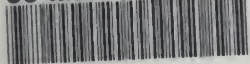

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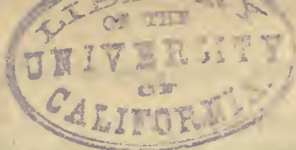
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THE SCHOOL BOARD READERS.

STANDARD V.

PART I.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

THE FRENCH ORPHAN.

One evening in the month of January, as Mark Connel, a poor labourer who lived near the quay in Dublin was seated with his family round the fire, whose dying embers warned them that it was nearly time for rest, they were startled by a knocking at the door, which was repeated after a short interval. As their room was on the ground-floor, the knocking evidently proceeded from some one in the street; and rightly imagining it to be a poor wayfarer who came to ask hospitality, Mark instantly sent one of the children to open the door, saying, "Make haste, Barny; I would not keep a dog outside the door on such a night as this." The boy obeyed, and admitted a stranger, who entered with tottering steps, which showed him to be weakened by illness. A girl about eleven years old was endeavouring to support him. "Sit down, good man," said Mrs. Connel, placing a stool for her guest; "you appear to be very weak; I am afraid you are ill." The poor man answered in broken English, which it was almost impossible to understand. It was plain, however, that he was a foreigner, and in great distress; and that was enough to make the good people exert themselves to assist him as far as their slender means enabled them. Mrs. Connel put more turf on the fire, and prepared some refreshment for the sick man, while the children took the little girl under their protection. The next day the stranger endeavoured to relate to them the misfortunes which had brought him to such a state of destitution. Owing to his imperfect English they had much difficulty in making out his story, though it was not a long one. Pierre Dubois—for that was his name—was a Frenchman, who had come to Dublin with the

intention of obtaining employment as a weaver. Being very skilful in his trade, he soon got work; but unfortunately the climate disagreed with his health, and a long illness reduced him to the most deplorable poverty. At this time, hearing of a vessel which was about to sail for France, he resolved to beg a passage for himself and his daughter; and for this purpose dragged himself down to the quay, feeble as he was; but the captain refused to take him without pay, unless he could work his passage out, which his weakness, of course, put out of the question. Worn out with fatigue and disappointment, the poor man began to retrace his steps instinctively, though he had given up his lodging, and knew not where to go. Just as he was passing the door of the house where Mark Connel lived, his strength failed him, and while he leaned against the wall for support, his daughter knocked, in the hope of obtaining assistance from those within. In attempting to express his gratitude for the kindness with which he had been treated, Dubois found his slender stock of English insufficient; he poured forth blessings in his own language, which were rendered intelligible by his expressive gestures.

Mark contrived to make him understand that he might remain where he was till he should be somewhat better, and that then it would be time enough to consider what could be done for him; but this time never came. Poor Dubois grew rapidly worse; and a few days after his arrival he died, leaving his child to the care of the strangers who had so hospitably received him. They could not afford to pay her passage to France; and as neither they nor the orphan herself could write, they had no means of communicating with her relations. "Therefore," said Mark, in talking over the subject with his wife, "she must stay with us, and take the bit with our children." "That is just what I was thinking," said the kind-hearted woman; "the expense will not be much; and besides, there is a blessing on the roof that shelters an orphan." The children were delighted to hear that their new friend, Lisette, was to remain with them; for her good-humoured and obliging disposition had already made her a favourite with them all. Many of their neighbours blamed the Connels for burdening themselves with a child who had no claim on them; but they paid no regard to what was said; and though the times were hard, and they certainly felt the additional expense caused by their adopted child, they never for a moment repented of what they had done. Meanwhile, Lisette was like a gleam of sunshine in the abode of her protectors. Everything grew more cheerful

under the influence of her gay and sprightly temper. She was older than any of Mark's children, and could therefore be of more use in many ways. She helped Mrs. Connel in her work, sang the baby to sleep with the songs of her native country, and amused the children during many a long winter evening with stories about the village in which she had been brought up, and which she described as the most beautiful spot in the world. It cannot be supposed that the young stranger did not sometimes contrast the dark narrow street in which she was now living with the pleasant cottage standing in the midst of green meadows, in which her childhood had been passed with an uncle and aunt who had brought her up. She felt it painfully when spring came, and she thought of the flowers she used to gather with her young companions, and of all the pleasures of the country at that season. But she repressed these feelings as ungrateful to her benefactors, and in time became reconciled to her new situation.

About four years after these events, a new railroad was opened in the north of France ; and as the French were not very skilful in that kind of work, there was a great demand for English or Irish labourers. Mark Connel, who had long been struggling with poverty, determined to save enough money to pay for a passage, and to go with his whole family to France, to procure employment on the railway. What was Lisette's joy on hearing of this plan ! She could not contain her delight. To revisit her native country, in company with the kind friends who had adopted her, was a pleasure so great that she had never dared to think of it, except in her dreams. There was also a chance of her finding her own relations, for the part of France to which they were now going was her native province ;—but it was only a chance,—for her uncle had been on the point of changing his residence when she and her father left them, and she did not know where he had settled. Lisette assisted, as far as she could, to earn the money requisite to pay for the passage ; for she was now a strong active girl of fifteen, and had learned to work neatly (as well as to read and write) at the school which she had attended with Mark's elder children.

At length the wished-for moment arrived, and they embarked for France ; it was not certainly a moment of such pleasure to the Connels as to Lisette, for they were leaving their own country to go among strangers, of whose language, habits, and manners they were ignorant. Still they were cheered by going in company with one who could interpret for them, and who gave so agreeable a description of the province they were going to, that the younger

part of the family expected, confidently, to be happier than they had ever been before. After a prosperous voyage they landed at Havre, a fine city, standing at the mouth of the river Seine, and one of the principal seaports of France. After taking leave of their fellow-passengers, our travellers remained standing on the quay, hardly knowing what to do next, so bewildered did they feel with the novelty of their situation. Crowds of busy people were passing in all directions, talking so fast and so eagerly, that but for their merry faces one might almost have thought they were quarrelling. Now came a troop of fishwomen with curious high caps and short striped petticoats, carrying huge baskets of fish; then an idle sailor sauntered past, wearing a red cap and gilt earrings; then a band of noisy children paused in their game of play to look for a moment at the Irish strangers, and then ran off, their wooden shoes clattering on the stones.

But what struck the travellers more than anything else was the hearing of a foreign language spoken all around them; every one was talking, yet not a word could they understand; they felt that they were indeed in a land of strangers. At length Lisette reminded them that it would not do to stand on the quay all the morning, and asked if she should inquire the way to an inn. "We are too poor to stop at inns, except just for the night," said Mark, "and how we are to do even that I scarcely know, for I have but very little money." "But," said Mrs. Connel, "shillings and pence will be of no use here,—at least so the people on board ship told us: we might as well have no money at all, it seems to me." At this moment a sailor belonging to the ship in which they had come over approached them, and laughingly asked if they were tired of France already, that they remained still on the quay, as if wishing to embark again. Mark explained his difficulty, and the sailor, who was a good-natured fellow, offered to change their money for French coin, with which he happened to be provided. This difficulty removed, Mark and his family set out without further delay, for as it was still early they hoped to get some way on their journey before dark. Lisette was as ignorant of the way as any of them; it was therefore necessary to obtain directions concerning the road from some passenger in the streets. Accordingly Lisette stopped a respectable-looking countrywoman who was carrying a basket of fruit and vegetables, and begged her to be kind enough to tell them how far the new railroad station was from Havre, and which was the road to it. She said it was a great way off, near the city of Rouen; if they went on foot, they would not be able to arrive in much less than three days. They

were somewhat disappointed on hearing this, but the kindness of the fruit-woman consoled them; she walked through the town with them, pointed out the right road for their journey, and gave the children some apples out of her basket. About dusk they reached a village, where they determined to pass the night; the whole party were much in need of rest, and the two youngest children especially were crying from fatigue, though their parents had carried them a great part of the way. A lodging and supper were soon obtained at a small public-house, and the landlord, seeing they were poor people, demanded only a trifling sum, so that their slender stock of money was not much reduced.

The next morning the travellers set out, with renewed strength and spirits, to continue their journey. The country through which they passed was exceedingly pleasant. In the distance they could perceive the broad river Seine glittering in the sunshine, while near at hand there were cheerful-looking villages surrounded by meadows and corn-fields, or half hidden among the trees. The children were particularly delighted with the numerous orchards, for it was now the middle of autumn, and the trees were weighed down by their rich treasure of rosy apples. Normandy, for so this beautiful part of France is called, is famous for its apples, great quantities of which are used by the inhabitants for making cider. It is also an agricultural province, and the substantial farm-houses encircled by fields and orchards, which meet the traveller's eye, form a pleasing contrast to the wretched cottages, each with its patch of corn, which are seen in some other parts of France; for land is never so profitable when cut up into small portions as when cultivated on a large scale.

But though their journey lay through so agreeable a country, the Connels could not help wishing it was over, for they were unaccustomed to walking, and suffered greatly from fatigue; besides, they were obliged to travel slowly on account of the children, the eldest of whom was only twelve years old, and the youngest little more than a baby. Lisette, though too happy at being in her own country to let her spirits be damped by any difficulties, was yet somewhat disappointed to find that their route did not approach within many miles of the village where her uncle and aunt had lived, and where she might have made inquiries concerning them.

On the fourth day after their landing in France they were beginning to feel extremely weary, and to doubt whether they could get much further that night, though it still wanted an hour to sunset, when they were struck by the sound of merry

voices and laughter, apparently not far off. They soon discovered whence this cheerful noise proceeded: a group of boys and girls were engaged in gathering apples in an orchard belonging to a farm-house at a little distance from the high road. It was a pleasant scene of work and play united. Some of the boys were knocking down the fruit with long poles, others piling them in heaps, or filling large baskets; in one tree of uncommon size, whose branches seemed scarcely able to sustain their heavy load, a little boy was seated quite at his ease, throwing down the red-cheeked apples into his sister's apron, which she held to receive them. Presently one of the little girls observed the party of strangers, whose dusty clothes and languid steps showed that they had been long on foot. She ran to the orchard-gate, and asked them to sit down while she fetched them some milk. Lisette came forward to answer her, and explained who the travellers were, adding that she was herself a French girl, and that her name was Lisette Dubois. The little girl then said she would ask her mother's leave to invite them to come into the house and rest; so saying, she hastened away, and returned in a few minutes, accompanied by a middle-aged woman, whose appearance at once told that she was the mistress of the house. Her good-humoured face was decorated by a pair of immensely long gold earrings, and the snow-white cap which rose nearly a foot above her head was trimmed with handsome lace, while a short scarlet petticoat and striped apron completed her dress. The travellers had scarcely time to make these observations, before she reached the gate, and exclaimed eagerly, "Where is she? where is Lisette Dubois? Is it possible that she is my long-lost niece?—the only child of my poor sister!" At these words Lisette sprang forward, for she had recognised her aunt. "Do I indeed see you again?" she cried, "am I not in a dream?" Madame Benoit (for that was the good woman's name) answered by flinging open the gate and clasping Lisette in her arms. The girls and boys threw down their poles, and crowded round to learn what had happened. Several of them were Lisette's cousins, but, being a good deal younger than she was, they had not recollected her sufficiently to know her after a separation of more than four years. The Connels did not, of course, understand what was said, but they saw that Lisette had found her friends, and they rejoiced at her good fortune; she told her aunt in a few words who they were, and what they had done for her. Madame Benoit expressed her gratitude in a way that could not be misunderstood; she took Mark and his wife by the hand, and looked with tearful eyes, first

at them and then at Lisette. Then taking the baby from its wearied mother's arms, she carried it herself to the house, beckoning to the rest to follow her. In a short time they were all seated round the fire in Madame Benoit's kitchen, with a good supper before them, which their long journey made very acceptable. Presently the master of the house came in, and it may easily be imagined that the story of Lisette's arrival was told him by at least half a dozen voices at once. He was scarcely less pleased than his wife, for they had both considered Lisette as their eldest child, and had brought her up from infancy, her own mother having died when she was only a year old. The farmer gave a kind welcome to the strangers, and pressed them to remain in his house till they had quite recovered from the fatigue of their journey. It may seem strange that people so well off as Lisette's uncle and aunt were should have had a brother who was only a poor weaver, but the fact was that their prosperity was of recent date. Benoit had been a farm-labourer until a few months after Lisette and her father had left their country; the death of a distant relation, who unexpectedly made him his heir, then placed him in possession of the farm he now held. Both he and his wife had felt much anxiety on account of their brother-in-law and his daughter; all their endeavours to learn something of their fate proved vain, and they had been obliged to conclude that they were dead when Lisette so suddenly arrived at their very door.

These good people were desirous that the Connels should spend some time under their roof, but Mark was unwilling to eat the bread of idleness; and when he had enjoyed one day's rest, he went to the railway station, leaving his family at the farm for the present. By going across the fields he found that the railway was little more than a mile from Benoit's house. He had no difficulty in obtaining work, and in a few days his wife and children joined him, and settled in a comfortable lodging in a village very near the station. Lisette, of course, remained with her aunt and uncle, and Madame Benoit insisted on keeping Mark's eldest daughter Nelly to stay with her till she should have learned to speak French, which would be equally necessary, whether she lived with her father and mother, or went to service in the family of one of the neighbouring farmers. Nothing could exceed the attentive kindness of their new friends to the Connels; it served, more than even the high wages Mark received for his labour, to reconcile them to living in a foreign country.

They are still in France, and though they talk of returning to Ireland, it is doubtful whether the older members of the family

will ever do so, for Lisette is married to a wealthy farmer in the neighbourhood of Rouen, and her greatest desire is that her Irish friends should remain near her, and share in the prosperity of their adopted child.

A TALE OF TERROR.

I WAS once travelling in Calabria—a land of wicked people who, I believe, hate every one, and particularly the French ; the reason why would take long to tell you. Suffice it to say that they mortally hate us, and that one gets on very badly when one falls into their hands. I had for a companion a young man with a face—my faith, like the gentleman that we saw at Kincy; you remember ; and better still, perhaps—I don't say so to interest you, but because it is a fact. In these mountains the roads are precipices ; our horses got on with much difficulty ; my companion went first ; a path which appeared to him shorter and more practicable led us astray. It was my fault. Ought I to have trusted to a head only twenty years old ? Whilst daylight lasted we tried to find our way through the wood, but the more we tried the more bewildered we became, and it was pitch dark when we arrived at a very black-looking house. We entered, not without fear ; but what could we do ? We found a whole family of colliers at table ; they immediately invited us to join them ; my young man did not wait to be pressed : there we were eating and drinking—he at least, for I was examining the place and the appearance of our hosts. Our hosts had quite the look of colliers, but the house you would have taken for an arsenal; there was nothing but guns, pistols, swords, knives, and cutlasses. Everything displeased me, and I saw very well that I displeased them. My companion, on the contrary, was quite one of the family; he laughed and talked with them, and, with an imprudence that I ought to have foreseen (but to what purpose if it was decreed), he told at once where we came from, where we were going, and that we were Frenchmen. Just imagine ! amongst our mortal enemies, alone, out of our road, so far from all human succour ! and then, to omit nothing that might ruin us, he played the rich man, promised to give the next morning, as a remuneration to these people and to our guides, whatever they wished. Then he spoke of his portmanteau, begging them to take care of it, and to put it at the head of his bed ; he did not wish, he said, for any

other pillow. Oh, youth, youth! you are to be pitied! Cousin, one would have thought we carried the crown diamonds. What caused him so much solicitude about this portmanteau was his mistress' letters. Supper over, they left us. Our hosts slept below, we in the upper room, where we had supped. A loft raised some seven or eight feet, which was reached by a ladder, was the resting-place that awaited us,—a sort of nest, into which we were to introduce ourselves by creeping under joists loaded with provisions for the year. My companion climbed up alone, and, already nearly asleep, laid himself down with his head upon the precious portmanteau. Having determined to sit up, I made a good fire, and seated myself by the side of it. The night, which had been undisturbed, was nearly over, and I began to reassure myself, when, about the time that I thought the break of day could not be very far off, I heard our host and his wife talking and disputing below; and putting my ear to the chimney, which communicated with the one in the lower room, I perfectly distinguished these words spoken by the husband: "Well, let us see, must they both be killed?" To which the wife replied, "Yes;" and I heard no more. How shall I go on? I stood, scarcely breathing, my body cold as marble; to have seen me, you could hardly have known if I were alive or dead. Good heavens! when I think of it now!—We two, almost without weapons, against twelve or fifteen who had so many! and my companion dead with sleep and fatigue! To call him, or make a noise, I dared not: to escape alone was impossible; the window was not high, but below were two great dogs howling like wolves. In what agony I was, imagine if you can. At the end of a long quarter of an hour I heard some one on the stairs, and through the crack of the door I saw the father, his lamp in one hand, and in the other one of his large knives. He came up, his wife after him—I was behind the door; he opened it, but before he came in he put down the lamp, which his wife took. He then entered, barefoot, and from outside the woman said to him, in a low voice, "Softly, go softly." When he got to the ladder he mounted it, his knife between his teeth, and getting up as high as the bed—the poor young man lying with his throat bare—with one hand he took his knife, and with the other—Oh! cousin—he seized a ham which hung from the ceiling, cut a slice from it, and retired as he had come. The door was closed again, the lamp disappeared, and I was left alone with my reflections.

As soon as day appeared, all the family, making a great noise, came to us as we had requested. They brought us something to

eat, and gave us a very clean and a very good breakfast, I assure you. Two capons formed part of it, of which we must, said our hostess, take away one and eat the other. When I saw them I understood the meaning of those terrible words, "Must they both be killed?" And I think, cousin, you have enough penetration to guess now what they signified.

LUCY GRAY, OR SOLITUDE.

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray:
  And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see, at break of day,
  The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
  She dwelt on a wide moor,—
The sweetest thing that ever grew
  Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
  The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
  Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night—
  You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, child, to light
  Your mother through the snow."

"That, father! will I gladly do:
  'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
  And yonder is the moon.

At this the father raised his hook
  And snapped a faggot band;
He plied his work;—and Lucy took
  The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:
  With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
  That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time;
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents, all that night,
Went shouting far and wide:
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood,
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

And, turning homeward, now they cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet!"
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small:
And through the broken hawthorn edge,
And by the long stone wall:

And then an open field they crossed;
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank,
The footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

WORDSWORTH.

THE STORY OF FINE-EAR.

