the trees and shrubs are evergreens, and the immense plain of grass only changes its colour from green to brown; but the first region varies with the four seasons of the year in a most extraordinary manner. In winter, the leaves of the thistles are large and luxuriant, and the whole surface of the country has the rough appearance of a turnip-field. The clover in this season is extremely rich and strong; and the sight of the wild cattle grazing in full liberty on such pasture is very beautiful. In spring, the clover has vanished, the leaves of the thistles have extended along the ground, and the country still looks

like a rough crop of turnips. In less than a month, the change is most extraordinary ; the whole region becomes a luxuriant wood of enormous thistles, which have suddenly shot up to a height of ten or eleven feet, and are all in full bloom. The road or path is hemmed in on both sides ; the view is completely obstructed ; no tan animal is to be seen ; and the stems of the thistles are so close to each other and so strong, that independent of the prickles with which they are armed, they form an impenetrable barrier. The sudden growth of these plants is quite astonishing ; and though it would be an unusual misfortune in military history, yet it is really possible that an invading army unacquainted with this country, might be imprisoned by these thistles before they had time to escape from them. The summer is not over, before the scene undergoes another rapid change. The thistles suddenly lose their sap and verdure, their heads droop, the leaves shrink and fade, the stems become black and dead, and they remain rattling with the breeze one against another, until the violence of the pampero or hurricane levels them with the ground, where they rapidly decompose and disappear,—the clover rushes up, and the scene is again verdant.

Although a few individuals are either scattered along the path which traverses these vast plains, or are living together in small groups, yet the general state of the country is the same as it has been since the first year of its creation. The whole country bears the noble stamp of an omnipotent Creator ; and it is impossible for any one to ride through it, without feelings which it is very pleasing to entertain ; for although, in all countries, “the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork,” yet the surface of populous countries affords generally the insipid produce of man’s labour. It is an easy error to consider

that he who has tilled the ground, and has sown the seed, is the author of his crop ; and therefore, those who are accustomed to see the confused produce which, in populous and cultivated countries, is the effect of leaving ground to itself, are at first surprised in the Pampas to observe the regularity and beauty of the vegetable world, when left to the wise arrangements of nature. The vast region of grass in the Pampas for four hundred and fifty miles, is without a weed, and the region of wood is equally extraordinary. The trees are not crowded, but in their growth such beautiful order is observed, that one may gallop between them in every direction. The young trees are rising up, others are flourishing in full vigour, and it is for some time that one looks in vain for those which, in the great system of succession must necessarily, somewhere or other, be sinking towards decay. They are at last discovered ; but their fate is not allowed to disfigure the general cheerfulness of the scene, and they are seen enjoying what may literally be termed a green old age. The extremities of their branches break off as they die : and when nothing is left but the hollow trunk, it is still covered with twigs and leaves, and at last is gradually concealed from view by the young shoots which, born under the shelter of its branches, now rise rapidly above it, and conceal its decay. A few places are met with which have been burnt by accident, and the black desolate spot, covered with the charred trunks of trees, resembles a scene in the human world of pestilence or war. But the fire is scarcely extinct when the surrounding trees all seem to spread their branches towards each other, and young shrubs are seen rising out of the ground, while the sapless trunks are evidently mouldering into dust.

The rivers all preserve their course, and the whole

country is in such beautiful order, that if cities and millions of inhabitant could suddenly be planted at proper intervals and situations, the people would have nothing to do but to drive out their cattle and graze, and without any previous preparation, to plough whatever quantity of ground their wants might require.

The travelling across these wild and extensive regions is of an extraordinary kind. The author says,—

It is scarcely possible to conceive a wilder sight than our carriage and covered cart, as I often saw them,* galloping over the trackless plain, and preceded or followed by a troop of from thirty to seventy wild horses, all loose and galloping, driven by a Gaucho and his son, and sometimes by a couple of children. The picture seems to correspond with the danger which positively exists in passing through uninhabited regions, which are so often invaded by the merciless Indians.

In crossing the Pampas, it is absolutely necessary to be armed, as there are many robbers or salteadores, particularly in the desolate province of Santa Fe. The object of these people is, of course, money, and I therefore always rode so badly dressed, and so well armed, that although I once passed through them with no one but a child as a postillion, they thought it not worth their while to attack me. I always carried two brace of detonating pistols in a belt, and a short detonating double-barrelled gun in my hand. I made it a rule never to

* I was one day observing them, instead of looking before me, when my horse fell in a biscachero, and rolled over upon my arm. It was so crushed, that it made me very faint; but before I could get into my saddle, the carriages were almost out of sight; and while the sky was still looking green from the pain I was enduring, I was obliged to ride after them; and I believe I had seven miles to gallop, as hard as my horse could go, before I could overtake the carriage to give up my horse.

be an instant without my arms, and to cock both barrels of my gun whenever I met any Gauchos. With respect to the Indians, a person riding can use no precaution, but must just run the guantlet, and take his chance, which, if calculated, is a good one. If he fall in with them, he may be tortured and killed; but it is very improbable that he should happen to find them on the road; however, they are so cunning and ride so quick, and the country is so uninhabited, that it is impossible to gain any information about them: besides this, the people are so alarmed, and there are so many constant reports concerning them, that it becomes useless to attend to any, and I believe it is just as safe to ride towards the spot at which one hears they are as to turn back. The greatest danger in riding alone across the Pampas, is the constant falls which the horses get in the holes of the biscachos. I calculated, that upon an average, my horse fell with me in a gallop once in every three hundred miles; and although from the ground being very soft, I was never seriously hurt, yet previous to starting, one cannot help feeling what a forlorn situation it would be to break a limb, or dislocate a joint, so many hundred miles from any sort of assistance.

THE MURDERED TRAVELLER.

WHEN Spring, to woods and wastes around,
Brought bloom and joy again,
The murdered traveller's bones were found,
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch, above him hung
Her tassels in the sky ;
And many a vernal blossom sprung,
And nodded, careless, by.

The red-bird warbled, as he wrought
His hanging nest o'erhead,
And, fearless, near the fatal spot,
Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away,
And gentle eyes, for him,
With watching many an anxious day
Grew sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,
The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert snow,
Unarm'd, and hard beset ;

Nor how, when round the frosty pole,
The northern dawn was red,
The mountain wolf and wild-cat stole
To banquet on the dead ;

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,
They dressed the hasty bier,
And marked his grave with nameless stone,
Unmoistened by a tear.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,
Within his distant home ;
And dreamed, and started as they slept,
For joy that he was come.

So long they looked—but never spied
 His welcome step again,
 Nor knew the fearful death he died
 Far down that narrow glen.

BRYANT.

SPORTING ADVENTURES IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

We present our readers with the succeeding extracts from Captain Harris's *Field-Sports of Southern Africa*. The gallant Captain seems to have been a sportsman of more than usual keenness; for, not content with the wild sports of Western India, he determined to visit Southern Africa, in order to take the field against elephants and lions, as well as the more unusual kind of game—rhinoceroses, hippopotami, and giraffes. It would seem that the Captain's passion for field-sports showed itself early. He tells us, that his first essay was made at the age of six, when he discharged an enormous blunderbuss, known by the name of "Betsy," at a flock of sparrows perched on the corner of a neighbour's pigsty, with considerable effect; but, as he says that he underwent severe corporal chastisement, consequent on the complaint of the proprietor, we rather think that the inmates of the sty suffered nearly as much as the sparrows. Our limits will not permit us to relate more of his juvenile exploits. We add the following specimens, recommending our readers to consult the work itself; for the whole of it will be read with great pleasure and profit.

HUNTING WILD ELEPHANTS.

LEAVING the wagons to proceed to a spot agreed upon, we again took the field about ten o'clock, and pursued the track indefatigably for eight miles, over a country presenting every variety of feature. At one time, we crossed bare stony ridges, at another threaded the intricacies of forests; now struggled through high fields of waving grass, and again emerged into open downs. At length we arrived amongst extensive

groups of grassy hillocks, covered with loose stones, interspersed with streams and occasional patches of forest, in which the recent ravages of elephants were surprising. Here, to our inexpressible gratification, we descried a large herd of those long-sought animals, lazily browsing at the head of a distant valley, our attention having been first directed to it by the strong effluvia with which the wind was impregnated. Never having before seen the noble elephant in his native jungles, we gazed on the sight before us with intense and indescribable interest. Our feelings on the occasion even extended to our followers. As for Andries, he became so agitated that he could scarcely articulate. With open eyes and quivering lips, he at length stutered forth, "Dar stand di olephant." Mohanycon and Lingap were immediately dispatched to drive the herd back into the valley, up which we rode slowly and without noise, against the wind; and, arriving within one hundred and fifty yards unperceived, we made our horses fast, and took up a commanding position in an old stone kraal. The shouting of the savages, who now appeared on the height rattling their shields, caused the huge animals to move unsuspiciously towards us, and even within ten yards of our ambush. The group consisted of nine, all females, with large tusks. We selected the finest, and, with perfect deliberation, fired a volley of five balls into her. She stumbled; but, recovering herself, uttered a shrill note of lamentation, when the whole party threw their trunks above their heads, and instantly clambered up the adjacent hill with incredible celerity, their huge fan-like ears flapping in the ratio of their speed. We instantly mounted our horses, and the sharp loose stones not suiting the feet of the wounded lady, soon closed with her. Streaming with blood and infuriated with rage, she

turned upon us with uplifted trunk, and it was not until after repeated discharges, that a ball took effect in her brain, and threw her lifeless on the earth, which resounded with her fall.

Turning our attention from the exciting scene I have described, we found that a second valley had opened upon us, surrounded by bare stony hills, and traversed by a thinly wooded ravine. Here a grand and magnificent panorama was before us. The whole face of the landscape was actually covered with wild elephants. There could not have been fewer than three hundred within the scope of our vision; every height and green knoll was dotted over with groups of them; whilst the bottom of the glen exhibited a dense and sable living mass; their colossal forms being at one moment partially concealed by the trees which they were disfiguring with giant strength, and, at others, seen majestically emerging into the open glades, bearing in their trunks the branches of trees with which they indolently protected themselves from the flies. The background was filled by a limited peep of the blue mountainous range which here assumed a remarkably precipitous character, and completed a picture at once soul-stirring and sublime.

Our approach being still against the wind, was unobserved, and created little alarm until the herd that we had left behind suddenly showed itself, recklessly thundering down the side of the hill to join the main body, and passing so close to us that we could not refrain from firing a broadside into one of them, which however bravely withstood it. We secured our horses to the summit of a stony ridge, and then stationing ourselves at an opportune place on a ledge overlooking the woody defile, sent Andries to manœuvre, so that as many of the elephants as possible should pass before us

in order of review, that we might ascertain, by a close inspection, whether there was not a male amongst them. Toiling sluggishly along, they occasionally halted beneath an umbrageous tree within fifteen yards of us, lazily fanning themselves with their ample ears, blowing away the flies with their trunks, and uttering the feeble peculiar cry familiar to Indians.

They all proved to be ladies, and most of them mothers, followed by their little old-fashioned calves, each trudging close to the heels of her dam, and mimicking all her actions. Thus situated, we might have killed any number we pleased, their heads being frequently turned towards us in such a position, and so close, that a single ball in the brain would have sufficed for each; but, whilst we were yet hesitating, a bullet suddenly whizzed past Richardson's ear and put the whole herd to immediate flight. We had barely time to recede behind a tree before a party of about twenty with several little ones in their wake, were upon us, striding at their utmost speed, and trumpeting loudly with uplifted heads. I rested my rifle against the trees, and firing behind the shoulder of the leader, she dropped instantly. Another large detachment appearing close behind us at the same moment, we were compelled to retreat, dodging from tree to tree, stumbling amongst sharp stones, and even coming upon fresh parties of the enemy.

HUNTING THE GIRAFFE.

To the sportsman, the most thrilling passage in my adventures is now to be recounted. In my own breast it awakens a renewal of past impressions more lively than any written description can render intelligible, and far abler pens than mine, dipped in more glowing tints, would still fall short of the reality, and leave much to be supplied by the imagination. Three hundred gigantic elephants, browsing in majestic tranquillity amidst the wild magnificence of an African landscape, and a wide-stretching plain, darkened, as far as the eye can reach, with a moving phalanx of gnoos, and quaggas, whose numbers literally baffle computation, are sights but rarely to be witnessed; but who amongst our brother Nimrods shall hear of riding familiarly by the side of a troop of colossal giraffes, and not feel his spirit stirred within him? He that would behold so marvellous a sight must dive, as we did, into pathless wilds traversed only by the brute creation, into wide wastes where the grim lion prowls, monarch of all he surveys, and where the gaunt hyena and wild dog fearlessly pursue their prey.

Many days had now elapsed since we had even seen the camel-leopard, and then only in small numbers, and under most unfavourable circumstances; the blood coursed through my veins like quicksilver, therefore, as, on the morning of the 19th, from the back of *Brislar*, my most trusty steed, with a firm-wooded plain before me, I counted thirty-two of these animals industriously stretching their peacock necks to crop the tiny leaves which fluttered over their heads in a mimosa grove that beautified the scenery. They were within a hundred

yards of me, but, having previously determined to try the boarding system, I reserved my fire. Although I had taken the field expressly to look for giraffes, and had put four Hottentots on horseback, all, excepting Piet, had as usual slipped off unperceived in pursuit of a troop of koodoos. Our stealthy approach was soon opposed by an ill-tempered rhinoceros, which, with her ugly calf, stood directly in the path, and the twinkling of her bright little eyes, accompanied by a restless rolling of the body, giving earnest of her intention to charge. I directed Piet to salute her with a broadside, at the same moment putting spurs to my horse. At the report of the gun, and the sudden clattering of hoofs, away bounded the giraffes in grotesque confusion, clearing the ground by a succession of frog-like hops, and soon leaving me far in the rear. 'Twice were their towering forms concealed from view by a park of trees, which we entered almost at the same instant; and twice, on emerging from the labyrinth, did I perceive them tilting over an eminence immeasurably in advance. A white turban that I wore round my hunting-cap, being dragged off by a projecting bough, was instantly charged by three rhinoceroses; and, looking over my shoulder, I could see them long afterwards, fagging themselves to overtake me. In the course of five minutes the fugitives arrived at a small river, the treacherous sands of which receiving their long legs, their flight was greatly retarded, and, after floundering to the opposite side, and scrambling to the top of the bank, I perceived that their race was run. Patting the streaming neck of my good steed, I urged him again to his utmost, and instantly found myself by the side of the herd. The stately bull being readily distinguishable from the rest by his dark chestnut robe and superior stature, I applied the muzzle of my rifle behind his dappled

shoulder, with the right hand, and drew both triggers, but he still continued to shuffle along; and being afraid of losing him, should I dismount among the extensive mimosa groves with which the landscape was now obscured, I sat in my saddle, loading and firing behind the elbow, and then placing myself across his path, until the tears trickling from his full brilliant eyes, his lofty frame began to totter, as, at the seventeenth discharge from the deadly grooved bore, bowing his graceful head from the skies, his proud form was prostrate in the dust. Never shall I forget the tingling excitement of that moment! Alone, in the wild wood, I hurried with bursting exultation, and, unsaddling my steed, sank beside the noble prize I had won.

When I leisurely contemplated the massive frame before me, seeming as though it had been cast in a mould of brass, and protected by a hide of an inch and an half in thickness, it was no longer matter of astonishment that a bullet discharged from a distance of eighty or ninety yards should have been attended with little effect upon such amazing strength. The extreme height from the crown of the elegantly-moulded head to the hoof of this magnificent animal was eighteen feet. Two hours were passed in completing a drawing; and Piet still not making his appearance, I cut off the tail, which exceeded five feet in length, and was measurelessly the most estimable trophy I had gained. But proceeding to saddle my horse, which I had left quietly grazing by the side of a running brook, my chagrin may be conceived when I discovered that he had taken advantage of my occupation to free himself from his halter and abscond. Being ten miles from the wagons, and in a perfectly strange country, I felt convinced that the only chance of recovering my pet was by following the trail, whilst doing which with infinite difficulty, the

ground scarcely deigning to receive a foot-print, I had the satisfaction of meeting Piet and Mohanycon, who had fortunately seen and recaptured the truant. Returning to the giraffe, we all feasted heartily upon the flesh, which, although highly scented at this season with the rank mokaala blossoms, was far from despicable; and, after losing our way in consequence of the twin-like resemblance of two scarped hills, we regained the wagons after sunset.

SHIPWRECK OF THE BLENDEHALL.

IN the year 1821, the Blendenhall, free trader, bound from England for Bombay, partly laden with broad-cloths, was prosecuting her voyage with every prospect of a successful issue. While thus pursuing her way through the Atlantic, she was unfortunately driven from her course, by adverse winds and currents, more to the southward and westward than was required, and it became desirable to reach the island of Tristan d'Acunha, in order to ascertain and rectify the reckoning. This island, which is called after the Portuguese admiral who first discovered it, is one of a group of three, the others being the Inaccessible and Nightingale Islands, situated many hundreds of miles from any land, and in a south-westerly direction from the Cape of Good Hope. The shores are rugged and precipitous in the extreme, and form, perhaps, the most dangerous coast upon which any vessel could be driven.

It was while steering to reach this group of islands, that, one morning, a passenger on board the Blendenhall

hall, who chanced to be upon deck earlier than usual, observed great quantities of sea-weed occasionally floating alongside. This excited some alarm, and a man was immediately sent aloft to keep a good look-out. The weather was then extremely hazy, though moderate; the weeds continued; all were on the alert; they shortened sail, and the boatswain piped for breakfast. In less than ten minutes, "Breakers ahead!" startled every soul, and in a moment all were on deck. "Breakers star-board! breakers larboard! breakers all around!" was the ominous cry a moment afterwards, and all was confusion. The words were scarcely uttered, when, and before the helm was up, the ill-fated ship struck, and after a few tremendous shocks against the sunken reef, she parted about mid-ship. Ropes and stays were cut away—all rushed forward, as if instinctively, and had barely reached the fore-castle, when the stern and quarter broke asunder with a violent crash, and sunk to rise no more. Two of the seamen miserably perished—the rest, including officers, passengers, and crew, held on about the head and bows—the struggle was for life!

At this moment the Inaccessible Island, which till then had been veiled in clouds and thick mist, appeared frowning above the haze. The wreck was more than two miles from the frightful shore. The base of the island was still buried in impenetrable gloom. In this perilous extremity, one was for cutting away the anchor, which had been got up to the cat-head in time of need; another was for cutting down the fore-mast (the fore-top-mast being already by the board.) The fog totally disappeared, and the black rocky island stood in all its rugged deformity before their eyes. Suddenly the sun broke out in full splendour, as if to expose more clearly to the view of the sufferers their dreadful predicament. Despair was in every bosom—death, arrayed in all its

terrors, seemed to hover over the wreck. But exertion was required, and every thing that human energy could devise was effected. The wreck, on which all eagerly clung, was fortunately drifted by the tide and wind between ledges of sunken rocks and thundering breakers, until, after the lapse of six hours, it entered the only spot on the island where a landing was possibly practicable, for all the other parts of the coast consisted of perpendicular cliffs of granite, rising from amidst the deafening surf to the height of twenty, forty, and sixty feet. As the shore was neared, a raft was prepared, and on this a few paddled for the cove. At last the wreck drove right in: ropes were instantly thrown out, and the crew and passengers (except two who had been crushed in the wreck,) including three ladies and a female attendant, were snatched from the watery grave, which a few short hours before had appeared inevitable, and safely landed on the beach. Evening had now set in, and every effort was made to secure whatever could be saved from the wreck. Bales of cloth, cases of wine, a few boxes of cheese, some hams, the carcass of a milch cow that had been washed on shore, buckets, tubs, butts, a seaman's chest (containing a tinder-box, and needles and thread,) with a number of elegant mahogany turned bed-posts, and part of an investment for the Indian market, were got on shore. The rain poured down in torrents—all hands were busily at work to procure shelter from the weather; and with the bed-posts and broad-cloths, and part of the foresail, as many tents were soon pitched as there were individuals in the island.

Drenched with the sea and with the rain, hungry, cold, and comfortless, thousands of miles from their native land, almost beyond expectation of human succour, hope nearly annihilated, the shipwrecked voyagers retired to their tents. In the morning the wreck had

gone to pieces ; and planks, and spars, and whatever had floated in, were eagerly dragged on shore. No sooner was the unfortunate ship broken up, than deeming themselves freed from the bonds of authority, many began to secure whatever came to land ; and the captain, officers, passengers, and crew, were now reduced to the same level, and obliged to take their turn to fetch water, and explore the island for food. The work of exploring was soon over ; there was not a bird, nor a quadruped, nor a single tree to be seen ! All was barren and desolate. The low parts were scattered over with stones and sand, and a few stunted reeds, ferns, and other plants. The top of the mountain was found to consist of a fragment of original table-land, very marshy, and full of deep sloughs, intersected with small rills of water, pure and pellucid as crystal, and a profusion of wild parsley and celery. The prospect was one dreary scene of destitution, without a single ray of hope to relieve the misery of the desponding crew. After some days, the dead cow, hams, and cheese, were consumed ; and from one end of the island to the other, not a morsel of food could be seen. Even the celery began to fail. A few bottles of wine, which, for security had been secreted under ground, only remained. Famine now began to threaten. Every stone near the sea was examined for shell-fish, but in vain.

In this dreadful extremity, and while the half-famished seamen were at night squatting in sullen dejection round their fires, a large flock of sea-birds, allured by the flames, rushed into the midst of them, and were greedily laid hold of as fast as they could be seized. For several nights in succession, similar flocks came in ; and by multiplying their fires, a considerable supply was secured. These visits, however, ceased at length, and the wretched party were exposed again to the most severe privation.

When their stock of wild fowl had been exhausted for more than two days, each began to fear they were now approaching that sad point of necessity, when, between death and casting lots who should be sacrificed to serve for food to the rest, no alternative remains. While horror at the bare contemplation of an extremity so repulsive occupied the thoughts of all, the horizon was observed to be suddenly obscured, and presently clouds of penguins alighted on the island. The low grounds were actually covered; and before the evening was dark, the sand could not be seen for the number of eggs, which, like a sheet of snow, lay on the surface of the earth. The penguins continued on the island four or five days, when, as if by signal, the whole took their flight, and were never seen again. A few were killed, but the flesh was so extremely rank and nauseous that it could not be eaten. The eggs were collected and dressed in all manner of ways, and supplied abundance of food for upwards of three weeks. At the expiration of that period, famine once more seemed inevitable; the third morning began to dawn upon the unfortunate company after their stock of eggs were exhausted; they had now been without food for more than forty hours, and were fainting and dejected; when, as though this desolate rock were really a land of miracles, a man came running up to the encampment with the unexpected and joyful tidings that "millions of sea-cows had come on shore." The crew climbed over the ledge of rocks that flanked their tents, and the sight of a shoal of manatees immediately beneath them gladdened their hearts. These came in with the flood, and were left in the puddles between the broken rocks of the cove. This supply continued for two or three weeks. The flesh was mere blubber, and quite unfit for food, for not a man could retain it on his stomach; but the liver was

excellent, and on this they subsisted. In the mean time, the carpenter with his gang had constructed a boat, and four of the men had adventured in her for Tristan d'Acunha, in hopes of ultimately extricating their fellow-sufferers from their perilous situation. Unfortunately the boat was lost—whether carried away by the violence of the currents that set in between the islands, or dashed to pieces against the breakers, was never known, for no vestige of the boat or the crew was ever seen. Before the manatees, however, began to quit the shore, a second boat was launched; and in this an officer and some seamen made a second attempt, and happily succeeded in effecting a landing, after much labour, on the island, where they were received with much cordiality and humanity by Governor Glass—a personage whom it will be necessary to describe.

Tristan d'Acunha is believed to have been uninhabited until 1811, when three Americans took up their residence upon it, for the purpose of cultivating vegetables, and selling the produce, particularly potatoes, to vessels which might touch there on their way to India, the Cape, or other parts in the Southern Ocean. These Americans remained its only inhabitants till 1816, when, on Bonaparte being sent to St. Helena, the British government deemed it expedient to garrison the island, and sent the Falmouth man-of-war with a colony of forty persons, which arrived in the month of August. At this time the chief of the American settlers was dead, and two only survived; but what finally became of these we are not informed. The British garrison was soon given up, the colony abandoned, and all returned to the Cape of Good Hope, except a person named Glass, a Scotchman, who had been corporal of artillery, and his wife, a Cape Creole. One or two other families afterwards joined them, and thus the foundation of a nation

on a small scale was formed ; Mr. Glass, with the title and character of governor, like a second Robinson Crusoe, being the undisputed chief and lawgiver of the whole. On being visited in 1824 by Mr. Augustus Earle, the little colony was found to be on the increase, a considerable number of children having been born since the period of settlement. The different families inhabited a small village, consisting of cottages covered with thatch made of the long grass of the island, and exhibiting an air of comfort, cleanliness, and plenty, truly English.

It was to this island that the boat's crew of the Blendenhall had bent their course, and its principal inhabitant, Governor Glass, showed them every mark of attention, not only on the score of humanity, but because they were fellow-subjects of the same power—for, be it known, Glass did not lay claim to independent monarchy, but always prayed publicly for King George, as his lawful sovereign. On learning the situation of the crew on Inaccessible Island, he instantly launched his boat, and unawed by considerations of personal danger, hastened, at the risk of his life, to deliver his shipwrecked countrymen from the calamities they had so long endured. He made repeated trips, surmounted all difficulties, and fortunately succeeded in safely landing them on his own island, after they had been exposed for nearly three months to the horrors of a situation almost unparalleled in the recorded sufferings of seafaring men.

After being hospitably treated by Glass and his company for three months, the survivors obtained a passage to the Cape, all, except a young sailor named White, who had formed an attachment to one of the servant girls on board, and who, in all the miseries which had been endured, had been her constant protector and com-

panion; whilst gratitude on her part prevented her wishing to leave him. Both chose to remain, and were forthwith adopted as free citizens of the little community.

THE ORPHAN BOY'S TALE.

STAY, lady—stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale;
Ah, sure my looks must pity wake—
'Tis want that makes my cheeks so pale!

Yet I was once my mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an orphan boy!

Poor foolish child! how pleased was I,
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted windows flame!

To force me home my mother sought;
She could not bear to see my joy:
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
And made me a poor orphan boy!

The people's shouts were long and loud—
My mother, shudd'ring, closed her ears:
"Rejoice, rejoice!" still cried the crowd—
My mother answered with her tears.

“ Oh ! why do tears steal down your cheek,”

Cried I, “ while others shout with joy ?”

She kiss'd me, and in accents weak,

She call'd me her poor orphan boy.

“ What is an orphan boy ?” I said ;

When suddenly she gasp'd for breath,

And her eyes closed—I shriek'd for aid :

But, ah, her eyes were closed in death !

My hardships since I will not tell ;

But now, no more a parent's joy,

Ah, lady, I have learnt too well

What 'tis to be an orphan boy !

Oh, were I by your bounty fed !—

Nay, gentle lady, do not chide ;

Trust me, I mean to earn my bread—

The sailor's orphan boy has pride.

Lady, you weep !—What is 't you say ?

You'll give me clothing, food, employ !

Look down, dear parents—look, and see

Your happy, happy, orphan boy !

SOUTHEY.

ALGIERS.

It is well known that the French are at present making strenuous exertions to establish themselves in Algiers, a province on the northern coast of Africa, lying beyond the Straits of Gibraltar. The following brief history of this country, extracted from a recent periodical, will explain what has brought the French there, as well as prove a useful introduction to the article which follows.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century, a Turkish sailor, who had acquired some reputation for skill and bravery, was entrusted with the command of a Turkish privateer, fitted out by speculators in Constantinople, with the intention of cruising in the Archipelago against merchant vessels belonging to nations at war with the Porte. As soon as he got out of the Dardanelles, the captain persuaded his men to sail with him to the coast of Africa. He arrived in 1504, in the harbour of Tunis, and was well received by the reigning bey—for all the Moorish states along the coast of Africa were under apprehensions from the power of Spain. The Turkish captain made the harbour of Tunis his head-quarters, from whence he sailed to cruise on the Mediterranean; and in a short time he had a large fleet, and had spread his fame far and wide. By an European corruption of a familiar appellation given to him by his sailors, he became known as the corsair Barbarossa—a word of terror to all merchantmen on the Mediterranean. After many contests, Barbarossa established himself in Algiers, from whence he began to extend his conquests over the Arabs of the country. The Spaniards had some settlements on the coast of Africa; and, alarmed at the successes of Bar-

barossa, they applied to Charles V., who sent over troops to attack him. Barbarossa, who had only about 1500 men to cope with 10,000, retreated to Algiers; but in his flight, hearing the cries of his men, he bravely turned back to fight the Spaniards, and died covered with wounds.

The brother of Barbarossa had charge of Algiers, and on the news of his death, the Turks of the town elected him as his brother's successor. This Barbarossa the Second proved himself in no way inferior in courage and energy to his predecessor. Finding himself insecure in his possession of Algiers, he offered the sovereignty of the town and country to Selim I., the Turkish sultan, on condition of being made viceroy or pacha, and of receiving the assistance of a body of troops. The offer was accepted; and Barbarossa being made pacha, Algiers became subject to the Turkish authority—continued really so, as long as the “Sublime Porte” retained its energy and vigour, and nominally acknowledged the Turkish rule, even while acting independently of it.

Barbarossa was made grand admiral of the Turkish fleet, and left the command of Algiers to a friend, a native of Sardinia, who had become a Mohammedan and a corsair. From that period Algiers became a nest of pirates, the terror and pest of the Mediterranean. They seized the vessels of all nations that did not agree to pay them tribute; and landing suddenly on the shores of Italy and France, used to plunder the villages, and carry off the inhabitants into slavery. The example of the Algerine pirates was imitated by others of the Barbary states; the town of Salle, in Morocco, became at one time as notorious as Algiers; and both on the Atlantic and the Mediterranean the Barbary pirates were an object of fear to merchantmen.

Algiers was repeatedly attacked by European powers, whose commerce had suffered from its privateers: but though at times checked by warlike demonstrations, bribed by the payment of money, or compelled to enter into treaties, good faith was seldom kept; for the inducements of plunder and slaves were too powerful for professional pirates. During the present century, while Europe was occupied by the more important concerns of a continental war, the Algerines became intolerable. The United States gave them a check in 1815; in 1816, Lord Exmouth went to Africa, to conclude a convention for the release of the numerous Christian slaves in the Barbary states: but he had scarcely returned to England, when the bad faith of the Algerines was manifested, by their violation of the treaty. Upon this, Lord Exmouth was sent out with a British fleet; and no answer being returned to his flag of truce, he bombarded Algiers, and reduced the town and fortifications to a heap of ruins. Thus humbled, the dey of Algiers was glad to submit to the terms imposed, the total abolition of Christian slavery, &c. In a year or two, however, the Algerines began to resume their old practices, until a gross insult having been offered to the French consul, for which no satisfaction was given, a large armament was fitted out by France, for the express purpose of taking possession of Algiers, and finally rooting out this nest of piracy, which had literally "troubled the nations" for three centuries. The French armament arrived in June, 1830, under the command of General Bourmont; Algiers surrendered; the dey, the "last of his race," abdicated, and retired to Europe; while the French took possession of the town, in which they found about two millions sterling in precious metals and stores.