Ten or twelve years ago, there was, in the prison at Brest, a man sentenced for life to the galleys. I do not know the exact nature of his crime, but it was something very atrocious. I never heard, either, what his former condition in life had been; for even his name had passed into oblivion, and he was recognised only by a number. Although his features were naturally well formed, their expression was horrible: every dark and evil passion seemed to have left its impress there, and his character fully corresponded to its outward indications. Mutinous, gloomy, and revengeful, he had often hazarded his life in desperate efforts to escape, which hitherto had proved abortive. Once, during winter, he succeeded in gaining the fields, and supported for several days the extremity of cold and hunger. He was found, at length, half frozen and insensible, under a tree, and brought back to prison, where with difficulty he was restored to life. The wardmaster watched him more closely, and punished him more severely by far than the other prisoners, while a double chain was added to his already heavy fetters. Several times he attempted suicide, but failed, through the vigilance of his guards. The only results of his experiments in this line were an asthma, caused by a nail which he hammered into his chest, and the loss of an arm, which he fractured in leaping off a high wall. After suffering amputation and a six months' sojourn in the hospital, he returned to his hopeless life-long task-work.

One day this man's fierce humour seemed softened. After the hours of labour he seated himself, with the companion in misery to whom he was chained, in a corner of the court, and his repulsive countenance assumed a mild expression. Words of tenderness were uttered by the lips which heretofore had opened only to blaspheme; and with his head bent down he watched some object concealed in his bosom.

The guards looked at him with disquietude, believing he had some weapon hidden within his clothes; and two of them, approaching him stealthily from behind, seized him roughly, and began to search him before he could make any resistance. Finding himself completely in their power, the convict exclaimed: "Oh, don't kill him! Pray don't kill him!"

As he spoke, one of the guards had gained possession of a large rat, which the felon had kept next his bosom.

"Don't kill him!" he repeated. "Beat me; chain me; do

what you like with me; but don't hurt my poor rat! Don't squeeze him so between your fingers! If you will not give him back to me, let him go free!" And while he spoke, for the first time probably since his childhood, tears filled his eyes and ran down his cheeks.

Rough and hardened men as were the guards, they could not listen to the convict, and see his tears, without some feeling of compassion. He who was about to strangle the rat opened his fingers, and let it fall to the ground. The terrified animal fled with the speed peculiar to its species, and disappeared behind a pile of beams and rubbish.

The felon wiped away his tears, looked anxiously after the rat, and scarcely breathed until he had seen it out of danger. Then he rose, and silently, with the old savage look, followed his companion in bonds, and lay down with him on their iron bedstead, where a ring and chain fastened them to a massive bar of the same material.

Next morning, on his way to work, the convict, whose pale face showed that he had passed a sleepless night, cast an anxious, troubled glance towards the pile of wood, and gave a low, peculiar call, to which nothing replied. One of his comrades uttered some harmless jest on the loss of his favourite; and the reply was a furious blow, which felled the speaker, and drew down on the offender a severer chastisement from the task-master.

Arrived at the place of labour he worked with a sort of feverish ardour, as though trying to give vent to his pent-up emotion; and, while stooping over a large beam, which he and some others were trying to raise, he felt something gently tickle his cheek. He turned round, and gave a shout of joy. There, on his shoulder, was the only friend he had in the world—his rat!—who with marvellous instinct had found him out, and crept gently up to his face. He took the animal in his hands, covered it with kisses, placed it within its nest, and then addressing the head gaoler, who happened to pass by at the moment, he said,—

"Sir, if you will allow me to keep this rat, I will solemnly promise to submit to you in everything, and never again to incu punishment."

The ruler gave a sign of acquiescence, and passed on. The convict opened his shirt to give one more fond look at his faithful pet, and then contentedly resumed his labour.

That which neither threats nor imprisonment, the scourge nor the chain, could effect, was accomplished, and rapidly, by the influence of *love*, though its object was one of the most despised

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among animals. From the moment when the formidable convict was permitted to cherish his pet day and night in his bosom, he became the most tractable and well-conducted man in the prison. His extraordinary strength and his moral energy were both employed to assist the governors in maintaining peace and subordination. Fine-Ear, so he called his rat, was the object of his unceasing tenderness. He fed it before he tasted each meal, and would rather fast entirely than allow it to be hungry. He spent his brief hours of respite from toil in making various little fancy articles, which he sold in order to procure dainties which Fine-Ear liked,—gingerbread and sugar, for example. Often, during the period of toil, the convict would smile with delight when his little friend, creeping from its nestling place, would rub its soft fur against his cheek. But when, on a fine sunshiny day, the rat took up his position on the ground, smoothed his coat, combed his long moustaches with his sharp nails, and dressed his long ears with his delicate paws, his master would testify the utmost delight, and exchange tender glances with the black, roguish eyes of Master Fine-Eear.

The latter, confiding in his patron's care and protection, went, came, sported, or stood still, certain that no one would injure him ; for to touch a hair of the rat's whisker would be to incur a terrible penalty. One day, for having thrown a pebble at him, a prisoner was forced to spend a week in the hospital ere he recovered the effects of a blow bestowed on him by Fine-Ear's master.

The animal soon learned to know the sound of the dinner-bell, and jumped with delight on the convict when he heard the welcome summons.

Four years passed on in this manner, when one day poor Fine-Ear was attacked by a cat which had found her way into the workshop, and received several deep wounds before his master, flying to the rescue, seized the feline foe, and actually tore her to pieces.

The recovery of the rat was tedious. During the next month the convict was occupied in dressing his wounds. It was strange the interest which every one connected with the prison took in Fine-Ear's misfortune. Not only did the guards and turnkeys speak of it as the topic of the day, but the hospital nurses furnished plasters and bandages for the wounds; and even the surgeon condescended to prescribe for him.

At length the animal recovered his strength and gaiety, save that one of his hind paws dragged a little, and the wound still disfigured his skin. He was more tame and affectionate than ever, but the sight of a cat was sufficient to throw his master into a paroxysm of rage, and, running after the unlucky puss, he would, if possible, catch and destroy her.

A great pleasure was in store for the convict. Thanks to his good conduct during the past four years, his sentence of imprisonment for life had been commuted into twenty years, in which were to be included the fifteen already spent in prison.

"Thank God!" he cried; "under His mercy it is to Fine-Ear I owe this happiness!" and he kissed the animal with transport. Five years still remained to be passed in toilsome imprisonment, but they were cut short in an unlooked-for manner.

One day a mutinous party of felons succeeded in seizing a turnkey, and, having shut him up with themselves in one of the dormitories, they threatened to put him to death if all their demands were not instantly complied with, and a full amnesty granted for this revolt.

Fine-Ear's master, who had taken no part in the uproar, stood silently behind the officials and the soldiers, who were ready to fire on the insurgents. Just as the attack was about to commence, he approached the chief superintendent, and said a few words to him, in a low voice.

"I accept your offer," replied the governor: "Remember, you risk your life; but if you succeed, I pledge my word that you shall be strongly recommended to the Government for unconditional pardon this very night."

The convict drew forth Fine-Ear from his bosom, kissed him several times, and then placing him within the vest of a young fellow-prisoner, with whom the rat was already familiar, he said, in a broken voice,—

"If I do not return, be kind to him, and love him as I have loved him."

Then, having armed himself with an enormous bar of iron, he marched with a determined step to the dormitory, without regarding the missiles which the rebels hurled at his head. With a few blows of his bar he made the door fly open, and darting into the room, he overturned those who opposed his entrance, threw down his weapon, and seizing the turnkey, put him—or rather flung him—out, safe and sound into the passage.

While in the act of covering the man's escape from the infuriated convicts, he suddenly fell to the ground, bathed in blood.

One of the wretches had lifted the iron bar and struck down with it his heroic comrade.

He was carried dying to the hospital, and, ere he breathed his last, he uttered one word—it was "Fine-Ear!"

Must I tell it? The rat appeared restless and unnappy for a few days, but he soon forgot his master, and began to testify the same affection for his new owner that he had formerly shown to him who was dead.

Fine-Ear still lives, fat, and sleek, and strong; indeed, he no longer fears his feline enemies, and has actually succeeded in killing a full-grown cat and three kittens. But he no longer remembers the dead, nor regards the sound of his master's number, which formerly used to make him prick up his ears, and make him run from one end of the court to the other.

Does it only prove that rats, as well as men, may be ungrateful? Or is it a little illustration of the wise and merciful arrangement that the world must go on, die who will?

Household Words.

THE WHITE SHIP.

King Henry the First went over to Normandy with his son Prince William and a great retinue, to have the prince acknowledged as his successor by the Norman nobles, and to contract the promised marriage between him and the daughter of the Count of Anjou. Both these things were triumphantly done, with great show and rejoicing, and the whole company prepared to embark for home.

On that day, and at that place, there came to the King, Fitz-Stephen, a sea-captain, and said, "My liege, my father served your father all his life upon the sea. He steered the ship with the golden boy upon the prow, in which your father sailed to conquer England. I beseech you to grant me the same office. I have a fair vessel in the harbour here, called the *White Ship*, manned by fifty sailors of renown. I pray you, sire, to let your servant have the honour of steering you to England?"

"I am sorry, friend," replied the King, "that my vessel is already chosen, and that I cannot therefore sail with the son of the man who served my father. But the prince, with all his company, shall go along with you, in the fair *White Ship* manned by the fifty sailors of renown."

An hour or two afterwards, the King set sail in the vessel he had chosen, accompanied by other vessels, and, sailing all night with a fair and gentle wind, arrived upon the coast of England in the morning. While it was yet night, the people in some of the ships heard a faint wild cry come over the sea, and wondered what it was.

Now the prince was a dissolute, debauched young man of eighteen, who bore no love to the English, and had declared that when he came to the throne he would yoke them to the plough like oxen. He went aboard the *White Ship* with one hundred and forty youthful nobles like himself, among whom were eighteen noble ladies of the highest rank. All this gay company, with their servants and the fifty sailors, made three hundred souls.

"Give three casks of wine, Fitz-Stephen," said the prince, "to the fifty sailors of renown. My father, the King, has sailed out of the harbour. What time is there to make merry here, and yet reach England with the rest?"

"Prince," said Fitz-Stephen, "before morning my fifty and the *White Ship* shall overtake the swiftest vessel in attendance on your father, the King, if we sail at midnight."

Then the prince commanded to make merry; and the sailors drank out the three casks of wine; and the prince and all the noble company danced in the moonlight on the deck of the *White Ship.*

When, at last, she got out of the harbour of Barfleur, there was not a sober seaman on board. But the sails were all set and the oars all going merrily, Fitz-Stephen at the helm.

The gay young nobles, and the beautiful ladies wrapped up in mantles of various bright colours, to protect them from the cold, talked, laughed and sang. The prince encouraged the fifty sailors to row harder yet, for the honour of the *White Ship.*

Crash! a terrific cry broke from three hundred hearts. It was the cry the people in the distant vessels of the King heard faintly on the water. The *White Ship* had struck upon a rock, and was going down!

Fitz-Stephen hurried the prince into a boat with some few nobles. "Push off," he whispered, "and row to the land. It is not far, and the sea is smooth. The rest of us must die."

But as they rowed away fast from the sinking ship, the prince heard the voice of his sister Marie, the Countess of Perche, calling for help. He never in his life had been so good as he was then. He cried in an agony, "Row back at any risk! I cannot bear to leave her!"

They rowed back. As the prince held out his arms to catch his sister, such numbers leaped in that the boat was overset; and in the same instant the *White Ship* went down.

Only two men floated. They had both clung to the main-yard of the ship, which had broken from the mast, and now supported them. One asked the other who he was. He said, "I am a nobleman, Godfrey by name, the son of Gilbert de l'Aigle; and you?" said he. "I am Berold, a poor butcher of Rouen," was the answer. Then they said together, "Lord be merciful to us both!" and tried to encourage one another, as they drifted in the cold benumbing sea on that unfortunate November night.

By and by another man came swimming toward them, whom they knew, when he pushed aside his long wet hair, to be Fitz-Stephen. "Where is the prince?" said he. "Gone! gone!" the two cried together. "Neither he, nor his brother, nor his sister, nor the King's niece, nor her brother, nor any one of the brave three hundred, noble or commoner, except we three, has risen above the water!" Fitz-Stephen, with a ghastly face, cried "Woe, woe to me!" and sank to the bottom.

The other two clung to the yard for some hours. At length the young noble said faintly, "I am exhausted and chilled by the cold, and can hold no longer. Farewell, good friend! God preserve you!" So he dropped and sank, and of all the brilliant crowd the poor butcher of Rouen alone was saved. In the morning some fishermen saw him floating in his sheepskin coat, and got him into their boat, the sole relator of the dismal tale.

For three days no one dared to carry the intelligence to the King; at last they sent into his presence a little boy, who, weeping bitterly, and kneeling at his feet, told him that the *White Ship* was lost, with all on board.

The King fell to the ground like a dead man, and never afterwards was seen to smile.

C. DICKENS' *Child's Hist. of England.*

MASSACRE OF GLENCOE (1691).

THE authorities of Edinburgh put forth a proclamation, exhorting the Highland clans to submit to King William and Queen Mary, and offering pardon to every rebel who, on or before the thirty-first of December, 1691, should swear to live peaceably

under the new Government. It was announced that those who should hold out after that day would be treated as enemies and traitors.

The thirty-first of December arrived, and still the Macdonalds of Glencoe had not come in. The punctilious pride of MacIan was doubtless gratified by the thought that he had continued to defy the Government after the boastful Glengarry, the ferocious Keppoch, the magnanimous Lochiel, had yielded ; but he bought his gratification dear.

The news that MacIan had not submitted within the prescribed time was received with cruel joy by three powerful Scotchmen who were then at the English court. To Argyle, as to his cousin Breadalbane, the intelligence that the tribe of Glencoe was out of the protection of the law was most gratifying ; and the Secretary, the Master of Stair, more than sympathized with them both. The feeling of Argyle and Breadalbane is perfectly intelligible. They were the heads of a great clan and they had an opportunity of destroying a neighbouring clan with which they were at deadly feud. Breadalbane had received peculiar provocation. His estate had been repeatedly devastated; and he had just been thwarted in a negotiation of high amount. The Earl of Stair hated the Highlanders, not as enemies of this or that dynasty, but as enemies of law, of industry, and of trade. To the last moment he continued to flatter himself that the rebels would be obstinate, and would thus furnish him with a plea for accomplishing that great social revolution on which his heart was set. One clan was now at the mercy of the Government, and that clan the most lawless of all. One great act of justice, nay of charity, might be performed. One terrible and memorable example might be given. "Better," he wrote, "not meddle with them, than meddle to no purpose. When the thing is resolved, let it be secret and sudden." He was obeyed ; and it was determined that the Glencoe men should perish, not by military execution, but by the most dastardly and perfidious form of assassination.

On the first of February, a hundred and twenty soldiers of Argyle's regiment, commanded by a captain named Campbell, and a lieutenant named Lindsay, marched to Glencoe. Captain Campbell was commonly called in Scotland, Glenlyon, from the pass in which his property lay. He had every qualification for the service on which he was employed,—an unblushing forehead, a smooth, lying tongue, and a heart of adamant. He was also one of the few Campbells who were likely to be trusted and

welcomed by the Macdonalds: for his niece was married to Alexander, the second son of MacIan.

The sight of the red-coats approaching caused some anxiety among the population of the valley. John, the eldest son of the chief, came, accompanied by twenty clansmen, to meet the strangers, and asked what this visit meant. Lieutenant Lindsay answered that the soldiers came as friends, and wanted nothing but quarters. They were kindly received, and were lodged under the thatched roofs of the little community. Provisions were liberally supplied. There was no want of beef, which had probably fattened in distant pastures; nor was any payment demanded, for in hospitality, as in thievery, the Gaelic marauders rivalled the Bedouins. During twelve days the soldiers lived familiarly with the people of the glen.

Meanwhile Glenlyon observed with minute attention all the avenues by which, when the signal for the slaughter should be given, the Macdonalds might attempt to escape to the hills; and he reported the result of his observations to his superior, Hamilton. Hamilton fixed five o'clock in the morning of the thirteenth of February for the deed. He hoped that before that time he should reach Glencoe with four hundred men, and should have stopped all the earths in which the old fox and his two cubs—so MacIan and his sons were nicknamed by the murderers—could take refuge. But at five precisely, whether Hamilton had arrived or not, Glenlyon was to fall on and to slay every Macdonald under seventy.

The night was rough. Hamilton and his troops made slow progress, and were long after their time. When they were contending with the wind and snow, Glenlyon was supping and playing at cards with those whom he meant to butcher before daybreak. He and Lieutenant Lindsay had engaged themselves to dine with the old chief on the morrow.

Late in the evening a vague suspicion that some evil was intended crossed the mind of the chief's eldest son. The soldiers were evidently in a restless state, and some of them uttered strange cries. Two men, it is said, were overheard whispering. "I do not like this job," one of them muttered; "I should be glad to fight the Macdonalds. But to kill men in their beds——" "We must do as we are bid," answered another voice. "If there is anything wrong, our officers must answer for it." John Macdonald was so uneasy, that soon after midnight he went to Glenlyon's quarters. Glenlyon and his men were all up, and seemed to be getting their arms ready for action. John,

much alarmed, asked what these preparations meant. Glenlyon was profuse of friendly assurances. "Some of Glengarry's people have been harrying the country. We are getting ready to march against them. You are quite safe. Do you think that, if you were in any danger, I should not have given a hint to your brother Sandy and his wife?" John's suspicions were quieted. He returned to his house, and lay down to rest.

It was five in the morning. Hamilton and his men were still some miles off, and the avenues which they were to have secured were open. But the orders which Glenlyon had received were precise; and he began to execute them at the little village where he was himself quartered. His host Inverrigen, and nine other Macdonalds were dragged out of their beds, bound hand and foot, and murdered. A boy, twelve years old, clung round the captain's legs, and begged hard for life. He would do anything; he would go anywhere; he would follow Glenlyon round the world. Even Glenlyon, it is said, showed signs of relenting; but a ruffian, named Drummond, shot the child dead.

Meanwhile Lindsay had knocked at the door of the old chief, and had asked for admission in friendly language. The door was opened. MacIan, while putting on his clothes, and calling to his servants to bring some refreshments for his visitors, was shot through the head. His wife was already up, and dressed in such finery as the princesses of the rude Highland glens were accustomed to wear. The assassins pulled off her clothes and trinkets. The rings were not easily taken from her fingers, but a soldier tore them away with his teeth. She died on the following day.

The peal and flash of gun after gun gave notice, from three different parts of the valley at once, that murder was doing. From fifty cottages the half-naked peasantry fled, under cover of the night, to the recesses of their pathless glen. Even the sons of MacIan, who had been especially marked out for destruction, contrived to escape. They were roused from sleep by faithful servants. John, who, by the death of his father, had become the patriarch of the tribe, quitted his dwelling just as twenty soldiers with fixed bayonets marched up to it.

It was broad day long before Hamilton arrived. He found the work not even half performed. About thirty corpses lay wallowing in blood on the dunghills before the doors. One or two women were seen among the number, and a yet more fearful and piteous sight, a little hand, which had been lopped, in the tumult of the butchery, from some infant. One aged Macdonald was found alive. He was probably too infirm to flee, and, as he was

above seventy, was not included in the orders under which Glenlyon had acted. Hamilton murdered the old man in cold blood. The deserted hamlets were then set on fire; and the troops departed, driving away with them many sheep and goats, nine hundred kine, and two hundred of the small shaggy ponies of the Highlands.

It is said, and may but too easily be believed, that the sufferings of the fugitives were terrible. How many old men, how many women with babes in their arms, sank down and slept their last sleep in the snow; how many, having crawled, spent with toil and hunger, into nooks among the precipices, died in those dark holes, and were picked to the bone by the mountain ravens, can never be known. But it is probable that those who perished by cold, weariness, and want, were not less numerous than those who were slain by the assassins.

When the troops had retired, the Macdonalds crept out of the caverns of Glencoe, ventured back to the spot where the huts had formerly stood, collected the scorched corpses from among the smoking ruins, and performed some rude rites of sepulture. The tradition runs that the hereditary bard of the tribe took his seat on a rock which overhung the place of slaughter, and poured forth a long lament over his murdered brethren and his desolate home. Eighty years later that sad dirge was still chanted by the people of the valley.

MACAULAY.

ON THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

'Oh! tell me, harper, wherefore flow
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe
Far down the desert of Glencoe,
    Where none may list their melody?
Say, harpest thou to the mists that fly,
Or to the dun deer glancing by,
Or to the eagle that from high
    Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?"

"No, not to these, for they have rest:
The mist-wreath hath the mountain-crest,
The stag his lair, the erne her nest,
    Abode of lone security.

But those for whom I pour the lay,
Not wild-wood deep, nor mountains grey,
Not this deep dell that shrouds from day
Could screen from treacherous cruelty.

"Their flags were furl'd, and mute their drum,
The very household dogs were dumb,
Unwont to bay at guests that come
In guise of hospitality.
His blithest notes the piper plied,
Her gayest snood the maiden tied,
The dame her distaff flung aside,
To tend her kindly housewifery.

"The hand that mingled in the meal
At midnight drew the felon-steel,
And gave the host's kind breast to feel
Meed for his hospitality!
The friendly heart which warm'd that hand,
At midnight arm'd it with the brand,
And bade destruction's flames expand
Their red and fearful blazonry.

"Then woman's shriek was heard in vain,
Nor infancy's unpitied plain,
More than the warrior's groan, could gain
Respite from ruthless butchery.
The winter wind that whistles shrill,
The snows that night that choked the hill,
Though wild and pitiless, had still
Far more than Southron clemency.

"Long have my harp's best notes been gone,
Few are its strings, and faint their tone,
They can but sound in desert lone
Their grey-hair'd master's misery.
Were each grey hair a minstrel-string,
Each chord should imprecations fling,
Till startled Scotland loud should ring,
'Revenge for blood and treachery!'"

SCOTT.

SIR GAMMER VANS.

AN OLD IRISH STORY.

LAST Sunday morning, at six o'clock in the evening, as I was sailing over the tops of the mountains in my little boat, I met two men on horseback riding on one donkey ; so I asked them could they tell me whether the little old woman was dead yet who was hanged last Saturday week for drowning herself in a shower of feathers ? They said they could not positively inform me, but if I went to Sir Gammer Vans he could tell me all about it.

"But how am I to know the house ?" said I.

"Ho, 'tis easy enough," said they, "for it's a brick house, built entirely of flints, standing alone by itself in the middle of sixty or seventy others just like it."

"Oh, nothing in the world is easier," said I.

"Nothing can be easier," said they ; so I went on my way.

Now this Sir Gammer Vans was a giant and bottle-maker ; and as all giants who are bottle-makers usually pop out of a little thumb-bottle from behind the door, so did Sir Gammer Vans.

"How d'ye do ?" says he.

"Very well, I thank you," says I.

"Have some breakfast with me ?"

"With all my heart," says I.

So he gave me a slice of beer and a cup of cold veal ; and there was a little dog under the table that picked up all the crumbs.

"Hang him," says I.

"No, don't hang him," says he, "for he killed a hare yesterday ; and if you don't believe me, I'll show you the hare alive in a basket."

So he took me into his garden to show me the curiosities. In one corner there was a fox hatching eagles' eggs ; in another there was an iron apple-tree entirely covered with pears and lead ; in the third there was the hare which the dog killed yesterday alive in the basket ; and in the fourth there were twenty-four hipper-switches threshing tobacco, and at the sight of me they threshed so hard that they drove the plug through the wall, and through a little dog that was passing by on the other side. I, hearing the dog howl, jumped over the wall, and turned it as neatly inside out as possible, when it ran away as if it had not an hour to live.

Then he took me into the park to show me his deer; and I remembered that I had a warrant in my pocket to shoot venison for his majesty's dinner. So I set fire to my bow, poised my arrow, and shot amongst them. I broke seventeen ribs on one side, and twenty-one and a half on the other; but my arrow passed clean through without ever touching it; and the worst was, I lost my arrow; however, I found it again in the hollow of a tree.

I felt it, it felt clammy; I smelt it, it smelt honey. "Oh, ho!" said I, "here's a bee's nest," when out sprung a covey of partridges. I shot at them: some say I killed eighteen; but I am sure I killed thirty-six, besides a dead salmon which was flying over the bridge, of which I made the best apple-pie I ever tasted. *Notes and Queries.*

MOSES AT THE FAIR.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some idea of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to entrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth called thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

* * * * * * *

As she spoke Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar.

"Welcome! welcome, Moses? Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"

"I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.

"Ay, Moses," cried my wife, that we know; but where is the horse?"

"I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence.'"

"Well done, my good boy!" returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it, then."

"I have brought back no money," cried Moses again, "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast; "here they are—a gross of silver spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."

"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green, paltry spectacles!"

"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why don't you listen to reason? I had a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."

"A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife in a passion: "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."

"You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."

"What!" cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver?"

"No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan."

"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery. The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better!"

"There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all."

"Marry, hang the idiot! returned she, "to bring me such stuff; if I had them I would throw them in the fire."

"There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper,

who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked him the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of their value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE VILLAGE PARSONAGE.

THE place of our retreat was in a little neighbourhood consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniences of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluities. Remote from the polite, they still retained the primæval simplicity of manners; and frugal by habit, they scarcely knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with cheerfulness on days of labour; but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true-love-knots on Valentine morning, ate pancakes on Shrovetide, showed their wit on the 1st of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas eve. Being apprised of our approach, the whole neighbourhood came out to meet their minister, dressed in their finest clothes, and preceded by a pipe and tabor; a feast was also provided for our reception, at which we sate cheerfully down; and what the conversation wanted in wit was made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before; on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, having given a hundred pounds for my predecessor's good-will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little enclosures, the elms and hedgerows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house con-

sisted of but one storey, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness; the walls on the inside were nicely whitewashed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlour and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture. There were three other apartments—one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters within our own, and the third with two beds for the rest of our children.

The little republic to which I gave laws was regulated in the following manner. By sunrise we all assembled in our common apartment, the fire being previously kindled by the servant; after we had saluted each other with proper ceremony—for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship—we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labours after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family; where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire, were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests; sometimes Farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbour, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry wine, for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company; for while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad—"John Armstrong's Last Good Night," or the "Cruelty of Barbara Allen." The night was concluded in the same manner we began the morning my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day; and he that read loudest, distinctest, and best, was to have a halfpenny on Sunday to put into the poor's box.

When Sunday came it was indeed a day of finery, which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well soever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daugh-

ters, yet I still found them secretly attached to all their former finery; they still loved laces, ribbons, bugles, and catgut; my wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her.

The first Sunday, in particular, their behaviour seemed to mortify me. I had desired my girls the preceding night to be dressed early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but, when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters, dressed out in all their former splendour; their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up into a heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before.

"Surely, my dear, you jest," cried my wife, "we can walk it perfectly well: we want no coach to carry us now."

"You mistake, child," returned I, "we do want a coach; for if we walk to church in this trim, the very children in the parish will hoot after us."

"Indeed," replied my wife, "I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about him."

"You may be as neat as you please," interrupted I, "and I shall love you the better for it; but all this is not neatness, but frippery. These rufflings, and pinkings, and patchings, will only make us hated by all the wives of our neighbours. No, my children," continued I, more gravely, "those gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut; for finery is very unbecoming in us, who want the means of decency. I do not know whether such flouncing and shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world may be clothed from the trimmings of the vain."

This remonstrance had the proper effect; they went with great composure, that very instant, to change their dress; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones; and, what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing."

THE SECOND VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

I DESIGNED, after my first voyage, to spend the rest of my days at Bagdad, but it was not long ere I grew weary of an indolent life, and I put to sea a second time, with merchants of known probity. We embarked on board a good ship, and after recommending ourselves to God, set sail. We traded from island to island, and exchanged commodities with great profit. One day we landed on an island covered with several sorts of fruit-trees, but we could see neither man nor animal. We walked in the meadows, and by the streams that watered them. Whilst some diverted themselves with gathering flowers, and others fruits, I took my wine and provisions, and sat down near a stream betwixt two high trees, which formed a thick shade. I made a good meal, and afterwards fell asleep. I cannot tell how long I slept, but when I awoke the ship was gone.

In this sad condition I was ready to die with grief. I cried out in agony, beat my head and breast, and threw myself upon the ground, where I lay some time in despair. I upbraided myself a hundred times for not being content with the produce of my first voyage, that might have sufficed me all my life. But all this was in vain, and my repentance came too late. At last I resigned myself to the will of God. Not knowing what to do, I climbed up to the top of a lofty tree, from whence I looked about on all sides, to see if I could discover anything that could give me hopes. When I gazed towards the sea I could discover nothing but sky and water; but looking over the land I beheld something white, and coming down, I took what provision I had left, and went towards it, the distance being so great that I could not distinguish what it was.

As I approached, I thought it to be a white dome, of a prodigious height and extent; and when I came up to it, I touched it, and found it to be very smooth. I went round to see if it was open on any side, but saw it was not, and that there was no climbing up to the top, as it was so smooth. It was at least fifty paces round.

By this time the sun was about to set, and all of a sudden the sky became as dark as if it had been covered with a thick cloud. I was much astonished at this sudden darkness, but much more when I found it occasioned by a bird of a monstrous size that came flying towards me. I remembered that I had often heard mariners speak of a miraculous bird called the roc, and conceived

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that the great dome which I so much admired must be its egg. In short, the bird alighted, and sat over the egg. As I perceived her coming, I crept close to the egg, so that I had before me one of the legs of the bird, which was as big as the trunk of a tree. I tied myself strongly to it with my turban, in hopes that the roc next morning would carry me with her out of this desert island. After having passed the night in this condition, the bird flew away as soon as it was daylight, and carried me so high, that I could not discern the earth ; she afterwards descended with so much rapidity that I lost my senses. But when I found myself on the ground I speedily untied the knot, and had scarcely done so, when the roc, having taken up a serpent of a monstrous length in her bill, flew away.

The spot where it left me was encompassed on all sides by mountains that seemed to reach above the clouds, and so steep, that there was no possibility of getting out of the valley. This was a new perplexity ; so that when I compared this place with the desolate island from which the roc had brought me, I found that I had gained nothing by the change.

As I walked through this valley I perceived it was strewed with diamonds, some of which were of a surprising bigness. I took pleasure in looking upon them ; but shortly saw at a distance such objects as greatly diminished my satisfaction, and which I could not view without terror, namely, a great number of serpents, so monstrous, that the least of them was capable of swallowing an elephant. They retired in the daytime to their dens, where they hid themselves from the roc, their enemy, and came out only in the night.

I spent the day in walking about in the valley, resting myself at times in such places as I thought most convenient. When night came on I went into a cave, where I thought I might repose in safety. I secured the entrance, which was low and narrow, with a great stone, to preserve me from the serpents, but not so far as to exclude the light. I supped on part of my provisions, but the serpents, which began hissing round me, put me into such extreme fear that I did not sleep. When day appeared the serpents retired, and I came out of the cave trembling. I can justly say that I walked upon diamonds, without feeling any inclination to touch them. At last I sat down, and notwithstanding my apprehensions, not having closed my eyes during the night, fell asleep, after having eaten a little more of my provisions. But I had scarcely shut my eyes when something that fell by me with a great noise awaked me. This was a large piece of raw

meat; and at the same time I saw several others fall down from the rocks in different places.

I had always regarded as fabulous what I had heard sailors and others relate of the valley of diamonds, and of the stratagems employed by merchants to obtain jewels from thence; but now I found that they had stated nothing but the truth. For the fact is, that the merchants come to the neighbourhood of this valley when the eagles have young ones, and throwing great joints of meat into the valley, the diamonds, upon whose points they fall, stick to them; the eagles, which are stronger in this country than anywhere else, pounce with great force upon those pieces of meat, and carry them to their nests on the precipices of the rocks to feed their young: the merchants at this time run to their nests, disturb and drive off the eagles by their shouts, and take away the diamonds that stick to the meat.

I perceived in this device the means of my deliverance.

Having collected together the largest diamonds I could find, and put them into the leather bag in which I used to carry my provisions, I took the largest of the pieces of meat, tied it close round me with the cloth of my turban, and then laid myself upon the ground, with my face downwards, the bag of diamonds being made fast to my girdle.

I had scarcely placed myself in this posture, when one of the eagles, having taken me up with the piece of meat to which I was fastened, carried me to his nest on the top of the mountain. The merchants immediately began their shouting to frighten the eagles; and when they had obliged them to quit their prey, one of them came to the nest where I was. He was much alarmed when he saw me; but recovering himself, instead of inquiring how I came thither, began to quarrel with me, and asked why I stole his goods? "You will treat me," replied I, "with more civility when you know me better. Do not be uneasy; I have diamonds enough for you and myself, more than all the other merchants together. Whatever they have they owe to chance; but I selected for myself, in the bottom of the valley, those which you see in this bag." I had scarcely done speaking, when the other merchants came crowding about us, much astonished to see me; but they were much more surprised when I told them my story.

They conducted me to their encampment; and there, having opened my bag, they were surprised at the largeness of my diamonds, and confessed that they had never seen any of such size and perfection. I prayed the merchant who owned the nest

to which I had been carried (for every merchant had his own) to take as many for his share as he pleased. He contented himself with one, and that, too, the least of them; and when I pressed him to take more, without fear of doing me any injury, "No," said he, "I am very well satisfied with this, which is valuable enough to save me the trouble of making any more voyages, and will raise as great a fortune as I desire."

I spent the night with the merchants, to whom I related my story a second time for the satisfaction of those who had not heard it. I could not moderate my joy when I found myself delivered from the danger I have mentioned. I thought myself in a dream, and could scarcely believe myself out of danger.

The merchants had thrown their pieces of meat into the valley for several days; and each of them being satisfied with the diamonds that had fallen to his lot, we left the place the next morning, and travelled near high mountains, where there were serpents of a prodigious length, which we had the good fortune to escape. We took shipping at the first port we reached, and touched at the isle of Roha, where the trees grow that yield camphire. This tree is so large, and its branches so thick, that one hundred men may easily sit under its shade. The juice, of which the camphire is made, exudes from a hole bored in the upper part of the tree, is received in a vessel, where it thickens to a consistency, and becomes what we call camphire. After the juice is thus drawn out the tree withers and dies.

In this island is also found the rhinoceros, an animal less than the elephant, but larger than the buffalo. It has a horn upon its nose about a cubit in length; this horn is solid, and cleft through the middle. The rhinoceros fights with the elephant, runs his horn into his belly, and carries him off upon his head; but the blood and the fat of the elephant running into his eyes and making him blind, he falls to the ground; and then, strange to relate, the roc comes and carries them both away in her claws for food for her young ones.

I pass over many other things peculiar to this island, lest I should weary you. Here I exchanged some of my diamonds for merchandise. From hence we went to other islands, and at last, having touched at several trading towns of the continent, we landed at Bussorah, from whence I proceeded to Bagdad. There I immediately gave large presents to the poor, and lived honourably upon the vast riches I had brought, and gained with so much fatigue.

Arabian Nights.

THE FIFTH VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

All the troubles and calamities I had undergone could not cure me of my inclination to make new voyages. I therefore bought goods, departed with them for the best seaport; and there, that I might not be obliged to depend upon a captain, but have a ship at my own command, I remained till one was built on purpose at my own charge. When the ship was ready I went on board with my goods; but not having enough to load her, I agreed to take with me several merchants of different nations, with their merchandise.

We sailed with the first fair wind, and after a long navigation, the first place we touched at was a desert island, where we found an egg of a roc, equal in size to that I formerly mentioned. There was a young roc in it, just ready to be hatched, and its beak had begun to break the egg.

The merchants who landed with me broke the egg with hatchets, and made a hole in it, pulled out the young roc piecemeal, and roasted it. I had in vain entreated them not to meddle with the egg.

Scarcely had they finished their repast, when there appeared in the air, at a considerable distance, two great clouds.* The captain of my ship, knowing by experience what they meant, said they were the male and female parents of the roc, and pressed us to re-embark with all speed, to prevent the misfortune which he saw would otherwise befall us.

The two rocs approached with a frightful noise, which they redoubled when they saw the egg broken and their young one gone. They flew back in the direction they had come, and disappeared for some time, while we made all the sail we could to endeavour to prevent that which unhappily befell us.

They soon returned, and we observed that each of them carried between its talons an enormous rock. When they came directly over my ship they hovered, and one of them let go his rock; but by the dexterity of the steersman it missed us, and fell into the sea. The other so exactly hit the middle of the ship as to split it into pieces. The mariners and passengers were all crushed to death, or fell into the sea. I myself was of the number of the latter; but, as I came up again, I fortunately caught hold of a

* Mr. Marsden, in his notes to his translation of Marco Polo's voyages, supposes the roc to be a description of the albatross or condor, under greatly exaggerated terms.

piece of the wreck, and swimming, sometimes with one hand and sometimes with the other, but always holding fast the plank, the wind and the tide favouring me, I came to an island, and got safely ashore.

I sat down upon the grass to recover myself from my fatigue, after which I went into the island to explore it. It seemed to be a delicious garden. I found trees everywhere, some of them bearing green and others ripe fruits, and streams of fresh pure water. I ate of the fruits, which I found excellent; and drank of the water, which was very light and good.

When I was a little advanced into the island I saw an old man, who appeared very weak and infirm. He was sitting on the bank of a stream, and at first I took him to be one who had been shipwrecked like myself. I went towards him and saluted him, but he only slightly bowed his head. I asked him why he sat so still; but instead of answering me, he made a sign for me to take him upon my back, and carry him over the brook.