The French have now had possession of Algiers for

ten years; and though they have wasted much blood and treasure in various attempts to extend their conquests, they can hardly be said to have possession of anything more than the town of Algiers, the town of Constantina, (the ancient capital of Numidia), and a few points on the coast, maintained with great difficulty. The nature of the country, and the character of the population, offer great obstacles to their success. The line of coast is extensive, but it is comparatively a mountainous strip—the Atlas chain running through the whole territory of Algiers, or, as the French call it, Algeria. Behind the strip of coast lies the great desert of Sahara, a vast extent of drifting sand, the borders of which may be reached in about sixty or eighty miles from the sea. The natives are either the descendants of the original inhabitants, or of the Arabs who have conquered the country; but they are all of nomadic habits, haughty, fierce, and ignorant, scarcely ever acknowledged the Turkish dominion, and appear heartily to hate that of the French. One of the most active of the opponents of the French is Abd-el-Kader, a young chief, who has baffled and thwarted them year after year. It is impossible to read the French accounts of their own proceedings, without being impressed with the idea that this African Arab is a man of great energy and ability. He has had to raise supplies; he has had to keep different tribes and races in a united state, to sustain their enthusiasm, and encourage them under their disasters: yet for ten years this man, who, as compared with the French, must be termed a semi-barbarian, and the commander of barbarians, has contrived to give ample employment to French military skill, science, and courage.

THE CAMP OF ABD-EL-KADER.

The following description of the camp of this Arab chieftain will be read with interest. It is extracted from M. De France's "Narrative of a Five Months' Captivity among the Arabs," a work evidently founded on fact, but, like all French books of this class, indebted greatly to the imagination. The writer, a French naval officer, was stationed, with his vessel, in 1836, at Arzew, a seaport between Algiers and Oran. Having landed with a party to procure water from a spring, a number of Arabs darted on them, and succeeded in carrying him off. His captors, who at first were disposed to kill him, decided on carrying him to the camp of Abd-el-Kader, where he arrived after a fatiguing march.

THE camp of Abd-el-Kader was situated in a wood of fig-trees, upon the road itself from Moustaganem to Mascarra: the wheel-ruts are still perfectly distinguishable which the cannons of the French had made at the time of their last passage. As soon as we arrived at the first tent, my guides made me dismount, and we were immediately surrounded by thousands of Arabs—men, women, and children, who began to make the air resound with their confused clamours. I distinguished, from time to time, 'Son of a dog!—dog of a Christian!—cut off his head!' the whole accompanied with blows and the customary spitting. However the Chaous* came to my assistance. They drove away these savages with blows of their sticks, and succeeded, with great difficulty, in rescuing me from their hands, and conducting me to the tent of Abd-el-Kader, by making a rampart for me with their bodies.

* Chaous are the executioners. They have the rank of officers, and eat with Abd-el-Kader. They are richly clad, and generally carry superb yataghans and magnificent pistols, ornamented with pearls and coral, suspended to a gilded belt. They have always a stick (baton) in their hand, of which they make constant use, for they have more blows to give than heads to cut off.

This brutal reception was not such as to reassure me. Moreover, I experienced a certain dread in entering the tent; but Abd-el-Kader, without doubt perceiving my fear by the paleness of my countenance, made me a sign, with a smile, to be seated, and said to me, "As long as you remain near me, you have neither to dread bad treatment nor insults." Emboldened by this kind reception, I asked him for water. I had not drunk since the preceding evening—thanks to the horsemen of my escort. Abd-el-Kader had me immediately conducted to the tent which served as a magazine for provisions, where they gave me a melon, some grapes, some white bread, and some water. I experienced at this moment sensations and feelings I had never expected to feel again. The kind reception of Abd-el-Kader, the assurance he had hastened to give me, altogether raised my sunken courage, and re-awakened in my spirit smiling and flattering hopes. The melon was excellent, and the water fresh. I devoured the melon, and emptied a pitcher of water.

My repast being finished, I was reconducted to the tent of Abd-el-Kader. This tent is the most magnificent of the whole camp. It is thirty feet long, and eleven feet high. It is furnished in the interior with cloth of various colours, upon which (in the midst of arabesque and crescents, yellow, red, blue, green) hang weepers, similar in their form to those which decorate, with us, the mortuary cloths. A woollen curtain (haick) divides it into two unequal parts; in the hinder part, which is the smallest, is a mattress, destined for the siesta, or sleep, of the sultan. A small door, which opens to the back, serves as a passage for those in waiting in the tent, and to the slaves more particularly attached to the person of Abd-el-Kader. Ben-About and Ben-Faka, of whom we shall soon speak, have the charge of watching

over him when he goes out by this door, and to present water to him for his ablutions. During the day the two curtains, which close at night the front of the tent, rest attached to two long rods: the interior is thus open to all eyes, and accessible to all comers.

In one of the corners, on the ground, are rolled four flags, which four horsemen always carry before Abd-el-Kader when he is on a march. They are of silk; the first, the banner of the cavalry, is red; the second, the banner of the infantry, has a yellow stripe between two horizontal blue stripes; the third, two horizontal stripes—the one green, the other white; the fourth is half yellow, half red. On Friday, the day of rest for the Arabs, they are exposed before the tent of the sultan.

Thirty negro slaves, who form the body-guard of Abd-el-Kader, surround his tent. They are never relieved, and have no other bed than the earth. A great number of chaous are always in attendance at the entrance, waiting the orders of their master.

In the interior is an elevated stool, covered with red silk, of which Abd-el-Kader makes use in mounting his horse. There is also a small mattress, covered with a carpet, upon which are two cushions of red silk. A chest is placed at each end of the mattress, two other chests form the back, and a carpet covers the whole. All this forms the sofa of Abd-el-Kader. The boxes inclose his money and his clothes. A carpet, upon which strangers seat themselves, is spread upon the ground.

I have now mentioned all the furniture and all the ornaments of the tent of Abd-el-Kader. I must describe the life, the character, the manners, the habits of this man, so badly known even to this day. After all I had heard said of him, I expected to see a barbarian, always

ready to cut off heads, a tiger thirsty for blood: my expectation was much deceived.

Abd-el-Kader is twenty-eight years of age. He is little, being not more than five feet high; his face long, and of excessive paleness; his large black eyes are mild and caressing; his mouth small and graceful; his nose aquiline. His beard is thin, but very black. He wears a small moustache, which gives his features, naturally fine and benevolent, a martial air, which becomes him exceedingly. The *ensemble* of his physiogomy is sweet and agreeable. Mons. Bravais has told me that an Arab chief, whose name I have forgotten, being one day on board the "Loiret," in the captain's state-room, exclaimed, on seeing the portrait of a woman, Isabeau de Baviere, whom the engraver had taken to personify Europe, "There is Abd-el-Kader!" Abd-el-Kader has beautiful small hands and feet, and displays some coquetry in keeping them in order. He is always washing them. While conversing, squatted upon his cushions, he holds his toes in his fingers; or, if this posture fatigues him, he begins to pare, to clear the bottom of the nails with a knife and scissors, of which the mother-of-pearl handle is delicately worked, and which he has constantly in his hands.

The father of Abd-el-Kader, who has been dead two years, was a maraboot, named Mahidin, who, by his good fortune, his intelligence, his reputation for holiness, had obtained a great repute among the Arabs, and a great moral influence over the tribes. He had performed the journey to Mecca twice; he had twice prostrated himself before the tomb of the Prophet. His son accompanied him on his second trip; he was then eight years of age. His youth did not prevent his seeing, observing, and profiting; he already knew how to write and read Arabic, and had also learned Italian. On their

return from this pious expedition, Mahidin guided the youthful intelligence of his son in the difficult study of the Koran, at the same time that he instructed him in the practical part of business.

The taking of Algiers occurred. As soon as we had concluded a peace with the Arabs, Abd-el-Kader laboured to excite the tribes, to nourish and envenom their resentments, to exalt their religious fanaticism, and, above all, to become their chief. The intelligence, the activity, the bravery, the address, the craft of the young marabout soon distinguished him among the tribes. The Arabs recognised the superiority that natural advantages assured him over them; they became accustomed by degrees to consider him their chief: to-day, he is their sultan. He is the only man capable of maintaining the Arabs against our attacks. If the tribes should lose him, discouraged as they already are, and tired of the war, they would soon place themselves under our rule.

When I was introduced the second time into the tent of the sultan, he was seated upon some pillows; his secretaries and some marabouts, squatted down in a circle, were near him. His smiling and gracious countenance formed a pleasing contrast with their stern and savage faces. The chief secretary first drew my attention. His physiognomy was perfectly Tartuffian—he is a rogue; he always urged Abd-el-Kader to demand a large sum of money for my ransom.

The sultan ordered me, with a smile full of kindness, to be seated.

He conversed with me a long time on the generals who had commanded in Africa, and he inquired, with a great deal of interest and curiosity, what had become of them. At the name of General Trezel he became violently angry, and exclaimed, “He is the author of all

our evils ! He is the man who, by breaking the peace, has caused so many disasters !”

I understood him to make allusion to the battle of Tafna, where General Bugeaud retrieved the check we had received at Macta, which had cost us five hundred men.

“How many horsemen,” said I to him, “did you lose at Tafna ?”

“How many ?” replied he with anger, “how many ? What have you to do with that ? The Arab has not been killed like the French at Macta. You have not retrieved the great victory I gained over you. Five hundred of our men never returned from Tafna.” I took care not to add any observation. There was a moment’s silence, after which he smiled and said, “have you need of anything else to-day ?”

“I am quite naked—have me clad.”

Abd-el-Kader immediately gave orders for them to dress me. I retired, on a sign to that effect, and they conducted me to the magazine of provisions. There they supplied me with a cap, a very light haick, a shirt, and slippers. They restored me my trousers, and I put them on, although in rags, for there were none to be found in the magazine.

After undergoing hardships and sufferings of no ordinary kind, he at last got exchanged along with some others of his companions in misfortune.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
 Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
 That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
 And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
 And their hearts but once heav'd and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
 But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride:
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on his turf,
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
 And the might of the Gentile unsmote by the sword,
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

BYRON.

STIRLING CASTLE—THE NIGHT BEFORE BANNOCKBURN.

—— couched in battle's prompt array
Each army on their weapons lay.

It was on a night of lovely June,
High rode in cloudless blue the moon,
Demayet smil'd beneath her ray;
Old Stirling's towers arise in light,
And, twin'd in links of silver bright,
Her winding river lay!
Ah, gentle planet! other sight
Shall greet the next returning night,
Of broken arms, and banners tore,
And marshes dark with human gore,
And piles of slaughter'd men and horse,
And Forth that floats the frequent corse
And many a wounded wretch to plain,
Beneath thy silver light in vain.

SCOTT.

SCENES IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

MR. STEPHENS'S Travels in Central America, just published, is replete with much interesting information and stirring adventure. It would be impossible to give any detailed outline of his work, for it embraces a journey of three thousand miles. We therefore select a few extracts, feeling assured that the perusal of these will induce our readers to take the earliest opportunity of consulting the book itself.

MISADVENTURES OF A CARAVAN.

Crossing the Mico Mountain is no joke. In a few minutes after leaving Yzabal, the caravan to which Mr. Stephens's party joined itself, consisting of "nearly a hundred mules and twenty or thirty muleteers," was fetlock deep in mud; then came great puddles and holes, and roots, rising two or three feet above the ground, which crossed the path in every direction; next, a stream which broke rapidly over a stony bed.

THE whole caravan was moving up the bed of the stream; the water was darkened by the shade of the overhanging trees; the muleteers, without shirts and with their loose trowsers rolled up to the thighs and down from the waistband, were scattered among the mules. One was chasing a stray beast; a second darting at one whose load was slipping off; a third lifting up one that had fallen; another, with his foot braced against a mule's side, straining at the girth; all shouting, cursing, and lashing; the whole a mass of inextricable confusion, and presenting a scene almost terrific. We held up to let them pass, and, crossing the stream, rode a short distance on level road, but over fetlock deep in mud; and, cutting off a bend, fell into the stream ourselves in the middle of the caravan. The branches of the trees met over our heads, and the bed of the stream was so broken and stony that the

mules constantly stumbled and fell. Leaving this, and continuing on a road the same as before, in an hour we reached the foot of the mountain. The ascent began precipitously, and by an extraordinary passage. It was a narrow gully, worn by the tracks of mules and the washing of mountain-torrents so deep that the sides were higher than our heads, and so narrow that we could barely pass through without touching. Our whole caravan moved singly through these muddy defiles, the muleteers scattered among them, and on the bank above, extricating the mules as they stuck fast, raising them as they fell, arranging their cargoes, cursing, shouting, and lashing them on. If one stopped, all behind were blocked up, unable to turn. Any sudden start pressed us against the sides of the gulley; and there was no small danger of getting a leg crushed. Emerging from this defile, we came again among deep mudholes and projecting roots of trees, with the additional difficulty of a steep ascent. The trees, too, were larger, and their roots higher and extending farther; and, above all, the mahogany-tree threw out its giant roots high at the trunk, and tapering, not round, like the roots of other trees, but straight, with sharp edges, traversing rocks and the roots of other trees. It was the last of the rainy season; the heavy rains, from which we had suffered at sea, had deluged the mountain, and it was in the worst state to be passable; for sometimes it is not passable at all. For the last few days there had been no rain; but we had hardly congratulated ourselves upon our good fortune in having a clear day, when the forest became darker, and the rain poured. The woods were of impenetrable thickness; and there was no view except that of the detestable path before us. For five long hours we were dragged through mudholes, squeezed in gulleys, knocked

against trees, and tumbled over roots; every step required care and great physical exertion; and withal, I felt that our inglorious epitaph might be, "Tossed over the head of a mule, brained by the trunk of a mahogany-tree, and buried in the mud of the Mico Mountain." We attempted to walk; but the rocks and roots were so slippery, the mudholes so deep, and the ascents and descents so steep, that it was impossible to continue.

We were toiling on toward the top of the mountain, when, at a sudden turn, we met a solitary traveller. He was a tall, dark-complexioned man, with a broad-brimmed Panama hat rolled up at the sides, a striped woollen Guatemala jacket, with fringe at the bottom; plaid pantaloons, leather spatterdashes, spurs, and sword. He was mounted on a noble mule, with a high-peaked saddle, and the butts of a pair of horseman's pistols peeped out of the holsters. His face was covered with sweat and mud, his breast and legs were spattered, and his right side was a complete incrustation; altogether, his appearance was fearful. It seemed strange to meet any one on such a road; and, to our surprise, he accosted us in English. He had set out with muleteers and Indians, but had lost them in some of the windings of the wood, and was seeking his way alone. He had crossed the mountain twice before, but had never known it so bad. He had been thrown twice; once his mule rolled over him, and nearly crushed him, and she was now so frightened, that he could hardly urge her along. He dismounted, and the trembling beast and his own exhausted state confirmed all that he had said. He asked us for brandy, wine, or water,—anything to revive him,—but, unfortunately, our stores were ahead, and for him to go back one step was out of the question. Imagine our sur-

prise when, with his feet buried in the mud, he told us that he had been two years in Guatemala negotiating for a bank charter. But neither of us had time to lose; and parting, though with some reluctance, almost as abruptly as we had met, we continued our ascent. At one o'clock, to our inexpressible satisfaction, we reached the top of the mountain.

THE RUINS OF COPAN.

Elaborate details and illustrations of the ruined cities of Copan and Palenque occupy a prominent place in the volumes before us. These memorials of an unknown race form not the least interesting portion of the work; and Mr. Stephens states, that although he visited eight ruined cities, there are traditions floating about the country of ruins yet more extensive.

THE stream was wide, and in some places deep, rapid, and with a broken and stony bottom. Forging it, we rode along the bank by a footpath encumbered with undergrowth, which Jose opened by cutting away the branches, until we came to the foot of the wall, where we again dismounted and tied our mules. The wall was of cut stone, well laid, and in a good state of preservation. We ascended by large stone steps, in some places perfect, and in others thrown down by trees which had grown up between the crevices, and reached a terrace, the form of which it was impossible to make out, from the density of the forest in which it was enveloped. Our guide cleared a way with his machete, and we passed, as it lay half buried in the earth, a large fragment of stone elaborately sculptured, and came to the angle of a structure with

steps on the sides, in form and appearance, so far as the trees would enable us to make it out, like the sides of a pyramid. Diverging from the base, and working our way through the thick woods, we came upon a square stone column, about fourteen feet high and three feet on each side, sculptured in very bold relief, and on all four of the sides, from the base to the top. The front was the figure of a man, curiously and richly dressed; and the face, evidently a portrait, solemn, stern, and well fitted to excite terror. The back was of a different design, unlike any thing we had ever seen before; and the sides were covered with hieroglyphics. This our guide called an "idol," and before it, at a distance of three feet, was a large block of stone, also sculptured with figures and emblematical devices, which he called an altar. The sight of this unexpected monument put at rest, at once and for ever, in our minds, all uncertainty in regard to the character of American antiquities, and gave us the assurance that the objects we were in search of were interesting, not only as the remains of an unknown people, but as works of art, proving, like newly-discovered historical records, that the people who once occupied the continent of America were not savages. With an interest perhaps stronger than we had ever felt in wandering among the ruins of Egypt, we followed our guide, who, sometimes missing his way, with a constant and vigorous use of his machete, conducted us through the thick forest, among half-buried fragments, to fourteen monuments of the same character and appearance, some with more elegant designs, and some in workmanship equal to the finest monuments of the Egyptians; one displaced from its pedestal by enormous roots; another locked in the close embrace of branches of trees, and almost lifted out of the earth; another hurled to the

ground, and bound down by huge vines and creepers ; and one standing, with its altar before it, seeming to shade and shroud it as a sacred thing. In the solemn stillness of the woods, it seemed a divinity mourning over a fallen people. The only sounds that disturbed the quiet of this buried city were the noise of monkeys moving among the tops of the trees, and the cracking of dry branches broken by their weight. They moved over our heads in long and swift processions, forty or fifty at a time ; some with little ones wound in their long arms, walking out to the end of boughs, and holding on with their hind feet or a curl of the tail, sprang to a branch of the next tree, and with a noise like a current of wind, passed on into the depths of the forest. It was the first time we had seen these mockers of humanity ; and, with the strange monuments around us, they seemed like wandering spirits of the departed race, guarding the ruins of their former habitations. We returned to the base of the pyramidal structure, and ascended by regular stone-steps, in some places forced apart by bushes and saplings, and in others thrown down by the growth of large trees, while some remained entire. In parts, they were ornamented with sculptured figures and rows of death's heads. Climbing over the ruined top, we reached a terrace overgrown with trees, and, crossing it, descended by stone steps into an area so covered with trees, that at first we could not make out its form, but which, on clearing the way with the machete, we ascertained to be a square, and with steps on all the sides almost as perfect as those of the Roman amphitheatre. The steps were ornamented with sculpture ; and on the south side, about half-way up, forced out of its place by roots, was a colossal head, evidently a portrait. We ascended these steps, and reached a broad terrace a hundred feet

high, overlooking the river, and supported by the wall which we had seen from the opposite bank. The whole terrace was covered with trees; and, even at this height from the ground, were two gigantic caibas, or wild cotton trees of India, above twenty feet in circumference, extending their half naked roots fifty or a hundred feet around, binding down the ruins, and shading them with their wide-spreading branches.

There were no associations connected with the place; none of those stirring recollections which hallow Rome, Athens, and

“The world’s great mistress on the Egyptian plain;”

but architecture, sculpture, and painting—all the arts which embellish life—had flourished in this overgrown forest; orators, warriors, and statesmen,—beauty, ambition, and glory, had lived and passed away, and none knew that such things had been, or could tell of their past existence. All was mystery,—dark, impenetrable mystery,—and every circumstance increased it. In Egypt, the colossal skeletons of gigantic temples stand in the unwatered sands in all the nakedness of desolation; here an immense forest shrouded the ruins, hiding them from sight, heightening the impression and moral effect, and giving an intensity and almost wildness to the interest.

VISIT TO THE VOLCANO OF MASAYA.

I RESOLVED to give one day to the volcano of Masaya. For this purpose, I sent a courier ahead to procure me a guide up the volcano, and did not get off till eleven o’clock. At a short distance from the city, we met a

little negro on horseback, dressed in the black suit that nature made him, with two large plantain leaves for a saddle. At the distance of two leagues we came in sight of the volcano, and at four o'clock, after a hot ride, entered the town, one of the oldest and largest in Nicaragua; and, though completely inland, containing, with its suburbs, a population of twenty thousand. We rode to the house of Don Sabino Satroon, who lay, with his mouth open, snoring in a hammock; but his wife, a pretty young half-blood, received me cordially, and, with a proper regard for the infirmities of an old husband and for me, did not wake him up. All at once, he shut his mouth and opened his eyes, and gave me a cordial welcome. Don Sabino was a Colombian, who had been banished for ten years, as he said, for service rendered his country; and, having found his way to Masaya, had married this pretty young half-blood, and set up as doctor. Inside the door, behind a little stack of rice, sausages, and chocolate, was a formidable array of jars and bottles, exhibiting as many colours and as puzzling labels as an apothecary's shop at home. I had time to take a short walk round the town; and turning down the wood, at the distance of half a mile, came to the brink of a precipice more than one hundred feet high, at the foot of which, and a short distance beyond, was the lake of Masaya. The descent was almost perpendicular; in one place by a rough ladder, and then by steps cut in the rock. I was obliged to stop, while fifteen or twenty women, most of them young girls, passed. Their water-jars were made of the shell of a large gourd, round, with fanciful figures scratched on them, and painted or glazed, supported on the back by a strap across the forehead, and secured by fine network. Below, they were chattering gaily; but by the time they reached the place where I stood, they were

silent, their movements very slow, their breathing hard, and faces covered with profuse perspiration. This was a great part of the daily labour of the women of the place; and in this way they procured enough for domestic use, but every horse, mule, or cow, was obliged to go by a circuitous road of more than a league for water.

In the mean time my guide arrived, who, to my great satisfaction, was no less a personage than the *alcalde* himself. The arrangements were soon made, and I was to join him the next morning at his house in Nindiri. I gave my mules and Nicolas a day's rest, and started on Don Sabino's horse, with a boy to act as guide and to carry a pair of *alforgas* with provisions. In half an hour, I reached Nindiri, having met more people than on my whole route from San Jose to Nicaragua. The *alcalde* was ready, and in company with an assistant who carried a pair of *alforgas* with provisions and a calabash of water, all mounted, we set out. At the distance of half a league, we left the main road, and turned off on a small path in the woods on the left. We emerged from this into an open field covered with lava, extending to the base of the volcano in front, and on each side as far as I could see, black, several feet deep, and in some places lying in high ridges. A faint track was beaten by cattle over this plain of lava. In front were two volcanoes, from both of which streams of lava had run down the sides into the plain. That directly in front of my guide was the volcano of Masaya. In that on the right, and farthest from us, the crater was broken, and the great chasm inside was visible. This, he said, was called Ventuo (a name I never heard before), and that it never was accessible. Riding toward that in front, and crossing the field of lava, we reached the foot of the volcano. Here the grass was high, but the ground

was rough and uneven, being covered with decomposed lava. We ascended on horseback until it became too steep for our horses to carry us, and then dismounted and tied them to a bush, and continued on foot. I was already uneasy as to my guides' knowledge of localities, and soon found that they were unwilling or unable to endure much fatigue. Before we were half-way up, they disencumbered themselves of the water-jar and provisions, and yet they lagged behind. The alcalde was a man about forty, who rode his horse; and being a man of consequence in the town, I could not order him to go faster. His associate was some ten years older, and physically incapable; and seeing that they did not know any particular path, I left them and went on alone. At eleven o'clock, or three hours from the village of Nindiri, I reached the high point at which we were aiming, and from this point I expected to look down into the crater of the volcano; but there was no crater, and the whole surface was covered with gigantic masses of lava, and overgrown with bushes and shrub trees. I waited till my guides came up, who told me that this was the volcano of Masaya, and that there was nothing more to see. The alcalde insisted that, two years before, he had ascended with the cura, since deceased, and a party of villagers, and they all stopped at this place. I was discouraged and dissatisfied. Directly opposite rose a high peak, which I thought, from its position, must command a view of the crater of the other volcano. I attempted to reach it by passing round the circumference of the mountain, but was obstructed by an immense chasm, and, returning, struck directly across. I had no idea what I was attempting. The whole was covered with lava lying in ridges and irregular masses, the surface varying at every step, and overgrown with trees and bushes. After an hour of the hardest work I

ever had in my life, I reached the point at which I aimed, and to my astonishment, instead of seeing the crater of the distant volcano, I was on the brink of another.

The crater was about a mile and a half in circumference, five or six hundred feet deep, with sides slightly sloping, and so regular in its proportions that it seemed an artificial excavation. The bottom was level, both sides and bottom covered with grass, and it seemed an immense conical green basin. There were none of the fearful marks of a volcanic eruption; nothing to terrify or suggest the idea of *el inferno*; but, on the contrary, it was a scene of singular and quiet beauty. I descended to the side of the crater, and walked along the edge, looking down into the area. Toward the other end was a group of arboletos, or little trees, and in one place no grass grew, and the ground was black and loamy, like mud drying up. I felt curious to know what was below; but the sides of the crater were perpendicular. Entirely alone, and with an hour's very hard work between me and my guides, I hesitated about making any attempt to descend, but I disliked to return without. In one place, and near the black earth, the side was broken, and there were some bushes and scrub-trees. I planted my gun against a stone, tied my handkerchief around it as a signal of my whereabouts, and very soon was below the level of the ground. Letting myself down by the aid of roots, bushes, and projecting stones, I descended to a scrub-tree which grew out of the side, about half-way from the bottom, and below this it was a naked and perpendicular wall. It was impossible to go any farther. I was even obliged to keep on the upper side of the tree, and here I was more anxious than ever to reach the bottom, but it was of no use. Hanging mid-way, impressed with the soli

tude and the extraordinary features of a scene upon which so few human eyes have ever rested, and the power of the great Architect who has scattered his wonderful works over the whole face of the earth, I could not but reflect what a waste of the bounties of Providence in this favoured but miserable land.

Meanwhile, though anxious to be at the bottom, I was casting my eyes wistfully to the top. The turning of an angle, breaking of a branch, rolling of a stone, or a failure of strength, might put me where I should have been as hard to find as the government of Central America. I commenced climbing up, slowly and with care, and in due time hauled myself out in safety.

THE RATTLESNAKE.

A writer in the *Philosophical Journal* presented, a few years ago, the following anecdotes of this remarkable creature :—

RATTLESNAKES have the power of laying down their fangs along their jaw-bones when at rest, and of raising them at will, as sharks also do, and some other fishes. It is only when inflicting a defensive wound that their fangs are used. At this time the snake, either coiled or in any other position, has the power of darting about two-thirds of its body towards its object; and with its mouth open to its utmost stretch, all its fangs being erect, it strikes so violent a blow whilst it bites, that I have been assured by some Osage chiefs, that on such occasions they felt, when struck, as if about to be thrown off their centre of gravity. The fangs make their way into flesh, or, indeed, into tough leather, with perfect ease, and instantaneously. The wound is generally mortal, if proper remedies be not at once resorted

to. Among the native Americans, cutting out the wounded part, and searing, or, as it is termed in the country, searing it with fire, is considered the most effectual; but even this requires great promptitude to afford a chance of safety. The quantity of venom infused is more or less, as the animal may have been more or less irritated. If made to bite themselves, their own flesh affords no antidote, for they die in excruciating torments. The venom of a rattlesnake, while the animal is striking an object, will be sometimes ejected to a considerable distance. I have seen one confined in a wire cage, when much enraged, strike against the bars so furiously that the poison was sent several feet towards me.

To give you an idea of the long time this poison retains its property, I shall relate a curious but well-authenticated series of facts, which took place in a central district of the state of Pennsylvania, about twenty years ago. A farmer was so slightly bit through the boot by a rattlesnake, as he was walking to view his ripening corn-fields, that the pain felt was thought by him to have been from the scratch of a thorn, not having seen or heard the reptile. Upon his return home, he felt, on a sudden, violently sick at the stomach, vomited with great pain, and died in a few hours. Twelve months after this, the eldest son, who had taken his father's boots, put them on, and went to church at some distance. On his going to bed that night, whilst drawing off his boots, he felt slightly scratched in the leg, but merely mentioned it to his wife, and rubbed the place with his hand. In a few hours, however, he was awakened by violent pains, complained of general giddiness, fainted frequently, and expired before any succour could be applied with success; the cause of his illness also being quite a

mystery. In the course of time his effects were sold, and a second brother, through filial affection, purchased the boots, and, if I remember rightly, put them on about two years after. As he drew them off, he felt a scratch, and complained of it, when the widowed sister being present, recollected that the same pain had been felt by her husband on the like occasion. The youth went to bed, suffered and died in the same way that his father and brother had done before him. These repeated and singular deaths being rumoured in the country, a medical gentleman called upon the friends of the deceased to inquire into the particulars, and at once pronounced their deaths to have been occasioned by venom. The boots that had been the cause of complaint were brought to him, when he cut one of them open with care, and discovered the extreme point of the fang of a rattlesnake issuing from the leather, and assured the people that this had done all the mischief. To prove this satisfactorily, he scratched with it the nose of a dog, and the dog died in a few hours from the poisonous effect it was still able to convey. In confirmation of these facts, I have been told by native Americans that arrows dipt in rattlesnake venom would carry death for ages after.

Perhaps one of the most wonderful faculties possessed by this and many other species of snakes, is that of being able to live, without any food whatever, for years; and it is quite as remarkable, that, during the lapse of this astonishing fast, their appearance and condition scarcely exhibit their being in any want. Their movements, the power of rattling, and that of inflicting mortal wounds, are perfectly kept up. One which I confined in a cage for three years, had frequently rats, young rabbits, and birds of various kinds put in, sometimes alive, and at other times dead, with-

out their ever being touched, not even a movement would be made by the snake to approach them; while, on the contrary, the live quadrupeds and birds showed great symptoms of fear, and threw themselves violently in all directions about the cage to effect their escape from an enemy well known to them. The operation of throwing off its skin annually, was, however, abandoned, after the first spring of confinement; and as the animal was small, and I did not consider it as arrived at its middle age, I measured its length with accuracy, and discovered that during the whole time of its imprisonment it did not grow in the least. To what extent this power of abstinence is ever used when the animal is at liberty, I am unable to tell; but I have thought that the animal's possessing it so eminently went a great way towards proving that it had not that of fascination, as it would be very unnatural for an animal so gifted to lie and suffer, while the single glance of a magnetic eye could bring down a bird at once from the top of any tree into its mouth.