I believed him really to stand in need of my assistance, took him upon my back, and having carried him over, bade him get down, and for that end stooped, that he might get off with ease; but instead of doing so (which I laugh at every time I think of it), the old man, who to me appeared quite decrepit, threw his legs nimbly about my neck. He sat astride upon my shoulders, and held my throat so tight that I thought he would have strangled me, and I fainted away.

Notwithstanding my fainting, the ill-natured old fellow still kept his seat upon my neck. When I had recovered my breath, he thrust one of his feet against my side, and struck me so rudely with the other, that he forced me to rise up against my will. Having arisen, he made me carry him under the trees, and forced me now and then to stop, that he might gather and eat fruit. He never left his seat all day; and when I lay down to rest at night, he laid himself down with me, holding still fast about my neck. Every morning he pinched me to make me awake, and afterwards obliged me to get up and walk, and spurred me with his feet.

One day I found several dry calabashes that had fallen from a tree. I took a large one, and after cleaning it, pressed into it some juice of grapes, which abounded in the island; having filled the calabash, I put it by in a convenient place, and going thither again some days after, I tasted it, and found the wine so good, that it gave me new vigour, and so exhilarated my spirits, that I began to sing and dance as I carried my burden.

The old man, perceiving the effect which this had upon me, and that I carried him with more ease than before, made me a sign to give him some of it. I handed him the calabash, and the liquor pleasing his palate, he drank it off. There being a considerable quantity of it, he soon began to sing, and to move about from side to side in his seat upon my shoulders, and by degrees to loosen his legs from about me. Finding that he did not press me as before, I threw him upon the ground, where he lay without motion ; I then took up a great stone and slew him.

I was extremely glad to be thus freed for ever from this troublesome fellow. I now walked towards the beach, where I met the crew of a ship that had cast anchor, to take in water : they were surprised to see me, but more so at hearing the particulars of my adventures. "You fell," said they, "into the hands of the Old Man of the Sea, and are the first who ever escaped strangling by his malicious embraces. He never quitted those he had once made himself master of till he had destroyed them, and he has made this island notorious by the number of men he has slain." They carried me with them to the captain, who received me with great kindness. He put out again to sea, and after some days' sail we arrived at the harbour of a great city, the houses of which overhung the sea.

One of the merchants who had taken me into his friendship invited me to go along with him. He gave me a large sack, and having recommended me to some people of the town, who used to gather cocoa-nuts, desired them to take me with them. "Go," said he, "follow them, and act as you see them do; but do not separate from them; otherwise you may endanger your life." Having thus spoken, he gave me provisions for the journey, and I went with them.

We came to a thick forest of cocoa-trees,* very lofty, with trunks so smooth that it was not possible to climb to the branches that bore the fruit. When we entered the forest we saw a great number of apes of several sizes, who fled as soon as they perceived us, and climbed to the tops of the trees with amazing swiftness.

The merchants with whom I was, gathered stones, and threw them at the apes on the trees. I did the same ; and the apes, out of revenge, threw cocoa-nuts at us so fast, and with such gestures, as sufficiently testified their anger and resentment. We gathered up the cocoa-nuts, and from time to time threw stones to provoke the apes ; so that by this stratagem we filled our bags

* Cocoa-trees bear their fruit at the top.

with cocoa-nuts. I thus gradually collected as many cocoa-nuts as produced me a considerable sum.

Having laden our vessel with cocoa-nuts, we set sail, and passed by the islands where pepper grows in great plenty. From thence we went to the isle of Comari, where the best species of wood of aloes grows. I exchanged my cocoa in those two islands for pepper and wood of aloes, and went with other merchants a pearl-fishing. I hired divers, who brought me up some that were very large and pure. I embarked in a vessel that happily arrived at Bussorah; from thence I returned to Bagdad, where I realized vast sums from my pepper, wood of aloes, and pearls. I gave the tenth of my gains in alms, as I had done upon my return from my other voyages, and rested from my fatigues.

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A GENEROUS TURK.

A FEW years ago the sufferings and persecutions of the Christians in Syria excited deep sympathy. In Damascus and the villages of the Lebanon Christian blood was shed in torrents, and misery was brought upon thousands of peaceful homes by the cruelty of the Mohammedans. And yet these very men, when not excited by the blind fanaticism of their faith, can give proofs of noble generosity. We are not about to relate a fiction, but a fact, for the accuracy of which a truth-loving man, who was on the spot at the time, and knows the country and the people well, the traveller Peterman, has vouched.

A criminal at Damascus was condemned to death, and was led to the place of execution, to undergo the sentence of the law. With death so near, the sad and painful thought oppressed his soul, that since his condemnation he had not once seen his wife and children, and had not been able to take leave of them. Then lifting up his hands he exclaimed—"Oh, is there not among the many who stand here one generous heart, who will be surety for me, so that I may go and see my wife and children once more before I die?"

The cart upon which the criminal sat stopped, and there was solemn silence among the multitude of people which had assembled. The imploring, earnest cry of the unhappy man had struck many. The hearts of all were deeply affected by it.

Suddenly a Turk of noble birth stepped from out of the crowd, and inquired of the criminal, "Where is your family?"

"In Salahije," he replied.

"How much time do you think you will require to see your family once more?" asked the Turk further.

"An hour," replied the condemned, "at the longest."

"And you will return here again in an hour?"

"Yes, I will," exclaimed the criminal.

"And you," said the Turk, now turning to the executioner, "will wait an hour for the execution?"

"I am allowed to do so," answered he; "but," he added, in a decided tone, "reflect well on what you are about to do! If he does not return, in that case I must strike off your head instead of his."

"I trust him," said the noble Turk. "Set him free, and bind me! I am content that it should be to me as you have said."

Amazed, and yet with sympathy, the crowd gazed at him who had shown such generosity. The criminal's chains were loosened, and fastened on the Turk. The criminal was soon out of sight. The bystanders now were full of anxiety and fear, which became more and more intense as the hour slipped fast away.

"Will he keep his word?" some whispered. Others prayed to God for the innocent man, whose head must fall if the criminal proved faithless.

The condemned man ran swiftly to Salahije. Once more weeping he pressed his wife and children to his breast, then he tore himself from them, and hastened back to the place where the procession had halted and waited for him. But on the way, evil thoughts came into his mind. Should he not save his life and flee into the mountains? He stood still for a while, but then his better feelings gained the mastery. "He has taken my place, relying on my truth! No!" he exclaimed, "he has shown such noble generosity, I dare not be faithless to him."

The taking leave of his family had been very hard and sad to him, and had kept him longer time than he had intended, and this hesitation, too, during the struggle between truth and dishonour in his heart, had taken up a few of the precious minutes.

"The hour is gone," said the stern executioner to the noble substitute. "You have made yourself the surety for an unworthy man, and you must die in his place!"

The procession now moved slowly on to the place of execution, amid the weeping and lamentation of the crowd. Even the executioner was inwardly moved to mercy, but the judgment had been pronounced, the order had been given to him: he dared not set the prisoner free.

More slowly than at other times the procession moved on to the place of execution. Many eyes, indeed, were often anxiously turned back, but he whom they expected came not. The hope of the deliverance of the innocent man, who had trusted to the honour and fidelity of the criminal, gradually disappeared. And now they had come to the place of execution. The noble-hearted surety was being stripped to the waist ; his neck was already laid bare, when a piercing shriek was heard in the distance. "Stop! stop!" cried the people, and the executioner let the sword sink back into its scabbard.

"Yes, it is he! it is he!" cried the people with joy. The condemned man rushed breathless into the midst of the crowd.

"Set him free!" he cried, when still far off ; "here am I! Execute me!"

But the executioner was as deeply affected as the multitude which surrounded him. He loosed the chains of the noble Turk, at whose feet the condemned man threw himself, and thanked him for his generosity. The executioner, however, did not bind the criminal, but said, "Follow me to the Pacha."

And they followed him, and the crowd followed them too, to the Pacha, to whom the executioner related all that had happened.

The Pacha turned to the condemned man, and said, "Speak, why did you not use the chance which you had to set yourself free?"

The criminal threw himself down before the Pacha, and confessed that he had hesitated—that he had struggled with himself—"but," cried he, "I could not and dared not repay the generosity of this noble man with such base ingratitude, and thus rob all Moslems of their trust in truth and honour."

"You have spoken as bravely as you have acted," said the Pacha, "and now I, too, will show generosity. Go home, you are free! Your crime is pardoned."

This story of a Mohammedan Turk, showing such noble and loving generosity, may well make many of us who have far higher blessings and privileges in Christian England, ashamed of our selfishness and want of transparent truthfulness.

THE BEGGAR-MAN.

Around the fire, one wintry night,
The farmer's rosy children sat ;
The faggot lent its blazing light,
And jokes went round and careless chat.

When, hark ! a gentle hand they hear,
Low tapping at the bolted door ;
And, thus to gain their willing ear,
A feeble voice was heard to implore :—

"Cold blows the blast across the moor;
The sleet drives hissing in the wind·
Yon toilsome mountain lies before ;
A dreary, treeless waste behind.

"My eyes are weak and dim with age ;
No road, no path, can I descry ;
And these poor rags ill stand the rage
Of such a keen, inclement sky.

"So faint I am, these tottering feet
No more my feeble frame can bear ;
My sinking heart forgets to beat,
And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

"Open your hospitable door,
And shield me from the biting blast;
Cold, cold it blows across the moor—
The weary moor that I have past!"

With hasty steps the farmer ran,
And close beside the fire they place
The poor half-frozen beggar-man,
With shaking limbs and pallid face.

The little children flocking came,
And warmed his stiffening hands in theirs ;
And busily the good old dame
A comfortable mess prepares.

Their kindness cheered his drooping soul;
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek
The big round tear was seen to roll,
And told the thanks he could not speak.

The children, too, began to sigh,
And all their merry chat was o'er;
And yet they felt, they knew not why,
More glad than they had done before.

LUCY AIKEN.

"LIFE IN LODGINGS."

THE lodging-house to which we make our way is by no means of Liliputian dimensions. It looks more like a Brobdignagian mansion, a good deal. It is a fine old house in a fine old street, once the centre of all that was grand, but now left high and dry by the westward ebb of the tide of fashion. But despite the bigness of the house, it belongs to Liliput, and lies in the domain of Liliput; for did we not but just now pass the Foundling Hospital, the head-quarters of the kingdom, so to speak?

Our lodging-house is like Colman's single gentleman—it is the result of the rolling-into-one of two contiguous mansions. Let us enter, and inspect it.

On the ground-floor, we are shown into a waiting-room, where a young surgeon joins us, and declares himself kindly prepared to conduct us. That door on the right leads to the consulting-room for out-patients. "For out-patients!" you say. "Is this a hospital?" Well, it is—a hospital for sick children. It is a lodging-house which receives, rent-free, the sickly infants from London's unwholesome alleys and courts, and restores them—if human skill can restore them—to health; alleviates their sufferings, and comforts their last days, if human skill cannot save them. "You can't see anything comic or humorous that can be got out of such a theme?" I am sorry for it. When you go up-stairs presently to see the children, I hope you will laugh—till the tears come into your eyes—to think how much happier and better—with what greater chances of life and of health, without which life is not worth much—these poor little things are than they would be in the fever-dens where their homes are too often situate. At home, too, they can get but little attendance, few

medical visits, and fewer comforts, while here all things are provided. I call this a cheerful and happy subject. I can hear the sound of children's laughter at this moment, as we come to the foot of the broad black-oak staircase. It is in the convalescent room—let us peep in! What a doll's house!—and there's a rocking-horse—and—and—well, and all sorts of toys. But the laughter did not come from this room after all. It has just been scrubbed, and, until it gets dry, the children have been removed to another nice large airy apartment, where we find them mightily enjoying their dinner;—all the more, perhaps, because they are having it, picnic fashion, on the floor, on account of their removal from their regular room. Some of them look well and hearty enough. Some have not yet got over the pallor and weakness of illness. As we leave the room, their voices ring out with a pleasant music as they chant their grace after meat.

Upstairs now, if you please, to the drawing-room floor, where we will join the little ladies. This is the Girls' ward—only one does not like to associate the word "ward" with a cheerful, sweet apartment like a nursery. There are little cribs all round, and in almost every crib a tiny occupant with a red Garibaldi. Before each is a tray, whereon food and toys—the two principal delights of child-life—can be easily arranged for the little invalid.

Here is a little lady whose acquaintance we must make. She smiles at our overtures from behind her spoon, as a fashionable damsel would smile behind her fan. She looks quite as bewitching, with her silky hair and her bright eyes. She is suffering from disease of the knee—but it is improving under the care and attention she gets here. That weight at the foot of the bed, with a chain running over a pulley, is attached to the bandaged leg, and keeping it in one position preserves it from injury and from the pain which almost unconscious movement would cause.

This little lady has been deprived of her locks, apparently. She has those big, patient eyes that tell of long acquaintance with suffering. She has had pleurisy, but her constitution is altogether a very delicate one. "Strumous," says the surgeon; and he has the same story to tell of too many—the old story, old as the Jewish nation, of enfeebled health inherited. As we stand by this little girl's bedside there comes up to us, nursing a lovely doll, a child who seems so hale that we ask what is the matter with her. She has little fits of vertigo—lasting but a second or so—but they foreshadow epilepsy. "Is it curable?" we ask. The doctor shakes his head, but says it may be alleviated, being thus taken in time.

Another little girl. Very pale and thin, and with a pained expression—she is the victim of several ailments. She lacks appetite; but one of the gentle nurses, who flit so quietly about the room, but whose presence, silent though it is, is always recognised by a smile from the little invalids, takes infinite pains to coax her to eat. She finds more comfort in the woolly dog than in dinner. *A propos* of the woolly dog, the mantelpiece and every available shelf and table are crowded with toys of all sizes, shapes, and descriptions, from the costly presents of a Gracious Lady, who is the mother of a people, down to the humble penny doll of daily life.

But we must mount to the second floor, and see the Boys. More cribs—more toys—more kind-faced nurses here, as in the girls' ward. I think the boys show their illness more than the girls, perhaps because by nature they are less patient, and cannot endure pain passively so well.

This boy does not look much like an invalid. He is a cripple, who could only go about on his knees, and an attempt is being made to straighten his limbs. "Will it be successful?" The doctor points to a pleasant lad who is limping about on crutches. That lad was similarly afflicted, and is nearly cured—the limb will always be stiff, but he will be able to walk, which he could not do at all before.

There is less hope for that handsome boy with the large, soft, melancholy eyes. He has disease of the heart, and cannot lie down. What a blessed thing for him is this Lodging in Liliput, with plenty of pillows, and such rest and quiet!

"Now you must see Peter," says the doctor, and he calls the child by name, whereupon comes waddling out of another room a cheerful, happy-looking boy of about five. His arms, from the elbow downward, are in splints, padded and strapped. The unlucky child had put his hands and arms into scalding water, and his hands have become deformed and useless. His thumbs will never recover, but constant treatment and attention will do much for his hands. He takes a book that is offered to him, and turns over the pages with his imprisoned limbs very skilfully, and seems rather proud of the achievement. With all his cheerfulness and sturdiness he is about the most melancholy sight we have seen. The boy with disease of the heart is "going home"—to a home where sickness can weary him no longer. But Peter will grow up and go into the world and have to make his own living—with those poor maimed hands. If you or I were rich we would provide for poor Peter—as we are not, we can only hope that he will be fed like the young ravens.

But, on the whole, the impression produced by this Liliput Lodging is pleasant. It is pleasant to think of the sick little ones brought from all sorts of unhealthy nooks and corners to this wholesome big house, with its experienced doctors and its tender nurses, its good fare and plenteous toys. And it is pleasant to see that, except when actually suffering pain, the children look so happy and contented.

It was stated at the beginning of this paper that the little lodgers are taken in rent-free. Yes, because the English people, always ready to support a good institution, and always fond of the little folk, subscribe handsomely to keep the lodging open for them. Charity can aid in many ways: there is one little bed in the girls' ward which is kept up by a fond mother in memory of a little Alice, whose name inscribed on the head of the bed seems to watch over the tiny invalid in it—as the little angel Alice—so a poet would tell us, perhaps—does watch. But, my good reader, you can, if you like, help the good work too. Even though you cannot have a Liliput Lodger all of your own, you can have a share in a Liliput Lodger with other speculative Christians; and in these days of Joint Stock undertakings I don't think you could invest in a venture so certain to bring you a return. Such a company would not be a limited one, for the interest on your investment will be one of the riches you *will* take out of the world.

TOM HOOD.

SUMMER.

THEY may boast of the Spring time, when flowers are the fairest,
And birds sing by thousands on every green tree;
They may call it the loveliest, the greenest, the rarest;
But the Summer's the season that's dearest to me.
For the brightness of sunshine, the depth of the shadows,
The crystal of waters, the fulness of green,
And the rich flowery growth of the old pasture meadows,
In the glory of Summer can only be seen.

Oh, the joy of the greenwood! I love to be in it,
And list to the hum of the never-still bees;
And to hear the sweet voice of the old mother linnet,
Unto her young calling 'mong the leaves of the trees;

To see the red squirrel frisk hither and thither,
  And the water-rat plunging about in his mirth,
And the thousand small lives, that the warm summer weather
  Calls forth to rejoice on the bountiful earth.

Then the mountains, how fair! to the blue vault of heaven
  Towering up in the sunshine, and drinking the light,
While adown their deep chasm, all splinter'd and riven,
  Fall the far-gleaming cataracts silvery white.

And where are the flowers that in beauty are glowing
  In the gardens and fields of the young merry Spring,
Like the mountain-side wilds of the yellow brown blowing,
  And the old forest pride, the red wastes of the ling?

Then the garden, no longer 'tis leafless and chilly,
  But warm with the sunshine, and bright with the sheen
Of rich flowers, the moss-rose and the bright tiger-lily,
  Barbaric in pomp as an Ethiop queen.

Oh, the beautiful flowers, all colours combining,
  The larkspur, the pink, and the sweet mignonette,
And the blue fleur-de-lis, in the warm sunlight shining,
  As if grains of gold in its petals were set.

Yes, the Summer, the radiant Summer's the fairest,
  For greenwoods and mountains, for meadows and bowers,
For waters and fruits, and for blossoms the rarest,
  And for bright shining butterflies, lovely as flowers.

MARY HOWITT.

HEALTH OF HOUSES.

THERE are five essential points in securing the health of houses —(1) *pure air*: (2) *pure water*; (3) *efficient drainage*; (4) *cleanliness*; (5) *light*. Without these no house can be healthy. And it will be unhealthy just in proportion as they are not.

AIR.

(1). To have pure air, your house must be so built as that the outer air shall find its way with ease to every corner of it. House builders hardly ever consider this. The object in building a house is to obtain the largest interest for the money, not to save doctors' bills to the tenants. But, if tenants should ever become

so wise as to refuse to occupy unhealthily-built houses, builders would speedily be brought to their senses. As it is, they build what pays best. And there are always people foolish enough to take the houses they build. And if in the course of time the families die off, as is so often the case, nobody ever thinks of blaming any but Providence for the result. Ill-informed people help to keep up the delusion, by laying the blame on "current contagions." Bad houses do for the healthy what bad hospitals do for the sick. Once insure that the air in a house is stagnant, and sickness is certain to follow.

No one thinks how much disease might be prevented, even in the country, by simply attending to providing the cottages with fresh air.

I know whole districts in the South of England where, even when the windows are sashed, the sashes are never made to open at the top.

I know whole districts in the North of England where, even in quite new cottages, the bedroom windows are not made to open at all, excepting a single pane, generally placed low down in the window. Now if this open pane were in the upper row of the upper sash, it would be all very well. Very tolerable ventilation is procured by this means. But if it is in the lower row, it is all very bad. It does nothing but produce a draught setting inwards, actually driving the foul air upon the inmates, and not letting it out at all.

Only satisfy yourself of all these things by experiment for yourself.

What happens in a cottage ? The rooms are always small, and generally crowded. One or two rooms have to serve for all household purposes. And the air in them, especially at night, is stagnant and foul. Almost always there are closets or corners without either light or air, which make the whole house musty. And the house has itself hardly ever sufficient light.

Now, it is quite impossible to lay down a general rule without knowing the particular case.

It is for the father of the family to decide.

Sometimes an additional pane of glass, made to open and shut, and put into the wall where it is wanted, will make a cottage sweet which always was musty.

Sometimes a skylight, made to open, will make an attic wholesome which never was habitable before.

Every careful woman will spread out the bedding daily to the light and air.

No window is safe, as has often here been said, which does not open at the top, or where at least a pane in the upper row of the upper sash does not open.

In small crowded rooms, I again repeat, the foul air is all above the chimney-breast, and is therefore quite ready to be breathed by the people sitting in the room or in bed. This air requires to be let off; and the simplest way of doing it is one of these, viz. :—

1. An Arnott's ventilator in the chimney close to the ceiling.
2. An air-brick in the wall at the ceiling.
3. A pane of perforated glass in a passage or stair-window.

The large old fire-place, under which three or four people can sit—still to be seen in cottages of the South of England, and in old manor-houses—is an immense benefit to the air of the room. Pity it has disappeared in all new buildings!

But never stop up your chimney. Of whatever size it is, it is a good ventilator.

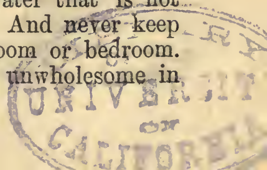
And during almost every night of the year, pull your window an inch down *at the top*. Remember, AT THE TOP.

To clergymen, district visitors, and landlords may be said, "Help the people to carry out these improvements. They are often more willing to do so than you are to help. You will thus do infinitely more good than by supporting hospitals and dispensaries for them when they are ill of *foul air*. Why not prevent the illness which comes of foul air?"

The main objection of working-people to fresh air, is the cold. Warm the air introduced into cottage-rooms by passing it through some fire-clay contrivance behind the grate, and heated by the fire,—the air to be admitted to the heating cavity direct from the outside, and entering the room above the chimney-piece. You can economise half the fuel by some of the new cottage-grates.

WATER.

(2). Pure water is more general in houses than it used to be, thanks to the exertions of a few. Within the last few years, a large part of London was in the daily habit of using water polluted by the drainage of its sewers and water-closets. This has happily been remedied. But, in many parts of the country, well-water of a very impure kind is used for domestic purposes. And when epidemic disease shows itself, persons using such water are almost sure to suffer. Never use water that is not perfectly colourless and without taste or smell. And never keep water in an open tub or pail in a sitting-room or bedroom. Water absorbs foul air, and becomes foul and unwholesome in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consequence, and it damps the air in the room, making it also unwholesome.

DRAINAGE.

(3). It would be curious to ascertain by inspection, how many houses said to be drained are really well drained. Many people would say, surely all, or most of them. But many people have no idea in what good drainage consists. They think that a sewer in the street, and a pipe leading to it from the house, is good drainage. All the while the sewer may be nothing but a place from which sickness and ill-health are being poured into the house. No house with any untrapped, unventilated drain-pipe communicating immediately with an unventilated sewer, whether it be from water-closet, sink, or gully-grate, can ever be healthy. An untrapped sink may at any time spread fevers and other diseases among the inmates of a palace.

Country cottages suffer from bad drainage quite as much as, if not more than, town houses. The best that can be said about their floors is, that they are on the level of the ground, instead of being a foot *or more* above it, as they ought to be, with the air playing freely below the boards. Most frequently, however, the floors are not boarded, but are merely made of earth or of porous brick, which absorbs a large quantity of the moisture, and keeps damp cold air always about the feet. Perhaps most frequently of all, the floor has been worn away several inches below the level of the ground, and of course after every wet day the floor is wet and sloppy. One would think this bad enough, but it is not the worst. Sometimes a dunghill or a pig-sty is kept so close to the door, that the foul water from it, after rain, may be seen flowing over the house floor.

It frequently happens, when cottages are built on hill-sides, that the cottage wall is built against the damp earth, instead of being separated from it, and the water from the hill keeps both walls and floors constantly damp. There are whole villages in which one or more, or even all of these defects, exist, and the natural result is fever, scarlet fever, measles, rheumatism, &c.

People are astonished that they are not healthy in the country, as if living in the country would save them from attending to any of the laws of health more than living in a town.

Now, then, here is a whole field for activity—for saving human life and health. Is there nobody in the parish who would take such matters up, and go from house to house to examine into them? A little common sense, a little labour, which in nine cases

out of ten could be found by the people themselves, a few shillings of expense at the outside, and no costly machinery of any kind, would put the whole thing to rights, and save health, life, and poor-rates.

Did you ever observe that there were certain groups of houses over which the first fog settled sooner than over others? The fog is nature's way of showing that the houses and their neighbourhood are saturated with moisture from the neglects above specified. These fogs also point out where the fever or cholera will come.

To remedy this state of things, the ground requires to be drained or trenched, the earth cut away, the floors raised above the level of the ground, and dunghills and pig-sties removed as far as possible from the houses. These things can always be placed in such a way as that the natural drainage removes all that is offensive about them, at least away from the house.

Another not uncommon cause of sickness among village people is a puddle of foul water or an offensive ditch. The former can always be filled up with earth, or drained away by a little spade labour. As regards the latter, there is nothing in which more good could be done than by laying a drain-pipe in the bottom of the ditch, and filling the earth in over it to a sufficient distance on either side the houses.

People often put up with nuisances from dunghills and pig-sties, on account of the value of the matter itself. Value there is, certainly. But the question is, whether the nuisance is necessary; and whether, in preventing nuisance, money would not be saved?

"All foul smell indicates disease, and loss of money," says Mr. Chadwick. "Never live in a house which smells. Either don't take it, or examine where the smell comes from, and put a stop to it; but never think of living in it until there is no smell. A house which smells is a hot-bed of disease."

"But though those smells always indicate danger," says the same authority, "it does not always follow that there is no danger when there is no smell. The danger is often greater when the smell which gives warning is gone. Therefore remove the thing itself, and not only the smell."

One of the most common causes of disease in towns is having privies and cesspools, ashpits or *middensteads*, close to the houses. There are great and rich cities and towns which justly pride themselves on their drainage, their water-supply, their paving, and surface cleansing, and yet have more death in their dwellings than

many towns where no such works have been carried out. In all these cases the domestic filth of the population is allowed to accumulate among the houses, in close courts, polluting the soil underneath, and the air within the houses, to such a degree that, in spite of the draining, water-supply, and paving, excellent as these may be, the people suffer from exactly double the sickness and death which ought to fall to their lot. There is no way of putting a stop to this terrible loss of life, except by putting an end to these privies and cesspits, and bringing in drainage and water-closets, as has been done in many of the very worst districts of London, and throughout the whole of the dwelling-houses of improved towns.

An attempt is often made to shield these neglects under the plea that "so much has been done already." But the ready reply is "these things ought you to have done, and not to have left the others undone."

As regards country cottages, if a safe outlet for the sewage can be obtained, cottages can be very cheaply drained. The pipes required will cost about a shilling per lineal yard, and a soil-pan can be put up for ten shillings additional, more or less.

The worst class of nuisances are certainly those I have referred to, in which the local authorities, who ought to be the uncompromising protectors of the health of the poor, attempt to palliate their own deficiencies. But there is another class in which people injure each other, by committing nuisance, or keeping their premises in a filthy condition. In the present state of the law, this can be avoided by bringing reasonable complaint before the authorities, who will see the law enforced. It often happens, however, that the poor are too ill-informed, or too apathetic, to take any such step; and it is at this point that they can often be most efficiently assisted by the clergyman or district visitor, in whom a knowledge of the law, as it bears on the health of the parishioners, would often be the means of saving sickness, as well as "parish rates." Unhealthy houses, those whose inmates suffer most from sickness and mortality, are well known to parish doctors, officers of health, and to other medical practitioners. The simple question, "Show us the houses which yield the largest amount of fever or other epidemic disease?" addressed to any of these officers, will enable the finger to be laid at once on the plague-spots of the parish, and show where the poor require help or advice, or both, in having their houses drained, cleansed, lime-washed, or ventilated.

Among the more common causes of ill-health in cottages is

overcrowding. There is, perhaps, only a single room for a whole family, and not more than 150 or 200 cubic feet for every inmate. Nothing can make such a room healthy. Ventilation would improve it, but still it would be unhealthy. The only way to meet this overcrowded state of cottages is by adding rooms, or by building more cottages on a better model.

The ordinary oblong sink is an abomination. That great surface of stone, which is always left wet, is always exhaling into the air. I have known whole houses and hospitals smell of the sink. I have met just as strong a stream of sewer air coming up the back staircase of a grand London house from the sink, as I have met at Scutari ; and I have seen the rooms in that house all ventilated by the open doors, and the passages all *un*ventilated by the closed windows, in order that as much of the sewer air as possible might be conducted into and retained in the bedrooms. It is wonderful !

Another great evil in house construction is carrying drains underneath the house. Such drains are never safe. All house drains should begin and end outside the walls. Many people will readily say, how important are these things. But how few are there who trace disease in their households to such causes ! Is it not a fact, that when scarlet fever, measles, or small-pox appear among the children, the very first thought which occurs is "where" the children can have "caught" the disease ? And the parents immediately run over in their minds all the families with whom they may have been. They never think of looking at home for the source of the mischief. If a neighbour's child is seized with small-pox, the first question which occurs is, whether it had been vaccinated. No one would undervalue vaccination ; but it becomes of doubtful benefit when it leads people to look abroad for the sources of evils which exist at home.

CLEANLINESS AND LIGHT.

(4). Without cleanliness, within and without your house, ventilation is comparatively useless. In certain foul districts poor people used to object to open their windows and doors because of the foul smells that came in. Rich people like to have their stables and dunghill near their houses. But does it ever occur to them that, with many arrangements of this kind, it would be safer to keep the windows shut than open ? You cannot have the air of the house pure with dungheaps under the windows These are common everywhere. And yet people are surprised. that their children, brought up in "country air," suffer from

children's diseases. If they studied Nature's laws in the matter of children's health, they would not be so surprised.

There are other ways of having filth inside a house besides having dirt in heaps. Old papered walls of years' standing, dirty carpets, dirty walls and ceilings, uncleaned furniture, pollute the air just as much as if there were a dungheap in the basement. People are so unaccustomed to consider how to make a home healthy, that they either never think of it at all, and take every disease as a matter of course, to be "resigned to," when it comes, "as from the hand of Providence;" or, if they ever entertain the idea of preserving the health of their household as a duty, they are very apt to commit all kinds of "negligences and ignorances" in performing it.

Even in the poorest houses, washing the walls and ceilings with quick-lime wash twice a year would prevent more disease than you wot of.

(5). A dark house is always an unhealthy house, always an ill-aired house, always a dirty house. Want of light stops growth, and promotes scrofula, rickets, &c., &c., among the children.

People lose their health in a dark house, and if they get ill, they cannot get well again in it.

Three out of many "negligences and ignorances" in managing the health of houses generally, I will here mention as specimens —1. That the mistress of any building, large or small, does not think it necessary to visit every hole and corner of it every day. How can she expect others to be more careful to maintain her house in a healthy condition than she who is in charge of it?—2. That it is not considered essential to air, to sun, and to clean every room, whether inhabited or not; which is simply laying the ground ready for all kinds of diseases.—3. That the window is considered enough to air a room. Have you never observed that any room without a fire-place is always close? And, if you have a fire-place, would you cram it up not only with a chimney-board, but perhaps with a great wisp of brown paper, in the throat of the chimney—to prevent the soot from coming down, you say? If your chimney is foul, sweep it; but don't expect that you can ever air a room with only one opening: don't suppose that to shut up a room is the way to keep it clean. It is the best way to foul the room, and all that is in it.

And now, you think these things trifles, or at least exaggerated. But what you "think," or what I "think," matters little. Let us see what God thinks of them. God always justifies His ways. While we are "thinking," He has been teaching. I have

known cases of sickness quite as severe in private houses as in any of the worst towns, and from the same cause, viz., foul air. Yet nobody learnt the lesson. Nobody learnt *anything* at all from it. They went on *thinking*—thinking that the sufferer had scratched his thumb, or that it was singular that everybody should have "whitlows," or that something was "much about this year; there is always sickness in our house." This is a favourite mode of thought—leading *not* to inquire what is the uniform cause of these general "whitlows," but to stifle all inquiry. In what sense is "sickness" being "always there" a justification of its being "there" at all?

What was the cause of sickness being in that nice private house? It was, that the sewer air from an ill-placed sink was carefully conducted into all the rooms by sedulously opening all the doors, and closing all the passage windows. It was that the slops were emptied into the footpans;—it was that the utensils were never properly rinsed;—it was that the chamber crockery was rinsed with dirty water;—it was that the beds were never properly shaken, aired, picked to pieces, or changed;—it was that the carpets and curtains were always musty;—it was that the furniture was always dusty;—it was that the paper walls were saturated with dirt;—it was that the floors were never cleaned;—it was that the empty rooms were never sunned, or cleaned, or aired;—it was that the cupboards were always reservoirs of foul air;—it was that the windows were always fast shut up at night;—it was that no window was ever regularly opened, even in the day, or that the right window was not opened. A person gasping for air might open a window for himself. But the people were not taught to open the windows, to shut the doors; or they opened the windows upon a dank well between high walls, not upon the airier court; or they opened the room doors into the unaired passages, by way of airing the rooms. Now all this is not fancy, but fact. In that house there have been in one summer six cases of serious illness: all the *immediate* products of foul air. When, in temperate climates, a house is more unhealthy in summer than in winter, it is a certain sign of something wrong. Yet nobody learns the lesson. Yes, God always justifies His ways. He is teaching while you are not learning. This poor body loses his finger, that one loses his life. And all from the most easily preventible causes.

God lays down certain physical laws. Upon His carrying out such laws depends our responsibility (that much abused word), for how could we have any responsibility for actions, the results of

which we could not foresee—which would be the case if the carrying out of His laws were *not* certain. Yet we seem to be continually expecting that He will work a miracle—*i. e.*, break His own laws expressly to relieve us of responsibility.

"With God's blessing he will recover," is a common form of parlance. But "with God's blessing" also, it is, if he does *not* recover; and "with God's blessing" that he fell ill; and "with God's blessing" that he dies, if he does die. In other words, *all* these things happen by God's laws, which *are* His blessings, that is, which are all to contribute to teach us the way to our best happiness. Cholera is just as much His "blessing" as the exemption from it. It is to teach us how to obey His laws. "With God's blessing he will recover," is a common form of speech with people who, all the while, are neglecting the means on which God has made health or recovery to depend.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

CHRISTMAS.

NOTHING in England exercises a more delightful spell over my imagination than the lingerings of the holiday customs and rural games of former times. They recall the pictures my fancy used to draw in the May morning of life, when as yet I only knew the world through books, and believed it to be all that poets had painted it; and they bring with them the flavour of those honest days of yore, in which, perhaps, with equal fallacy, I am apt to think the world was more homebred, social, and joyous than at present. I regret to say that they are daily growing more and more faint, being gradually worn away by time, but still more obliterated by modern fashion. They resemble those picturesque morsels of Gothic architecture which we see crumbling in various parts of the country, partly dilapidated by the waste of ages, and partly lost in the additions and alterations of latter days. Poetry, however, clings with cherishing fondness about the rural game and holiday revel, from which it has derived so many of its themes—as the ivy winds its rich foliage about the Gothic arch and mouldering tower, gratefully repaying their support by clasping together their tottering remains, and, as it were, embalming them in verdure.

Of all the old festivals, however, that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations. There is a tone of

solemn and sacred feeling that blends with our conviviality, and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed and elevated enjoyment. The services of the Church about this season are extremely tender and inspiring. They dwell on the beautiful story of the origin of our faith, and the pastoral scenes that accompanied its announcement. They gradually increase in fervour and pathos during the season of Advent, until they break forth in full jubilee on the morning that brought peace and good-will to men. I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feelings, than to hear the full choir and the pealing organ performing a Christmas anthem in a cathedral, and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony.

It is a beautiful arrangement, also, derived from days of yore that this festival, which commemorates the announcement of the religion of Peace and Love, has been made the season for gathering together of family connections, and drawing closer again those bands of kindred hearts, which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose: of calling back the children of a family, who have launched forth in life, and wandered widely asunder, once more to assemble about the paternal hearth, that rallying-place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again among the endearing mementos of childhood.

There is something in the very season of the year that gives a charm to the festivity of Christmas. At other times we derive a great portion of our pleasures from the mere beauties of nature. Our feelings sally forth and dissipate themselves over the sunny landscape, and we "live abroad and everywhere." The song of the bird, the murmur of the stream, the breathing fragrance of spring, the soft voluptuousness of summer, the golden pomp of autumn—earth with its mantle of refreshing green, and heaven with its deep delicious blue and its cloudy magnificence, all fill us with mute but exquisite delight, and we revel in the luxury of mere sensation. But in the depth of winter, when nature lies despoiled of every charm, and wrapped in her shroud of sheeted snow, we turn for our gratifications to moral sources. The dreariness and desolation of the landscape, the short gloomy days and darksome nights, while they circumscribe our wanderings, shut in our feelings also from rambling abroad, and make us more keenly disposed for the pleasure of the social circle. Our thoughts are more concentrated: our friendly sympathies more aroused. We feel more sensibly the charm of each other's society, and are brought more closely together by dependence on each other for enjoyment. Heart

calleth unto heart; and we draw our pleasures from the deep wells of loving-kindness, which lie in the quiet recesses of our bosoms; and which, when resorted to, furnish forth the pure element of domestic felicity.