LAVALLETTE'S ESCAPE FROM PRISON.

COUNT LAVALLETTE in early life was an attached friend of the Bourbon dynasty, but the exciting events of the revolution having opened up to him the prospect of an ambitious career, he became one of the most intrepid soldiers and supporters of the French republic. During the latter years of the reign of Napoleon he held the chief place in the Post Office establishment, from which he retired on the introduction of the Bourbons. He was now accused for having been an accomplice in the conspiracy which brought on the events

which terminated in the battle of Waterloo, and, after two days' discussion, was condemned to death. Imured in prison, he endeavoured to avert his fate by a writ of error, but this, along with a petition for pardon presented by Madame Lavallette, was refused. The day of his execution approached, the unfortunate man had no hope left; the turnkeys themselves trembled. On the eve of that last day, the Countess Lavallette entered his prison. She had put on a pelisse of merino, richly lined with fur, which she was accustomed to wear when she left a ball-room: in her reticule she had a black silk gown. Coming up to her husband, she assured him, with a firm voice, that all was lost, and he had nothing more to hope than in a well combined escape. She showed him the woman's attire, and proposed to him to disguise himself. Every precaution had been taken to secure his escape. A sedan chair would receive him on his coming out of prison; a cabriolet waited for him on the Quay des Orferres—a devoted friend, a safe retreat, would answer any further objections. M. Lavallette listened to her without approving of so hazardous a plan—he was resigned to his fate, and refused to fly from it. “I know how to act my part in a tragedy,” said he, “but spare me the burlesque farce. I shall be apprehended in this ridiculous disguise, and they will, perhaps, expose me to the mockery of the mob! On the other hand, if I escape, you will remain a prey to the insolence of prison valets, and to the persecution of my enemies.” “If you die, I die; save your life to save mine!” The prisoner yielded to her urgent entreaties. “Now put on the disguise,” she added; “it is time to go: no farewell—no tears—your hours are counted!” And when the toilet was finished, “Adieu,” she said; “do not forget to stoop when you pass under the wickets,

for fear the feathers of your bonnet should stick fast." She then pulled the bell, and rushed behind a screen. The door opened—he passed, followed by an old servant of his wife, and leaning on his daughter's arm. When they arrived at the sedan chair, the chairmen were not there. The soldiers of the guard-house had assembled to see Madame Lavallette, and looked on without moving! This was a fearful moment. The men arrived at last; the chair went off. A few minutes later, a cabriolet, drawn by a swift horse, rolled over the stones of the Pont Michel. This took place on the 23d of December; M. Lavallette remained concealed in Paris until the 10th of January. A singular favour of fortune gave him as a retreat the very roof under which lived one of his political enemies, equally powerful by his name, his station, and his wealth. From the garret floor which Lavallette inhabited, he heard persons crying in the streets the police ordinance which prescribed search after his person. The barriers were shut; the delivery of passports suspended; expresses, bearing the description of his person, were flying about on every side. In the chambers, in the court circles, the utmost consternation prevailed among those who were convinced that all was lost if M. Lavallette was not retaken. Paris, however, rejoiced, while the police, falsely accused of connivance, burned with impatience to damp the public joy, and answer, by a feat worthy of its zeal, the complaints of the gilded drawing-rooms, and the reproaches that re-echoed from the tribune. In the midst of all these dangers Count Lavallette lived, protected by a family to whom he was personally unknown, but whose courageous friendship helped him to bear the agonies of his concealment. His days passed on between agreeable conversation and diversified reading; a double-barrelled

pistol, hid under his pillow, like a talisman, secured to him some nightly rest. This lasted seventeen days. Finally, on the 9th of January 1816, at eight o'clock in the morning, he went on foot with a friend to Captain Hutchinson's lodgings, and next day, at the very hour when a gibbet was being put up on the Place de Greve for his execution in effigy, he set off, dressed in English regimentals, with Sir Robert Wilson, crossed the barriers in an open cabriolet, and proceeded to Mons. During this journey, M. Lavallette, who did not know one word of English, was forced to keep a handkerchief to his face, as if he had been suffering from a violent toothache, that he might not be under the necessity of speaking to the numerous English officers that stopped his guide on the road. Once, at Compiègne, having entered a public room in an inn, a travelling clerk of a trading house told him the whole history of his escape from prison, accompanied by the most ridiculous circumstances; and adding between every sentence the words, "You may believe me, for I was in Paris at the time." Another time, near the frontiers, a captain of gendarmerie asked for their passports, and took them with him. M. Lavallette travelled under the name of Colonel Lossack. The captain came back a long while afterwards, saying that there was no colonel of that name in the English army. Sir Robert replied that he was talking nonsense: that they were fools for staying so long; and, making a sign to the postillions, they set off at full speed. At Mons his generous guide was to leave him. M. Lavallette, deeply affected, pressed his hands while expressing his gratitude. Lavallette crossed a part of Germany, and soon entered upon the hospitable soil of Bavaria. The king received him with great zeal, and protected him against the French ministry, who insisted on his being deli-

vered up to them. The Duchess of St. Leu offered him her house, and Prince Eugene lavished on him all the consolations of friendship. In 1822, Lavallette was restored to his native country, by letters of pardon granted by Louis XVIII.

THE COURSE OF LIFE.

(Translated from a beautiful Spanish poem by Jorge Manrique, on the death of his father, quoted in the Edinburgh Review.)

O ! LET the soul its slumber break,
Arouse its senses and awake,
 To see how soon
Life, with its glories, glides away,
And the stern footstep of decay
 Comes stealing on.

How pleasure, like the passing wind,
Blows by, and leaves us nought behind
 But grief at last ;
How still our present happiness
Seems, to the wayward fancy, less
 Than what is past.

Our lives like hasting streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
 Are doomed to fall :
The Sea of Death, whose waves roll on,
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
 And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble riv'lets glide
To that sad wave ;
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place,
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal :
There all our steps at last are brought,
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

Where are the strength that mock decay,
The step that rose so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone ?—
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows weariness and woe
When age comes on.

Say, then, how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here ;
Dreams of a sleep that death must break,
Alas ! before it bids us wake,
Ye disappear.

SINGULAR PRESERVATION OF A PARTY OF SHIP- WRECKED SEAMEN.

There appeared in the newspapers of 1823, a most interesting and affecting account of the wreck and loss of a small English trading vessel in the Indian Ocean, with a narrative of the preservation of the crew on some obscure islets lying out of the usual track of navigation, at the distance of six or seven hundred miles south-east from the Cape of Good Hope. The account presented was in substance as follows.

ON the 9th of May 1820, the Princess of Wales smack, of 75 tons burden, commanded by Mr. T. Beckwith, sailed from the Thames for Prince Edward's Island in the Indian Ocean, with a crew of fifteen men, for the purpose of catching seals and other cetaceous animals for the sake of their skins. The voyage was every way prosperous; the vessel arrived at its destination, where the seal-catching commenced on the 1st November, and remained till the subsequent March 1821. Having, as it would appear, exhausted the objects of pursuit in this quarter, the vessel proceeded farther to some desert islands, called the Crozettes, situated 47 degrees south latitude, and 47 degrees east longitude. This proved a fatal adventure. On the 17th of March, on reaching the Crozettes, a party of eight seamen was dispatched in a boat to one of the islands, there to remain some time seal-catching, while the vessel proceeded to another island to land a party for the same purpose. In the course of the day, after reaching the second island, a heavy swell began to set in towards the shore, and the captain, in order to gain an offing, was obliged to slip the cable, and endeavour to stand out to sea. Such, however, was the strength of the current and the unmanageableness of the vessel, that the most serious

apprehensions were entertained for its safety. In this condition the crew continued in hourly expectation of striking on outlying reefs until midnight, when, to settle all doubts on the subject, the unfortunate bark struck with tremendous force.

The striking of a vessel, whether on sand-banks or rocks, particularly the latter, is ordinarily the signal of destruction. On the present occasion, the crew instantly expected such a catastrophe, and proposed to get out the boat and try to gain the island; but the captain, who knew its desolate condition, and believed they could only linger out a few days there in dreadful want, opposed the proposition, and he chose rather to close his sufferings by a speedy death as the less horrible alternative. The crew, however, considered that there was still hope, and, under the circumstances, assuming the right of acting for themselves, they got the boat out over the gunwale, and threw into her a few things which they were able hastily to collect. Still, however, they refused to leave their captain to perish, and, after some entreaty, they prevailed upon him to commit himself to the boat with them. The night was dark, rainy, and boisterous, and the sea dashed over the rocks by which they were surrounded. They found the shore to be much nearer than they expected, but could not land, as it was bounded by a perpendicular rock. After rowing about for nearly four hours, they came into a sort of cove, where they got on shore in safety, but the boat was swamped. How they escaped the rocks in that darkness and heavy sea, was afterwards matter of astonishment to them. They hauled up the boat, turned it over, and got under it.

When the day broke, they perceived the vessel lying on her beam-ends, with a large hole in her lower planks, which proved that from the instant she first struck she

could not afterwards have lived. The sea was washing over her, and it was evident that she must soon go to pieces. They were unable to launch the boat to save any thing from the wreck. Amongst the articles put into the boat was a tinder-box, and with a few materials which they picked up on shore they made a fire, and caught a few birds which they dressed.

On the next day they succeeded in launching the boat, and proceeded in her to a cove at about five miles distant, which was nearer the vessel. They succeeded in reaching her, and getting out the captain's and the mate's chests, landing them, and in picking up a number of planks. The next day they picked up a try-sail, and some casks of bread which were spoilt, but a gale coming on, prevented them from putting out in the boat to visit the wreck, as it blew furiously. The next day they saw, to their distress, that nothing was left of her but the masts, which had become entangled by the rigging among the rocks, and these soon disappeared. They then hauled the boat up, to live, or rather to sleep, under her, and this was their only shelter for three weeks, during which time they subsisted chiefly on birds and the tongues and hearts of sea-elephants. They had got some of their hunting implements on shore, and were able to kill this animal with ease, whenever they caught it, and its great importance to them will appear in the course of the narrative. The weather was so rainy and inclement, that, until the end of three weeks, they were unable to begin to erect any commodious shelter. At the expiration of that time they collected all the timber they could find, for the island did not produce a shrub. With a part of these materials, and some stones, at the end of a few weeks they completed a house or shed. They covered the top with sea-elephants' skins to keep out the rain, and the weather, at

the sides, by means of turf. They made their beds of a soft dry grass, with which the island abounded, and over this they had coverlets of sea-elephants' skins, and on the whole they made their shelter tolerable. Knowing that it was useless to repine, they soon organized a settled course of life in their little community. Their chief occupation consisted in foraging for the means of subsistence within the limits of the island. Seals and sea-elephants were the game which they principally depended upon, and these they daily went in quest of. The sea-elephant was their grand main-stay, for it yielded not only some parts fit for food, but a large quantity of blubber, which being mixed with dry grass, made excellent fuel. They likewise hunted a species of sea-fowl which settled on the island to burrow and lay eggs in the sand, and which they seized without any difficulty. In the mornings they rose about eight o'clock and breakfasted on these birds, after which they went out to hunt, leaving one or two behind to cook dinner. This dinner consisted generally of a sort of soup composed of sea-elephants' flippers, heart, and tongue, chopped in pieces. They could find no vegetables on the island, which produced nothing but grass, excepting a plant like a cabbage that was extremely bitter, and this they made use of occasionally to flavour their soup. Great inconveniences were at first sustained for want of proper eating utensils, as there was only the large kettle in which their soup was made. They managed, however, to make some wooden spoons for themselves. They next cut down an old cask, and with it made a kind of soup tureen, out of which they all ate together.

Their last improvement was to manufacture a sort of wooden trencher for themselves, when they ate comparatively in a superior style of comfort. In the soup

they sometimes put elephant-skin, which had the appearance of tripe, but in taste and substance it is described as of a more "leathery" nature. After dinner some of them went out again to hunt for "grub," some remaining at home, the swiftest runners being chosen to hunt the seal. At "tea-time," or dusk, they returned, and partook of a mess composed of penguins' eggs boiled in water. Now and then they killed the albatross, which is rather a strong bird, and roasted it; but as young ones were highly esteemed, and as the mariners daily began to lose their hope of being delivered, they were afraid to kill the old birds lest they should quit the island, and in this fear they permitted them to live as "stand-bys." For the same reason they spared the penguins, which supplied them plentifully with eggs. The young seals were considered as the greatest luxury, but they, as well as the old ones, were but too scarce, and their skins were in high request for clothes; for, at the end of a few months, from their mode of life, their clothes gave way, and, indeed, the climate was so cold and wet that they were not fit to withstand the inclemency of the weather. The men set to work and made themselves clothes of the seal-skin, some using the hair inwards. They made a needle out of a nail. For shoes they made themselves a sort of socks or buskins of the same material, and they constructed various kinds of caps, which, as their beards were pretty long, by no means tended to improve their physiognomy.

We now turn to the history of the party of eight men who had gone ashore on the first island in the group, and from which they expected to be taken up in the course of a week. During the week, for which they possessed a sufficiency of provisions, they pursued their occupation of hunting the seals, on the low sandy shores

and inlets, and gathered a large quantity of the skins of these animals to carry with them on their return. At the end of the week, however, the smack did not make its appearance, which perplexed them not a little; but their distress may be conceived when they found portions of the wreck driven ashore by the waves, giving too certain evidence of the destruction of their vessel, and, as they feared, of the loss of their comrades. For six weeks they continued to watch the horizon, with a lingering hope that a sail would present itself to their anxious gaze, but nothing of the kind appeared, and the party then removed to another quarter of the island more productive of animals for subsistence. At the spot selected, the eight seamen staid during the winter, living on seals and sea-elephants, which they also cooked by means of the blubber. When winter had passed away, provisions were found to be scarce, and there was a necessity for seeking new quarters. As the small boat was left to them, they proposed to sail to the island lying at the distance of ten miles where the smack had been wrecked, and, putting this design in execution, they landed, as it happened, close by the spot where their wrecked shipmates had built their house, and there they met, to the great joy of both parties. The fishing party added to the comforts of the establishment, by bringing with them their kettle, frying-pan, and some other implements, which were highly acceptable. There was now a more numerous party to be provided for on the island, and consequently additional exertions were necessary for procuring food. Hunting the seal, the sea-elephant, and various birds, was kept up at all times when the weather permitted; and when storms of rain, snow, and wind, swept across the island, and rendered it impossible for them to move out with safety, they remained shut up in their rude

dwelling, in which their only mental solacement consisted in reading a Bible that had been fortunately spared among the materials of the wreck. Influenced by pious and rational sentiments, they formed a peaceful and orderly community, such as is seldom witnessed in similar cases of extreme personal inconvenience and privation. During their sojourn on the island, there were no parties amongst them; no quarrelling, and none assumed command, but obedience of the best kind existed—namely, that produced by a conviction of the utility and propriety of the thing proposed, and a mutual desire to be serviceable. They all gave their utmost exertions to the execution of whatever was suggested by the most experienced, or received the sanction of the majority.

After they had been together for about three weeks, and the prospect of deliverance from the dreary solitude getting every day more remote, it was proposed to construct a vessel with the timber of the wreck, and the materials of which the house was built. There were the remains of a hut built on the other island by some Americans who visited it some years before, when seals were more plentiful. With these, and what had been saved from the wreck, the carpenter reported that a vessel might be built, and they set to work upon that object immediately. The sails were to be made of seal-skins sewed together, and a party, consisting of eleven, went to the first island for the purpose of collecting and preparing them, and digging up the timber which had been used for the house. The collection and preparation of the skins took three weeks, and in a week more they collected all the timber for the building of the vessel. From the state of their provisions it was found convenient that five of their number should return and stay at the other island, as there were not provisions

sufficient for the subsistence of all at the island where the house was built. This party, therefore, having received a proportionate share of the utensils, namely, one kettle, and the bottom of an old one, which was used as a frying-pan, they set off. Those who remained, in order that they might apply the timber used in constructing the old house to the building of their vessel, set to work to build a new habitation, which they formed chiefly of stones and turf. This house appears to have been an improvement on the first, inasmuch as it had the luxury of three chimneys, which, however, either would not draw, or were insufficient, as the inmates were obliged to cut a hole in the gable end to let out the smoke. At this time they used the elephants' bones, with the blubber as fuel, the fumes from which were by no means agreeable. Having finished this, they shifted their things into it, tore down the first, and then cleared the place where it stood for the purpose of building the vessel upon it. They laid the keel, made from the top-mast of the wreck, to erect a vessel whose keel should be twenty-nine feet, and built like a lugger, and of about four feet and a half high. It was calculated that she would be about twelve tons burden. They worked at it with assiduity, animated by the hope of delivering themselves. Their history of their various expedients to supply the place of regular tools and materials, though unintelligible to the general reader, would be highly interesting to nautical men. At the end of five months they had completed her with her seal-skin sails, and they set off to the other island to fetch the other five men, that they might assist in the launch.

Nearly two years had passed since they were wrecked—a time which, as marked by their privations and anxieties, appeared as long as their lives. The five men who were on this first island were dispersed in search

of food, and the larger party were obliged to go in pursuit of them. On the next day after their arrival, a gale sprang up, and their boat was driven about seventy yards from where she was made fast, and her stern knocked to pieces. This was a fearful disaster, which threw the party into dismay, yet, out of evil, good sometimes comes. The day being fine, an old man, one of the sailors, was sent to a mountainous point to try if he could discover their comrades, and he had not been long gone ere he returned in a bewildered breathless state. When able to speak, he informed them that he had seen a vessel standing in towards the shore. This none of them would believe, and all said it must be a bird sitting on the water, an object which had often deceived their hopes. The man, however, was convinced that he was not mistaken, and asked who would go with him to see the vessel, when one offered to go with him, and ascertain the fact; and a tinder-box was given to them that they might, if it were true, make a fire to show those on board that there were human beings on the island. To their indescribable joy, these two men, on getting to the place where she was first discovered, saw a schooner standing along shore, and, from the carcass of a sea-elephant, just killed, and other traces, perceived that the crew must have been on shore. They then sought and killed one of those animals, and with its blubber they soon made a fire on the promontory, that evidently caught the attention of the schooner, as a boat was seen to proceed from her towards the shore. The men ran down eagerly to meet her, but when the boat got near the shore, the crew evidently hesitated, on seeing the two men, whose appearance must certainly have been of a dubious nature. They were naked with the exception of their rough brown fur jackets, as they had thrown off their skin trousers, which were exceedingly thick

and heavy, for the convenience of running. They, however, hailed the crew in a manner which proved them to be civilized beings, and they were taken on board. The vessel turned out to be an American schooner, which had come for the purpose of sealing and trading in those seas. The captain received them kindly, and gave them shirts and trousers. It was sunset when they were taken on board, and the next day the captain and the remaining party were fetched. They proceeded in search of the other party, who descried the vessel with a degree of joy equal to that of the first man who saw it, and on the boat approaching the shore, hailed it with three cheers, which were returned by their comrades on board. Those on shore were so overjoyed that they did not wait for her coming to the shore, but rushed into the water to haul her up. They were all taken on board. They assisted the schooner in loading, and after taking all their things on board, she sailed for her destination, the Isle of France.

Although thus rescued from a desert island, the misfortunes of the party were not terminated. On the way to the Isle of France, the mate of the smack had a disagreement with the American captain, and he and his companions, three excepted, were at their own desire put ashore on the island of St. Paul, where there are plenty of wild pigs and provisions such as the mariners had been lately used to, and which island is in the track of the vessels trading in the direction of the Mauritius. Here they intended to wait till picked up by a vessel in passing, of which they had no apprehensions. Of their fate no further account is given, though there is little doubt that they soon after reached England by some trading vessel. The three men that preferred going on with the American schooner, were landed at the Isle of France, whence they found their way to the

Cape of Good Hope, and from that they returned to London in the Lord Exmouth, in a most destitute condition, but in good health, notwithstanding the straits and miseries they had undergone.

THE ICEBERG.

'Twas night—our anchored vessel slept
Out on the glassy sea ;
And still as heaven the waters kept,
And golden bright—as he,
The setting sun, went sinking slow
Beneath the eternal wave ;
And the ocean seemed a pall to throw
Over the monarch's grave.

There was no motion of the air
To raise the sleeper's tress,
And no wave-building winds were there,
On ocean's loveliness ;
But ocean mingled with the sky
With such an equal hue,
That vainly strove the 'wildered eye
To part their gold and blue.

And ne'er a ripple of the sea
Came on our steady gaze,
Save when some timorous fish stole out
To bathe in the woven blaze,—
When, floating in the light that played
All over the resting main,
He would sink beneath the wave, and dart
To his deep, blue home again.

Yet, while we gazed, that sunny eve,
Across the twinkling deep,
A form came ploughing the golden wave,
And rending its holy sleep;
It blushed bright red, while growing on
Our fixed, half fearful gaze;
But it wandered down, with its glow of light,
And its robe of sunny rays.

It seemed like molten silver, thrown
Together in floating flame;
And as we looked, we named it, then,
The font whence all colours came:
There were rainbows furled with a careless grace,
And the brightest red that glows;
The purple amethyst there had place,
And the hues of a full-blown rose.

And the vivid green, as the sun-lit grass
Where the pleasant rain hath been;
And the ideal hues, that, thought-like, pass
Through the minds of fanciful men;
They beamed full clear—and that form moved on,
Like one from a burning grave;
And we dared not think it a real thing,
But for the rustling wave.

The sun just lingered in our view,
From the burning edge of ocean,
When by our bark that bright one passed
With a deep, disturbing motion:
The far down waters shrank away,
With a gurgling rush upheaving,
And the lifted waves grew pale and sad,
Their mother's bosom leaving.

Yet, as it passed our bending stern,
In its throne-like glory going,
It crushed on a hidden rock and turned
Like an empire's overthrowing.
The upturn waves rolled hoar,—and huge,
The far-thrown undulations
Swelled out in the sun's last lingering smile,
And fell like battling nations.

J. O. ROCKWELL.

OVERFLOW OF THE DRANSE.

A new work by Captain Basil Hall has just appeared, under the singular but appropriate name of "Patchwork." It consists of snatches of recollection of all kinds of things, but more particularly of foreign travel and adventure, written in that lively and agreeable style which has made his previous writings so popular. The work may be said to open with a description of the bursting of the pent-up waters of the Dranse, and of the deplorable catastrophe which thereupon ensued. The particulars have been a hundred times recorded, but never more truly or pleasantly.

I SHALL never forget the scene of desolation caused by the great debacle at Martigny. More than two-and-twenty years have elapsed since I looked over the melancholy waste—and though I have become tolerably familiar with the operation of seas and floods in other regions in the interval, I must own that it was only in an Alpine valley that I ever witnessed the full power of moving water, and thence learned duly to respect it as an agent in the geological history of the earth's surface. The Val de Bagnes is a steep, narrow, rugged, valley, or more properly rocky glen, running for about thirty or forty miles in a direction nearly east and west among

those mountains lying on the the south side of Valais, and forming a part of the great Alpine ridge which divides Switzerland from Piedmont. This ridge is elevated to that height which secures for it a coating of eternal snow, and consequently it sends down on all sides, wherever the slope and form of the ground are suitable, those well-known huge frozen masses called glaciers.

Near a place called St. Branchier the Val de Bagnes takes a rectangular turn, and after passing in its new course for two or three miles amongst the hills, opens into the great valley of the Rhone at Martigny. The river Dranse, which has its origin in the two glaciers of Chermontane and Mont Durand, lying at the very top of the glen, flows along the Val de Bagnes, till at Martigny it meets the Rhone, of which it is one of the principal feeders. The banks of this river, or, to speak more properly, of this mountain-torrent, are at most places precipitous. But the ground, occasionally becoming less steep, admits of the formation of soil, and this, even if it be too steep for the purposes of agriculture, is richly clad with the larch, a tree which loves to root itself in such commanding positions. Thus, wherever it is possible for the foot of a man to plant itself, little villages start up, enriched by gardens, and decked by the church steeple, which never fails to meet the eye in a Swiss community, however small, or however poor, or, I may add, however exposed it may occasionally be to the ravages of such a debacle as swept out the poor valley of the Dranse in 1818.

For several years previous to the time I am speaking of (1818), the Dranse had been occasionally, but not seriously, obstructed by blocks of ice and avalanches of snow from the slowly-advancing glacier. These, in process of time, became so frequent and so extensive, that

they began to resist the melting power of the summer; and eventually the glacier itself, having joined company with the enormous pile of fragments it had sent before it, pushed itself directly across the narrow valley, so as to rest its snout or base on the foot of the opposite mountain, called Mauvoisin, on the left bank of the Dranse, while its upper part lay several hundred feet above the bed of the stream, on the other side. This was the state of affairs in April 1818, and there would have been no harm in it had the barrier been of rocky materials, as frequently happens in the Alpine valleys. As it was, the danger became greater and greater every moment; and the experienced Swiss, now fully awakened to their danger, saw that unless they adopted some very prompt and energetic measures, the weight of the accumulated waters would, ere long, become too great for the strength of the dam of ice, and the whole reservoir would be dashed at once down the ravine, to the destruction of all the villages, fields, bridges, and mills.

An able engineer, of the name of Venetz, who lived in the Valais, not far from Martigny, at once perceived that although the evil might not, perhaps, be entirely averted, it might be essentially lessened. He saw clearly that it was impossible to diminish the present magnitude of the lake formed by the glacier of Getroz, but he thought it might be prevented from rising above a certain level, if a gallery, or tunnel, could be cut through the barrier of ice at such a height above the level of the lake as would enable the work to be finished before the water should rise to that point. This required not only a very nice calculation, but a degree of vigour and activity in the execution which it might be difficult to match in any other country. The drift or gallery which M. Venetz proposed to bore through the glacier, for the purpose of acting as a waste weir to the lake,

was made to slope downwards, in such a way that when the water rose to its upper end it should flow so rapidly through that it might act like a saw, and by cutting down the ice of the glacier, permit the lake gradually to descend, till it was nearly emptied, and the mass of water be prevented from becoming an overmatch for the retaining wall of ice and snow as it was certain to prove, sooner or later, if things were left alone.

This bold manœuvre so far succeeded, that, in the course of a few days, the depth of the lake was depressed forty-five feet; but after the force of the water had eroded the whole of the ice, it attacked the soft and friable materials on which the barrier rested, making a passage for itself between the glacier and the rocky bed of the mountain. When the water rushed out through this outlet, the ice gave way with a tremendous crash, and the entire mass from above was precipitated into the valley beneath, carrying with it man and his works, and spreading ruin and desolation over the whole tract. The narrative thus goes on:—

I arrived at Martignay on the 5th of August, just seven weeks after the catastrophe above described. Many of the houses had been swept away, and all the remaining habitations gave token of having been invaded by the flood, which, even at the lower extremity of the town, where the valley is widest, had risen to the height of ten feet, as we could remark by the traces left on the walls. Higher up the torrent had been much deeper; and the inhabitants pointed out to us the manner in which a considerable district of houses had been saved from destruction by the intervention of the village church, a compact stone building placed—perhaps not accidentally—with one of its corners directed towards the adjacent gorge, out of which the overcharged torrent of the Dranse burst with such violence on the 16th of June. Had the side or end of the church faced the stream, it is supposed that not only it must have

given way, but, in its train, all that quarter of the village would have been overwhelmed. The strong nature of the angle of the church, however, seems to have divided the waters; and as the valley at this point begins to spread itself out, the stream readily obeyed the new direction given to it, and flowed to the right and left. With some difficulty we made our way into the church, which was nearly half full of sand, mud, and stones, brought there by the flood. The pulpit just peeped above the mass of rubbish, but the altar was no longer visible, being quite buried under the mud. This very substantial building, indeed, had acted its part so firmly in the hour of need, that the old man who acted as our guide, patted the wall familiarly with his hand, saying, "The church was, and is, after all, our chief reliance in the hour of danger!" something figurative, perhaps, mingling with the poetical sentiment. All the hedges, garden-walls, and other boundary lines and land-marks of every description, were of course obliterated, under one uniform mass of detritus which had levelled all distinctions in a truly sweeping and democratic confusion. In every house, without exception, there lay a stratum of alluvial matter several feet in thickness, so deposited that passages were obliged to be cut through it, along the streets, as we see roads cut in the snow after a storm. On that side of every building which faced up the valley, and consequently against which the stream was directed, there had been collected a pile of large stones under all, then a layer of trees, with their tattered branches lying one way, and their roots the other. Next came a net work of timber-beams, of houses, broken doors, fragments of mill-wheels, shafts of carts, handles of ploughs, and all the wreck and ruin of the numerous villages which the debacle had first torn to pieces, and then swept down the valley in one

undistinguishable mass. The lower part of the bark had been completely stripped off all the trees still standing, each one being charged on the side next the torrent with a singlar accumulation of rubbish, consisting chiefly of uprooted trees, and those wooden portions of the buildings which were bolted together. I ought to mention, also, that from every house, and behind every tree, circumstanced as I have described, there extended down the valley a long tail or train of diluvial rubbish, deposited in the swirl, or, as a sailor would say, in the eddy, under the lee of these obstacles. All over the plain, large boulders or erratic blocks lay thickly strewed. No one, till he sees it, can form any just conception what the power of moving water is, especially when confined between two precipitous banks, accumulated to the height of fifty or sixty feet, and flowing along a bed of such steepness, that even in ordinary states of supply the stream acquires the character of a foaming torrent. I well remember, even at the distance of twenty-two years, the awe and wonder with which I looked at one of the masses of rock pointed out to me, which the stream in question had evidently projected fairly out of the gorge into the plain. It measured twenty-seven paces round, twelve feet in height, and twelve across in one direction, which I fixed upon as about the average. It was of a rude pyramidical shape. Further up the glen, I came to many rocks, which, though much larger than the one I mentioned, bore indubitable marks of having been in motion.

A scene not often visited by ordinary travellers is the

PASS OF THE GEMMI.