The pitchy gloom without makes the heart dilate on entering the room filled with the glow and warmth of the evening fire. The ruddy blaze diffuses an artificial summer and sunshine through the room, and lights up each countenance in a kindlier welcome. Where does the honest face of hospitality expand into a broader and more cordial smile—where is the shy glance of love more sweetly eloquent—than by the winter fireside? and as the hollow blast of wintry wind rushes through the hall, claps the distant door, whistles about the casement, and rumbles down the chimney, what can be more grateful than that feeling of sober and sheltered security, with which we look round upon the comfortable chamber and the scene of domestic hilarity?

The English, from the great prevalence of rural habit throughout every class of society, have always been fond of those festivals and holidays which agreeably interrupt the stillness of country life; and they were, in former days, particularly observant of the religious and social rites of Christmas. It is inspiring to read even the dry details which some antiquaries have given of the quaint humours, the burlesque pageants, the complete abandonment to mirth and good-fellowship, with which this festival was celebrated. It seemed to throw open every door, and unlock every heart. It brought the peasant and the peer together, and blended all ranks in one warm generous flow of joy and kindness. The old halls of castles and manor-houses resounded with the harp and the Christmas carol, and their ample boards groaned under the weight of hospitality. Even the poorest cottage welcomed the festive season with green decorations of bay and holly—the cheerful fire glanced its rays through the lattice, inviting the passengers to raise the latch, and join the gossip knot huddled round the hearth, beguiling the long evening with legendary jokes and oft-told Christmas tales.

One of the least pleasing effects of modern refinement is the havoc it has made among the hearty old holiday customs. It has completely taken off the sharp touchings and spirited reliefs of these embellishments of life, and has worn down society into a more smooth and polished, but certainly a less characteristic surface. Many of the games and ceremonials of Christmas have entirely disappeared. They flourished in times full of spirit and lustihood, when men enjoyed life roughly, but heartily and

vigorously; times wild and picturesque, which have furnished poetry with its richest materials, and the drama with its most attractive variety of characters and manners. The world has become more worldly. There is more of dissipation, and less of enjoyment. Pleasure has expanded into a broader, but a shallower stream; and has forsaken many of those deep and quiet channels where it flowed sweetly through the calm bosom of domestic life. Society has acquired a more enlightened and elegant tone; but it has lost many of its strong local peculiarities, its home-bred feelings, its honest fireside delights. The traditionary customs of golden-hearted antiquity, its feudal hospitalities, and lordly wassailings, have passed away with the baronial castles and stately manor-houses in which they were celebrated. They comported with the shadowy hall, the great oaken gallery, and the tapestried parlour, but are unfitted to the light showy saloons and gay drawing-rooms of the modern villa.

Shorn, however, as it is, of its ancient and festive honours, Christmas is still a period of delighted excitement in England. It is gratifying to see that home feeling completely aroused which holds so powerful a place in every English bosom. The preparations making on every side for the social board that is again to unite friends and kindred; the presents of good cheer passing and repassing, those tokens of regard and quickeners of kind feelings; the evergreens distributed about houses and churches, emblems of peace and gladness; all these have the most pleasing effect in producing fond associations, and kindling benevolent sympathies. Even the sound of the waits, rude as may be their minstrelsy, breaks upon the mid-watches of a winter night with the effect of perfect harmony. As I have been awakened by them in that still and solemn hour "when deep sleep falleth upon man," I have listened with a hushed delight, and, connecting them with the sacred and joyous occasion, have almost fancied them into another celestial choir, announcing peace and good-will to mankind.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE STAGE COACH.

In the course of a December tour in Yorkshire, I rode for a long distance in one of the public coaches, on the day preceding Christmas. The coach was crowded, both inside and out, with passengers, who, by their talk, seemed principally bound to the mansions of relations or friends, to eat the Christmas dinner. It

was loaded also with hampers of game, and baskets and boxes of delicacies; and hares hung dangling their long ears about the coachman's box, presents from distant friends for the impending feast. I had three fine rosy-cheeked school-boys for my fellow-passengers inside, full of the buxom health and manly spirit which I have observed in the children of this country. They were returning home for the holidays in high glee, and promising themselves a world of enjoyment. It was delightful to hear the gigantic plans of the little rogues, and the impracticable feats they were to perform during their six weeks' emancipation from book, birch, and pedagogue. They were full of anticipations of the meeting with the family and household, down to the very cat and dog; and of the joy they were to give their little sisters by presents with which their pockets were crammed; but the meeting to which they seemed to look forward with the greatest impatience was with Bantam, which I found to be a pony, and, according to their talk, possessed of more virtues than any steed since the days of Bucephalus. How he could trot! how he could run! and then such leaps as he would take—there was not a hedge in the whole country that he could not clear.

They were under the particular guardianship of the coachman, to whom, whenever an opportunity presented, they addressed a host of questions, and pronounced him one of the best fellows in the world. Indeed, I could not but notice the more than ordinary air of bustle and importance of the coachman, who wore his hat a little on one side, and had a large bunch of Christmas greens stuck in the buttonhole of his coat. He is always a person full of mighty care and business, but he is particularly so during this season, having so many commissions to execute in consequence of the interchange of presents. And here, perhaps, it may not be unacceptable to my untravelled readers, to have a sketch that may serve as a general representation of this very numerous and important class of functionaries, who have a dress, a manner, a language, an air, peculiar to themselves, and prevalent throughout the fraternity; so that, wherever an English stage coachman may be seen, he cannot be mistaken for one of any other craft or mystery.

He has commonly a broad, full face, curiously mottled with red, as if the blood had been forced by hard feeding into every vessel of the skin; he is swelled into jolly dimensions by frequent potations of malt liquors, and his bulk is still further increased by a multiplicity of coats, in which he is buried like a cauliflower, the upper one reaching to his heels. He wears a broad-brimmed,

low-crowned hat; a large roll of coloured handkerchief about his neck, knowingly knotted and tucked in at the bosom: and has in summer time a large bouquet of flowers in his buttonhole; the present, most probably, of some enamoured country lass. His waistcoat is probably of some bright colour, striped, and his smallclothes extend far below the knees, to meet a pair of jockey boots which reach about half way up his legs.

All this costume is maintained with much precision; he has a pride in having his clothes of excellent materials; and, notwithstanding the seeming grossness of his appearance, there is still discernible that neatness and propriety of person which is almost inherent in an Englishman. He enjoys great consequence and consideration along the road; has frequent conferences with the village housewives, who look upon him as a man of great trust and dependence; and he seems to have a good understanding with every bright-eyed country lass. The moment he arrives where the horses are to be changed, he throws down the reins with something of an air, and abandons the cattle to the care of an ostler; his duty being merely to drive from one stage to another. When off the box, his hands are thrust into the pockets of his great coat, and he rolls about the inn-yard with an air of the most absolute lordliness. He is generally surrounded by an admiring throng of ostlers, stable-boys, shoeblacks, and those nameless hangers-on that infest inns and taverns and run errands, and do all kinds of odd jobs, for the privilege of battening on the drippings of the kitchen and the leakage of the taproom. These all look up to him as to an oracle; treasure up his cant phrases; echo his opinions about horses, and other topics of jockey lore; and, above all, endeavour to imitate his air and carriage. Every ragamuffin that has a coat to his back thrusts his hands in the pockets, rolls in gait, talks slang, and is an embryo Coachey.

Perhaps it might be owing to the pleasing serenity that reigned in my own mind that I fancied I saw cheerfulness in every countenance throughout the journey. A stage coach, however, carries animation always with it, and puts the world in motion as it whirls along. The horn, sounded at the entrance of a village, produces a general bustle. Some hasten forth to meet friends, some with bundles and bandboxes to secure places, and in the hurry of the moment can hardly take leave of the group that accompanies them. In the meantime the coachman has a world of small commissions to execute. Sometimes he delivers a hare or a pheasant; sometimes jerks a small parcel or newspaper to the door of a public-house; and sometimes, with knowing leer and

words of sly import, hands to some half-blushing, half-laughing housemaid, an odd-shaped billet-doux from some rustic admirer. As the coach rattles through the village, every one runs to the window, and you have glances on every side of fresh country faces and blooming girls. At the corners are assembled juntos of village idlers and wise men, who take their stations there for the purpose of seeing company pass; but the sagest knot is generally at the blacksmith's, to whom the passing of the coach is an event fruitful of much speculation. The smith, with the horse's heel in his lap, pauses as the vehicle whirls by; the cyclops round the anvil suspend their ringing hammers, and suffer the iron to grow cool; and the sooty spectre in brown-paper cap, labouring at the bellows, leans on the handle for a moment, and permits the asthmatic engine to heave a long-drawn sigh, while he glares through the murky smoke and sulphurous gleams of the smithy.

Perhaps the impending holiday might have given a more than usual animation to the country, for it seemed to me as if everybody was in good looks and good spirits. Game, poultry, and other luxuries of the table, were in brisk circulation in the village; the grocers', butchers', and fruiterers' shops were thronged with customers. The housewives were stirring briskly about, putting their dwellings in order; and the glossy branches of holly, with their bright red berries, began to appear at the windows. The scene brought to mind an old writer's account of Christmas preparations:—"Now capons and hens, besides turkeys, geese, and ducks, with beef and mutton—must all die—for in twelve days a multitude of people will not be fed with a little. Now plums and spice, sugar and honey, square it among pies and broth. Now or never must music be in tune, for the youth must dance and sing to get them a heat, while the aged sit by the fire. The country maid leaves half her market, and must be sent again, if she forgets a pack of cards on Christmas eve. Great is the contention of holly and ivy, whether master or dame wears the breeches. Dice and cards benefit the butler; and if the cook do not lack wit, he will sweetly lick his fingers."

I was roused from this fit of luxurious meditation by a shout from my little travelling companions. They had been looking out of the coach windows for the last few miles, recognising every tree and cottage as they approached home, and now there was a general burst of joy—"There's John! and there's old Carlo! and there's Bantam!" cried the happy little rogues, clapping their hands.

At the end of the lane there was an old sober-looking servant

CALIFORNIA

in livery, waiting for them; he was accompanied by a superannuated pointer, and by the redoubtable Bantam, a little old rat of a pony, with a shaggy mane and old rusty tail, who stood dozing quietly by the road-side, little dreaming of the bustling times that awaited him.

I was pleased to see the fondness with which the little fellows leaped about the steady old footman, and hugged the pointer, who wriggled his whole body for joy. But Bantam was the great object of interest; all wanted to mount at once, and it was with some difficulty that John arranged that they should ride by turns, and the eldest should ride first.

Off they set at last; one on the pony, with the dog hounding and barking before him, and the other holding John's hands; both talking at once, and overpowering him with questions about home, and with school anecdotes. I looked after them with a feeling in which I do not know whether pleasure or melancholy predominated; for I was reminded of those days when, like them, I had neither known care nor sorrow, and a holiday was the summit of earthly felicity. We stopped a few moments afterwards to water the horses, and on resuming our route, a turn of the road brought us in sight of a neat country seat. I could just distinguish the forms of a lady and two young girls in the portico, and I saw my little comrades, with Bantam, Carlo, and old John, trooping along the carriage road. I leaned out of the coach window, in hopes of witnessing the happy meeting, but a grove of trees shut it from my sight.

In the evening we reached a village where I had determined to pass the night. As we drove into the great gateway of the inn, I saw on one side the light of a rousing kitchen fire beaming through a window. I entered, and admired, for the hundredth time, that picture of convenience, neatness, and broad, honest enjoyment, the kitchen of an English inn. It was of spacious dimensions, hung round with copper and tin vessels highly polished, and decorated here and there with a Christmas green. Hams, tongues, and flitches of bacon, were suspended from the ceiling; a smoke-jack made its ceaseless clanking beside the fireplace, and a clock ticked in one corner. A well-scoured deal table extended along one side of the kitchen, with a cold round of beef and other hearty viands upon it, over which two foaming tankards of ale seemed mounting guard. Travellers of inferior order were preparing to attack this stout repast, while others sat smoking and gossiping over their ale on two high-backed oaken settles beside the fire. Trim housemaids were

hurrying backwards and forwards under the directions of a fresh bustling landlady; but still seizing an occasional moment to exchange a flippant word, and have a rallying laugh with the group round the fire. The scene completely realized Poor Robin's humble idea of the comforts of midwinter:—

> "Now trees their leafy hats do bare
> To reverence Winter's silver hair,
> A handsome hostess, merry host,
> A pot of ale now and a toast,
> Tobacco and a good coal fire,
> Are things this season doth require."

I had not been long at the inn when a post-chaise drove up to the door. A young gentleman stepped out, and by the light of the lamps I caught a glimpse of a countenance which I thought I knew. I moved forward to get a nearer view, when his eye caught mine. I was not mistaken; it was Frank Bracebridge, a sprightly, good-humoured young fellow, with whom I had once travelled on the Continent. Our meeting was extremely cordial, for the countenance of an old fellow-traveller always brings up the recollection of a thousand pleasant scenes, odd adventures, and excellent jokes. To discuss all these in a transient interview at an inn was impossible; and finding that I was not pressed for time, and was merely making a tour of observation, he insisted that I should give him a day or two at his father's country seat, to which he was going to pass the holidays, and which lay a few miles distance. "It is better than eating a solitary Christmas dinner at an inn," said he, "and I can assure you of a hearty welcome in something of the old-fashioned style." His reasoning was cogent, and I must confess the preparation I had seen for universal festivity and social enjoyment had made me feel a little impatient of my loneliness. I closed, therefore, at once, with his invitation; the chaise drove up to the door, and in a few moments I was on my way to the family mansion of the Bracebridges.

INSTINCTIVE LOVE OF THEIR YOUNG IN THE BRUTE AND FEATHERED CREATION.

THE more I reflect on the instinctive affection of animals for their young, the more I am astonished at its effects. Nor is the violence of this affection more wonderful than the shortness of its

duration. Thus every hen is in her turn the terror of the yard in proportion to the helplessness of her brood; and will fly in the face of a dog or a cat in defence of those chickens which in a few weeks she will drive before her with relentless cruelty.

This affection quickens the invention and sharpens the sagacity of the brute creation. Thus, a hen just become a mother is no longer the placid bird she used to be; but with feathers on end, wings hovering, and clucking note, she runs about like one possessed. Mothers will throw themselves in the way of the greatest danger to defend their young. Thus a partridge will tumble along before a sportsman, in order to draw away the dogs from her helpless covey. In the time of nest-building the most feeble birds will assault the most rapacious. All the swallows and martins of a village are up in arms at the sight of a hawk, whom they will persecute till he leaves the district. A very exact observer has often remarked that a pair of ravens nesting in the rock of Gibraltar would suffer no vulture or eagle to rest near their station, but would drive them from the hill with amazing fury. If you stand near the nest of a bird that has young, she will not be induced to betray them by any inadvertent fondness, but will wait about at a distance, with meat in her mouth, for an hour together. The flycatcher builds every year in the vines that grow on the walls of my house. A pair of these little birds had one year inadvertently placed their nest on a crooked bough, perhaps in a shady time, not being aware of the inconvenience that followed; but a hot sunny season coming on before the brood was half fledged, the reflection from the wall became insupportable, and must inevitably have destroyed the tender young, had not affection suggested an expedient, and prompted the parent birds to hover over the nest all the hotter hours, while with wings expanded and mouths gaping for breath, they screened off the heat from their suffering offspring. A further instance I once saw of notable sagacity in a willow-wren, which had built in a bank in my fields. This bird a friend and myself had observed as she sat in her nest, but were particularly careful not to disturb her, though we saw she eyed us with some degree of jealousy. Some days after, as we passed that way, we were desirous of remarking how this brood went on; but no nest could be found, till I happened to take up a large bundle of green moss, carelessly thrown over the nest, in order to deceive the eye of any impertinent intruder.

WHITE'S "SELBORNE."

BAD MANAGEMENT.

"There are the beds to be made, and the breakfast-things to be washed, and the pudding and the potatoes to be boiled for dinner." A bad manager receives those directions from her mistress, and to work she goes, with bustle enough perhaps, as if she would accomplish it all long before dinner-time. She makes the beds, and comes down to wash the breakfast-things :—"Oh dear! oh dear! was ever anything so provoking? not a drop of water in the kettle, and the fire just out!" Then the sticks and the bellows go to work (by the way, I never knew any one but a bad manager who found it necessary often to use the bellows). At length the water boils, and the clock strikes :—"Why, what o'clock *is* that?—my pudding ought to be in, and it is not made, nor any water set on for it; well, I *must* use this, and do the tea-things afterwards." The pudding is made, and put in, half an hour later than it should be; then to work again, to heat water for the tea-things; it boils—but she *must* now put the potatoes on, or they will not be half done by dinner-time. The potatoes are put on, and the water poured out; but now the family are assembled for dinner, and the cloth *must* be laid; and the potatoes are all but raw, and the pudding but half boiled—and the water cold, and the tea-things not washed up—and the mistress displeased, and the house thrown into confusion. It never seems to occur to a bad manager that there are some things which, if once set agoing, go on by themselves. If she had but supplied the fire with coals, it would have drawn up—and set on the kettle, the water would have boiled for the tea-things while she made the beds; and the fire would have been at liberty for the pudding water to be set on, and all the mischief would have been prevented.

Cottage Comforts.

PEARLS.

The animal that produces pearls in the greatest abundance, of the purest nature, and of the highest value, was by Linnæus classed with the mussels, but some other naturalists have formed it into a distinct genus. In this country it is usually called the pearl oyster. It inhabits the Persian Gulf, the coasts of Ceylon,

the Sea of New Holland, the Gulf of Mexico, and the coasts of Japan. It attains perfection nowhere but in the equatorial seas, but the pearl fishery in the island of Ceylon is the most celebrated and productive ; it is on the west coast, off the Bay of Condatchy, where the country is very sandy and nearly without inhabitants ; but during the fishing season a populous town, with many streets a mile long, appears to have suddenly started up. The oyster beds or banks extend over a space of thirty miles long by twenty-four broad. The twentieth of February is generally the day of rendezvous for the fishermen. The fishery is commonly rented by a single individual, who is allowed to employ 150 boats for thirty days : there are about 6,000 boatmen and attendants. The oysters vary in their qualities, according to the nature of the ground to which they are attached ; and also in the number, by the action of the tides, and other circumstances : those at the greatest depth produce the largest pearls, which are situated in the fleshy part of the oyster, near the hinge. Pearl consists of concentric coats of the same substance as that which forms the mother-of-pearl of the shell ; they are produced by the extravasation of a lapidifying fluid, secreted in the organs of the animal, and filtered by its glands. For one pearl that is found perfectly round and detached, hundreds of irregular ones occur attached to the mother-of-pearl, like so many warts : they are sometimes so numerous that the animal cannot shut its shell, and so perishes. The pearl is a formation forced upon the animal by some annoying substance in its shell, which it covers with mother-of-pearl, as the bees do intrusive wasps with wax, to fix it or hinder it from affecting them by putridity, &c.

The diving tackle consists of a large stone suspended by a rope, with a strong loop above the stone to receive one foot of the diver, and having also a slip-knot and a basket, formed of a hoop and network, which receives the other foot. When the fisherman has fixed himself in this tackle, and is duly prepared, he holds his nostrils with one hand, and pulling the running-knot with the other, instantly descends. When he reaches the bottom, he disengages his foot from the stone, which is immediately drawn up, to be ready for the next diver. He at the bottom throws himself on his face, and collects everything he can lay hold of into the basket : when ready to ascend he jerks the rope, and is speedily hauled up, and working himself up the rope, he arrives at the surface sooner than the laden basket. A minute and a half, or two minutes, are the utmost any diver remains under water. The shark-charmers form a necessary part of the company : by their

incantations they are supposed to possess the power of preventing these voracious fishes from attacking the divers, and the fishers will not descend without their attendance. When the bed is rich, the diver often collects one hundred and fifty oysters at one dip, but sometimes not more than five. It is said that a single diver will, in one day, often bring up from one thousand to four thousand oysters.

The pearls obtained from other shell-fish vary in colour; those from the wing-shell are brown, and those from the fresh-water mussels greenish; but sometimes they are yellow, pink, bluish, and some are even black: these last are very rare and dear.

KIRBY, BRIDGEWATER TREATISE.

PROGNOSTICS OF THE WEATHER.

RED clouds in the west, at sunset, especially when they have a tint of purple, portend fine weather; the reason of which is, that the air, when dry, refracts more red or heat-making rays; and as dry air is not perfectly transparent, they are again reflected in the horizon. A coppery or yellow sunset generally foretells rain; but as an indication of wet weather approaching, nothing is more certain than the halo around the moon, which is produced by the precipitated water; and the larger the circle, the nearer the clouds, and consequently the more ready to fall. The old proverb is often correct,—

"A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning;
A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight."

A rainbow can only occur when the clouds containing the rain are opposite the sun. In the evening the rainbow is in the east, and in the morning in the west; and as our heavy rains in this climate are usually brought by the westerly wind, a rainbow in the west indicates that the bad weather is on the road to us; whereas the rainbow in the east proves that the rain in these clouds is passing from us.

When the swallows fly high, fine weather may be expected or continued; but when they fly low and close to the ground rain is almost surely approaching. This is explained as follows:—Swallows pursue the flies and gnats, and flies and gnats usually delight in warm strata of air; and as warm air is lighter, and usually moister, than cold air, when the warm strata of our air are high, there is less chance of moisture being thrown down from

them by the mixture with cold air ; but when the warm and moist air is close to the surface, it is almost certain that, as the cold air flows down into it, a deposition of water will take place. When sea-gulls assemble on the land, stormy and rainy weather is almost always approaching ; the reason of which might be thought to be, that these animals, sensible of a current of air approaching from the ocean, retire to the land to shelter themselves from the storm. This is not the case, however. The storm is their element ; and the little petrel enjoys the heaviest gale, because, living on the smaller sea insects, he is sure to find his food in the spray of a heavy wave, and he may be seen flitting above the edge of the highest surge.

The reason of this migration of gulls and other sea-birds to the land is their security of finding food ; and they may be observed at this time feeding greedily on the earthworms driven out of the ground by severe floods ; and the fish on which they prey in fine weather on the sea leave the surface and go deeper in storms. The search after food is the principal cause why animals change their places. The different tribes of the wading birds always migrate when rain is about to take place. The vulture, upon the same principle, follows armies ; and there is no doubt that the augury of the ancients was a good deal founded upon the observation of the instinct of birds. There are many superstitions of the vulgar owing to the same source. For anglers, in spring, it is always unlucky to see single magpies, but two may be always regarded as a favourable omen ; and the reason is, that in cold and stormy weather one magpie alone leaves the nest in search of food, the other remaining sitting upon the eggs or the young ones ; but if two go out together, it is only when the weather is warm and mild, and favourable for fishing.

Sir H. Davy.

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

The greenhouse is my summer seat;
My shrubs, displaced from that retreat,
Enjoyed the open air ;
Two goldfinches, whose sprightly song
Had been their mutual solace long,
Lived happy prisoners there.

They sang as blithe as finches sing,
That flutter loose on golden wing,
And frolic where they list;
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,
But that delight they never knew,
And therefore never missed.

But nature works in every breast;
Instinct is never quite suppressed;
And Dick felt some desires,
Which after many an effort vain
Instructed him at length to gain
A pass between his wires.

The opened window seemed t' invite
The freeman to a farewell flight;
But Tom was still confined;
And Dick, although his way was clear,
Was much too gen'rous and sincere
To leave his friend behind.

For settling on his grated roof,
He chirped and kissed him, giving proof
That he desired no more;
Nor would forsake his cage at last,
Till gently seized, I shut him fast,
A pris'ner as before.

O ye who never knew the joys
Of friendship, satisfied with noise,
Fandango, ball, and rout!
Blush, when I tell you how a bird
A prison with a friend preferred
To liberty without.

COWPER.

THE LIFE-BOAT TO THE RESCUE.

We are at Ramsgate; the wind has been high all day, and, as the afternoon wears on, it has grown into a regular gale. Yonder, out at sea, is the *Gull* light-ship, anchored there as a warning to incoming vessels of the dangerous sands hard by, and as a post of observation from which vessels in danger may be discovered and help signalled for from the shore. With this weather there

is every prospect of work enough for us to do before very long. Ah, see! there is a puff of smoke from the *Gull*, it is a signal that we are wanted. The steam-tug *Aid*, which is to help us out to the wreck, and lie near us to receive those we rescue, is quite ready. Quick, then, in with you; are you all seated? That's right; off we go, with a rush we are in the water and hard at work directly,—no chance of idleness in such a sea as this!

Here we go; the cable which fastens us to the *Aid* is strong and sure, and although the waves fill the boat every half-minute, they can't swamp us, and we are accustomed to salt water; how the wind blows, though, and what leaps we take! Hold fast, or some jerk may put you outside instead of in, and your chance in that case of being picked up again won't be worth very much. At last we reach the *Gull*. A schooner has been seen in distress; we must find her, and rescue the crew; there she is just to be seen gleaming through the far darkness. But this time the work is not for us, a vessel is before us, and we shall not be needed; before going back, however, we cruise about a little, lest some other ship should be in danger; but no; so for the time we return to harbour.

Not for long; a telegram has come down to say the boat is wanted some miles off, and again we start. The sea is yet rougher than before, and now the night has set in, and the darkness is only broken here and there by a light from some light-ship glimmering faintly through the mist of spray; at last the spot is reached, and now we must find the ship in the darkness as best we may. There is too much noise from the wind and water to hear any gun-signals, and no sign of a light is to be seen but that in the light-ship. Up and down, backwards and forwards, round all the dangerous parts, still no sign; and all the while perhaps if there were but light enough to see, we might be just by the poor creatures, who must be able to see our steamer by its light, but whom we cannot discern.

Half an hour passes—an hour, still no sign. Ah! there she is, they have run aground on the sands. The *Aid* tug is as near as she can go, so now we must leave her for a time; the tow-rope is unfastened, and at once we are swung round by the force of the wind and waves, and are dashing on towards the wreck.

We are near enough now to see the people crowding her deck, we can almost mark the eager faces turned towards us as we approach. Throw over the anchor, we are near enough now; that's it; steady, now; we are alongside and fastened to the ship. It is the *Fusilier*. "More than one hundred on board, sixty

women and children," shouts the captain. We must take them in two or three boat-loads, women and children first, of course.

Two of our men clamber the deck; and as well as may be we keep the boat steady to receive the rescued ones. But *steady* in such a sea is impossible; at one moment we are nearly level with the deck, the next a retiring wave has left a deep dark well of water between the ship and us, and it would take a long jump to reach the boat. Two sailors get ready in the rigging to hand down the women. They have to watch their opportunity as the wave takes us near them. Here comes the first passenger; now is the time, as we rise with the water they let go. No! she is frightened, and clings. "Quick! spring up and seize her, or she will be lost!" Just in time she is caught by the feet and pulled into the boat! Another and another follows. Some men throw blankets down, for the women are but half dressed. A passenger rushes frantically to the side, and cries, "Here! here!" and thrusts a big bundle into the hands of a sailor; what is it, a blanket for his wife? "Here, Bill, catch!" shouts the man, and throws it to one of the boatmen. Well caught, only just saved though from falling into the sea. Hark! a baby's cry comes from it, and a shriek—"My child! my child!" from a woman, tells of the danger which the baby has just escaped.

We are full. "Cast off!" cries the captain. Up comes the anchor, and away we go, thirty women and children aboard of us.

It is a case of hold on all, for the seas sweep clean over us, and we pitch and roll tremendously. The *Aid* is reached in time, however, and the poor creatures taken on board; this is nearly as difficult a matter as getting them into the boat was; but at length it is accomplished; and though the rolled-up blanket has again a narrow escape, it also manages to get safe aboard, and its occupant is safely secured by the thankful mother. Two more voyages, and all the emigrants are on board the *Aid*.

In taking you thus to the rescue of a ship by the Ramsgate Lifeboat, I think you must have attained some idea of what these boats do. I have shown you the real work of a particular night, and taken you to the real rescue of a ship; that same night, later another ship's crew were saved by the same boat, but the particulars of this second rescue I must leave to your own imagination. Let me now give you a few particulars as to the good done in the year by these boats.

During last year the Royal National Life-boat Institution, under whose management all these life-boats are, spent £29,557 on the life-boat establishments in Great Britain and Ireland,

during which time they rescued 1,094 lives. They have under their supervision a fleet of 186 life-boats, on the building and maintenance of which £191,721 has been spent. Since the institution was formed, 17,000 lives have been saved by its means.

Is it not a noble institution? Will you think of it and its work sometimes, and try to interest others in it? You may not be able to help it much yourself, but you may help it a little; pence, if many give them, soon grow to pounds. And what a pleasure it will be to you some night, when you hear the wind outside blowing hard, and telling of rough weather for our sailors on the sea, to think you have done what you could to assist in saving life, and that perhaps the very life-boat which you helped to buy is even then doing its brave work, and carrying some rescued ones to a place of safety!

A life-boat with all its equipments, travelling carriage, house, &c., costs about £700; and when we think how great an extent of coast they have to watch over, more than 7,000 miles in all, we must see that even 186 is but a small number. There would be plenty of work for twice as many boats, with such frequent storms as we have in England. If we have not much power, let us at least use what we have, and bestir ourselves a little, so that some increase may be made in the number of these best of life-preservers.

HUGH MILLER; THE BOYHOOD OF A GEOLOGIST.

I HAD a very pleasant playmate, who, though he was my junior by about a twelvemonth, and shorter by about half a head, was a diligent boy in even the grammar school, in which boys were so rarely diligent, and, for his years, a thoroughly sensible one, without a grain of the dreamer in his composition. I succeeded, however, notwithstanding his sobriety, in infecting him thoroughly with my peculiar tastes, and learned to love him very much, partly because he doubled my amusements by sharing in them, and partly, I dare say—on the principle on which Mahomet preferred his old wife to his young one—because "he believed in me." Devoted to him as Caliban in the "Tempest" to his friend Trinculo,—

> "I showed him the best springs, I plucked him berries,
> And I with my long nails did dig him pig-nuts."

His curiosity on one occasion was largely excited by my description

of the Doocot Cave; and setting out one morning to explore its wonders, armed with John Feddes's hammer, in the benefits of which my friend was permitted liberally to share, we failed, for that day at least, in finding our way back.

It was on a pleasant spring morning that, with my little curious friend beside me, I stood on the beach opposite the eastern promontory that, with its stern granitic walls, bars access for ten days out of every fourteen to the wonders of the Doocot; and saw it stretching provokingly out into the green water. It was hard to be disappointed, and the cave so near. The tide was a low neap,* and if we wanted a passage dryshod, it behoved us to wait for at least a week; but neither of us understood the philosophy of neap-tides at the period. . . . A narrow and broken shelf runs along the promontory, on which, by the assistance of the naked toe and the toenail, it is just possible to creep. . . . We succeeded in scrambling up to it; and then, crawling outwards on all-fours, the precipice beetling† more and more formidable from above, and the water becoming greener and deeper below, we reached the outer point of the promontory; and then doubling the cape on a still narrowing margin, we found the ledge terminating just where, after clearing the sea, it overhung the gravelly beach at an elevation of nearly ten feet. . . . Adown we both dropped, proud of our success; up splashed the rattling gravel as we fell; and for at least the whole coming week, though we were unaware of the extent of our good luck at the time, the marvels of the Doocot Cave might be regarded as solely and exclusively our own. For one short seven days—to borrow emphasis from the phraseology of Carlyle—"they were our own, and no other man's."

The first few hours were hours of sheer enjoyment. The larger cave proved a mine of marvels; and we found a great deal additional to wonder at on the slopes beneath the precipices, and along the piece of rocky sea-beach in front.

The long telescopic prospect of the sparkling sea, as viewed from the inner extremity of the cavern, while all around was dark as midnight; the sudden gleam of the sea-gull, seen for a moment from the recess, as it flitted past in the sunshine; the black heaving bulk of the grampus, as it threw up its splendid jets of spray, and then, as turning downwards, it displayed its glossy back and vast angular fin; even the pigeons, as they shot whizzing

* *Neap*, the lowest tide; opp. spring tide.
† *Beetling*, overhanging, as if threatening to fall.

by, one moment scarce visible in the gloom, the next radiant in the light—all acquired a new interest from the peculiarity of the *setting* in which we saw them. They formed a series of sun-gilt vignettes, framed in jet; and it was long ere we tired of seeing and admiring in them much of the strange and the beautiful. . . . It did seem rather ominous, however, and perhaps somewhat supernatural to boot, that about an hour after noon, the tide, while there was yet a full fathom of water beneath the brow of the promontory, ceased to fall, and then, after a quarter of an hour's space, began actually to creep upwards on the beach. But just hoping that there might be some mistake in the matter, which the evening tide would scarce fail to rectify, we continued to amuse ourselves, and to hope on. Hour after hour passed, lengthening as the shadows lengthened, and yet the tide still rose. . . . The sun had sunk behind the precipices, and all was gloom along their bases, and double gloom in their caves; but their rugged brows still caught the red glare of evening. The flush rose higher and higher, chased by the shadows; and then, after lingering for a moment on their crests of honeysuckle and juniper, passed away, and the whole became sombre and grey. . . . The sea-gull sprang upwards from where he had floated on the ripple, and hied him slowly away to his lodge in his deep-sea stack; the dusky cormorant flitted past, with heavier and more frequent stroke, to his whitened shelf high on the precipice; the pigeons came whizzing downwards from the uplands and the opposite land, and disappeared amid the gloom of their caves; every creature that had wings made use of them in speeding homewards; but neither my companion nor myself had any, and there was no possibility of getting home without them. . . . We made desperate efforts to scale the precipices, and on two several occasions succeeded in reaching midway shelves among the crags, where the sparrow-hawk and the raven build; but though we had climbed well enough to render our return a matter of bare possibility, there was no possibility whatever of getting farther up: the cliffs had never been scaled before, and they were not destined to be scaled now. . . . And so, as the twilight deepened, and the precarious footing became every moment more doubtful and precarious still, we had just to give up in despair. "Wouldn't care for myself," said the poor little fellow, my companion, bursting into tears, "if it were not for my mother; but what will my mother say?" . . . "Wouldn't care either," said I, sadly; "but the tide is on the turn, and we'll get out at twelve."

We retreated together into one of the shallower and drier caves, and, clearing a little spot of its rough stones, and then groping along the rocks for the dry grass that in the spring season hangs from them in withered tufts, we formed for ourselves a most uncomfortable bed, and lay down in each other's arms. . . . For the last few hours mountainous piles of clouds had been rising dark and stormy in the sea-mouth : they had flared portentously in the setting sun, and had worn, with the decline of evening, almost every meteoric* tint of anger, from fiery red to a sombre thunderous brown, and from sombre brown to doleful black. Darkness now came on ; the rising wind began to howl mournfully amid the cliffs, and the sea, hitherto so silent, to beat heavily against the shore, and to boom, like distress-guns, from the recesses of the two deep-sea caves. We could hear, too, the beating rain, now heavier, now lighter, as the gusts swelled or sank ; and the intermittent patter of the streamlet over the precipices.

My companion had only the real evils of the case to deal with, and so, the hardness of our bed and the coldness of the night considered, he slept tolerably well ; but I was unlucky enough to have evils greatly worse than the real ones to annoy me. . . . The corpse of a drowned seaman had been found on the beach about a month previous, some forty yards from where we lay. The hands and feet, miserably contracted, and corrugated into deep folds at every joint, yet swollen to twice their proper size, had been bleached as white as pieces of alumed sheepskin ; and where the head should have been, there existed only a sad mass of rubbish. . . . I had examined the body, as young people are apt to do, a great deal too curiously for my peace ; and though I had never done the poor nameless seaman any harm, I could not have suffered more from him during that melancholy night, had I been his murderer. . . . Sleeping or waking, he was continually before me. Every time I dropped into a doze, he would come stalking up the beach from the spot where he had lain, with his stiff white fingers, that stuck out like eagle's toes, and his pale, broken pulp of a head, and attempt striking me ; and then I would awaken with a start, cling to my companion, and remember that the drowned sailor had lain festering among the identical bunches of seaweed that still rotted on the beach not a stone-cast away. The near neighbourhood of a score of living

* *Meteoric*, pertaining to meteors—atmospheric phenomena of all kinds ; those of an electrical character are here alluded to.

bandits would have inspired less horror than the recollection of that one dead seaman.

As the moon rose and brightened, the dead seaman became less troublesome; and I had succeeded in dropping as soundly asleep as my companion, when we were both aroused by a loud shout. We started up and again crept downwards among the crags to the shore; and as we reached the sea the shout was repeated. It was that of at least a dozen harsh voices united. . . . There was a brief pause, followed by another shout; and then two boats, strongly manned, shot round the western promontory, and the men, resting on their oars, turned towards the rock, and shouted yet again. . . . The whole town had been alarmed by the intelligence that two little boys had straggled away in the morning to the rocks of the southern Sutor,* and had not found their way back. The precipices had been the scene of frightful accidents from time immemorial, and it was at once inferred that one other sad accident had been added to the number. And in this belief, when the moon rose and the surf fell, the two boats had been fitted out. . . . It was late ere we reached Cromarty, yet a crowd on the beach awaited our arrival; and there were anxious-looking lights glancing in the windows, thick and manifold.