NEXT morning at half-past five we commenced our preparations for ascending the pass of the Gemmi, unquestionably one of the most curious artificial roads in

Switzerland. The fine weather, which had favoured us so much during our tour of Mont Blanc, seemed so completely gone that the people of the hotel endeavoured to dissuade us from attempting the Gemmi pass in such weather. But we were resolved to proceed, and away we went. Unfortunately for me, I could not walk a single step, having hurt my foot when scrambling the day before along the scene of the great debacle, extending from St. Branchier to Martigny. In this dilemma, the landlord declared that I might ride up the pass, and be carried down again in a chair on men's shoulders. I agreed to anything rather than miss the sight, and after a hearty breakfast proceeded. We soon reached the base of the mountain, but though the clouds cleared away from time to time, we could see nothing in the least degree like a pass or road of any kind. No valley or ravine appeared to afford an opening through the mountain, the face of which, on approaching still nearer, we discovered to be not merely steep but actually perpendicular, and in some places even overhanging, in cliffs of six and seven hundred feet high! At the foot of this sheer precipice there lay, as usual, in such places, a sloping talus, as it is called, of fragments of the rock detached from the upper strata. We had to make our way up this bank along a road much steeper than anything we had yet encountered. But this was nothing at all to what we came to on reaching the abrupt face of the cliff, where, to our great surprise, we found the road—even now scarcely visible—actually cut into the perpendicular wall of the mountain, and leading by a series of zigzags up to the very top. As these open galleries are excavated in the living rock only to the depth of five or six feet,—and as in many places no parapet has been left on the outer side, while the plane of the road instead of sloping inwards, rather inclines

outwards—it is not in the imagination to conceive anything more terrific. Even to a person on foot, it must require him to possess no small steadiness to retain his composure; but if mounted, he must have a head well practised in going aloft not to feel very uneasy. I found my early nautical habits barely sufficient to keep me from becoming giddy, as the mule—the perversetest brute in Switzerland—insisted upon pacing along the outer edge of the precipice, instead of hugging the inner wall, as I wished it to do. In actual fear of my neck, I got off several times; but my foot had been so badly chafed in the Val de Bagnes, I could not get along, and was obliged to remount and take my chance, my only consolation being to recall as many stories as I could muster of the proverbial sure-footedness of the Swiss mules. We had ascended but a little way before we entered the clouds, which hung low on the mountains. But this obscurity—for we lost sight of the abyss below and the cliffs above—added considerably to the feeling of danger, to say nothing of the discomfort of a drizzling rain. By-and-by the rain became sleet, and before we reached the top it turned to snow. As the thermometer stood only a few degrees below the freezing point, the cold might have been tolerable had it been calm, but it blew so fiercely, that the chill pierced us to the very bone. This, no doubt, was partly owing to the actual severity of the weather, but partly to the contrast between the temperature we now experienced, and that in which we had been basking for the preceding fortnight. At the top of the mountain, all Nature lay before us bare and bleak. The cold, black, dripping, unpicturesque rocks, showed themselves every now and then as the clouds flew past. Here and there the ground was dusted with the cutting snow, blown, in our faces as we passed on to the gloomy lake of Daube, the waters of

which—not less black than ink—lashed themselves into a dirty foam against the base of some dreary cliffs, of which the tops were covered with glaciers. It must certainly have been to some such hopeless spot as this, on the top of the Caucasus, that the magician in the Arabian Nights carried his victims; and right glad we were when our despotic guide, for once fairly beaten back, made the signal to put about. But if going up the Gemmi on the back of a mule be a nervous affair, the operation of coming down is so much worse, that to the last day of my life I shall remember the awkwardness of such a predicament. As I could not have walked ten paces to save my life, I was obliged to risk my neck by allowing myself to be perched in an arm-chair, and hoisted on the shoulders, not of four, but of two men, in a manner contrary to all the laws of stable equilibrium, for the soles of my feet came on a level with their necks. Nevertheless, though loaded with this ill-arranged top-weight, the fellows trudged down the path at a quick, careless, swinging sort of pace, keeping time to the “Ranz des Vaches,” which one or other of the bearers sung all the way from the top to the bottom of the pass. The light-hearted peasants, singing and laughing as they trudged along, swung me round over their heads, as we turned the horrid corners, in such a manner as to show me the fearful abyss below, into which the least slip, or one false step, or the giving way of the slightest particle of the edge of the road, would have tumbled us all headlong! I had no time to study the picturesque of the prospect which gradually reopened upon us, in proportion as we left the dense clouds of the upper districts of this singular pass: indeed I could think of nothing but a most unfortunately ominous expression used by the landlord the evening before, when he and I were discussing together the various modes of making the excursion. As I could

not walk, and still less relished the notion of being carried on men's shoulders, I had asked if I could not ride down as well as up the pass, for that nothing, it was said, could be more uncomfortable than being elevated to such an unsteady position in such a place. "*Il faut avouer, monsieur,*" said he, "*que cette manière de voyager n'est pas agréable—mais on y risque moins!*" The words "*risque moins*" rung in my ears: and as the implied insecurity of the expression stared me in the face at the terrible turnings of the road, I tried the experiment of shutting my eyes; but almost before I was aware of it, this made me so giddy and sea-sick, that I had nearly lost the equilibrium which my bearers were very urgent in requiring me to maintain, for my own safety as well as theirs, and I was obliged during the rest of the descent to face the peril as well as I might.

WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell;
 But, hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
 No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet,
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—

But, hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo could repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well,
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet, such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar,
And near the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! They come!
They come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill, but with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's
ears.

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and
low !

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife
The morn, the marshalling in arms,—the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array !
The thunder clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent.

BYRON.

MISSIONARY ANECDOTES.

Under this head, we place a few incidents of Missionary Enterprise. The difficulties and dangers of the Missionary's life, as exhibited in these, cannot fail powerfully to excite the sympathy of our readers.

DANGERS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

IN August, 1811, the members of the missionary station of Bavian's Kloof were involved in deep distress by a most affecting accident. The neighbourhood having been much infested by wolves, which committed great havoc among the cattle, a day was appointed to hunt and destroy them, agreeably to the usual practice of the country. The brethren Bonatz and Schmitt, with about thirty Hottentots, accordingly set out in the morning with loaded guns. When about an hour's ride from the settlement, they discovered and wounded a wolf, but the animal made its escape among the bushes. They pursued it for some time, but not being able to detect its hiding-place, the two missionaries resolved to return home. They had already left the Hottentots a small distance, when the latter cried that they had discovered the wolf in a thicket near at hand. Schmitt immediately rode back to their assistance, but Bonatz remained behind, as he had not his gun with him. When they were in the thicket, the dog started the animal. Those within did not see what it was; but those without exclaimed it was a tiger, and ran off, leaving the missionary and one of the Hottentots in the middle of the bushes, and perfectly at a loss by what side to escape, lest they should come directly upon it. They therefore proceeded slowly, with their guns pointed, designing to shoot the

animal the moment it made its appearance. On a sudden the tiger sprung upon the Hottentot, pulled him down, and began to bite his face. The distance of the place from whence the animal made his spring to that on which the Hottentot stood, was fully twenty feet, and over bushes from six to eight feet high, so that, had it not been for the horror of the scene, it would have been very amusing to behold the enraged animal flying like a bird through the air, with open jaw and lashing tail, and screaming with the greatest violence. Schmitt, who was close at hand, prepared to shoot the tiger ; but the motions of the Hottentot and the animal in rolling about, and struggling together were so rapid, that he was afraid to fire lest he should injure him whom he wished to save. Immediately, however, the tiger let go the Hottentot and made a spring at the missionary. His gun being of no use at such close quarters, he threw it down, and in order to shield his face held up his arm, which the animal instantly siezed close to the elbow with his jaws. Schmitt, however, was still able, with the same hand, to lay hold of one of the tiger's fore-feet, while with the other paw the animal continued striking his breast and tearing his clothes. Happily both fell in the struggle in such a position, that the missionary's knee rested on the pit of the tiger's stomach. He, at the same time, grasped the animal's throat with his right hand, and kept him down with all his might. His face now lay directly over the tiger, whose open mouth, from the pressure of the wind-pipe, sent forth the most hideous, hoarse, convulsive groans, while his starting eyes seemed to flash with fire. As his strength was fast failing, Schmitt called to his companions to come to his assistance ; while, on the other hand, the rage and agony of the tiger supplied it with extraordinary energy. On hearing his cries, the Hottentots ran to his assistance,

and one of them snatching up the loaded gun which lay on the ground, shot the tiger through the heart. His death was instantaneous. Had the spark of life not been completely extinguished, his dying struggles might have proved fatal to some of his assailants. About three o'clock in the afternoon they arrived at Gruenekloof with the poor missionary, who, though severely wounded, was still alive. As the case, however, was of an extraordinary nature, his friends were much at a loss how to treat him; and before it was possible to obtain medical advice from the Cape, the inflammation had spread to an alarming extent. Every hour, indeed, he grew worse. He had seven or eight wounds from the elbow to the wrist; in some places they penetrated to the very bone; and as the teeth and claws of a tiger are shaped like those of a cat, they had of course lacerated the parts. His brethren, after several days, procured a medical man from the Cape, who bled him very freely, and kindly promised not to leave him until he was out of danger. By degrees the inflammation abated, symptoms of a favourable nature began to appear; and to the astonishment of all his friends, Schmitt at length recovered, though he did not enjoy the same degree of health as before.

The Hottentot, though severely wounded, did not suffer so much bodily pain as the missionary. It was the third instance in which he had encountered a tiger, and this time he would in all probability have lost his life had not Schmitt risked his own to save him. After the tiger had thrown the Hottentot down, the missionary might easily have made his escape, as well as his companions, but he could not bear to see the poor man lose his life, without endeavouring at least to rescue him.—*Methodist Magazine.*

MISSIONARY STATION IN GREENLAND.

IN the course of a voyage made by the writer, the ship came in contact with an iceberg and was severely injured, and all hope in consequence of passing the Atlantic with safety being done away, it was determined by the captain to sail for Holsteinborg, a Danish settlement on the eastern side of Davis's Straits. Here the vessel was repaired; and, during the necessary stay, the writer became acquainted with the Rev. K. Kijer, the missionary at that place, with whom, and his excellent family, he passed one of the most interesting periods of his life.

The life of a missionary, even in a temperate zone, is not without suffering and danger. What, therefore, must it be in an inclement region like that of Greenland, and at a station within the arctic circle?

The Rev. K. Kijer is a Danish clergyman of the Lutheran church, whose friends reside at Skorup Horsens, in Denmark. To become a missionary chaplain at Holsteinborg, he left his native land in September 1819, and soon began to feel the effects of a severe climate.

In 1825 this holy man started, in a small boat to visit a distant settlement under his pastoral care. On one of the lengthening days of April, a storm suddenly overtook him and his companions, and they were cast on a small, desert, and wretched island, where they were compelled to remain for three days. During this time the tempest was unabated, and it often threatened to wash them off the half-deluged rock on which they had been cast. The wind was so high that it was impossible for them even to rear a tent to defend them from the unrelenting fury of the storm; wet, and cold by the continual vehemence of a northern blast, with their little

stock of provisions exhausted, they grasped the icy rock, to maintain, if possible, their situation during the drifting gusts which appeared ready to bury them in the foaming billows. At length they were compelled to satisfy the cravings of hunger by gathering and eating the scanty herbage which here and there grew in the crevices of the rocks. On the morning of the fourth day the tempest abated a little, and, prompted by hunger, they launched their shattered boat, with scarcely strength enough to row to the not far distant shore. At length he arrived at the station he set out for, 120 miles from home, where, having set things in order, and exhorted that part of his flock, he returned to Holsteinborg.

Captain Sir John Ross's account of Holsteinborg is truly interesting, and, confirming all the author has stated, he has ventured to insert it. It is as follows:—

“We found the governor, named Kall, a person of very prepossessing manners and appearance. He seemed about thirty years of age, and had been resident during six with the charge of this district. The clergyman, named Kijer, seemed to be about the same age, with the manners and language of a well-educated and intelligent man. He had been resident during the same time, with a wife and small family.

“We landed under a salute; an honour which I did not expect, but which we afterwards returned, of course, as soon as an opportunity occurred. We were received by Mrs. Kijer, who was in waiting to conduct us to their hospitable mansion; and in both Commander Ross was delighted to recognize two old acquaintances, having known them during a former voyage at the Whale-islands. Fortunately, knowing the Danish myself, I was enabled to converse with this lady also, as her knowledge did not, like her husband's, extend to the English language. We were treated with what we might call

an elegant repast of venison and other things, and served by Esquimaux in their native costume, but far surpassing in cleanliness those with whom we had been in communication on former occasions; and, moreover, decorated with a profusion of beads, and their hair bound with pink handkerchiefs.

“After dinner we inspected the settlement, which consisted of the governor’s and clergyman’s houses, a church, two store-houses, a bake-house, and about forty Esquimaux huts. The two houses were built of wood, having a ground story, containing a commodious dining-room, a good bed-room, a small parlour, and a kitchen, the governor’s having an extra room adjoining, for the accommodation of his two boats’ crews and two pilots. The apartments were low, and having cross beams, and the ceiling resembling the fore-cabin of a fifty-gun ship; the upper story containing only bed-rooms for servants, being a species of attic. To the church there is a small steeple, somewhat surmounting the building, the inside being neat and plain, with an organ at one extremity, and the altar at the other, though the former was not seen, as it had been sent home to be repaired.

“The church is capable of containing 200 persons, and is well attended; the sermon and prayers being in the Esquimaux and Danish language, on the alternate Sundays. I need not say that the Danish form is Lutheran; nor need I repeat the praise so well deserved and so often bestowed on the Danish government, for their attention to the spiritual welfare of the Greenlanders; and as little need I notice the well-known success which has attended the labours of the worthy clergymen who have undertaken this office under such a banishment, and such privations. The store-house at the landing-place is the receptacle of all heavy articles; and at the other higher up some of the people reside.

There is no view of the sea from the town, the harbour alone being visible. It is defended from the east by high rocks, and also from the west by others, so as to be well sheltered; while it is covered from the south, though at a greater distance, by a huge mountain called the Old Woman's Hood, and has also a prospect of a range of loftier hills fronting the harbour. It is thus a really interesting and almost romantic spot, nevertheless scarcely endurable as a residence, during even a tolerable portion of the year, such as it chanced to be at our visit. From an eminence a little way beyond it, we obtained a fine view of the sea and its countless islands; forming an interesting maritime landscape, out of the power of our pencils at least, if not of better ones than ours. And from the same point we could discern our own floating home, lying snug in her little cove."—*Introduction to a Poem, "The Greenland Minstrel."*

A MORAVIAN SETTLEMENT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE valley of the White River lies at the bottom of the Zureberg mountains, which rise on this side to an elevation of about 2500 feet above the level of the adjacent country. The declivities of the mountain, and the whole of the subsidiary hills which encompass this glen, are covered with the clustering forest-jungle which I have described; but the banks of the stream are comparatively level and open, and covered with luxuriant pastures of sweet grass. The whole length of the vale may be altogether, probably, about ten or twelve miles, from the spot where the little river abruptly emerges from the recesses of the mountains to where it joins the Sunday river. The scenery of the upper part of the

dell is very picturesque. Accompanying the course of the stream, as it meanders through the meadows, you have, on the right, lofty hills covered with woods of evergreens, and broken by *kloofs*, or subsidiary dells, filled with large forest-timber. On the left the hills are lower, but also covered with copsewood, and in many places diversified by rocks and cliffs of deep red and other lively colours. The valley, winding among those woody heights, spreads out occasionally to a considerable breadth; and then again the converging hills appear to close it in entirely with huge masses of rock and forest. At every turn the outline of the hill varies, presenting new points of picturesque scenery; while, scattered through the meadows, or bending over the river margin, appear little clumps of evergreens, willows, and acacias; and sometimes groves of lofty forest trees (chiefly yellow wood, or Cape cedar) enrich the vale with a stately beauty not always met with in South African landscape. This combination of the wild, the grand, and the beautiful is heightened in its effect by the exotic appearance of the vegetation: the lofty candelabra-shaped euphorbias towering above the copses of evergreens; the aloes clustering along the summits or fronts of the weather-stained rocks; the speckboom, with its light green leaves and lilac blossoms; the more elegantly-shaped mimosa, with its yellow-tufted flowers; the baboon's ladder, wild-vine, and other parasitical plants and creepers, that climb among the crags, and festoon in grotesque exuberance the branches of the loftiest trees, intermingled with jasmines and superb geraniums;—these, and a thousand other shrubs and flowers, of which only a few are known to our green-houses, adorn even the precipitous rocks, and fill up the interstices of the forest.

The meadows, too, or savannahs along the river

banks, are richly embellished, at least in the spring and early summer, with the large purple flowers of a species of amarillis, which has a very splendid appearance. At the time of my visit, which was the autumn of the southern hemisphere, the vale was thickly overspread with a small, white, delicate flower, somewhat resembling the snow-drop. The river itself, like the River of Baboons, is but a large mountain torrent, bursting down, after heavy rains, in floods which sweep over a great part of the level meads above described, and which fling up, in their violence, immense quantities of large rolled stones and gravel, through which the stream, when diminished by the summer heats, filtrates silently and unperceived. The current, however, even in the greatest droughts, is never entirely interrupted, though sometimes invisible, but always fills the large pools, or natural tanks, which spread out like little lakelets along its channel, and which its temporary floods serve to sweep and purify.

The Moravian settlement of Enon was situate near the centre of the valley of the White river, and in the midst of the scenery which I have attempted to describe. It stood upon a level spot of alluvial soil, near the margin of one of the deep lagoons formed by the river, and which the brethren have named the Leguan's Tank, from its being frequented by numbers of the large amphibious lizard called the leguan, or guana. It was also, I observed, well stocked with a species of carp common to many of the South African streams.

The village was laid out in the form of a long street, at the upper end of which was to be erected the church, school-room, work-shops, and dwelling-houses of the missionaries. A small part only of these buildings had as yet been completed; for the good brethren and their Hottentot disciples had returned but a few months be-

fore to reoccupy this station, after having been driven out of it by the Caffres in the war of 1819.

The number of Hottentots at this institution was then about 200. Their dwellings were, with a few exceptions, small wattled cabins of a very simple construction.

The extent of cultivation here was much inferior to what I afterwards witnessed at the elder Moravian settlement of Genadendal, where the whole village is enveloped in a forest of fruit-trees; but, considering the short period that had elapsed since the inhabitants had returned to their labours, as much had been accomplished as could reasonably be expected. The appearance of the whole place was neat, orderly, and demure. There was no hurried bustle, no noisy activity, even in the missionary workshops, though industry plied there its regular and cheerful task; but a sort of pleasing pastoral quiet seemed to reign throughout the settlement, and brood over the secluded valley.

There were at this time three missionaries at Enon, besides another brother who was absent on a journey, all of them natives of Germany. The eldest of these, who was also the superintendent of the institution, was the venerable brother Schmitt, who, after spending his earlier years as a missionary on the desolate coast of Labrador, had been sent to Southern Africa. Mrs. Schmitt, an Englishwoman, and at this period the only white woman in the settlement, appeared to be a person exceedingly well adapted for the station she occupied. The two younger brethren were plain mechanics.

Regularity is one of the most striking characteristics of the Moravian system; and a love of order, even to excess, pervades every part of their economy. In order to give some idea of this, I shall mention the daily routine at this place, which is, I believe, precisely

similar to that established at their other institutions in this country.

At six o'clock in the morning, the missionaries and their families are summoned together, by the ringing of a large bell, suspended in front of the mission-house. The matin hymn is then sung, and a text of Scripture read, for all to meditate upon during the day ; and after drinking a single cup of coffee, they separate to pursue their respective occupations. At eight o'clock the bell reassembles them to a substantial breakfast, consisting of fish, fruit, eggs, and cold meat ; each person commonly drinking a single glass of wine. This meal, as well as the others, is preceded and followed by a short hymn, by way of grace, in which all the company join. As soon as breakfast is over, they retire to their separate apartments, for meditation or devotion, till nine o'clock, when the active labours of the day are again resumed, and continued till noon. At twelve o'clock precisely the bell is again rung ; labour is intermitted ; the school is dismissed ; and the brethren and their families assemble in the dining hall to the mid-day meal. The dishes are sometimes numerous (especially, I presume, when they have visitors), but the greater part consist of fruit and vegetables of their own cultivation, variously dressed. I did not observe that any of the brethren drank more than a single glass of wine, and that generally mixed with water. The meal is enlivened with cheerful conversation, and is closed with the customary little hymn of thanksgiving. All then rise and retire, to occupy or amuse themselves as each may be inclined. Most of the missionaries, after dinner, take a short nap, a practice generally prevalent throughout the Cape colony, except among the English. At two o'clock a cup of tea or coffee is drank, and all proceed again with alacrity to their various occupations,

which are prosecuted till six. This latter hour concludes the labours of the day; the sound of the hammer is stilled, and the brethren assemble once more at the evening meal, which consists of light viands, and is soon over. After supper they adjourn to the church, where a portion of Scripture is briefly explained, or a homily delivered, either to the whole Hottentot congregation, or to one of the several sections in which the people are classed, agreeably to the progress they may have attained in knowledge and piety. All then retire to rest, with an appearance of cheerful satisfaction, such as may be naturally imagined to result from the habitual practice of industry and temperance, unembittered by worldly cares, and hallowed by the consciousness of having devoted their mental and bodily faculties to the glory of God and the good of men.

Though the Moravians find it impracticable or inexpedient to follow up in their missionary settlements some of the peculiar and rather monastic regulations, which are observed in their European establishments, such as separating the married and the unmarried, the youth of different sexes, &c., still their precision and formality in classification are very remarkable. Among other peculiarities of this description, I may refer to the singular arrangement of their burial-grounds, which are divided and sub-divided by walks, crossing at right angles, into several compartments. One of these plots thus marked off is appropriated for the sepulture of the married missionary brethren and sisters; a second for the unmarried brothers; a third for the unmarried sisters; a fourth and fifth for baptized and married natives, male and female; a sixth and seventh for the unmarried and unbaptized natives, and so on. This certainly is carrying classification to a most fanciful pitch, especially that of mere mortal dust and ashes! Passing over this,

however, there is unquestionably something very touching, as well as tasteful and picturesque, in the appearance of a Moravian burial-ground in South Africa. Situate at some little distance from the village, yet not far from the house of worship, cut out in the centre of a grove of evergreens, and kept as neat as a pleasure-garden, the burial-ground of Enon formed a pleasing contrast to the solitary graves heaped with a few loose stones, or the neglected and dilapidated churchyards usually met with in the colony. The funeral service, too, of the Moravians is very solemn and impressive. And still more solemn must be the yearly celebration of their service on Easter morn, when the whole population of the settlement is congregated in the burial-ground, to listen to an appropriate discourse from the most venerable of their pastors, accompanied by an affecting commemoration of such of their friends and relatives as may have died within the year, and followed by hymns and anthems sung by their united voices amidst the ashes of their kindred.

The missionaries at this place, like their German countrymen in general, appeared to have a fine taste for music; and the voices of the Hottentots being peculiarly mellow, there was nothing vulgar or discordant in their singing, but, on the contrary, a sweet, solemn, and pathetic harmony. Nothing, indeed, can well be conceived more exquisitely affecting than the rich though simple melody of one of these missionary hymns when sung by an African congregation in the bosom of their native woods, where only a few years ago no voice was heard save the howling of wild beasts, or the yell of savage hordes.—*Pringle's African Sketches.*

NIGHT.

NIGHT is the time for rest :

How sweet, when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose ;
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed.

Night is the time for dreams,

The gay romance of life ;
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife.
Ah ! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by day-light are.

Night is the time for toil,

To plough the classic field ;
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield :
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep—

To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of other years ;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But finished young like things on earth !

Night is the time to watch

On ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,

That brings into the home-sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care,
Brooding on hours misspent ;
To see the spectre of despair
Come to our lonely tent ;
Like Brutus, 'midst his slumb'ring host,
Startled by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse—
Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and with expanding views,
Beyond the starry pole
Descries, athwart th' abyss of night,
The dawn of uncreated light !

Night is the time to pray—
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away ;
So will his followers do ;
Steal through the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion with their God.

Night is the time for death ;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease ;
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends—such death be mine !

MONTGOMERY.

THE STARLING.

THE Starling, although closely resembling the thrush and blackbird in some respects, differs from them essentially in others; and as its beak, on examination, will be found to be without a notch at its extremity, it may be decidedly placed amongst the conirostral tribe.

Of some birds it is difficult, from their retired habits, to give any clear and accurate account. Not so of our friend the starling. When it suits his purpose, he comes fearlessly under our observation, and invites us to learn his history. For many and many a year have we watched him from month to month, with the exception of a certain season, when, for reasons best known to himself, he altogether disappears, and leaves us to wonder what has become of him.

Close before the window of our scene of observation, a well-mown short-grassed lawn is spread before him—it is his dining-room; there, in the spring, he is allowed to revel, but seldom molested, on the plentiful supply of worms which he collects pretty much in the same manner as the thrush. Close at hand, within half a stone's throw, stands an ivy-mantled parish church, with its massy gray tower, from the turreted pinnacle of which rises a tall flag-staff, crowned by its weathercock; under the eaves, and within the hollows and chinks of the masonry of this tower, are his nursery establishments. On the battlements, and projecting grotesque tracery of its gothic ornaments, he retires to enjoy himself, looking down on the rural world below; while, at other times, a still more elevated party will crowd together on the letters of the weathercock, or, accustomed to its motion, sociably twitter away their

chattering song, as the vane creaks slowly round with every change of wind.

We will give a journal of our starlings' lives. At the close of January one or two unconnected birds, now and then make their appearance on this weathercock; at first but for a few minutes, as if, without an assignable reason, they had merely touched upon it as an inviting resting-place, in their unsettled course. In February, if the weather happens to be mild, the number of idlers may possibly now and then increase; but still the visit seems to be but the mere passing call of a few strangers, without a leading object. In March, however, about the first or second week, according to the state of the weather, things begin to assume a more bustling and serious appearance. Hitherto but one or two, or at most three or four, may have dropped in, as if to say, Here we are, the winter is past and gone, a happier season is at hand. But now the flights increase, the three and the four are multiplied to fourteen or sixteen, and the song becomes a little chorus, more loud and more joyous than before; and occasionally, though at first with some circumspection and hesitation, one or two of the boldest will let themselves gently fall from their airy height, and glide down upon the lawn, as if to inquire into the state of their future larder; for they scarcely take time to taste the hidden treasures below the sod, but looking suspiciously about, are on the wing in a moment, if an inmate approaches the window, or a door is heard to shut or open.

About the latter end of the second week, affairs begin to be placed upon a more regular footing; the parties on or about the battlements and weathercock, seem as if they had determined upon a permanent establishment. From early dawn till about ten, there they remain caroling away their communications; at that hour, however,

off they go, and till four or five o'clock, are seen no more, throughout the greater part of the day; being absent in the fields, where they may be seen chattering in company with the inhabitants of a neighbouring rookery, or a noisy set of jackdaws, who have, for time out of mind, been the undisputed tenants of a certain portion of an ancient beech-wood, at no great distance.

About the third week, the plot begins to thicken still more. The field, the lawn, and the weathercock, are no longer the only objects of interest. Detachments may be now seen, prowling busily over the roof, cautiously creeping in and out, from under the projecting eaves, and by the end of the month, the regular establishment, amounting to about thirty, has assembled, and the grand work of the year fairly commences. From this time all is bustle; straws and nest furniture are seen flying through the air in beaks, contriving, nevertheless, to announce their comings and goings by particular harsh or low muttering cries, according as they think they are watched or not. They are cunning birds, and discover in an instant, whether a passer by has an eye to their movements, and perfectly aware whether he is following his own business or theirs. If he steps onwards, without troubling himself about them, they go in and out with perfect unconcern; but if a glance of curiosity or observation is directed to their motions, they are all upon the alert; the bearer of a tuft to the nest wheels to the right about, and perching on the naked upper twig of a small beech-tree, or the projecting point of a gable end, sits there, uttering a particular note, which seems to give, as well as words could do, intimation to a mate to be on its guard, as a spy is at hand. If the weather is tolerably favourable, everything goes on smoothly and regularly; but (and we have, in the journal of our Starlings' proceedings, many

instances on record) should a severe and sudden change occur, a violent storm of snow, or continuance of chilling winds, all operations are suspended; not only the eaves, and half-built nests, but even the tower itself, battlements, weathercock, and all, are deserted till a return of fine weather, when the starlings, too, return, and the work again proceeds. At length, the nests are built, the eggs laid, and the young ones hatched. Then a new scene of noise and activity and bustle commences, increasing, of course, as the nestlings become older and more voracious. Then it is that the lawn becomes a favourite resort; hitherto, a few idlers may have hopped and picked up a stray worm or two, but now the search is a matter of serious occupation.

Down they come, the sober coloured hen and the cock, with the sun glittering on his spangled feathers, with claws and beaks as busily employed, as if their very existence depended upon it. All, however, in good social harmony, never quarrelling with the shy and less instructive thrush or blackbird; or with the lively wag-tails, contenting themselves with the lighter fare of the myriads of minute flies and beetles, hovering over the fresh mown turf.

The noise and bustle go on incessantly, till the young are fledged, when for a day or two they may be seen fluttering about the building, or taking short flights. At length, their strength being matured, old and young collect on the tower, and then wheel away over the neighbouring fields, as if practising for future and more important evolutions. But still the evening finds them roosting near the place of their birth. At last, however, a day comes when all is hushed. No hungry guests are feasting on the lawn, no clamorous throats are calling aloud for food, no twitterings are heard from

bough or battlement, not even a straggler is to be seen on the pinnacle of the weathercock.

The joyous assembly is broken up. The starlings are gone, and till the autumn, with scarcely an exception, we shall see them no more. Then, about the third week in September, again on their favourite perch, the weathercock, one, or two, or three, may chance to appear towards evening, not with the merry note of spring, but uttering that monotonous, plaintive, long-drawn, whistling cry, as cheerless as the cheerless season, for which they seem to bid us prepare. That these, and the few other stragglers, occasionally occupying the same post, are our spring friends, is most probable; for a lame starling was observed, for eight years, to return to the same nest, and every observation we have made tends to prove that this is a general instinctive custom of, we believe, every bird whatever.

Having thus given some report of our starlings, for the greater part of the year, we will endeavour to follow the main body for the remaining months as yet unaccounted for.

As winter approaches, they follow the example of some other birds, such as larks, buntings, &c., and congregate in larger quantities. Not far from the church we have mentioned, there is a considerable sheet of water, occupying nearly thirty acres; flanked and feathered, on the eastern side, by the old beech wood, already spoken of as the abiding place of the jackdaws. Its western margin is bounded by an artificial dam, which, as the water is upon a much higher level, commands an extensive view over a flat rich country, the horizon terminated by the faint outline of the first range of Welsh mountains. This dam, on the finer evenings of November, was once the favourite resort of many

persons, who found an additional attraction in watching the gradual assemblage of the starlings. About an hour before sunset, little flocks, by twenties or fifties, kept gradually dropping in, their numbers increasing as daylight waned, till one vast flight was formed amounting to thousands, and at times we might almost say to millions. Nothing could be more interesting or beautiful, than to witness their graceful evolutions.

At first they might be seen advancing high in the air, like a dark cloud, which, in an instant, as if by magic, became almost invisible, the whole body, by some mysterious watchword, or signal, changing their course, and presenting their wings to view edgeways, instead of exposing, as before, their full expanded spread. Again, in another moment, the cloud might be seen descending in a graceful sweep, so as almost to brush the earth as they glanced along. Then once more they were seen spiring in wide circles on high; till at length, with one simultaneous rush, down they glide, with a roaring noise of wing, till the vast mass buried itself unseen, but not unheard, amidst a bed of reeds, projecting from the bank adjacent to the wood. For no sooner were they perched, than every throat seemed to open itself, forming one incessant confusion of tongues.

If nothing disturbed them, there they would most likely remain; but if a stone was thrown, a shout raised, or more especially, if a gun was fired, up again would rise the mass, with one unbroken rushing sound, as if the whole body were possessed but of one wing, to bear them in their upward flight. In the fens of Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire, whose reeds are of considerable value for various purposes, the mischief they occasion is often very considerable, by bearing down and breaking them, as many as can find a grasping hold, clinging to the same slender stem, which, of course, bends, and

plunges them in the water, from whence they rise to join some other neighbours, whose reed is still able to bear their weight. This perpetual jostling and breaking down, is the probable cause of the incessant clatter, which continues for a considerable time; indeed, till all have procured dry beds, and a firm footing.—*Stanley's History of Birds.*

A WHALE-CHASE.

No species of fishery can compare in intensity of interest with the Whale Fishery. The magnitude of the object of the chase, the perilous character of the seas which it peculiarly frequents, are features which prominently distinguish the profession of the whale-fisher from all similar pursuits, and which invest the details of its history with the strong character inseparable from pictures of stirring exertion, privation, and danger. In the previous volume of the RECREATION, we presented some particulars respecting whale-fishing as pursued in the South Seas: On the present occasion, we offer the following animated description of a Whale-Chase, extracted from Captain Scoresby's Voyages, to give the reader an idea of the difficulties and dangers that attend the Arctic Whale-Fishing.

ON the 25th of June, 1812, one of the harpooners belonging to the Resolution of Whitby, under my command, struck a whale by the edge of a small floe of ice. Assistance being promptly afforded, a second boat's lines were attached to those of the fast boat, in a few minutes after the harpoon was discharged. The remainder of the boats proceeded at some distance, in the direction the fish seemed to have taken. In about a quarter of an hour, the fast boat, to my surprise, again made a signal for lines. As the ship was then within five minutes' sail, we instantly steered towards the boat, with the view of affording assistance by means of a

spare boat we still retained on board. Before we reached the place, however, we observed four oars displayed in signal order, which, by their number, indicated a most urgent necessity for assistance. Two of three men were at the same time seen seated close by the stern, which was considerably elevated, for the purpose of keeping it down, while the bow of the boat, by the force of the line, was drawn down to the level of the sea, and the harpooner, by the friction of the line round the bollard, was enveloped in smoky obscurity. At length, when the ship was scarcely a hundred yards distant, we perceived preparations for quitting the boat. The sailors' pea-jackets were cast upon the adjoining ice; the oars were thrown down; the crew leaped overboard; the bow of the boat was buried in the water; the stern rose perpendicular, and then majestically disappeared. The harpooner having caused the end of the line to be fastened to the iron ring at the boat's stern, was the means of its loss;* and a tongue of the ice, on which was a depth of several feet of water, kept the boat, by the pressure of the line against it, at such a considerable distance as prevented the crew from leaping upon the floe. Some of them were, therefore, put to the necessity of swimming for their preservation; but all of them succeeded in scrambling upon the ice, and were taken on board of the ship a few minutes afterwards.

I may here observe, that it is an uncommon circumstance for a fish to require more than two boats' lines in such a situation. None of our harpooners, therefore,

* "Giving a whale the boat," as the voluntary sacrifice of a boat is termed, is a scheme not unfrequently practised by the fisher when in want of line. By submitting to this risk he expects to gain the fish, and still has the chance of recovering his boat and its materials. It is only practised in open ice or at fields.

had any scruple in leaving the fast-boat, never suspecting, after it had received the assistance of one boat with six lines or upwards, that it would need any more.

Several ships being about us, there was a possibility that some person might attack and make a prize of the whale, when it had so far escaped us that we no longer retained any hold of it. We therefore set all the sail the ship could safely sustain, and worked through several narrow and intricate channels in the ice, in the direction I observed the fish had retreated. After a little time, it was descried by the people in the boats, at a considerable distance to the eastward; a general chase immediately commenced, and within the space of an hour, three harpoons were struck. We now imagined the fish was secure, but our expectations were premature. The whale resolutely pushed beneath a large floe that had been recently broken to pieces by the swell, and soon drew all the lines out of the second fast-boat; the officer of which, not being able to get any assistance, tied the end of his line to a hummock of ice and broke it. Soon afterwards, the other two boats, still fast, were dragged against the broken floe, when one of the harpoons drew out. The lines of only one boat, therefore, remained fast to the fish; and this, with six or eight lines out, was dragged forward into the shattered floe with astonishing force. Pieces of ice, each of which was sufficiently large to have answered the purpose of a mooring for a ship, were wheeled about by the strength of the whale: and such was the tension and elasticity of the line, that whenever it slipped clear of any mass of ice, after turning it round, into the space between any two adjoining pieces, the boat and its crew flew forward through the crack, with the velocity of an arrow, and never failed to launch several feet upon the first mass of ice that it encountered.

While we scoured the sea around the broken floe with the ship, and while the ice was attempted in vain by the boats, the whale continued to press forward in an easterly direction towards the sea. At length, when fourteen lines (about 1680 fathoms) were drawn from the fourth fast-boat, a slight entanglement of the line broke it at the stem. The fish then again made its escape, taking along with it a boat and twenty-eight lines. The united length of the lines was 6720 yards, or upwards of three and a half English miles; value, with the boat, above 150*l.* sterling.

The obstruction of the sunken boat to the progress of the fish must have been immense; and that of the lines likewise considerable, the weight of lines alone being thirty-five hundredweight.

So long as the fourth fast-boat, through the medium of its lines, retained its hold of the fish, we searched the adjoining sea with the ship in vain; but in a short time after the line was divided, we got sight of the object of pursuit, at the distance of nearly two miles to the eastward of the ice and boats, in the open sea. One boat only with lines, and two empty boats, were reserved by the ship. Having, however, fortunately, fine weather, and a fresh breeze of wind, we immediately gave chase under all sail; though it must be confessed, with the insignificant force by us, the distance of the fish, and the rapidity of its flight considered, we had but very small hopes of success. At length, after pursuing it five or six miles, being at least nine miles from the place where it was struck, we came up with it, and it seemed inclined to rest after its extraordinary exertions. The two dismantled or empty boats having been furnished with two lines each (a very inadequate supply), they, together with one in a good state of equipment, now made an attack upon the whale. One

of the harpooners made a blunder; the fish saw the boat, took the alarm, and again fled. I now supposed it would be seen no more; nevertheless, we chased nearly a mile in the direction I imagined it had taken, and placed the boats, to the best of my judgment, in the most advantageous situations. In this case, we were extremely fortunate. The fish rose near one of the boats, and was immediately harpooned. In a few minutes, two more harpoons entered its back, and lances were plied against it with vigour and success. Exhausted by its amazing exertions to escape, it yielded itself at length to its fate, received the piercing wounds of the lances without resistance, and finally died without a struggle. Thus terminated with success an attack upon a whale, which exhibited the most uncommon determination to escape from its pursuers, seconded by the most amazing strength, of any individual whose capture I ever witnessed. After all, it may seem surprising that it was not a particularly large individual; the largest lamina of whalebone only measuring nine feet six inches, while those affording twelve feet bone are not uncommon.* The quantity of line withdrawn from the different boats engaged in the capture was singularly great. It amounted, altogether, to 10,440 yards, or nearly six English miles. Of these, thirteen new lines were lost, together with the sunken boat; the harpoon connecting them to the fish having dropt out before the whale was killed.

* It has been frequently observed, that whales of this size are the most active of the species; and that those of very large growth are in general captured with less trouble.

ADVENTURES OF TWO BROTHERS DURING THE AMERICAN WAR.

DURING the War of Independence, many deeds of cruelty were perpetrated on the borders of the United States adjoining Canada. Sir John Johnson succeeded to extensive possessions in the Mohawk valley, a district in the state of New York, through which the Mohawk flows. When the war fairly broke out, he naturally took the British side; and the United States' Congress deemed it advisable to send a force to drive him from his property. This was accordingly done; Sir John fled into Canada, and his extensive possessions were confiscated.

On Sunday, the 21st of May 1780, about four years after his flight, he entered the north part of Johnstown at the head of five hundred men, composed of Europeans and Indians. He had penetrated the country by way of Lake Champlain to Crown Point, and thence through the woods to the Sacondaga river; and having marched during the night, he had surrounded the village before the inhabitants were conscious of approaching danger. Among the inhabitants were a family of Dutch descent, of the name of Sammons, of considerable wealth and respectability, but who, at an early period, had rendered themselves obnoxious to Sir John by the bold and decided manner in which they had taken part with the Revolutionary party. These were now all made prisoners, along with others. While they were halting the next day, the elder Sammons applied to Sir John for an interview, which was granted in presence of his principal officers. On inquiring what he wanted, Mr. Sammons replied, that he wished to be released. The

baronet hesitated ; but the old man pressed his suit, and reminded Sir John of former scenes, and of the efforts of friendship which he himself had made in his behalf. The appeal was effectual, and the old gentleman was set at liberty. The two sons, Jacob and Frederick, were carried into captivity, and suffered a protracted and severe imprisonment, of which, and of the suffering they endured when making their escape, we present our readers with the following interesting details, extracted and abridged from Stone's "Life of Brant."

"Governor Clinton was at Kingston at the time of the invasion. Hastening to Albany on the first rumour of the intelligence, he collected such militia and other forces as he could obtain, and moved to Lake George with a view to intercept Sir John. It was supposed that the course of the enemy might possibly lie in the direction of Oswegatchie, and for the purpose of striking him upon such a march, Colonel Van Shaick, with eight hundred men, followed him by the way of Johnstown. Descending Lake George to Ticonderoga, the Governor was joined by a body of militia from the New Hampshire grants. But all was of no use ; the invaders escaped—taking to their batteaux, probably, at Crown Point, whence they proceeded down the lake to St. John's. The captives were thence transferred to the fortress of Chamblee.

"The prisoners at this fortress numbered about forty. On the day after their arrival, Jacob Sammons, having taken an accurate survey of the garrison and the facilities of escape, conceived the project of inducing his fellow-prisoners to rise upon the guards and obtain their freedom. The garrison was weak in number, and the sentinels less vigilant than is usual among good soldiers. The prison-doors were opened once a-day, when the

prisoners were visited by the proper officer, with four or five soldiers. Sammons had observed where the arms of the guards were stacked in the yard, and his plan was, that some of the prisoners should arrest and disarm the visiting guard on the opening of the door, while the residue were to rush forth, seize the arms, and fight their way out. The proposition was acceded to by his brother Frederick and one other man named Van Sluyck, but was considered too daring by the great body of the prisoners to be undertaken. It was therefore abandoned, and the brothers sought afterward only for a chance of escaping by themselves. Within three days, the desired opportunity occurred, viz. on the 13th of June. The prisoners were supplied with an allowance of spruce beer, for which two of their number were detached daily, to bring the cask from the brew-house, under a guard of five men, with fixed bayonets. Having reason to suppose that the arms of the guards, though charged, were not primed, the brothers so contrived matters as to be taken together to the brewery on the day mentioned, with an understanding that, at a given point, they were to dart from the guard and run for their lives—believing that the confusion of the moment, and the consequent delay of priming their muskets by the guards, would enable them to escape beyond the ordinary range of musket shot. The project was boldly executed. At the concerted moment, the brothers sprang from their conductors, and stretched across the plain with great fleetness. The alarm was given, and the whole garrison was soon after them in hot pursuit. Unfortunately for Jacob, he fell into a ditch and sprained his ancle. Perceiving the accident, Frederick turned to his assistance, but the other generously admonished him to secure his own flight if possible, and leave him to the chances of war. Recovering from his fall, and regardless of the

accident, Jacob sprang forward again with as much expedition as possible ; but finding that his lameness impeded his progress, he plunged into a thick clump of shrubs and trees, and was fortunate enough to hide himself between two logs before the pursuers came up. Twenty or thirty shots had previously been fired upon them, but without effect. In consequence of the smoke of their fire, probably, the guards had not observed Jacob when he threw himself into the thicket, and supposing that, like his brother, he had passed round it, they followed on, until they were fairly distanced by Frederick, of whom they lost sight and trace. They returned in about half an hour, halting by the bushes in which the other fugitive was sheltered, and so near that he could distinctly hear their conversation. The officer in command was Captain Steele. On calling his men together, some were swearing, and others laughing, at the race and the speed of the ‘ long-legged Dutchmen,’ as they called the flying prisoners. The pursuit being abandoned, the guards returned to the fort.

“ The brothers had agreed, in case of separation, to meet at a certain spot at 10 o’clock that night. Of course, Jacob lay ensconced in the bushes until night had dropped her sable curtains, and until he supposed the hour had arrived, when he sallied forth, according to the antecedent understanding. But time did not move as rapidly on that evening as he supposed. He waited upon the spot designated, and called aloud for Frederick, until he despaired of meeting him, and prudence forbade his remaining any longer. It subsequently appeared that he was too early on the ground, and that Frederick made good his appointment.

“ Following the bank of the Sorel, Jacob passed Fort St. John’s soon after daybreak on the morning of

the 14th. His purpose was to swim the river at that place, and pursue his course homeward through the wilderness on the eastern shore of Lake Champlain; but just as he was preparing to enter the water, he descried a boat approaching from below, filled with officers and soldiers of the enemy. They were already within twenty rods. Concealing himself again in the woods, he resumed his journey after their departure, but had not proceeded more than two or three miles before he came upon a party of several hundred men engaged in getting out timber for the public works at the fort. To avoid these he was obliged to describe a wide circuit, in the course of which, at about 12 o'clock, he came to a small clearing. Within the enclosure was a house, and in the field were a man and a boy engaged in hoeing potatoes. They were at that moment called to dinner, and supposing them to be French, who he had heard were rather friendly to the American cause than otherwise—incited also by hunger and fatigue—he made bold to present himself, trusting that he might be invited to partake of their hospitality. But, instead of a friend, he found an enemy. On making known his character, he was roughly received. ‘It is by such villains as you are,’ replied the forester, ‘that I was obliged to fly from Lake Champlain.’ The rebels, he added, had robbed him of all he possessed, and he would now deliver his self-invited guest to the guard, which, he said, was not more than a quarter of a mile distant. Sammons promptly answered him that ‘that was more than he could do.’ The refugee then said he would go for the guard himself; to which Sammons replied that he might act as he pleased, but that all the men in Canada should not make him again a prisoner.

“The man thereupon returned with his son to the

potato-field, and resumed his work; while his more compassionate wife gave him a bowl of bread and milk, which he ate sitting on the threshold of the door, to guard against surprise. While in the house, he saw a musket, powder-horn, and bullet-pouch, hanging against the wall, of which he determined, if possible, to possess himself, that he might be able to procure food during the long and solitary march before him. On retiring, therefore, he travelled only far enough into the woods for concealment,—returning to the woodman's house in the evening, for the purpose of obtaining the musket and ammunition. But he was again beset by imminent peril. Very soon after he entered the house the sound of approaching voices was heard, and he took to the rude chamber for security, where he lay flat upon the irregular floor, and, looking through the interstices, saw eleven soldiers enter, who, it soon appeared, came for milk. His situation was now exceedingly critical. The churlish proprietor might inform against him, or a single movement might betray him. But neither circumstance occurred. The unwelcome visitors departed in due time, and the family all retired to bed, excepting the wife, who, as Jacob descended from the chamber, refreshed him with another bowl of bread and milk. The good woman now earnestly entreated her guest to surrender himself and join the ranks of the king, assuring him that his majesty must certainly conquer in the end, in which case the rebels would lose all their property, and many of them be hanged into the bargain. But to such a proposition he of course would not listen. Finding all her efforts to convert a whig into a tory fruitless, she then told him, that if he would secrete himself two days longer in the woods she would furnish him with some provisions,

for a supply of which her husband was going to the fort next day, and she would likewise endeavour to provide him with a pair of shoes.

“Disinclined to linger so long in the country of the enemy and in the neighbourhood of a British post, however, he took his departure forthwith. But such had been the kindness of the good woman, that he had it not in his heart to seize upon her husband’s arms, and he left this wild scene of rustic hospitality without supplies or the means of procuring them. Arriving once more at the water’s edge, at the lower end of Lake Champlain, he came upon a hut, within which, on cautiously approaching it for reconnoissance, he discovered a party of soldiers all sound asleep. Their canoe was moored by the shore, into which he sprang, and paddled himself up the lake under the most encouraging prospect of a speedy and comparatively easy voyage to its head, whence his return home would be unattended with either difficulty or danger. But his pleasing anticipations were extinguished on the night following, as he approached the Isle aux Nois, where he descried a fortification, and the glitter of bayonets bristling in the air as the moonbeams played upon the burnished arms of the sentinels, who were pacing their tedious rounds. The lake being very narrow at this point, and perceiving that both sides were fortified, he thought the attempt to shoot his canoe through between them rather too hazardous an experiment. His only course, therefore, was to run ashore, and resume his travels on foot. Nor on landing was his case in any respect enviable. Without shoes, without food, and without the means of obtaining either, a long journey before him through a deep and trackless wilderness, it may be well imagined that his mind was not cheered by the most agreeable anticipations. But without pausing to indulge unne-

cessarily his 'thick-coming fancies,' he commenced his solitary journey, directing his course along the eastern lake shore toward Albany. During the first four days of his progress, he subsisted entirely upon the bark of the birch, chewing the twigs as he went. On the fourth day, while resting by a brook, he heard a rippling of the water, caused by the fish as they were stemming its current. He succeeded in catching a few of these, but having no means of striking a fire, after devouring one of them raw, the others were thrown away.

"His feet were by this time cruelly cut, bruised, and torn by thorns, briars, and stones; and while he could scarcely proceed by reason of their soreness, hunger and fatigue united to retard his cheerless march. On the fifth day his miseries were augmented by the hungry swarms of mosquitoes, which settled upon him in clouds while traversing a swamp. On the same day, he fell upon the nest of a black duck—the duck sitting quietly upon her eggs until he came up and caught her. The bird was no sooner deprived of her life and her feathers than he devoured the whole, including the head and feet. The eggs were nine in number, which Sammons took with him; but on opening one, he found a little half-made duckling, already alive. Against such food his stomach revolted, and he was obliged to throw the eggs away.

"On the tenth day he came to a small lake. His feet were now in such a horrible state, that he could scarcely crawl along. Finding a mitigation of pain by bathing them in water, he plunged his feet into the lake, and lay down upon its margin. For a time, it seemed as though he could never rise upon his feet again. Worn down by hunger and fatigue—bruised in body and wounded in spirit—in a lone wilderness, with no eye to pity, and no human arm to protect—he

felt as though he must remain in that spot until it should please God in his goodness to quench the dim spark of life that remained. Still he was comforted, in some measure, by the thought that he was in the hands of a Being without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls to the ground.

“Refreshed, at length, though to a trifling degree, he resumed his weary way, when, on raising his right leg over the trunk of a fallen tree, he was bitten in the calf by a rattlesnake! Quick as a flash, with his pocket-knife he made an incision in his leg, removing the wounded flesh to a greater depth than the fangs of the serpent had penetrated. His next business was to kill the venomous reptile and dress it for eating, thus appropriating the enemy that had sought to take his life to its prolongation. His first meal was made from the heart and fat of the serpent. Feeling somewhat strengthened by the repast, and finding, moreover, that he could not travel farther in his present condition, he determined to remain where he was for a few days, and by repose, and feeding upon the body of the snake, recruit his strength. Discovering, also, a dry fungus upon the trunk of a maple tree, he succeeded in striking a fire, by which his comforts were essentially increased. Still he was obliged to creep upon his hands and knees to gather fuel, and on the third day he was yet in such a state of exhaustion as to be utterly unable to proceed. Supposing that death was inevitable and very near, he crawled to the foot of a tree, upon the bark of which he commenced inscribing his name, in the expectation that he should leave his bones there, and in the hope that, in some way, by the aid of the inscription, his family might ultimately be apprised of his fate. While engaged in this sad work, a cloud of painful thoughts crowded upon his mind; the tears in-

voluntarily stole down his cheeks, and before he had completed the melancholy task he fell asleep.

“On the fourth day of his residence at this place he began to gain strength, and as a part of the serpent yet remained, he determined upon another effort to resume his journey. But he could not do so without devising some substitute for shoes. For this purpose he cut up his hat and waistcoat, binding them upon his feet, and thus he hobbled along. On the following night, while lying in the woods, he became strongly impressed with a belief that he was not far distant from a human habitation. He had seen no indications of proximity to the abode of man; but he was, nevertheless, so confident of the fact that he wept for joy. Buoyed up and strengthened by this impression, he resumed his journey on the following morning; and in the afternoon, it being the 28th of June, he reached a house in the town of Pittsford, in the New Hampshire grants, now forming the state of Vermont. He remained there for several days, both to recruit his health, and, if possible, to gain intelligence of his brother. But no tidings came; and as he knew Frederick to be a capital woodsman, he of course concluded that sickness, death, or recapture, must have interrupted his journey. Procuring a conveyance at Pittsford, Jacob travelled to Albany, and thence to Schenectady, where he had the happiness of finding his wife and family.”

“Not less interesting, nor marked by fewer vicissitudes, were the adventures of Frederick Sammons. The flight from the fort at Chamblee was made just before sunset, which accounts for the chase having been abandoned so soon. On entering the edge of the woods, Frederick encountered a party of Indians returning to the fort from fatigue duty. Perceiving that

he was a fugitive, they fired, and called out, 'We have got him!' In this opinion, however, they were mistaken; for although he had run close upon them before perceiving them, yet being, like Asahel of old, swift of foot, by turning a short corner and increasing his speed, in ten minutes he was entirely clear of the party. He then sat down to rest, the blood gushing from his nose in consequence of the extent to which his physical powers had been taxed. At the time appointed, he also had repaired to the point which, at his separation from Jacob, had been agreed upon as the place of meeting. The moon shone brightly, and he called loud and often for his brother—so loud, indeed, that the guard was turned out in consequence. His anxiety was very great for his brother's safety; but, in ignorance of his situation, he was obliged to attend to his own. He determined, however, to approach the fort—as near to it, at least, as he could venture; and in the event of meeting any one, disguise his own character by inquiring whether the rebels had been taken. But a flash from the sentinel's musket, the report, and the noise of a second pursuit, compelled him to change the direction of his march, and proceed again with all possible speed. It had been determined by the brothers to cross the Sorel, and return to the east side of the river and lake; but there was a misunderstanding between them as to the point of crossing the river,—whether above or below the fort. Hence their failure of meeting. Frederick repaired to what he supposed to be the designated place of crossing, below the fort, where he lingered for his brother until near morning. At length, having found a boat, he crossed over to the eastern shore, and landed just at the cock-crowing. He proceeded directly to the barn where he supposed chanticler had raised his voice, but found not a fowl on

the premises. The sheep looked too poor by the dim twilight to serve his purpose of food; but a bullock presenting a more favourable appearance, Frederick succeeded in cutting the unsuspecting animal's throat, and severing one of the hind quarters from the carcass, he shouldered and marched off with it directly into the forest. Having proceeded to a safe and convenient distance, he stopped to dress his beef, cutting off what he supposed would be sufficient for the journey, and forming a knapsack from the skin, by the aid of bark peeled from the moose-wood.

“Resuming his journey, he arrived at the house of a French family, within the distance of five or six miles. Here he made bold to enter, for the purpose of procuring bread and salt, and in the hope also of obtaining a gun and ammunition. But he could neither obtain provisions, nor make the people understand a word he uttered. He found means, however, to prepare some tinder, with which he re-entered the woods, and hastened forward in a southern direction, until he had ascertained, by the firing of the evening guns, that he had passed St. John's. Halting for the night, he struck a light; and having kindled a fire, occupied himself until morning in drying and smoking his beef, cutting it into slices for that purpose. His knapsack of raw hide was cured by the same process. Thus prepared, he proceeded onward without interruption or adventure until the third day, when he killed a fawn, and secured the venison. He crossed the Winooski, or Onion river, on the next day, and having discovered a man's name carved upon a tree, together with the distance from the lake (Champlain), eight miles, he bent his course for its shores, where he found a canoe with paddles. There was now a prospect of lessening the fatigue of his journey; but his canoe had scarce begun

to dance upon the waters ere it parted asunder, and he was compelled to hasten ashore, and continue his march by land.

“ At the close of the seventh day, and when, as he supposed, he was within two days’ travel of a settlement, he kindled his fire, and lay down to rest in fine health and spirits. But ere the dawn of day, he awoke with racking pains, which proved to be an attack of pleurisy. A drenching rain came on, continuing three days, during which time he lay helpless, in dreadful agony, without fire, or shelter, or sustenance of any kind. On the fourth day, his pain having abated, he attempted to eat a morsel; but his provisions had become too offensive to be swallowed. His thirst being intense, he fortunately discovered a pond of water near by, to which he crawled. It was a stagnant pool, swarming with frogs: another providential circumstance, inasmuch as the latter served him for food. Too weak, however, to strike a light, he was compelled to devour them raw, and without dressing of any kind. Unable to proceed, he lay in this wretched condition fourteen days. Supposing that he should die there, he succeeded in hanging his hat upon a pole, with a few papers, in order that, if discovered, his fate might be known. He was lying upon a high bluff, in full view of the lake, and at no great distance therefrom. The hat thus elevated served as a signal, which saved his life. A vessel sailing past descried the hat, and sent a boat ashore to ascertain the cause. The boatmen discovered the body of a man, yet living, but senseless and speechless, and transferred him to the vessel. By the aid of medical attendance, he was slowly restored to his reason, and having informed the captain who he was, had the rather uncomfortable satisfaction of learning that he was on board of an enemy’s ship, and at that moment lying at Crown Point. Here he

remained sixteen days, in the course of which time he had the gratification to hear, from a party of Tories coming from the settlements, that his brother Jacob had arrived safely at Schenectady, and joined his family. He was also apprised of Jacob's sufferings, and of the bite of the serpent, which took place near Otter Creek, close by the place where he had himself been so long sick. The brothers were therefore near together at the time of the greatest peril and endurance of both.

“Frederick's recovery was very slow. Before he was able to walk, he was taken to St. John's, and thence, partly on a wheelbarrow, and partly in a calash, carried back to his old quarters at Chamblee—experiencing much rough usage by the way. On arriving at the fortress, the guards saluted him by the title of ‘Captain Lightfoot,’ and there was great joy at his recapture. It was now about the 1st of August. As soon as his health was sufficiently recovered to bear it, he was heavily ironed, and kept in close confinement at that place until October 1781—fourteen months—without once beholding the light of the sun. Between St. John's and Chamblee he had been met by a British officer with whom he was acquainted, and by whom he was informed that severe treatment would be his portion. Compassionating his situation, however, the officer slipped a guinea and a couple of dollars into his hands, and they moved on.

“No other prisoners were in irons at Chamblee, and all but Sammons were taken upon the parade ground twice a-week, for the benefit of fresh air. The irons were so heavy and so tight as to wear into the flesh of his legs; and so incensed was Captain Steele, the officer of the 32d regiment, yet commanding the garrison at Chamblee, at the escape of his prisoner, that he would not allow the surgeon to remove the irons to dress the

wounds of which they were the cause, until a peremptory order was procured for that purpose from General St. Keger, who was then at St. John's. The humanity of the surgeon prompted this application of his own accord. Even then, however, Steele would only allow the leg-bolts to be knocked off—still keeping on the hand-cuffs. The dressing of his legs was a severe operation. The iron had eaten to the bone, and the gangrened flesh was of course to be removed. One of the legs ultimately healed up, but the other never got entirely well.

“In the month of November 1781, the prisoners were transferred from Chamblee to an island in the St. Lawrence, called at that time Prison Island—situated in the rapids some distance above Montreal. Sammons was compelled to travel in his hand-cuffs, but the other prisoners were not thus encumbered. There were about two hundred prisoners on the island, all of whom were very closely guarded. In the spring of 1782, Sammons organized a conspiracy with nine of his fellow-prisoners, to make their escape, by seizing a provision-boat, and had well nigh effected their object. Being discovered, however, their purpose was defeated, and Sammons, as the ringleader, once more placed in irons; but at the end of five weeks the irons were removed, and he was allowed to return to his hut.

“Impatient of such protracted captivity, Frederick was still bent on escape, for which purpose he induced a fellow-prisoner, by the name of M'Mullen, to join him in the daring exploit of seeking an opportunity to plunge into the river, and taking their chance of swimming to the shore. A favourable moment for attempting the bold adventure was afforded on the 17th of August. The prisoners having, to the number of fifty, been allowed to walk to the foot of the island, but around the

whole of which a chain of sentinels was extended, Sammons and M'Mullen, without having conferred with any one else, watching an opportunity when the nearest sentinel turned his back upon them, quietly glided down beneath a shelving rock, and plunged into the stream—each holding up and waving a hand in token of farewell to their fellow-prisoners, as the surge swept them rapidly down the stream. The sentinel was distant about six rods when they threw themselves into the river, and did not discover their escape until they were beyond the reach of any molestation he could offer them. Three-quarters of a mile below the island, the rapids were such as to heave the river into swells too large for boats to encounter. This was a frightful part of their voyage; both, however, were expert swimmers, and by diving as they approached each successive surge, both succeeded in making the perilous passage—the distance of this rapid being about 150 rods. As they plunged successively into these rapids, they had little expectation of meeting each other again in this world; but a protecting Providence ordered it otherwise, and they emerged from the frightful billows quite near together. ‘I am glad to see you,’ said Sammons to his friend; ‘I feared we should not meet again.’ ‘We have had a merry ride of it,’ replied the other; ‘but we could not have stood it much longer.’

“The adventurous fellows attempted to land about two miles below the island, but the current was so violent as to baffle their purpose, and they were driven two miles farther, where they happily succeeded in reaching the land, at a place on the north side of the St. Lawrence, called by the Canadians ‘The Devil’s Point.’ A cluster of houses stood near the river, into some of which it was necessary the fugitives should go to procure provisions. They had preserved each a knife and tinder-box

in their waistcoat pockets, and one of the first objects, after arming themselves with substantial clubs, was to procure a supply of tinder. This was effected by boldly entering a house, and rummaging an old lady's work-basket. The good woman, frightened at the appearance of the visitors, ran out and alarmed the village, the inhabitants of which were French. In the mean time they searched the house for provisions, fire-arms, and ammunition, but found none of the latter, and only a single loaf of bread. They also plundered the house of a blanket, blanket-coat, and a few other articles of clothing. By this time the people began to collect in such numbers, that a precipitate retreat was deemed advisable. M'Mullen, being seized by two Canadians, was only released from their grasp, by the well-directed blows of Frederick's club. They both then commenced running for the woods, when Sammons, encumbered with his luggage, unluckily fell, and the loaf rolled away from him. The peasants now rushed upon them, and their only course was to give battle, which they prepared to do in earnest; whereupon, seeing their resolution, the pursuers retreated almost as rapidly as they had advanced. This demonstration gave the fugitives time to collect and arrange their plunder, and commence their travels anew. Taking to the woods, they found a resting-place, where they halted until nightfall. They then sallied forth once more in search of provisions, with which it was necessary to provide themselves before crossing to the south side of the river, where at that day there were no settlements. The cattle fled at their approach; but they at length came upon a calf in a farmyard, which they captured, and appropriating to their own use and behoof a canoe moored in the river, they embarked with their prize, to cross over to the southern shore. But, alas! when in the middle of the stream their paddle broke,

and they were in a measure left to the mercy of the flood, which was hurrying them onward, as they very well knew, towards the rapids or falls of the Cedars. There was an island above the rapids, from the brink of which a tree had fallen into the river. Fortunately, the canoe was swept by the current into the branches of this tree-top, among which it became entangled. While struggling in this predicament the canoe was upset; being near the shore, however, the navigators got to land without losing their calf. Striking a fire they now dressed their veal, and on the following morning, by towing their canoe along shore round to the south edge of the island, succeeded in crossing to their own side of the river. They then plunged directly into the unbroken forest, extending from the St. Lawrence to the Sacandaga, and, after a journey of twelve days of excessive hardship, emerged from the woods within six miles of the point for which, without chart or compass, Sammons had laid his course. Their provisions lasted but a few days, and their only subsequent food consisted of roots and herbs. The whole journey was made almost in a state of nudity, both being destitute of pantaloons. Having worn out their hats upon their feet, the last three days they were compelled to travel barefooted. Long before their journey was ended, therefore, their feet were dreadfully lacerated and swollen. On arriving at Schenectady, the inhabitants were alarmed at their wild and savage appearance—half naked, with lengthened beards and matted hair. The people at length gathered round them with strange curiosity; but when they made themselves known, a lady named Ellis rushed through the crowd to grasp the hand of Frederick, and was so much affected at his altered appearance that she fainted and fell. The welcome fugitives were forthwith supplied with whatever of food and raiment was necessary;

and young Sammons learned that his father and family had removed back to Marbletown, in the county of Ulster, whence he had previously emigrated to Johnstown."

THE INDIAN'S TALE.

It was generally believed by the first settlers of New England, that a mortal pestilence had, a short time previous to their arrival, in a great measure depopulated some of the finest portions of the country on the seaboard. The Indians themselves corroborated this opinion, and gave the English a terrific description of the ravages of the unseen Destroyer.

THE war-god did not wake to strife
The strong men of our forest-land;
No red hand grasped the battle-knife
At Areouski's high command:—
We held no war-dance by the dim
And red light of the creeping flame;
Nor warrior-yell, nor battle-hymn,
Upon the midnight breezes came.

There was no portent in the sky,
No shadow on the round bright sun;
With light, and mirth, and melody,
The long, fair summer days came on.
We were a happy people then,
Rejoicing in our hunter mood;
No foot-prints of the pale-faced men
Had marred our forest solitude.

The land was ours—this glorious land—
With all its wealth of wood and streams—
Our warriors strong of heart and hand—
Our daughters beautiful as dreams.

When wearied, at the thirsty noon,
We knelt us where the spring gushed up,
To taste our Father's blessed boon—
Unlike the white man's poison cup.

There came unto my father's hut
A wan, weak creature of distress ;
The red man's door is never shut
Against the lone and shelterless ;
And when he knelt before his feet,
My father led the stranger in ;
He gave him of his hunter-meat—
Alas ! it was a deadly sin !

The stranger's voice was not like ours—
His face at first was sadly pale,
Anon 'twas like the yellow flowers,
Which tremble in the meadow gale.
And when he laid him down to die,
And murmured of his father land,
My mother wiped his tearful eye,
My father held his burning hand !

He died at last—the funeral yell
Rang upward from his burial sod,
And the old Powwah knelt to tell
The tidings to the white man's God !
The next day came—my father's brow
Grew heavy with a fearful pain ;
He did not take his hunting bow—
He never sought the woods again !

He died even as the white man died—
My mother she was smitten too—
My sisters vanished from my side,
Like diamonds from the sun-lit dew.

And then we heard the Powwahs say,
That God had sent his angel forth,
To sweep our ancient tribes away,
And poison and unpeople earth.

And it was so—from day to day
The spirit of the plague went on,
And those at morning blithe and gay,
Were dying at the set of sun.—
They died—our free, bold hunters died—
The living might not give them graves—
Save when, along the water-side,
They cast them to the hurrying waves.

The carrion-crow, the ravenous beast,
Turned loathing from the ghastly dead;—
Well might they shun the funeral feast
By that destroying angel spread !
One after one, the red men fell ;
Our gallant war-tribe passed away—
And I alone am left to tell
The story of its swift decay.

Alone—alone—a withered leaf—
Yet clinging to its naked bough;
The pale race scorn the aged chief,
And I will join my fathers now.
The spirits of my people bend
At midnight from the solemn west,
To me their kindly arms extend—
They call me to their home of rest !

J. G. WHITTIER.

ODE ON VISITING FLODDEN.

GREEN FLODDEN! on thy blood-stain'd head
 Descend no rain nor vernal dew;
 But still, thou charnel of the dead,
 May whitening bones thy surface strew!
 Soon as I tread thy rush-clad vale,
 Wild fancy feels the clasping mail;
 The rancour of a thousand years
 Glows in my breast; again I burn
 To see the banner'd pomp of war return,
 And mark, beneath the moon, the silver light of spears.

Lo! bursting from their common tomb,
 The spirits of the ancient dead
 Dimly streak the parted gloom
 With awful faces; ghastly red;
 As once, around their martial king,
 They closed the death-devoted ring,
 With dauntless hearts, unknown to yield;
 In slow procession round the pile
 Of heaving corpses, moves each shadowy file,
 And chants, in solemn strain, the dirge of Flodden
 Field.

What youth, of graceful form and mien,
 Foremost leads the spectred brave,
 While o'er his mantle's folds of green
 His amber locks redundant wave?
 When slow returns the fated day,
 That view'd their chieftain's long array.

While, to the harp's deep plaintive string,
The virgins raise the funeral strain,
From Ord's black mountain to the northern main,
And mourn the emerald hue which paints the vest of
spring.

Alas! that Scottish maid should sing
The combat where her lover fell!
That Scottish bard should wake the string,
The triumph of our foes to tell!
Yet Teviot's sons, with high disdain,
Have kindled at the thrilling strain,
That mourn'd their martial fathers' bier;
And at the sacred font, the priest
Through ages left the master-hand unblest,
To urge, with keener aim, the blood-encrusted spear.

Red Flodden! when thy plaintive strain,
In early youth rose soft and sweet,
My life-blood, through each throbbing vein,
With wild tumultuous passion beat;
And oft, in fancied might, I trod
The spear-strewn path to Fame's abode,
Encircled with a sanguine flood;
And thought I heard the mingling hum,
When, croaking hoarse, the birds of carrion come
Afar, on rustling wing, to feast on English blood.

Rude Border Chiefs, of mighty name,
And iron soul, who sternly tore
The blossoms from the tree of Fame,
And purpled deep their tints with gore,
Rush from brown ruins, scar'd with age,
That frown o'er haunted Hermitage;

Where, long by spells mysterious bound,
They pace their round, with lifeless smile,
And shake, with restless foot, the guilty pile,
Till sink the mouldering towers beneath the burden'd
ground.

Shades of the dead ! on Alfer's plain
Who scorned with backward step to move,
But struggling 'mid the hills of slain,
Against the Sacred Standard strove ;
Amid the lanes of war I trace
Each broad claymore and ponderous mace :
Where'er the surge of arms is tost,
Your glittering spears, in close array,
Sweep, like the spider's filmy web, away
The flower of Norman pride, and England's victor host.

But distant fleets each warrior ghost,
With surly sounds that murmur far ;
Such sounds were heard when Syria's host
Roll'd from the walls of proud Samar.
Around my solitary head,
Gleam the blue lightnings of the dead,
While murmur low the shadowy band—
“ Lament no more the warrior's doom !
Blood, blood alone, should dew the hero's tomb,
Who falls, 'mid circling spears, to save his native land.”

LEYDEN.

A LISBON BULL-FIGHT.

A DESCRIPTION of the ordinary butchery of horses and bulls in a common Spanish bull-ring would be irksome and inexcusable, after the pictures in prose and verse which every one has read and remembered : but I do not at present recollect to have seen any minute account of a Lisbon bull-fight ; as ludicrous a mixture of the comical and tragic as can well be conceived.

The ring where the sports are exhibited is in a hexagonal or octagonal building of wood, open to the sky. Rough seats on every side, and above the benches on the western or shady side are boxes for the queen and her attendants. Soldiers with bayonets kept order and put down disturbances, of which there were several. The seats slowly filled to the number of two thousand, and when all were overdone with impatience, the swish of rockets, and the crack of maroons, announced the bedizened functionary who presided over the revels of the day ; his cock-hatted and silk-stockinged lacqueys ushered him into his box, and, after a short delay, one of the silken horsemen who was to fight the bull galloped in from the opposite side. The dusty circus in which the contest took place had been sprinkled with water by half a dozen gaily dressed blackamoors. In striking contrast to these, a light Spanish stripling, active, wary, and energetic, stood in the midst of the arena, prepared with a scarlet scarf, and a handful of arrow-headed darts, to receive the first bull.

The Lisbon bull-fight differs from those of Spain in almost every particular, but especially in the weapons used in the ring. The only weapon in the bull-fight which I am describing was a small arrow of deal, three

feet in length, like a barbed yard measure. This the bull-fighter holds by the end, and as the bull rushes at him, eyes shut, he very coolly steps a few inches on one side of the direct course of the bull, and plunges one (or, when dexterous, two) of these darts into the most fleshy part of the animal's neck. The horsemen make use of a similar dart, but of three or four times the length.

The young Spaniard held several of these darts in his hand, when the side door was opened, and out there came, slowly and circumspectly at first, as if the light might have dazzled him, such a noble, high-bred black bull, with short horns, curly mane, straight back, and soft kind eyes, as strongly enlisted one's sympathies on his side, and made me secretly wish that the fine young animal might overpower his nimble tormentor, and throw him in the dust. The bull stood three seconds in the ring, snorted, gave a low expressive moan, bowed down his head, shut his eyes, and made one rapid bound at the Spaniard, who nimbly avoided him, and the bull glanced by with a gasp and a groan, at the torture of the two barbed arrows which the youth had plunged in his neck as the animal flew past him. The bull turned again in an instant, reared on his hind legs for one moment, as if to free himself, by a desperate effort, from the long darts that rattled in his neck, gave a passionate whine, and once more dashed at his enemy with the rapidity of light. But again the Spaniard turned aside, at the moment when it seemed that he *must* have bitten the dust, and another pair of the light wooden darts were streaming with blood in the grizzled neck of the tortured animal.

The man had now no more darts left. He had dropped his scarf, and I really was rejoiced to find that there was now to be a fair race between him and the

generous looking brute, for the sheltered alley which encircled the ring. The Spaniard run as if (which was really the case) his life depended on whether he should gain the shelter or not. At first, it seemed as if he had a fair chance of escape; but the bull gained upon him, overtook him, and, as he had his hand upon the circle to vault into the alley, pitched the rascal into the crowded rows of the opposite benches, amidst the clear vivas of hundreds of the spectators. This is, indeed, an exciting exhibition, thought I; and I gasped for breath when the lucky Spaniard had recovered his footing, amidst jeers and jests of his neighbours in the gallery.

Twisting proudly his small moustache, though somewhat daunted at the fierceness of the animal, he strode round the alley for a moment's breathing. The bull (which had not done with him yet) followed him, and made several attempts to get out of the ring, so enraged was he at his adversary's escape; but the youth tapped him familiarly on the nose; other bull-fighters attracted him; the shawls and scarfs which they left on his horns as they bolted into the alley, and at length, rattling the wooden darts, which clustered in his thick fleshy neck to the number of fifteen or twenty, he roared deep, and galloped round the circle in unequivocal fury.

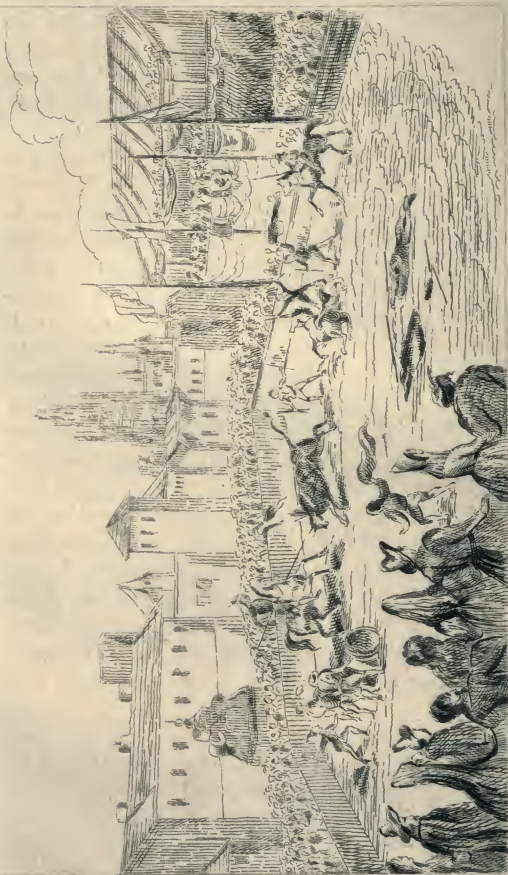
More contests and hairbreadth escapes succeeded, until a luckless Portuguese, as heavy, awkward, and uncollected, as the Spaniard was elastic, graceful, and cool, standing stupified with indecision, was borne down with a dull thump (which sounds in my ears at this moment), and was carried out for dead.

The horses and riders were hooked and rolled in the dust, tumbled, tossed over, and alarmed, without fatal effects. Bull after bull, with greater or less determination and courage, came in, roared, groaned, and went out again, after a sufficiency of barbed arrows had been

lodged in their necks. One furious beast, at a single bound, sprung, in the eagerness of pursuit, over the fighters' alley into the spectators' seats, and produced as much discomposure and amusement as the proverbial bull in a china shop.

There was a short pause, and sundry cries of "Sambo" from the gallery, when the riders' door again flew open, and instead of the silken horseman and his prancing grey, six glossy negroes rolled in an empty barrel to the centre of the ring. This was set on end, a negro was tossed inside, armed with half a dozen darts; another negro, with a pair of barbs, was put by his side, the doors opened, and in walked another astonished bull. At first, the animal merely looked at Sambo with what seemed an expression of contempt, and slowly took a walk round the ring to look at the spectators. They execrated his want of alacrity, and violently called upon Sambo to endanger his life for their amusement. The hootings and execrations were not lost on the bewildered animal, who, in a few seconds, looked gravely at the tub and its grotesque contents, and then snorted and galloped at it. The outside negro was soon dislodged; but before he could be tossed and gored, he threw himself on the ground, stretched out to his full length, with his broad nose deep in the dust, his hands flat beside him, his limbs motionless and rigid like the dead, and lay there apparently with a mind as careless as if a good-tempered Newfoundland dog had been caressing him. The bull soon moved away, and the negro first crept on his legs, and then sneaked rapidly off to the sheltered alley, followed in a sort of half-earnest way by the good-humoured animal, who capered after him like a goat.

The single-handed contest between Sambo in the tub and his horned enemy then began. The black grinned



A LISBON BULL FIGHT.

over the edge of the barrel, shook his feathers, and the bull, after a few moments' steady perusal of the negro's absurdities, made a headlong rush, and rolled man and barrel down the ring. A scream of laughter shook the entire building.

The bull, not knowing what to make of the tub and the African, kept trundling them about the ring with the greatest humour. Sambo, every now and then, in the intervals of rotation, peeped round the barrel's edge, shook his feathers, and saluted the bull on the nose, drawing blood at each push. The bull, finding his mistake, made an excited gesture with his head and tail, bounded round in front of the barrel to draw the fellow out, or, if not to unkennel him, at any rate to prick and goad him in his puncheon; and, finally, struck the tub a violent blow with his horns. But as the mouth narrowed (after the manner of barrels) to a size just sufficient to admit the body of the negro, all that the bull could do was to get in one horn at a time; and as this was quite insufficient to put poor Sambo in a complete dilemma, he managed to keep such a succession of petty annoyances as ended in the complete overthrow of the animal's equanimity. The bull, foiled in all his efforts to dislodge the negro, looked into the barrel's mouth with absolute dismay,—stamped and whimpered with vexed bewilderment, like an impetuous spoiled child,—snuffed the ground,—threw up a bushel of dust,—and then impatiently smashed the tub with his strong fore head: the odds were heavily against Sambo. But there was no one near to help him; his five companions sat silently on the wooden ring, grinning and showing their teeth. The bull made another rush at the barrel, rolled it backwards and forwards like an empty puncheon on a brewer's dray, and then pursued it, with something between fear and rage, in a tortuous course

along the ring. The black cried for help ; and the five gaudy negroes were at length shamed into the circus by hoots and loud jests. The moment they entered it, the bull, attracted by their gay dresses, fiercely rushed at the whole group, and instantly dispersed it. Three fell flat on their faces, with outstretched arms and legs ; the other two straddled off to the alley in awkward haste, and, in place of the light vault of the graceful Spaniard, clambered up the fence like bears up a pole. None were hurt. Those who hid their faces in the dust were merely snuffed at and smelled by the bull ; and before the snuffing and smelling were over, the others had retreated in safety. At length, by some means or other (it is difficult to say what), they all six had hold of his horns and tail, and dragged him about wherever they pleased. Having removed him, preparations were made for other diversions.

BULLER'S TRAVELS.

ROSABELLE.

“ MOOR, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay !
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

“ The blackening wave is edged with white ;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly ;
The fishers have heard the water-sprite
Whose scream forebodes that wreck is nigh.

“ Last night the gifted seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay ;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch ;
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ?”

“ ’Tis not because Lord Lindesay’s heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball ;
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

“ ’Tis not because the ring they ride
(And Lindesay at the ring rides well) ;
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If ’tis not filled by Rosabelle.”

O’er Roslin, all that dreary night,
A wond’rous blaze was seen to gleam ;
’Twas broader than the watch-fire’s light,
And redder than the bright moon-beam.

It glared on Roslin’s castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ;
’Twas seen from Dryden’s groves of oak,
And seen from cavern’d Hawthornden.

Seem’d all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin’s chiefs uncoffin’d lie ;
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire, within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar’s pale ;
Shone every pillar foliage bound,
And glimmer’d all the dead men’s mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-curved buttress fair,—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold,
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each St. Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea-waves rung, the wild winds sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

SCOTT.

LION HUNTING IN INDIA.

(From "Essays on Natural History," by Charles Waterton.)

IN the month of July, 1831, two fine lions made their appearance in a jungle some twenty miles distant from the cantonment of Rajcote, in the East Indies, where Captain Woodhouse, and his two friends, Lieutenants Delamain and Lang, were stationed. An elephant was dispatched to the place in the evening on which the information arrived; and on the morrow, at the break of day, the three gentlemen set off on horseback, full of glee, and elated with the hope of a speedy engagement. On arriving at the edge of the jungle, people were ordered to ascend the neighbouring trees, that they might be able to trace the route of the lions, in

case they left the cover. After beating about in the jungle for some time, the hunters started the two lordly strangers. The officers fired immediately, and one of the lions fell to rise no more. His companion broke cover, and made off across the country. The officers now pursued him on horseback as fast as the nature of the ground would allow, until they learned from the men who were stationed in the trees, and who held up flags by way of signal, that the lion had gone back into the thicket. Upon this the three officers returned to the edge of the jungle, and having dismounted from their horses, they got upon the elephant, Captain Woodhouse placing himself in the hindermost seat. They now proceeded towards the heart of the jungle, in the expectation of rousing the royal fugitive a second time. They found him standing under a high bush, with his face directly towards them. The lion allowed them to approach within range of his spring, and then he made a sudden dart at the elephant, clung on his trunk with a tremendous roar, and wounded him just above the eye. While he was in the act of doing this, the two lieutenants fired at him, but without success. The elephant now shook him off; but the fierce and sudden attack on the part of the lion seemed to have thrown him into the greatest consternation. This was the first time he had ever come in contact with so formidable an animal: and much exertion was used before his riders succeeded in urging him on again in quest of the lion. At last he became somewhat more tractable; but as he was advancing through the jungle, all of a sudden the lion, which had lain concealed in the high grass, made at him with redoubled fury. The officers now lost all hopes of keeping their elephant in order. He turned round abruptly, and was going away quite ungovernable, when the lion again sprang at him,

seized his hinder parts with his teeth, and hung on him till the affrighted animal managed to shake him off by incessant kicking.

The lion retreated farther into the thicket, Captain Woodhouse in the mean time firing a random shot at him, which proved of no avail, as the jolting of the elephant and the uproar of the moment prevented him from taking a steady aim. No exertions on the part of the officers could now force the terrified elephant to face his fierce foe, and they found themselves reduced to the necessity of dismounting. Determined, however, to come to still closer quarters with the formidable king of quadrupeds, Captain Woodhouse took the desperate resolution to proceed on foot in quest of him, and, after searching about for some time, he observed the lion indistinctly through the bushes, and discharged his rifle at him, but he was pretty well convinced that he had not hit him, for he saw the lion retire with the utmost composure into the thicker parts of the brake. The two lieutenants, who had remained at the outside of the jungle, joined their companion on hearing the report of his gun.

The weather was intolerably sultry. After vainly spending a considerable time in creeping through the grass and bushes, with the hope of discovering the place of the lion's retreat, they concluded that he had passed through the jungle, and gone off in an opposite direction. Resolving not to let their game escape, the lieutenants returned to the elephant, and immediately proceeded round the jungle, expecting to discover the route which they conjectured the lion had taken. Captain Woodhouse, however, remained in the thicket; and as he could discern the print of the animal's foot on the ground, he boldly resolved to follow up the track at all hazards. The Indian game-finder, who continued with his com-

mander, at last espied the lion in the cover, and pointed him out to the captain, who fired, but, unfortunately, missed his mark. There was now no alternative left but to retreat and load his rifle. Having retired to a distance, he was joined by Lieutenant Delamain, who had dismounted from his elephant on hearing the report of the gun. This unexpected meeting increased the captain's hopes of ultimate success. He lost no time in pointing out to the lieutenant the place where he would probably find the lion, and said he would be up with him in a moment or two.

Lieutenant Delamain, on going eight or ten paces down a sheep-track, got a sight of the lion, and instantly discharged his rifle at him. This irritated the mighty lord of the woods, and he rushed towards him, breaking through the bushes (to use the captain's own words) "in most magnificent style." Captain Woodhouse now found himself placed in an awkward situation. He was aware that if he retraced his steps, in order to put himself in a better position for attack, he would just get to the point from which the lieutenant fired, and to which the lion was making; wherefore he instantly resolved to stand still in the hope that the lion would pass by, at a distance of four yards or so, without perceiving him, as the intervening cover was thick and strong. In this, however, he was most unfortunately deceived; for the enraged lion saw him in passing, and flew at him with a dreadful roar. In an instant, as if it had been done by a stroke of lightning, the rifle was broken and thrown out of the captain's hand, his left arm at the same moment torn by the claws, and his right by the teeth, of his desperate antagonist. While those two brave and sturdy combatants, "whose courage none could stain," were yet standing in mortal conflict, Lieutenant Delamain ran up and discharged his piece full at the lion.

This caused the lion and the captain to come to the ground together, while Lieutenant Delamain hastened out of the jungle to reload his gun. The lion now began to crunch the captain's arm; but as the brave fellow, notwithstanding the pain which this horrid process caused, had the cool determined resolution to lie still, the lordly savage let the arm drop out of his mouth, and quietly placed himself in a couching position, with both his paws upon the thigh of his fallen foe. While things were in this untoward situation, the captain unthinkingly raised his hand to support his head, which had got placed ill at ease in the fall. No sooner, however, had he moved it, than the lion seized the lacerated arm a second time, crunched it as before, and fractured the bone still higher up. This additional *memento mori* from the lion was not lost upon Captain Woodhouse; it immediately put him in mind that he had committed an act of imprudence in stirring. The motionless state in which he persevered after this broad hint, showed that he learned to profit by the painful lesson.

He now lay bleeding and disabled under the foot of a mighty and irritated enemy. Death was close upon him, armed with every terror calculated to appal the heart of a prostrate and defenceless man. Just as this world, with all its flitting honours, was on the point of vanishing for ever, he heard two faint reports of a gun, which he thought sounded from a distance; but he was totally at a loss to account for them. He learned, after the affair was over, that the reports were caused by his friend at the outside of the jungle, who had flashed off some powder in order to be quite sure that the nipples of his rifle were clean.

The two lieutenants were now hastening to his assistance, and he heard the welcome sound of feet approaching; but, unfortunately, they were in a wrong direction,

as the lion was betwixt them and him. Aware that if his friends fired, the balls would hit him after they had passed through the body of the lion, Captain Woodhouse quietly pronounced, in a low and subdued tone, "To the other side! to the other side!" Hearing the voice, they looked in the direction from whence it proceeded, and to their horror saw their brave comrade in his utmost need. Having made a circuit, they cautiously came up on the other side, and Lieutenant Delamain, whose coolness in encounters with wild beasts had always been conspicuous, from a distance of about a dozen yards, fired at the lion over the person of a prostrate warrior.

The lion merely quivered; his head dropped upon the ground, and in an instant he lay dead on his side, close to his intended victim.

ADVENTURE OF LEWIS WETZEL.

AMONGST the heroes of American border warfare, Lewis Wetzel held no inferior station. Inured to hardships while yet in boyhood, and familiar with all the varieties of forest adventure, from that of hunting the beaver and the bear to that of the wily Indian, he became one of the most celebrated marksmen of the day. His form was erect, and of that height best adapted to activity, being very muscular, and possessed of great bodily strength. From constant exercise, he could, without fatigue, bear prolonged and violent exertion, especially that of running and walking; and he

had, by practice, acquired the art of loading his rifle, when running at full speed through the forest; and wheeling on the instant, he could discharge it with unerring aim, at the distance of eighty or one hundred yards, into a mark not larger than a dollar. This art he has been known more than once to practise with fatal success on his savage foes.—

A marksman of superior skill was, in those days, estimated by the other borderers, much in the same way that a knight templar, or a knight of the cross, who excelled in the tournament or the charge, was valued by his contemporaries in the days of chivalry. Challenges of skill often took place; and marksmen, who lived at the distance of fifty miles or more from each other, frequently met by appointment, to try the accuracy of their aim, on bets of considerable amount. Wetzel's fame had spread far and wide, as the most expert and unerring shot of the day. It chanced that a young man, a few years younger than Wetzel, who lived on Dankard's Creek, a tributary of the Monongahela river, which waters one of the earliest settlements in that region, heard of his fame; and as he also was an expert woodsman and a first-rate shot—the best in his settlement—he became very desirous of an opportunity for a trial of skill. So great was his desire, that he one day shouldered his rifle, and whistling his faithful dog to his side, started for the neighbourhood of Wetzel, who at that time lived on Wheeling Creek, distant about twenty miles from the settlement of Dankard's Creek. When about half-way on his journey, a fine buck sprang up just before him. He levelled his gun with his usual precision, but the deer, though badly wounded, did not fall dead on his tracks. His faithful dog soon seized him and brought him to the ground; but while in the act of doing this, another

dog sprang from the forest upon the same deer, and his master making his appearance at the same time from behind a tree, with a loud voice claimed the buck as his property, because he had been wounded by his shot and seized by his dog. It so happened that they had both fired at once at this deer, a fact which may very well happen where two active men are hunting on the same ground, although one may fire at the distance of fifty yards, and the other at one hundred. The dogs felt the same spirit of rivalry with their masters, and quitting the deer, which was already dead, fell to worrying and tearing each other. In separating the dogs, the stranger hunter happened to strike that of the young man. The old adage, "strike my dog, strike myself," arose in full force, and without further ceremony, except a few angry words, he fell upon the hunter and hurled him to the ground. This was no sooner done than he found himself turned, and under his stronger and more powerful antagonist. Discovering that he was no match at this play, the young man appealed to the trial by rifles, saying it was too much like dogs for men, and hunters, to fight in this way. The stranger assented to the trial; but told his antagonist, that before he put it fairly to the test, he had better witness what he was able to do with the rifle, saying that he was as much superior, he thought, with that weapon, as he was in bodily strength. He bade him place a mark the size of a shilling on the side of a huge poplar that stood beside them, from which he would start with his rifle unloaded, and running a hundred yards at full speed, he would load it as he ran, and, wheeling, would discharge it instantly to the centre of the mark. The feat was no sooner proposed than performed; the ball entered the centre of the diminutive target; astonished at his activity and skill, his antagonist in-

stantly inquired his name. Lewis Wetzel, at your service, answered the stranger. The young hunter seized him by the hand with all the ardour of youthful admiration, and at once acknowledged his own inferiority. So charmed was he with Wetzel's frankness, skill, and fine personal appearance, that he insisted upon his returning with him to the settlement on Dankard's Creek, that he might exhibit his talents to his own family, and to the hardy backwoodsmen his neighbours. Nothing loath to such an exhibition, and pleased with the energy of his new acquaintance, Wetzel consented to accompany him; shortening the way with their mutual tales of hunting excursions and hazardous contests with the common enemies of the country. Amongst other things, Wetzel stated his manner of distinguishing the footsteps of a white man from those of an Indian, although covered with moccasins, and intermixed with the tracks of savages. He had acquired this tact from closely examining the manner of placing the feet, the Indian stepping with his feet in parallel lines, and first bringing the toe to the ground; while the white man almost invariably places his feet at an angle with the line of march. An opportunity they little expected soon gave room to put his skill to the trial. On reaching the young man's home, which they did that day, they found the dwelling a smoking ruin, and all the family lying murdered and scalped, except a young woman who had been brought up in the family, and to whom the young man was ardently attached. She had been taken away alive, as was ascertained by examining the trail of the savages. Wetzel soon discovered that the party consisted of three Indians and a renegado white man,—a fact not uncommon in those early days, when, for crime or the love of

revenge, the white outlaw fled to the savages, and was adopted, on trial, into their tribe.

As it was past the middle of the day, and the nearest assistance still at some considerable distance, and there were only four to contend with, they decided on instant pursuit. As the deed had very recently been done, they hoped to overtake them in their camp that night, and perhaps before they could cross the Ohio river, to which the Indians always retreated after a successful incursion, considering themselves in a manner safe when they had crossed to its right bank, at that time occupied wholly by the Indian tribes.

Ardent and unwearied was the pursuit by the youthful hunters: the one, excited to recover his lost mistress, the other to assist his new friend and to take revenge for the slaughter of his countrymen—slaughter and revenge being the daily business of the borderers at this period (1782–84). Wetzel followed the trail with the unerring sagacity of a bloodhound; and just at dusk, traced the fugitives to a noted war-path, nearly opposite to the mouth of Captina Creek, emptying into the Ohio, which, much to their disappointment, they found the Indians had crossed by forming a raft of logs and brush, their usual manner when at a distance from their villages. By examining carefully the appearances on the opposite shore, they soon discovered the fire of the Indian camp in a hollow way, a few rods from the river. Lest the noise of constructing a raft should alarm the Indians and give notice of the pursuit, the two hardy adventurers determined to swim the stream a few rods below. This they easily accomplished, being both of them excellent swimmers; fastening their clothes and ammunition in a bundle on the tops of their heads, with their rifles resting on their left hip, they reached the opposite shore in safety. After carefully examining their

arms, and putting every article of attack and defence in its proper place, they crawled very cautiously to a position which gave them a fair view of their enemies, who, thinking themselves safe from pursuit, were carelessly reposing around their fire, thoughtless of the fate that awaited them. They instantly discovered the young woman, apparently unhurt, but making much moaning and lamentation, while the white man was trying to pacify and console her with the promise of kind usage and an adoption into the tribe. The young man, hardly able to restrain his rage, was for firing and rushing instantly upon them. Wetzel, more cautious, told him to wait until daylight appeared, when they could make the attack with a better chance of success, and of also killing the whole party; but if they attacked in the dark, a part of them would certainly escape.

As soon as daylight dawned, the Indians arose and prepared to depart. The young man selecting the white renegado, and Wetzel an Indian, they both fired at the same time, each killing his man. The young man rushed forward, knife in hand, to relieve the young woman; while Wetzel reloaded his gun, and pushed in pursuit of the two surviving Indians, who had taken to the woods until they could ascertain the number of their enemies. Wetzel, as soon as he saw that he was discovered, discharged his rifle at random, in order to draw them from their covert. Hearing the report, and finding themselves unhurt, the Indians rushed upon him before he could again reload. This was as he wished; taking to his heels, Wetzel loaded as he ran, and, suddenly wheeling about, discharged his rifle through the body of his nearest but unsuspecting enemy. The remaining Indian, seeing the fate of his companion, and that his enemy's rifle was unloaded, rushed forward with all energy, the prospect of prompt revenge being

fairly before him. Wetzel led him on, dodging from tree to tree, until his rifle was again ready, when, suddenly turning, he shot his remaining enemy, who fell dead at his feet. Wetzel and his friend, with their rescued captive, returned in safety to the settlement. Like honest Joshua Fleeheart, after the peace of 1795, Wetzel pushed for the frontiers on the Mississippi, where he could trap the beaver, hunt the buffalo and the deer, and occasionally shoot an Indian, the object of his mortal hatred. He finally died, as he had always lived, *a free man of the forest*.—SILLIMAN'S *American Journal*.

EAGLES IN THE HEBRIDES.

WHEN it has young, the eagle provides abundantly for them; and instances have been known in the Hebrides of people obtaining an additional supply in times of scarcity, by climbing, or rather descending to its nest, which is generally nearer the summit than the base of the cliff. I have never heard an instance of its attacking a person when robbing its nest, and only two of its having made any attempt upon a human being.

A man, in the island of Lewis, having crept to the edge of a shelf overhanging the nest of an eagle, was waiting the arrival of the birds, for the purpose of shooting them, when one of them, sweeping silently along the top of the cliff, struck him unawares with its wing. The man, however, kept his hold.

Among some rugged crags at the lower end of Loch Suaineabad, in the island, a pair of these annually rear their young. A woman, who had been on the moors looking after cattle, was descending a rude path near the

crag, when two eagles attacked her with great fury. She defended herself, however, and escaped without material injury.

When in sight of a person watching near the nest, they fly around him at a respectful distance, sailing with outstretched wings, occasionally uttering a savage scream of anger, and allowing their legs to dangle, with outspread talons, as if to intimidate him. I have observed them thus occupied, when on the edge of a precipice five hundred feet high, with a very steep slope above me, bounded by rocks, and from which I could not have made my escape, had the birds been resolute.

In the Hebrides, the raven is perpetually harassing the eagle, which, from its superior agility, it can safely do; although I have never seen it venture to come into actual contact with its powerful adversary. I have seen eagles fighting in the air; their motions were then beautiful, and displayed considerable agility. When the higher one approached the other, the latter threw itself on its back, and received the foe with outstretched talons. Their shrill screams resounded to a great distance.

The usual mode of destroying eagles in the Hebrides is the following:—In a remote part, usually on an eminence, the declivity of a mountain, or the margin of a precipice in which eagles breed, a pit, about six feet in length and three in breadth, is dug to the depth of two or three feet. The turf removed from it is arranged as a wall, so as to deepen the pit a foot or two more. Some sticks are then laid across it, together with heath, and the whole is covered over with fresh turf taken from some distance. An opening is left at one end, large enough to admit a person, and at the other is formed an aperture six inches in diameter. The door is closed by a bundle of heath; and in this state the pit, or hut, is left until all traces of labour are effaced from it by

the weather, and the keen eye of the eagle, as he sails over it, can distinguish nothing but a tuft of heath, similar to those around. A carcass is then procured; a sheep that has been found dead on the hills, or an old and useless horse, that has been taken out and killed for the purpose. It is placed at the distance of fifteen or twenty yards from the hut, so as to be visible from within through the small aperture. The hunter enters, spreads a layer of heath on the floor, closes the door behind by pulling into it a bundle of heath, lays him down on his side, places the muzzle of his gun in the aperture, and prepares for a tedious watch. Hours often pass, and yet nothing makes its appearance. A raven appears, and frequently many in succession; but as the hunter knows not how near the eagle may be, he refrains from shooting, or even disturbing them. Sometimes a gull, of the large black-backed species, or a burgomaster, or even a herring-gull, appears with its unsullied plumage, walking anxiously about, but not daring to attempt a participation of the feast so long as the ravens remain unsatisfied. At length hurried noises are heard from the carrion birds, which look around in an anxious manner; the rushing, as of a current of air, comes on the ear of the *lier-in-wait*, who brings his gun to his shoulder; and as the birds disperse, he sees the eagle quietly seating itself on the carcass, gathering up his large wings, and preparing to commence the banquet. Now is the time—now or never. Forth rushes the little shower of buck-shot, the terrified gulls and ravens fly off screaming and croaking, and the author of their panic, kicking out the bundle of heath from the door of the hut, drags himself into open day, and runs up to the carcass, on which is stretched the once formidable skimmer of the clouds, now vainly struggling in the agonies of death.

But a more animating scene presents itself:—

“Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Yon embers like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie—”

The farmer, breathing vengeance for the massacre perpetrated upon the young lambs in spring, has assembled his shepherds and cotters. They proceed—one carrying a coil of rope, another a bundle of dry heath, and a third a burning peat—toward the farther brow of the mountain, where the fissured and shelved precipice hangs over the foaming margin of the Atlantic. Far in the west, in mist and melancholy grandeur, rises the lone isle of St. Kilda. The great ocean is spread around, its impetuous currents sweeping along the rugged shores. Strings of gannets, cormorants, and guillemots are seen winding around the promontories; while here and there, over the curling waves, is seen hovering a solitary gull. They have reached the brink of the cliffs, over which the more timid scarce dare venture to cast a glance; for almost directly under their feet is the unfathomable sea, heaving its heavy billows some hundred feet from the place to which they cling. The eagles are abroad, soaring at a cautious distance in circles, uttering wild and harsh screams, and as they sweep past displaying their powerful talons. One of the men fastens the rope to his body, passing it under his arm, and securing it to his breast by a firm knot. The rest dig holes with their heels in the turf, and sitting down in a row take firm hold of the cord. The adventurer looks over the brink of the cliff, marks the projecting shelf which overhangs the eagle's nest, and is gradually lowered towards it, bearing in one hand the bundle of heath, with a cord attached to it, and the peat

burning in the middle, and with the other pushing himself from the angular projections of the rock. At length he arrives on the shelf, and calls to those above to slacken the rope, but keep a firm hold of it. Then creeping forwards, and clinging to the unstable tufts of indigenous grasses, he looks downwards, and ascertains the precise position of the nest, in which are two eaglets covered with white down, skeletons of fishes, birds, and lambs lying heaped around them. Blowing the flame, he kindles the bundle of combustibles, and rapidly lowers it rightly into the nest. The young birds scream and hiss, and throw themselves into strange attitudes of defence. The heath smokes and crackles, and at length blazes into full flame. Then the sticks, seaweeds, wool, and feathers of the nest catch fire; and the ascending column of smoke indicates to the ropemen above that the deed is doing. Flames and fumes conceal the young birds from the avenger's gaze, but he stirs not until they have abated, and he sees the huge eyrie with its contents reduced to ashes.

Birds have feelings as well as men, and those of the eagle are doubtless acute; for the old birds wheel and scream along the face of the rock for many days in succession, and as by this time the summer is far advanced, they form no new nest.—*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.*

SCENES IN THE PRAIRIE.

The following lively details are taken from Washington Irving's
"Tour in the Prairies."

A BUFFALO HUNT.

AFTER proceeding for about two hours in a southerly direction, we emerged, towards mid-day, from the dreary belt of the Cross Timber, and, to our infinite delight, beheld the "Great Prairie" stretching to the right and left before us. We could distinctly trace the meandering course of the main Canadian and various smaller streams, by the strips of green forest that bordered them. The landscape was vast and beautiful. There is always an expansion of feeling in looking upon these boundless and fertile wastes; but I was doubly conscious of it after emerging from our "close dungeon of innumerable boughs."

From a rising ground Beattie pointed out to us the place where he and his comrades had killed the buffaloes; and we beheld several black objects moving in the distance, which he said were part of the herd. The captain determined to shape his course to a woody bottom about a mile distant, and to encamp there for a day or two, by way of having a regular buffalo hunt, and getting a supply of provisions. As the troops filed along the slope of the hill towards the camping-ground, Beattie proposed to my messmates and myself that we should put ourselves under his guidance, promising to take us where we should have plenty of sport. Leaving the line of march, therefore, we diverged towards the Prairies, traversing a small valley, and ascending a gentle swell of land. As we reached the summit we

beheld a gang of wild horses about a mile off. Beattie was immediately on the alert, and no longer thought of buffalo-hunting. He was mounted on his powerful wild horse, with a lariat coiled at the saddle-bow, and set off in pursuit, while we remained on a rising ground watching the manœuvres with great solicitude. Taking advantage of a strip of woodland, he stole quietly along, so as to get close to them before he was perceived. The moment they caught sight of him, a grand scamper took place. We watched him skirting along the horizon, like a privateer in full chase of a merchantman: at length he passed over the brow of a ridge, and down into a shallow valley; in a few moments he was on the opposite hill, and close upon one of the horses. He was soon head and head, and appeared to be trying to noose his prey: but they both disappeared again below the hill, and we saw no more of them. It turned out, afterwards, that he had noosed a powerful horse, but could not hold him, and had lost his lariat in the attempt.

Whilst we were waiting for his return, we perceived two buffalo bulls descending a slope towards a stream, which wound through a ravine fringed with trees. The young Count and myself endeavoured to get near them, under covert of the trees. They discovered us while we were yet 300 or 400 yards off, and turning about, retreated up the rising ground. We urged our horses across the ravine, and gave chase. The immense weight of head and shoulders causes the buffalo to labour heavily up hill, but it accelerates his descent. We had the advantage, therefore, and gained rapidly upon the fugitives, though it was difficult to get our horses to approach them, their very scent inspiring them with terror. The Count, who had a double-barrelled gun, loaded with ball, fired, but missed. The bulls now altered their course, and galloped down hill with head-

long rapidity. As they ran in different directions, we each singled out one, and separated. I was provided with a brace of veteran brass-barrelled pistols, which I had borrowed at Fort Gibson, and which had evidently seen some service. Pistols are very effective in buffalo-hunting, as the hunter can ride up close to the animal, and fire at it while at full speed, whereas the long heavy rifles used on the frontier cannot be easily managed, nor discharged with accurate aim from horseback. My object, therefore, was to get within pistol-shot of the buffalo. This was no very easy matter. I was well mounted, on a horse of excellent speed and bottom, that seemed eager for the chase, and soon overtook the game, but the moment he came nearly parallel he would keep sheering off, with ears forked and pricked forward, and every symptom of aversion and alarm. It was no wonder. Of all animals, a buffalo, when close pressed by the hunter, has an aspect the most diabolical. His two short black horns curve out of a huge frontlet of shaggy hair; his eyes glow like coals; his mouth is open, his tongue parched and drawn up into a half-crescent; his tail is erect, and the tufted end whisking about in the air;—he is a perfect picture of mingled rage and terror.

It was with difficulty I urged my horse sufficiently near, when, taking aim, to my chagrin both pistols missed fire. Unfortunately, the locks of these veteran weapons were so much worn, that in the gallop the priming had been shaken out of the pans. At the snapping of the last pistol I was close upon the buffalo, when, in his despair, he turned round with a sudden snort, and rushed upon me. My horse wheeled about, as if on a pivot, made a convulsive spring, and, as I had been leaning on one side with pistol extended, I came near being thrown at the feet of the buffalo. Three bounds

of the horse carried us out of reach of the enemy, who, having merely turned in desperate self-defence, quickly resumed his flight. As soon as I could gather in my panic-stricken horse, and prime my pistols afresh, I again spurred in pursuit of the buffalo, who had slackened his speed to take breath. On my approach, he again set off at full speed, still heaving himself forward with a heavy rolling gallop, dashing with headlong precipitation through breaks and ravines; while several deer and wolves, startled from their coverts by his thundering career, ran helter-skelter to right and left across the waste.

A gallop across the prairies in pursuit of game is by no means so smooth a career as those may imagine who have only the idea of an open level plain. It is true the prairies of the hunting-grounds are not so much entangled with flowering plants and long herbage as the lower prairies, and are principally covered with short buffalo grass; but they are diversified by hill and dale, and, where most level, are apt to be cut up by deep rifts and ravines, made by torrents after rains, and which, yawning from an even surface, are almost like pitfalls in the way of the hunter; checking him suddenly when in full career, or subjecting him to the risk of limb and life. The plains, too, are beset by burrowing holes of small animals, in which the horse is apt to sink to the fetlock, and throw both himself and his rider. The late rain had covered some parts of the prairie, where the ground was hard, with a thin sheet of water, through which the horse had to dash his way. In other parts, there were innumerable shallow hollows, eight or ten feet in diameter, made by the buffalos, who wallow in sand and mud like swine. These, being filled with water, shone like mirrors, so that the horse was continually leaping over them, or springing on one side. We had reached,

too, a rough part of the prairie, very much broken and cut up : the buffalo, who was running for life, took no heed to his course, plunging down breakneck ravines, where it was necessary to skirt the borders in search of a safer descent. At length he came to where a winter stream had torn a deep chasm across the whole prairie, laying open jagged rocks, and forming a long glen bordered by steep crumbling cliffs of mingled stone and clay. Down one of these the buffalo flung himself, half tumbling, half leaping, and then scuttled off along the bottom ; while I, seeing all farther pursuit useless, pulled up, and gazed quietly after him from the border of the cleft, until he disappeared amidst the windings of the ravine.

Nothing now remained but to turn my steed and rejoin my companions. Here, at first, was some difficulty. The ardour of the chase had betrayed me into a long heedless gallop : I now found myself in the midst of a lonely waste, in which the prospect was bounded by undulating swells of land, naked and uniform, where, from the deficiency of land-marks and distinct features, an inexperienced man may become bewildered, and lose his way as readily as in the wastes of the ocean. The day, too, was overcast, so that I could not guide myself by the sun. My only mode was to retrace the track my horse had made in coming, though this I would after all lose sight of, where the ground was covered with parched herbage. To one unaccustomed to it, there is something inexpressibly lonely in the solitude of a prairie : the loneliness of a forest seems nothing to it. There the view is shut in by trees, and the imagination is left free to picture some livelier scene beyond ; but here we have an immense extent of landscape, without a sign of human existence. We have the consciousness of being far beyond the bounds of human habitation ; we feel as

if moving in the midst of a desert world. As my horse lagged slowly back over the scenes of our late scamper, and the delirium of the chase had passed away, I was peculiarly sensible to these circumstances. The silence of the waste was now and then broken by the cry of a distant flock of pelicans, stalking like spectres about a shallow pool, sometimes by the sinister croaking of a raven in the air, while occasionally a scoundrel wolf would scour off from before me, and having attained a safe distance, would sit down and howl and whine, with tones that gave a dreariness to the surrounding solitude. After pursuing my way for some time, I descried a horseman on the edge of a distant hill, and soon recognised him to be the Count. He had been equally unsuccessful with myself. We were shortly afterwards rejoined by our worthy comrade, the virtuoso, who, with spectacles on his nose, had made two or three ineffectual shots from horseback.

We determined not to seek the camp until we had made one more effort. Casting our eyes about the surrounding waste, we descried a herd of buffalos about two miles distant, scattered apart, and quietly grazing near a small strip of trees and bushes. It required but little stretch of fancy to picture them so many cattle grazing on the edge of a common, and that the grove might shelter some lonely farm-house.

We now formed our plan to circumvent the herd, and, by getting on the other side of them, to hunt them in the direction where we knew our camp to be situated; otherwise the pursuit might take us to such a distance, as to render it impossible to find our way back before nightfall. Taking a wide circuit, therefore, we moved slowly and cautiously, pausing continually, when we saw any of the herd desist from grazing. The wind fortunately set from them, otherwise they might have

scented us and taken the alarm. In this way we succeeded in getting round the herd without disturbing it. It consisted of about forty head, bulls, cows, and calves. Separating to some distance from each other, we now approached slowly in a parallel line, hoping, by degrees, to steal near without exciting attention. They began, however, to move off quietly, stopping at every step or two to gaze; when suddenly a bull, that, unobserved by us, had been taking his siesta under a clump of trees to our left, roused himself from his lair, and hastened to join his companions. We were still at a considerable distance, but the game had taken the alarm. We quickened our pace, they broke into a gallop, and now commenced a full chase.

As the ground was level, they shouldered along with great speed, following each other in a line, two or three bulls bringing up the rear; the last of whom, from his enormous size and venerable frontlet and beard of sunburnt hair, looked like the patriarch of the herd, and as if he might long have reigned the monarch of the prairie.

There is a mixture of the awful and the comic in the look of these huge animals, as they move their great bulk forwards, with an up-and-down motion of the unwieldy head and shoulders, their tail cocked up like the queue of Pantaloon in a pantomime, the end whisking about in a fierce yet whimsical style, and their eyes glaring venomously with an expression of fright and fury.

For some time I kept parallel with the line, without being able to force my horse within pistol shot, so much had he been alarmed by the assault of the buffalo in the preceding chase. At length I succeeded; but was again balked by my pistols missing fire. My companions, whose horses were less fleet and more way-

worn, could not overtake the herd; at length Mr. L., who was in the rear of the line, and losing ground, levelled his double-barrelled gun, and fired a long raking shot. It struck a buffalo just above the loins, broke his back bone, and brought him to the ground. He stopped, and alighted to dispatch his prey, when, borrowing his gun, which had yet a charge remaining in it, I put my horse to his speed, again overtook the herd, which was thundering along pursued by the Count. With my present weapon there was no need of urging my horse to such close quarters; galloping along parallel, therefore, I singled out a buffalo, and by a fortunate shot brought it down on the spot. The ball had struck a vital part: it could not move from the place where it fell, but lay there struggling in mortal agony, while the rest of the herd kept on their headlong career across the prairie.

Dismounting, I now fettered my horse to prevent his straying, and advanced to contemplate the victim. I am nothing of a sportsman; I had been prompted to this unwonted exploit by the magnitude of the game and the excitement of an adventurous chase. Now that the excitement was over, I could not but look with commiseration upon the poor animal that lay struggling and bleeding at my feet. His very size and importance, which had before inspired me with eagerness, now increased my compunction. It seemed as if I had inflicted pain in proportion to the bulk of my victim, and as if there were a hundred-fold greater waste of life than there would have been in the destruction of an animal of inferior size.

To add to these after-qualms of conscience, the poor animal lingered in his agony. He had evidently received a mortal wound, but death might be long in coming. It would not do to leave him here to be torn

piecemeal while alive, by the wolves that already snuffed his blood, and were skulking and howling at a distance, and waiting for my departure, and by the ravens that were flapping about and croaking dismally in the air. It became now an act of mercy to give him his quietus, and put him out of his misery. I primed one of the pistols, therefore, and advanced close up to the buffalo. To inflict a wound thus in cold blood, I found a totally different thing from firing in the heat of the chase. Taking aim, however, just behind the fore-shoulder, my pistol for once proved true: the ball must have passed through the heart, for the animal gave one convulsive throe, and expired.

While I stood meditating and moralizing over the wreck I had so wantonly produced, with my horse grazing near me, I was rejoined by my fellow-sportsman, the virtuoso, who, being a man of universal adroitness, and withal more experience, and hardened in the gentle art of "venerie," soon managed to carve out the tongue of the buffalo, and delivered it to me to bear back to the camp as a trophy.

RINGING THE WILD HORSE.

WE left the buffalo camp about eight o'clock, and had a toilsome and harassing march of two hours over ridges of hills covered with a ragged meagre forest of scrub oaks and broken by deep gullies. Among the oaks, I observed many of the most diminutive size, some not above a foot high, yet bearing abundance of small acorns. The whole of the Cross Timbers, in fact, abound with mast. There is a pine oak which

produces an acorn pleasant to the taste, and ripening early in the season.

About 10 o'clock in the morning, we came to where this line of rugged hills swept down into a valley through which flowed the north fork of the Red River. A beautiful meadow about half a mile wide, enamelled with yellow autumnal flowers, stretched for two or three miles along the foot of the hills, bordered on the opposite side by the river, whose banks were fringed with cotton-wood trees, the bright foliage of which refreshed and delighted the eye, after being wearied by the contemplation of monotonous wastes of brown forest.

The meadow was finely diversified by groves and clumps of trees, so happily disposed, that they seemed as if set out by the hand of art. As we cast our eyes over this fresh and delightful valley, we beheld a troop of wild horses quietly grazing on a green lawn about a mile distant to our right, while to our left, at nearly the same distance, were several buffalos, some feeding, others reposing and ruminating among the high rich herbage, under the shade of a clump of cotton-wood trees. The whole had the appearance of a broad beautiful tract of pasture-land, on the highly ornamented estate of some gentleman farmer, with his cattle grazing about the lawns and meadows.

A council of war was now held, and it was determined to profit by the present favourable opportunity, and try our hand at the grand hunting manœuvre, which is called *ringing the wild horse*. This requires a large party of horsemen well mounted. They extend themselves in each direction singly, at certain distances apart, and gradually form a ring of two or three miles in circumference, so as to surround the game. This has to be done with extreme care; for the wild horse is the most

readily alarmed inhabitant of the prairie, and scents a hunter at a great distance, if to windward.

The ring being formed, two or three hunters ride towards the horses, who start off in an opposite direction; wherever they approach the bounds of the ring, however, a huntsman presents himself and turns them from their course. In this way they are checked and driven back at every point, and kept galloping round and round this magic circle, until, being completely tired down, it is easy for the hunters to ride up beside them, and throw their lariats over their heads. The prime horses of most speed, courage, and bottom, however, are apt to break through and escape; so that, in general, it is the second-rate horses that are taken.

Preparations were now made for a hunt of this kind. The pack-horses were taken into the woods, and firmly tied to trees, lest in a rush of the wild horses, they should break away with them. Twenty-five men were sent under the command of a lieutenant to steal along the edge of the valley within the strip of woods that skirted the hills. They were to station themselves about fifty yards apart, within the edge of the woods, and not to advance or show themselves until the horses dashed in that direction. Twenty-five men were sent across the valley to steal in like manner along the river bank that bordered on the opposite side, and to station themselves among the trees. A third party, of about the same number, was to form a line stretching across the lower part of the valley, so as to connect the two wings. *Beattie*, and our other half-breed, *Antoine*, together with the ever-officious *Tonish*, were to make a circuit through the woods, so as to get to the upper part of the valley in the rear of the horses, and to drive them forward into the kind of sack that we had formed; while the two wings should join behind them and make a complete circle.

The flanking parties were quietly extending themselves, out of sight, on each side of the valley, and the residue were stretching themselves, like the links of a chain, across it, when the wild horses gave signs that they scented an enemy; snuffing the air, snorting, and looking about. At length they pranced off slowly toward the river, and disappeared behind a green bank. Here, had the regulations of the chase been observed, they would have been quietly checked and turned by the advance of a hunter from among the trees: unluckily, however, we had a wildfire Jack-a-lantern little Frenchman to deal with. Instead of keeping quietly up the right side of the valley, to get above the horses, the moment he saw them move towards the river, he broke out of the covert of woods and dashed furiously across the plain in pursuit of them; being mounted on one of the led horses belonging to the Count. This put an end to all system. The half-breeds, and half a score of rangers, joined in the chase. Away they all went over the green bank; in a moment or two the wild horses reappeared, and came thundering down the valley, with Frenchman, half-breeds, and rangers galloping like mad, and yelling like devils, behind them. It was in vain that the line drawn across the valley attempted to check and turn back the fugitives. They were too hotly pressed by their pursuers. In their panic they dashed through the line, and clattered down the plain. The whole troop joined in the headlong chase; some of the rangers without hats or caps, their hair flying about their eyes, others with handkerchiefs tied round their heads. The buffalos, that had been calmly ruminating among the herbage, heaved up their huge forms, gazed for a moment with astonishment at the tempest that came scouring down the meadow, then turned and took a heavy rolling flight. They were soon overtaken: the promiscuous

throng were pressed together by the contracting sides of the valley, and away they went, *pell-mell—hurry-scurry*—wild buffalo, wild horse, wild huntsman, with clang and clatter, and whoop and halloo, that made the forests ring.

At length the buffalos turned into a green brake on the river bank; while the horses dashed up a narrow defile of the hills with their pursuers close at their heels. *Beattie* passed several of these, having fixed his eye upon a fine Pawnee horse that had his ears slit and saddle mark on his back. He pressed him gallantly, but lost him in the woods. Among the wild horses was a fine black mare far gone with foal. In scrambling up the defile she tripped and fell. A young ranger sprang from his horse, and seized her by the mane and muzzle. Another ranger dismounted and came to his assistance. The mare struggled fiercely, kicking and biting and striking with her fore feet; but a noose was slipped over her head, and her struggles were in vain. It was some time, however, before she gave over rearing and plunging and lashing out with her feet on every side. The two rangers then led her along the valley by two long lariats, which enabled them to keep at a sufficient distance on each side to be out of the reach of her hoofs; and whenever she struck out in one direction she was jerked to the other. In this way her spirit was gradually subdued.

As to that little scaramouch, *Tonish*, who had marred the whole scheme by his precipitancy, he had been more successful than he deserved, having managed to catch a beautiful cream-coloured colt, about seven months old, that had not strength to keep up with his companions. The mercurial little Frenchman was beside himself with exultation. It was amusing to see him with his prize. The colt would rear and kick and struggle to get free,

while Tonish would take him by the neck, wrestle with him, jump on his back, and cut as many antics as a monkey with a kitten. Nothing surprised me more, however, than to witness how soon these poor animals thus taken from the unbounded freedom of the prairie, yielded to the dominion of man. In the course of two or three days the mare and the two colts went with the led horses and became quite docile.

THE EVERLASTING ROSE.

HAIL to thy hues! thou lovely flower;
Still shed around thy soft perfume:
Still smile amid the wintry hour,
And boast, ev'n now, a spring-tide bloom.

Thine is, methinks, a pleasing dream,
Lone ling'rer in the icy vale,
Of smiles that hail'd the morning beam,
And sighs more sweet for evening's gale.

Still are thy green leaves whispering
Low sounds to Fancy's ear that tell
Of mornings, when the wild bee's wing
Shook dew-drops from thy sparkling cell.

In April's bower thy sweets are breath'd,
And June beholds thy blossoms fair;
In Autumn's chaplet thou art wreath'd,
And round December's forehead bare.

With thee the graceful lily vied,
As summer breezes wav'd her head,
And now the snow-drop at thy side
Meekly contrasts thy cheerful red.

'Tis thine to hear each varying voice,
That marks the seasons sad or gay;
The summer thrush bids thee rejoice,
And wintry robin's dearer lay.

Sweet flower! how happy dost thou seem
'Mid parching heat, 'mid nipping frost;
While gath'ring beauty from each beam,
No hue, no grace of thine is lost!

Thus Hope, 'mid life's severest days,
Still smiles, still triumphs o'er Despair;
Alike she lives in Pleasure's rays,
And cold Affliction's winter air.

Charmer alike in lordly bower
And in the hermit's cell, she glows;
The poet's and the lover's flower,
The bosom's Everlasting Rose!

JOHN ANSTER.

ADVENTURE ON THE ADIGE.

THOSE of my readers who have walked on the banks of the Adige, below Rovigo, will know, that, about a league and a half from that town, there are one or two islands in the midst of the channel, between which and the shore the water is not more than a foot deep; and

those who have never stirred from home have probably heard that the Adige is extremely subject to violent inundations, equally remarkable for the suddenness of their rise and fall, owing to its mountainous origin and short course.

On the evening of one of the last days of May, I arrived opposite to one of these islands. The water was as pure as crystal, gently flowing over a fine pebbly channel; the island, which might be about forty yards from the shore upon which I stood, though more than double that distance on the other side, was inviting from its extreme greenness and from a profusion of hyacinths upon one side; a flower to which I am extremely partial. Three or four trees also grew upon its edge, the trunks inclining over the water, and with but few branches. After a day's walk, nothing is more agreeable than wading in a stream; and as I had sufficient time to spare, I resolved upon reaching the island. This was soon accomplished; I found the depth nowhere exceed two feet, and the island, when I reached it, as agreeable as I had fancied it to be; and having culled a large bouquet, I lay down upon the hyacinth bank, and gave myself up to those pleasant recollections of home and past scenes which the fragrance of this flower brought along with it. I had lain, I think, about a quarter of an hour, entirely forgetful of time and place, —a busy actor in scenes far removed by both,—when my attention was slightly roused by a distant sound, which I at first supposed to be thunder, a good deal having been heard to the northward in the course of the day; and when it continued and grew louder, I still supposed it was one of those prolonged peals which are so frequent to the south of the Alps. Soon, however, the sound changed, and seemed like the sea; and as it became still louder, I started up in some alarm—

and what a sight met my eye ! At the distance of a few hundred yards, I saw a mountain of dark waters rushing towards me with inconceivable velocity, like a perpendicular wall, and now roaring louder than the loudest thunder. Not a moment was to be lost ; the level of the island would be instantly covered, and to gain the shore was impossible, for we cannot run through water with the swiftness with which we pass over dry ground. I instantly made for the largest of the trees, and had gained an elevation of about ten feet above the island, when the flood reached it. As it came nearer, its power appeared resistless ; it seemed as if it would sweep the island from its foundations, and I entertained not a ray of hope that the trunk upon which I was seated would escape the force of the torrent. It came, and the tree remained firm—it covered the island and all its vegetation in an instant ; and I saw it rush beneath me, bearing along with it the insignia of its power and fury—huge branches and roots, fragments of bridges, implements of household use, and dead animals.

As regarded myself, the first and immediate danger of destruction was over ; but a moment's reflection—one glance around me, showed that I had but small cause for congratulation. Betwixt the island and the shore, a torrent, that no human strength could withstand, rolled impetuously on ; and although not fifty yards over, it would have been as impracticable an attempt to pass it, as if its breadth had been as many leagues. The first rush had left the tree unloosened, yet a second might carry it away ; and the flood was still rising—almost every moment I could perceive the distance betwixt me and the water diminish ; and, indeed, I was not more than four feet above its surface. I had only two grounds of hope—the most languid, however, that ever was called by the name—it was possible that some person

might see my situation from the shore before nightfall, and bring others to my assistance; and it was possible, also, that the river might rise no higher, and speedily subside. The first of these chances was one of very improbable occurrence, for this part of the country is but thinly inhabited: the high road did not lie along the river side, and the shore, for three or four hundred yards from the channel of the river, was overflowed to the depth of probably three or four feet; and, besides, it was difficult to see in what way human aid could extricate me: no boat could reach the island; and if a rope or cord could be thrown as far, it was extremely improbable that I should catch it, as it was impossible for me to stir from the tree upon which I was seated; and as to any likelihood of the water subsiding, there was no appearance of it; it was at all events impossible that this could happen before nightfall.

In this dreadful and perilous situation, evening passed away; no one appeared, and the river still continued to rise. The sky lowered and looked threatening; the torrent rushed by, darker and more impetuous, every few moments reminding me, by the wrecks which it bore along with it, of the frailty of the tenure by which I held my existence. The shores on both sides were changed into wide lakes; and the red sun went angrily down over a waste of red waters. Night at length closed in—and a dreadful night it was. Sometimes I fancied the tree was loosening from its roots, and sloped more over the water; sometimes I imagined the whole island was swept away, and that I was sailing down the torrent. I found that my mind occasionally wandered, and I had the precaution to take out of my pocket a silk handkerchief, which I tore in several strips, and, tying them together, bound myself round the middle to a pretty thick branch which supported my back; this, I

thought, might prevent me from falling, if giddiness seized me, or momentary sleep should overtake me.— During the night, many strange fancies came over me, besides that very frequent one of supposing the island sailing down the torrent. Sometimes I fancied I was whirling round and round; at other times, I thought the torrent was flowing backward; now and then, I fancied I saw huge black bodies carried towards me upon the surface, and I shrunk back to avoid contact with them; at other times, I imagined something rose out of the water beneath, and attempted to drag me down; often I felt convinced I heard screams mingle with the rushing torrent; and once all sound seemed entirely to cease, and I could have ventured almost to descend, so certain I felt that the channel was dry; once or twice I dropped asleep for a moment, but almost instantly awoke with so violent a start, that if I had not been fastened, I must have fallen from my seat.

The night gradually wore away; it was warm and dry, so that I suffered no inconvenience from cold. I became nearly satisfied of the stability of the trunk, which was my only refuge; and although deliverance was uncertain, at all events distant, I made up my mind to endure as long as I could; and thus I passed the night, under a starless sky, and the dark flood roaring beneath me. Before morning broke, I felt assured that the waters had begun to subside; the noise, I thought, was less; I fancied I saw shrubs appear above water on the island, and trees upon the shore assume their usual appearance; and with the first dawn of day, I joyfully perceived that I had not been mistaken: the flood had fallen at least three feet; and before sunrise, the greater part of the island was left dry. Never did criminal, reprieved upon the scaffold, shake off his

bonds with more joy than I did mine that bound me to the tree. I crept down the trunk, which still hung over the torrent, and stepped about knee-deep on the island; I then waded to the part which was dry, and lay down, exhausted with the night's watching, and aching with the position in which I had been obliged to remain.

The water now continued to fall perceptibly every moment; soon the island was entirely dry, and the inundation on shore had subsided into the natural channel; but still the torrent was too strong and deep to attempt a passage, especially weakened as I was by the occurrences of the last twelve hours, and by the want of food. I had no certainty as to the hour, for I had not of course remembered to wind up my watch the evening before; judging from the height of the sun, however, the water had so much diminished before noon, that in two or three hours more I might attempt to gain the shore. About three in the afternoon I accordingly entered the stream; I found it then nowhere deeper than four feet, and, with a little struggling and buffeting, succeeded in gaining the bank, which I once thought I should never have trodden more. The bunch of hyacinths, which I had not forgotten to bring from the island, I still held in my hand. I have dried a few of them, and kept them ever since; never do I smell this flower, as I walk through the woods or the fields, that I do not experience in part the sensations I felt when I lifted my head and saw the impetuous flood rushing towards me; and, however dreadful a reality may be, the recollection of it is not unmixed with pleasure. I often open the leaves where lie these withered hyacinths, and I cannot say that, when I look upon them, I ever think they have been dearly purchased.

CONWAY'S *Solitary Walks through many Lands.*

THE CROCODILE PITS OF EGYPT.

WHILE we were undressing and lighting our candles, those who were to enter betook themselves to prayer, as persons about to plunge into desperate peril. I again descended before the others, and as the smell seemed less disgusting than on the day before, did not in the least doubt being able to withstand the malaria, or mephitic vapour, whatever it might be. When the Arabs had prayed, and stripped themselves nearly naked, we took each a taper in our hands, and began to move forwards. The old man, his son, and two other Arabs, led the way; my servant and I followed; and Monro came close after me, with a guide, who was to show the way back, if we should find it impossible to proceed. Having reached the large chamber where we had wasted so much time on the preceding day, the old guide turned to the right, and crept forward through a small hole, the mouth of which was concealed by a projecting rock. We all followed in the order we had observed in entering, and, after proceeding about twenty yards, arrived in the large natural chamber described by Legh and Henniker, the latter of whom advanced no farther. Continuing to push forward, we entered a portion of the cavern of a most hideous appearance; enormous rocks, huddled together, forming the floor, where chasms of unknown depth yawned between the dark masses, while prodigious black stalactites, with shining spars of crystal glittering between them, hung like dead snakes from the roof, and composed a kind of fretwork round the sides. Every thing wore the fuliginous appearance of a place which had been the seat of some durable conflagration; black as night, covered with soot, oily, slippery, and ex-

haling a stench unutterably disgusting. Bats without number hung from the roof, or flew against our faces, from the countless holes and narrow diverging passages of the cavern; some striking against the rocks and falling senseless to the ground, where we trode or pressed upon them with our hands—for there was no time to be nice in picking our way. At length, they began to cling about my neck and bite my hands, and several times extinguished my taper; but this was merely disagreeable. By degrees, however, the passage grew low and narrow, so that it became necessary to creep forward on hands and knees, with our heads very low, that they might not strike against the rocks. This position I found extremely painful. The heat likewise appeared to be insufferable, and the perspiration streamed from our bodies like rain. My companions, according to the advice of the principal guide, had stripped nearly to the skin; but, trusting to my capacity for enduring heat, I had slighted his counsel, and now suffered the penalty of my imprudence. Still, however, I continued in the track of the guide; but having advanced about three or four hundred yards, I felt the blood rush to my head, and experienced great sickness and faintness, accompanied by an extraordinary oppression of the lungs, greatly augmented by the odour of putrid corpses which issued from the extremities of the cave, and appeared to increase every moment. For this effect, I never could fully account. In all the tombs, and caverns, and mummy-pits which we had hitherto entered, I had seemed to suffer less than any one, and could remain in them whole hours without inconvenience; but now the case was different. In a short time, my head grew dizzy, and the cavern seemed to reel and swim round. Supposing I was about to faint, in which case recovery would have been next to impossible, I requested Monro,

who seemed to experience nothing of the kind, to endeavour to pass me, which the narrowness of the passage rendered nearly impracticable, and ordered the Arab in the rear to lead the way back. Monro and Suleiman proceeded. When I had regained that part of the passage where it was possible to stand upright, the fulness and dizziness of the head abated, but my eyes seemed to have grown dim, and I fancied we had lost our way. The guide, who evidently shared my suspicion, paused, and surveyed the various openings with terror, while his trembling hands could scarcely hold the taper. The cavern, in fact, appeared to have enlarged, the passages to have grown more numerous, and the stench and blackness more infernal. I crept along with the utmost difficulty, the bats flitting before or striking against me, and looking with intense longing for the appearance of light and the smell of fresh air. A draught of water might perhaps have revived me, but the guides had neglected to bring any into the cavern, and to this circumstance I probably owed my extreme disappointment, and might have owed something worse. As the way appeared so much longer than it had in entering, the suspicion frequently recurred that we had missed it; but at length I discovered a glimmering of light, and felt the rushing in of the external air, which now seemed perfumed, though on my first descending, I thought it execrable. On arriving at the entrance, the Arab flung himself with a groan upon the ground; and I, completely exhausted and overcome, sat below upon the rock in a kind of dream, unable to climb the rocky ascent to the plain.—J. A. ST. JOHN'S *Egypt and Mohammed Ali.*

EARTHQUAKE AT ZANTE IN 1820.

WHEN the servant led me to my room, he left a large brass lamp lighted, on a ponderous carved table on the opposite side to that on which I slept. My bed, as is usual in this island, was without a canopy, and open above. As soon as I got into it, I lay for some time gazing on the ceiling, with many pleasing ideas of persons and things floating on my mind; even the grotesque figures were a source of amusement to me; and I remember falling into a delightful sleep while I was yet making out fancied resemblances to many persons I was acquainted with.

The next sensation I recollect was one indescribably tremendous. The lamp was still burning, but the whole room was in motion. The figures on the ceiling seemed to be animated, and were changing places; presently they were detached from above, and, with large fragments of the cornice, fell upon me and about the room. An indefinable melancholy, humming sound seemed to issue from the earth, and run along the outside of the house, with a sense of vibration that communicated an intolerable nervous feeling; and I experienced a fluctuating motion, which threw me from side to side, as if I were still on board the frigate and overtaken by a storm. The house now seemed rent asunder with a violent crash.

A large portion of the wall fell in, split into splinters the oak table, extinguished the lamp, and left me in total darkness; while, at the same instant, the thick walls opened about me, and the blue sky, with a bright star, became for a moment visible through one of the chasms. I now threw off my bed-clothes, and attempted to escape from the tottering house; but the ruins of the wall and

ceiling had so choked up the passage that I could not open the door, and I again ran back to my bed, and instinctively pulled over my face the thick coverlet, to protect it from the falling fragments.

Up to this period, I had not the most distant conception of the cause of this commotion. The whole had passed in a few seconds, yet such was the effect of each circumstance, that they left on my mind as distinct an impression as if the succession of my ideas had been slow and regular. Still, I could assign no reason for it but that the house was going to fall, till an incident occurred which caused the truth to flash at once on my mind. There stood in the square opposite the Palazzo, a tall slender steeple of a Greek church, containing a ring of bells, which I had remarked in the day; these now began to jangle with a wild unearthly sound, as if some powerful hand had seized the edifice below, and was ringing the bells by shaking the steeple. Then it was that I had the first distinct conception of my situation—I found that the earthquake we had talked so lightly of was actually come. I felt that I was in the midst of one of those awful visitations which destroy thousands in a moment—where the superintending hand of God seems for a season to withdraw itself, and the frame of the earth is suffered to tumble into ruins by its own convulsions. I cannot describe my sensations when I thus saw and felt around me the wreck of nature, and that with a deep and firm conviction on my mind, that to me that moment was the end of the world. I had before looked death in the face in many ways, and had reason, more than once, to familiarize me to his appearance; but this was nothing like the ordinary thoughts or apprehensions of dying in the common way; the sensations were as different as an earthquake and a fever.

But this horrible convulsion ceased in a moment, as suddenly as it began, and a dead and solemn silence ensued. This was soon broken by the sound of lamentations which came from below ; and I afterwards found it to proceed from the inhabitants of an adjoining house, which had been shaken down, and crushed to death some, and half-buried others who were trying to escape, in the ruins. Presently I saw a light through the crevice of the door of my chamber, and heard the sound of voices outside. It proceeded from the servants, who came to look for me among the ruins. As they could not enter by the usual door-way, which was choked up, they proceeded round to another ; but when they saw the room filled with the wrecks of the wall and the ceiling, some of which were lying on the bed, one of them said, “ Sacramento ! eccolo schiacciato ! ”—there he is, crushed to death ; and proceeded to remove the rubbish and lift the bed-clothes. I was lying unhurt, buried in thought ; but the dust caused me to sneeze, and relieved the apprehensions of the good people.

I immediately rose and dressed myself, and proceeded with them about the Palazzo, to see the damage it had sustained. The massive outside walls were all separated from each other, and from the partition walls, and left chasms between, through which the light appeared. Providentially, the room in which I slept had the bed against the partition-wall, and nothing fell on me but pieces of the ceiling and cornice ; had it been on the other side, next the main wall, I could not have escaped, for it was entirely covered with masses of masonry, which had smashed and buried under them every thing on which they fell. I had repined that I had not been able to escape by the door when I attempted ; but to this circumstance also I now found I was indebted, under Providence, for my preservation. A wing of the

house had fallen into the court-yard, through which I had intended to make my way; and no doubt, had I done so at the moment I tried, would have buried me under it.

It was now past four in the morning, and we proceeded with intense anxiety to the government house, to see if any of our friends, whom we had left so well and cheerful a few hours before, had escaped. The weather had totally changed. The sky seemed to partake in the convulsions of the earth. It blew a storm, driving the dark clouds along with vast rapidity. The streets were full of people, hurrying in different directions, but all in profound silence, as if under some awful impression, and crowding into the churches, which were everywhere lighted up and full of people. The priests were in their vestments, singing solemn dirges, and the congregations on their faces, prostrated in the profoundest reverence. We found our friends all assembled, with Lord and Lady Strangford, in the dining-hall of the palace. To this room they had run in their night-dress, as to a place of more security, being a ground-floor detached from the edifice, and having no building over it. Here we sat till it was light, telling our several escapes; and then I went out into the town to see the state in which it was left. Nearly the whole of the 4000 houses of which it consisted were split open in different places, and many from the foundation to the roof. About forty were lying prostrate, and obstructing the passage of the streets. The front walls of many were separated from the sides, and hanging over the way, seemed ready to fall every moment upon the passenger. This tendency of the walls to fall out, saved many lives; but there was another circumstance, to which their safety was attributed by the Zantiotes themselves. The night had been the vigil of their great pa-

tron saint Dionysius, and almost the whole population were watching in the streets or churches, and so out of their houses when the shock came on. The churches were of immense strength, and, though all shaken and shattered, none of them fell; which the pious people universally attributed to the interference of the saint whose rites they were celebrating. Not more than forty dead bodies were found in the ruins. It appears, by the concurrent testimony of several, that the whole duration of the earth's motion was not longer than fifty seconds or a minute; yet the time was marked by the passing sensations of different people, so that brief space appeared to be hours.

WALSH'S *Travels*.

BYRON'S NARRATIVE.

ON the 18th of September 1740, the *Wager*, one of five ships of war under the command of Commodore Anson, sailed with its consorts from St. Helen's, being intended for service against the Spaniards in the Southern Pacific Ocean. The *Wager* was the least effective of all the vessels of the squadron, being an old Indiaman, recently fitted out as a man of war, and the crew being formed of men pressed from other services; while all the land force on board consisted of a detachment of invalids, or men but partially convalescent, from Chelsea Hospital. Besides, being intended to act as a store-ship, the *Wager* was heavily laden with military and other stores for the use of the squadron. All these circumstances conspired to render the vessel more than

usually hazardous, from the very commencement of its long voyage.

The Wager rounded Cape Horn, with the other ships in company, about the beginning of April 1741, and soon after the distresses of the ship began. The weather became tempestuous, and the mizzen-mast was carried away by a heavy sea, all the chain-plates to windward being also broken. The best bower-anchor had next to be cut away, and the ship lost sight of its companions. The men were seized with sickness and scurvy, and one evil followed another, till, on the 14th of May, about four in the morning, the ship struck on a sunken rock, and was laid on her beam-ends, with the sea breaking dreadfully over her. All who could stir flew to the deck, but some poor creatures who could not leave their hammocks were immediately drowned. For some time, until day broke, the crew of the Wager saw nothing before or around them but breakers, and imagined that every moment would be their last. "In this terrifying and critical juncture (says the Hon. Mr. Byron), to have observed all the modes of horror operating according to the several characters and complexions amongst us, it was necessary that the observer himself should have been free from all impressions of danger." But still his attention was arrested by one, who, "in the ravings of despair, was seen stalking about the deck flourishing a cutlass over his head, and calling himself king of the country, and striking every body he came near, till his companions, seeing no other security against his tyranny, knocked him down." Others "grew very riotous, broke open every chest and box that was at hand, stove in the heads of casks of brandy and wine as they were borne up the hatchway, and got so drunk, that some of them were drowned on board, and lay floating about the

decks for some days after." A few sustained their courage at this fearful moment. Captain Cheap and his officers were unable, however, to maintain order, or even to attempt it.

When daylight came, land was seen not far off, and the thoughts of all were turned to the immediate leaving of the ship, and saving of their lives. With the help of the boats, the crew, with the exception of a few who were either drunk or thought the ship safe for a time, got on shore, but the prospect before them was still a dreadful one. "Whichever way we looked, a scene of horror presented itself; on one side the wreck (in which was all that we had in the world to support and subsist us), together with a boisterous sea; on the other, the land did not wear a much more favourable appearance; desolate and barren, without sign of culture, we could hope to receive little other benefit from it than the preservation it afforded us from the sea. We had wet, cold, and hunger to struggle with, and no visible remedy against any of those evils." The land on which the crew had been cast was unknown to them, excepting in so far as they were aware of its being an island near, or a part of, the western coast of South America, about a hundred leagues north of the Straits of Magellan. In all, the shipwrecked party amounted to about one hundred and forty, exclusive of the few on board. The first night was passed in an old Indian hut, and the discovery of some lances in a corner of it bred a new source of alarm—namely, from the natives. For some days afterwards, the men were busied in an attempt to get beef casks and other things from the wreck, which did not go entirely to pieces for a considerable time, although all the articles on deck were washed ashore one by one. Another great difficulty,—the men who remained on board, and who indulged

there in great disorder, were persuaded to come on shore. With materials got from the wreck, or cast ashore, tents were got up, and a common store-tent erected for all the food or casks of liquor got from the ship in the same way. This place was watched incessantly, for the allowance was of course a very short or small one, and the men could scarcely pick up a morsel of fish, flesh, or fowl, on the coast for themselves. The weather, also, continued wet and cold.

“ Ill humour and discontent, from the difficulties we laboured under in procuring sustenance, and the little prospect there was of any amendment in our condition, were now breaking out apace.” Some men separated themselves from the others, and ten of the hardest of these seceders resolved to desert altogether. They got a canoe made, “ went away up one of the lagoons, and were never heard of more !” The spirit of discord was much aggravated by an accident that occurred on the 10th of May. A midshipman named Cozens, who had roused the anger of Captain Cheap by various acts and words, was finally shot by his superior’s hand. The act was a rash one, but the captain had cause to imagine at the moment that Cozens had openly mutinied, or was about to mutiny. This act made an unfortunate impression on the minds of the men, who found food every day growing more scarce. A few Indians, men and women, of small stature, and very swarthy, visited the party, and were of service in procuring food; but the seamen affronted their wives, and they all went away. “ The Indians having left us, and the weather continuing tempestuous and rainy, the distresses of the people for want of food became insupportable. Our number, which was at first one hundred and forty-five, was now reduced to one hundred, and chiefly by famine. The pressing calls of hunger drove our men to their

wits' end, and put them on a variety of devices to satisfy it. Among the ingenious this way, one Phips, a boatswain's mate, having got a water puncheon, scuttled it; then lashing two logs, one on each side, set out in quest of adventures in this extraordinary and original piece of embarkation." He often got shell-fish and wild fowl, but had to venture out far from land, and on one occasion was cast upon a rock, and remained there two days. A poor Indian dog belonging to Mr. Byron, and which had become much attached to him, was taken by the men and devoured: and three weeks after, its owner was glad to search for the paws, which had been thrown aside, and of which, though rotten, he made a hearty meal.

Till the 24th of September, the party continued in this condition of continually augmenting wretchedness, with only one hope of relief before them, and this resting on the long-boat, which the carpenter was incessantly working at, to bring it into a strong and safe condition. On the day mentioned, the long-boat being nearly finished, Mr. Byron and a small party were sent to explore the coast to the southward, almost the whole crew being resolute to make for Magellan's Straits, although the captain wished to go along the coast to the northward. In a day or two, the party returned to the island (for such was the land on which the wreck had taken place), and the long-boat was immediately afterwards launched, with the cutter and barge, all of which boats had been saved at first. Eighty-one men entered these boats, being the whole survivors of the party, with the exception of Captain Cheap and two companions, who remained voluntarily, and for whose use another boat, the yawl, was left. The leaving of the captain was a thing unexpected by Byron and some others, and when a necessity occurred for sending back the barge to

the island for some left canvass, these parties seized the chance of going in the boat to rejoin the captain and share his fate. On the 21st of October, the final separation took place between the shore party and those in the long-boat, who sailed for the south. Captain Cheap and those who came to him were joined by a small party who had originally seceded from the main body; and the whole of this united band, amounting to twenty men, set sail in the barge and the yawl, towards the north, on the 15th of December. Up to that time they contrived, with almost unheard-of difficulty, to subsist on what they could pick up. "A weed called slaugh, fried in the tallow of some candles we had saved, and wild celery, were our only fare, by which our strength was so much impaired that we could scarcely crawl." One fine day, the hull of the Wager, still sticking together, was exposed, and by visiting her the party got three small casks of beef hooked up. This soon restored to them sufficient strength for their enterprise, which they undertook on the day mentioned, in the barge and yawl. Unhappily, the sea grew very tempestuous, and "the men in the boats were obliged to sit as close as possible, to receive the seas on their backs, and prevent their filling us. We were obliged to throw every thing overboard to lighten the boats, all our beef, and even the grapnel, to prevent sinking. Night was coming on, and we were fast running on a lee-shore, where the sea broke in a frightful manner." Just as every man thought certain death approaching, an opening was seen in the rocks, the boats ran into it, and found a haven as "smooth as a mill-pond!"

The party remained here four days, suffering much from their old enemy, hunger. In passing farther along the coast, which they did at continual risk, they were reduced to such distress as to "eat the shoes off" their

feet, these shoes being of raw seal-skin. They never knew what it was to have a dry thread about them, and the climate was very cold. During the first few weeks of their course, the yawl was lost, and one man drowned; but what was a more distressing consequence, they were obliged to leave four men on shore, as the barge could not carry all. The men did not object to being left; they were wearied of their lives. When the poor fellows were left, "they stood upon the beach, giving us three cheers, and called out God bless the king!" They were never heard of more; and it is but too probable, as Byron says, that they met "a miserable end." But, indeed, every one had now given up hope of ultimate escape, and this was shown by the resolution taken almost immediately afterwards, to "go back to Wager's Island (the place of shipwreck), there to linger out a miserable life." Eating nothing but seaweed and tangle by the way, the poor mariners again reached the island. They were here no better off. The weather was wretchedly wet, and "wild celery was all we could procure, which raked our stomachs instead of assuaging our hunger. That dreadful and last resource of men in not much worse circumstances than ours, of consigning one man to death for the support of the rest, began to be mentioned in whispers." Fortunately one man found some rotten pieces of beef on the sea-shore, and with a degree of generosity only to be appreciated by persons so placed, he shared it fairly with the rest.

This supply sustained the whole till the arrival of some Indians, accompanied by a chief or Cacique from the island of Chiloe, which lies in 40 degrees 42 minutes of south latitude. This Cacique could speak a little Spanish, and he agreed to conduct the party in the barge to the nearest Spanish settlement, being to receive the barge and all its contents for his trouble. Fourteen in

number, the wrecked sailors again put to sea, and were conducted by their guide to the mouth of a river, which he proposed to ascend. But after toiling one whole day, the attempt to go up against the current was given over, and they were forced to try the coast again. The severe day's work, conjoined with hunger, caused the death of one of the strongest men of the party, although it was thought that he might have been preserved but for the inhumanity of Captain Cheap, who alone had food at the moment (got from the Indian), but would not give a morsel to the dying man. This roused the indignation of the others, and the consequence was, that, while others sought food on shore, "six of the men seized the boat, put off, and left us to return no more. And now all the difficulties we had hitherto encountered seemed light in comparison of what we expected to suffer from the treachery of our men, who, with the boat, had taken away every thing that might be the means of preserving our lives. Yet under these dismal and forlorn appearances was our delivery now preparing."

Mr. Byron was now taken, with Captain Cheap, by the Indian guide to a native village, whence he expected to get more assistance in conducting the party, who, if they could not recover the barge for him, were to give a musket and some other articles as a reward. On coming in the evening to the Indian wigwams, after two days' travel, Mr. Byron was neglected, and left alone. Urged by want and cold, he crept into a wigwam upon chance, and found there two women, one young and the other old, whose conduct amply corroborates the well-known and beautiful eulogium passed by Ledyard upon the kindness of that sex every where to poor travellers. They saw the young seaman wet and shivering, and made him a fire. They brought out their only food, a large fish, and broiled it for him. When he lay down



SHIPWRECKED SEAMAN IN AN INDIAN WICWAM.

upon some dry boughs, he found, on awaking a few hours after, that the women had gently covered him with warm clothes, at the expense of enduring the cold themselves. When he made signs that his appetite was not appeased, "they both went out, taking with them a couple of dogs, which they train to assist them in fishing. After an hour's absence, they came in trembling with cold, and their hair streaming with water, and brought two fish, which, having broiled, they gave me the largest share." For a poor stranger they had thus gone out in the middle of the night, plunged into the cold sea, and, with the aid of their nets or other apparatus, had got him food. These kind creatures were the wives of an old Indian, who was then absent, but who, on his return, struck them with brutal violence for their hospitality, Mr. Byron looking on with impotent rage and indignation. The return of this Indian and his companions enabled the native guide of Captain Cheap and Byron to make an arrangement for conducting the shipwrecked party northward as they wished. The captain and Byron then left the wigwams to go back to their companions, being joined soon after by a body of Indian guides.

It was the middle of March ere this final journey to the northward was begun. Various Indian canoes conveyed the whole party day after day along the sea-coast; shell-fish, eggs from the rocks, and sea-weed, being the food of the band, and even this being procurable in such miserable quantities as barely to sustain life. The condition of the captain in this respect was better than the others, for the Indians thought their reward safe if they attended to the chief of the whites alone, and he cruelly encouraged the notion. But what but selfishness could be expected from one in the following state:—"I could compare Captain Cheap's body to nothing but an ant-hill, with thousands of vermin crawling over about it;

for he was now past attempting to rid himself in the least from this torment, as he had quite lost himself, not recollecting our names that were about him, or even his own. His beard was as long as a hermit's, that and his face being covered with train oil and dirt, from his sleeping, to secure them, upon pieces of stinking seal. His legs were as big as mill-posts, though his body appeared to be nothing but skin and bone." The rest were little better, and Mr. Byron had often to strip himself in the midst of hail and snow, and beat his clothes with stones, to kill the insects that swarmed about him. At length, however, after one of them had sunk under his sufferings, the party got to the island of Chiloe, a place at the north extremity of the province of Chili, and under the rule of the Spaniards. Being a remote corner, Chiloe had only a few Spaniards in it, and these chiefly Jesuit priests, but the Indian inhabitants were comparatively civilized. The troubles of the party may be said to have ended here, for the natives pitied them much, and supplied them with abundance of food. "It is amazing that our eating to that excess we did, did not kill us; we were never satisfied, and used to take all opportunities, for months after, of filling our pockets when we were not seen, that we might get up two or three times in the night to cram ourselves."

Even after staying on the island for a considerable time, and being conveyed to the mainland to the town of Chaco, where a Spanish governor resided, the eating of the famished mariners continued to be enormous. "Every house was open to us; and though it was but an hour after we had dined, they always spread a table, thinking we could never eat enough after what we had suffered, and we were much of the same opinion." Mr. Byron made friends with the governor's cook, and so carried his pockets always full to his apartment, there

to feed at leisure. They were in all four in number now, namely, Captain Cheap, Messrs. Byron, Hamilton, and Campbell. From Chaco they were taken to the larger town of Castro, and remained there for some months in the condition of prisoners at large, poorly clad, but decently lodged and well fed. On the 2d of January, their case having become known to the higher authorities of Chili, they were put on board a ship to be conveyed to the city of St. Jago. Here they remained two years, as prisoners, but not in confinement. Fortunately for them, a Scotch physician, who bore the name of Don Patricio Gedd, entreated the governor to allow the captives to stay with him, and for two years this generous man maintained them like brothers nearly at his own sole expense. On the 20th of December, Captain Cheap and Messrs. Byron and Hamilton were put on board a French vessel to be conveyed to Europe; Mr. Campbell, having become a Catholic, remained in Chili. They reached France safely, and after some detention there, were permitted to go to Britain, by an order from Spain. Their friends were much surprised to see them, having given them long up for lost. Their term of absence exceeded five years.

The six men who cruelly made off with the barge appear never to have been heard of again, and perished, doubtless, on the coast. The fate of the more numerous body who went off to the south in the long-boat, is known from the narrative of John Bulkeley, gunner, one of the survivors. This band actually succeeded in rounding South America, through the Straits of Magellan, and reached the Portuguese territory of Rio Janeiro, after hardships equal to those of the other party, and which reduced their numbers from nearly eighty to thirty. They reached the Rio Grande in January in 1742. All of the thirty, however, probably did not see Britain.

On coming to the Portuguese colony they found food, friends, and countrymen, and separated from one another. Bulkeley and two others reached England on the 1st of January 1743.

The members of this expedition went out with the hope of gathering gold at will among the Spanish colonies. What a different fate befell the unhappy crew of the *Wager*!

The first of these is the fact that the
 British and French fleets were
 defeated at the battle of the Nile in 1798.
 This was a major blow to the British
 fleet and the French fleet.

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