Early one February morning I set out a little before sunrise to make my first acquaintance with a life of labour and restraint, and I have rarely had a heavier heart than on that morning. I was but a thin, loose-jointed boy at the time; fond of the petty intangibilities of romance, and of dreaming when broad awake; and, woeful change! I was now going to work at what Burns has instanced in his "Twa Dogs" as one of the most disagreeable of all employments—to work in a quarry. . . . Bating the passing uneasiness occasioned by a few gloomy anticipations, the portion of my life which had already gone by had been happy beyond the common lot. I had been a wanderer among rocks and woods; a reader of curious books when I could get them; a gleaner of old traditionary stories; and now I was going to exchange all my day-dreams and all my amusements for the kind of life in which men toil every day that they may be enabled to eat, and eat every day that they may be enabled to toil.

* *Sutor*, one of the two gigantic natural pillars which guard the entrance of Cromarty Bay.

The quarry in which I worked lay on the southern shore of a noble inland bay, or frith rather, with a little clear stream on the one side, and a thick fir wood on the other. It had been opened in the old red sandstone* of the district, and was overtopped by a huge bank of diluvial† clay, which rose over it in some places to the height of nearly thirty feet, and which at this time was rent and shivered, wherever it presented an open front to the weather, by a recent frost. A heap of loose fragments, which had fallen from above, blocked up the face of the quarry, and my first employment was to clear them away. . . . The friction of the shovel soon blistered my hands, but the pain was by no means very severe, and I worked hard, and willingly, that I might see how the huge strata‡ below, which presented so firm and unbroken a frontage, were to be torn up and removed. Picks, and wedges, and levers, were applied by my brother workmen; and simple and rude as I had been accustomed to regard these implements, I found I had much to learn in the way of using them. . . . They all proved inefficient, however, and the workmen had to bore into one of the inferior strata, and employ gunpowder. The process was new to me, and I deemed it a highly amusing one; it had the merit, too, of being attended with some degree of danger, as a boating or rock excursion, and had thus an interest independent of its novelty. We had a few capital shots; the fragments flew in every direction, bringing with them two dead birds. . . . The one was a pretty cock goldfinch, with its hood of vermilion, and its wings inlaid with the gold to which it owes its name, as unsoiled and smooth as if it had been preserved for a museum. The other, a somewhat rarer bird, of the woodpecker tribe, was variegated with light blue and a greyish yellow. . . . I was engaged in admiring the poor little things, more disposed to be sentimental, perhaps, than if I had been ten years older, and thinking of the contrast between the warmth and jollity of their green summer haunts, and the cold and darkness of their last retreat, when I heard our employer bidding the workmen lay by their tools. I looked up, and saw the sun sinking behind the thick fir wood beside us, and the long dark shadows of the trees stretching downwards towards the shore.

* *Old red sandstone*, the lowest but one (Silurian) of the fossiliferous formations; prevailing also in Devon.

† *Diluvial* (clay), that laid down by a deluge or flood; generally accompanied by deposits of gravel and sand.

‡ *Strat-a* (sing. *-um*), layers or beds of earthy sediment, deposited at successive periods at the bottom of the sea, &c

This was no very formidable beginning of the course of life I had so much dreaded. To be sure, my hands were a little sore, and I felt nearly as much fatigued as if I had been climbing among the rocks; but I had worked and been useful, and had yet enjoyed the day fully as much as usual. It was no small matter, too, that the evening, converted by a rare transmutation into the delicious "blink of rest" which Burns so truthfully describes, was all my own.

I was as light of heart next morning as any of my brother workmen. There had been a smart frost during the night, and the rime lay white on the grass as we passed onward through the fields; but the sun rose in a clear atmosphere, and the day mellowed as it advanced into one of those delightful days of early spring which give so pleasing an earnest of whatever is mild and genial in the better half of the year. . . . All the workmen rested at mid-day, and I went to enjoy my half-hour alone, on a mossy knoll in the neighbouring wood, which commands through the trees a wide prospect of the bay and opposite shore. There was not a wrinkle on the water, nor a cloud in the sky, and the branches were as motionless in the calm as if they had been traced on canvas. . . . From a wooded promontory that stretched halfway across the frith there ascended a thin column of smoke. It rose straight as the line of a plummet for more than a thousand yards, and then on reaching a thinner stratum of air spread out equally on every side like the foliage of a stately tree. Ben Wyvis rose to the west, white with the yet unwasted snows of winter, and as sharply defined in the clear atmosphere as if all its sunny slopes and blue retiring hollows had been chiselled in marble. A line of snow ran along the opposite hills; all above was white, all below was purple. . . . They reminded me of the pretty French story, in which an old artist is described as tasking the ingenuity of his future son-in-law, by giving him as a subject for his pencil, a flower-piece composed only of white flowers, of which the one half were to bear their proper colour, the other half a deep purple hue, and yet all be perfectly natural; and how the young man resolved the riddle and gained his mistress, by introducing a transparent purple vase into the picture, and making the light pass through it on the flowers that were drooping over the edge. . . . I returned to the quarry, convinced that a very exquisite pleasure may be a very cheap one, and that the busiest employments may afford leisure enough to enjoy it.

The shores of Cromarty are strewed over with water-rolled fragments of the primary * rocks, derived chiefly from the west during the ages of the boulder clay; and I soon learned to take a deep interest in sauntering over the various pebble beds when shaken up by recent storms, and in learning to distinguish their numerous components. . . . But I was sadly in want of a vocabulary; and as, according to Cowper, "the growth of what is excellent is slow," it was not until long after that I bethought me of the obvious enough expedient of representing the various species of simple rocks by certain numerals, and the compound ones by the numerals representative of each separate component, ranged, as in vulgar fractions, along a medial line, with the figures representative of the prevailing materials of the mass above, and those representative of the materials in less proportion below. . . . Though, however, wholly deficient in the signs proper to represent what I knew, I soon acquired a considerable quickness of eye in distinguishing the various kinds of rock, and tolerably definite conceptions of the generic character of the porphyries, granites, gneisses, quartz-rocks, clay-slates, and mica-schists, which everywhere strewed the beach. In the rocks of mechanical origin I was at this time much less interested; but in individual, as in general history, mineralogy almost always precedes geology. . . . I went about with my hammer, breaking into all manner of stones, with great perseverance and success. I found, in a large-grained granite, a few sheets of beautiful black mica, that, when split exceedingly thin, and pasted between slips of mica of the ordinary kind, made admirably coloured eye-glasses, that converted the landscapes around into richly toned drawings in sepia;† and numerous crystals of garnet embedded in mica-schist, that were, I was sure, identical with the stones set in a little gold brooch, the property of my mother. . . . To this last surmise, however, some of the neighbours to whom I showed my prize demurred. The stones in my mother's brooch were precious stones, they said; whereas what *I* had found was merely a "stone upon the shore." My friend the cabinet-maker went so far as to say that the specimen was but a mass of plum pudding stone, and its dark-coloured enclosures simply the currants. . . . But then, on the other hand, Uncle Sandy took my view of the matter: the stone was not plum pudding stone, he said: he had often seen

* *Primary*, first formed; or the lowest strata on a geological scale, enumerated presently in the text.

† *Sepia*, a colour (a deep brown if mixed with caustic lye) made of a juice secreted by the Sepia, the genus cuttle-fish.

plum pudding stone in England, and knew it to be a sort of rough conglomerate of various components ; whereas my stone was composed of a finely grained silvery substance, and the crystals which it contained were, he was sure, gems like those in the brooch, and, so far as he could judge, real garnets. . . . This was a great decision ; and much encouraged in consequence, I soon ascertained that garnets are by no means rare among the pebbles of the Cromarty shore. Nay, so mixed up are they with its sands even—a consequence of the abundance of the mineral among the primary rocks of Ross,—that after a heavy surf has beaten the exposed beach of the neighbouring hill, there may be found on it patches of comminuted * garnet, from one to three square yards in extent, that resemble, at a little distance, pieces of crimson carpeting, and nearer at hand, sheets of crimson beadwork, and of which almost every point and particle is a gem.

These rocks, however, contain no fossil remains of early organic life—neither petrified fish nor plant of any kind ; and I therefore became deeply interested in a new region of wonders. . . . There lies in the frith beyond, an outlier of the lias †, which strews the beach with its fragments after every storm from the sea, Here I broke open many a nodule, containing ammonites and other fossils, during our stay at this delightful quarry, and there were few of them in which I did not detect some organism of the ancient world—scales of fishes, groups of shells, bits of decayed wood, and fragments of fern. . . . At the dinner-hour I used to show my new-found specimens to the workmen ; but though they always took the trouble of looking at them, and wondered at times how the shells and plants had "got into the stones," they seemed to regard them as a sort of natural toys, which a mere lad might amuse himself in looking after, but which were rather below the notice of grown up-people like themselves. . . . One workman, however informed me, that things of a kind I had not yet found, genuine thunderbolts, which in his father's time were much sought for the cure of bewitched cattle, were to be had in tolerable abundance on a reach of the beach about two miles further to the west ; and as, on quitting the quarry for the piece of work on which we were to be next engaged, uncle David gave us all a half-holiday, I made use of it in visiting the tract of shore indicated by the workman. . . There I found

* *Comminuted*, reduced, pulverized, or triturated to powder or minute particles.

† *Lias* (from "layers"), a stone of clay and lime composition, forming the basis of the oolitic system.

a liassic deposit, amazingly rich in its organisms—not buried under the waves, as at Marcus's shore, or as opposite our new quarry, but at one part underlying a little grass-covered plain, and at another exposed for several hundred yards together along the shore. . . . Never yet did embryo* geologist break ground on a more promising field; and memorable in my existence was this first of the many happy evenings that I have spent in exploring it.

The various beds, all save the lowest, which consists of a blue adhesive clay, are composed of a dark shale, consisting of easily separable laminæ†, thin as sheets of pasteboard; and they are curiously divided from each other by bands of fossiliferous limestone of but from one to two feet thick. . . . These liassic beds, with their separating bands, are a sort of boarded books; for as a series of volumes reclining against a granite pedestal in the geologic library of nature, I used to find pleasure in regarding them. The limestone bands form the stiff boarding; the pasteboard-like plates between, tens and hundreds of thousands in number in even the slimmer volumes, compose the closely written leaves. I say closely written; for never yet did signs or characters lie closer on page or scroll than do the organisms of the lias on the surface of these leaf-like laminæ.

I can scarce hope to communicate to the reader, after the lapse of so many years, an adequate idea of the feeling of wonder which the marvels of this deposit excited in my mind, wholly new as they were to me at the time. Even the fairy lore of my first-formed library had impressed me less. The general tone of the colouring of these written leaves, though dimmed by the action of untold centuries, is still very striking; and on some of them curious pieces of incident are recorded.

HUGH MILLER.

* *Embryo*, youthful, incipient; *n.*, a rudimentary organism, a tyro.
† *Lamin-æ* (sing. *-a*) plates, scales, lying on each other like book leaves.

PART II.

DESCRIPTIVE.

THE POTTERIES OF ENGLAND.

THERE are two kinds of POTTERY—common potter's ware, and porcelain of China. The first is a pure kind of brick; and the second a mixture of very fine brick and glass. Almost all nations have some knowledge of pottery; and those of very hot countries are sometimes satisfied with dishes formed by their fingers without any tool, and dried by the heat of the sun. In England, pottery of every sort, and in all countries good pottery, must be baked or burned in a kiln of some kind or other.

Vessels for holding meat and drink are almost as indispensable as the meat and drink themselves; and the two qualities in them that are most valuble are, that they shall be cheap and easily cleaned. Pottery, as it is now produced in England, possesses both of these qualities in the very highest degree. A white basin, having all the useful properties of the most costly vessels, may be purchased for twopence at the door of any cottage in England. There are very few substances used in human food that have any effect upon these vessels; and it is only rinsing them in hot water, and wiping them with a cloth, and they are clean.

The making of an earthen bowl would be to a man who made a first attempt no easy matter. Let us see how it is done, so that it can be carried two or three hundred miles and sold for twopence, leaving a profit to the maker, and the wholesale and retail dealer.

The common pottery is made of pure clay and pure flint. The flint is found only in the chalk counties, and the fine clays in Devonshire and Dorsetshire; so that the materials out of which the pottery is made have to be carried from the south of England to Staffordshire, where the potteries are situated.

The great advantage that Staffordshire possesses is abundance

of coal to burn the ware and supply the engines that grind the materials.

The clay is worked in water by various machinery, till it contains no single piece large enough to be visible to the eye. It is like cream in consistence. The flints are burned. They are first ground in a mill, and then worked in water, in the same manner as the clay, the large pieces being returned a second time to the mill.

When both are fine enough, one part of flint is mixed with five or six of clay; the whole is worked to a paste, after which it is kneaded either by the hands or a machine; and when the kneading is completed it is ready for the potter.

He has a little wheel which lies horizontally. He lays a portion of clay on the centre of the wheel, puts one hand, or finger if the vessel is to be a small one, in the middle, and his other hand on the outside, and, as the wheel turns rapidly round, draws up a hollow vessel in an instant. With his hand, or with very simple tools, he brings it to the shape he wishes, cuts it from the wheel with a wire, and a boy carries it off. The potter makes vessel after vessel, as fast as they can be carried away.

They are partially dried, after which they are turned on a lathe, and smoothed with a wet sponge when necessary.

Only round vessels can be made on the wheel; those of other shapes are made in moulds of plaster.

Handles and other solid parts are pressed in moulds, and stuck on while they and the vessels are still wet.

The vessels thus formed are first dried in a stove, and when dry, burned in a kiln. They are in this state called biscuit. If they are finished white, they are glazed by another process. If they are figured, the patterns are engraved on copper, and printed on coarse paper rubbed with soft soap. The ink is made of some colour that will stand the fire, ground with earthy matter. These patterns are moistened, and applied to the porous biscuit, which absorbs the colour, and the paper is washed off, leaving the pattern on the biscuit.

The employment of machinery to do all the heavy part of the work, the division of labour, by which each workman acquires wonderful dexterity in his department, and the conducting of the whole upon a large scale, are the means of giving bread to a vast number of people; make the pottery cheap; and enable it to be sold at a profit in almost every market in the world. It is not seventy years since the first pottery of a good quality was extensively made in England; before that time what was used was im-

ported, the common ware from Delf, in Holland (from which it acquired its name), and the porcelain from China. We now annually export thirty-eight million pieces of earthenware to all parts of the world.

STAGES OF METAMORPHOSIS: THE TIGER-MOTH.

AFTER an insect has left the egg, and entered upon the world as an individual being, it has to pass through three stages, which are called larva, pupa, and imago. The word "larva," in Latin, signifies "a mask," and this word is used because the insect is at that time "masked," so to speak, under a covering quite different from that which it will finally assume.

In its next stage the insect becomes a "pupa," which means a "mummy," or a body wrapped in swaddling clothes. This name is employed because in very many insects the pupa is quite still, is shut up without the power of escape, and looks altogether very like a mummy, wrapped round in folds of cloth.

In the moths and butterflies the insect is, in this stage, called a "chrysalis" or "aurelia," both words having the same import, the first Greek and the other Latin, both derived from a word meaning gold. Several butterflies—that of the common cabbage butterfly, for example—take a beautiful golden tinge on their pupal garments, and from these individual instances the golden title has been universally bestowed.

The last and perfected state is called the "imago" or image, because now each individual is an image and representative of the entire species. The woolly bear, for example, is the larva of the tiger-moth; and if any inquiring reader would like to keep the creature, and watch it through its stages, he will find it an interesting occupation. There is less difficulty than with most insects, for the creature is very hardy, and the plants on which it mostly feeds are exceedingly common. . . . Generally the woolly bear is found feeding on the common blind nettle, but it may often be detected at some distance, from getting over the ground at a great rate, and reminding the spectator of the porcupine. In this case it is usually seeking for a retired spot, whither it resorts for the purpose of passing the helpless period of pupahood. If it is captured on such an occasion, there will be little trouble in feeding, as it will generally refuse food altogether, and, betaking itself to a quiet corner, prepare for its next stage of existence. . . . Having found a convenient spot, it sets

busily to work, and in a very short time spins for itself a kind of silken net, much like a sailor's hammock in shape, and used in the same manner. It is not a very solid piece of work, for the creature can be seen through the meshes; but it is more than sufficiently strong to bear the weight of the enclosed insect, and to guard it from small foes. Its colour is white, and its surface is bathed in an oily kind of liquid, which soon hardens in the air, and darkens in the light.

On one occasion I watched a woolly bear changing its skin, and, seizing it immediately that the task was accomplished, put it into spirits of wine, intending to keep it for observation. Next day the spirit was found to have dissolved away the oily coating, and all the limbs and wings of the future moth were standing boldly out. But when left to itself the pupa or chrysalis bursts its skin covering, and comes forth into the world a perfect insect or moth.—"*Common Objects of the Country.*"

A TOUR ROUND MY GARDEN.

The seasons, as they pass away, are climates which travel round the globe, and come to seek me. Long voyages are nothing but fatiguing visits, paid to the seasons, which would themselves have come to you.

I leave my study at a quarter before six, the sun is already high above the horizon, his rays sparkle, like fire-dust, through the leaves of the great service-trees, and shining on my house impart to it a rose and saffron-tinted hue. I go down three steps. Here we are in China! . . . You stop me at my first word with a smile of disdain. My house is entirely covered by a wisteria : the wisteria is a creeping branching plant, with a foliage somewhat resembling that of the acacia, and from which hang numberless large bunches of flowers of a pale blue colour, which exhale the sweetest odour. This magnificent plant comes from China.

I do not believe I exaggerate in the least when I declare that I think this a thousand times more beautiful than the richest palaces; this house of wood, all green, all blossoming, all perfumed, which every year increases in verdure, blossoms, and sweet odours.

Under the projecting roof is the nest of a wren, quite a little bird, or rather a pinch of brown and grey feathers, like those of a partridge; it runs along old walls, and makes a nest of moss and grass in the shape of a bottle. I salute thee, my little bird; thou wilt be my guest for this year! Thou art welcome to my house and to my garden. . . . Tend and bring up thy numerous family. I promise thee peace and tranquillity; thy repose, but more particularly thy confidence, shall be respected. There is moss yonder, near the fountain, and plenty of dried herbage in the walks, from the newly mown grass-plat. . . . There she is on the edge of her nest; she looks at me earnestly with her beautiful black eyes. She is rather frightened, but does not fly away.

The little wren is not the only guest at my old house. You perceive, between the joists, the intervals are filled up with rough stones and plaster. On the front, which is exposed to the south, there is a hole into which you could not thrust a goose-quill, and yet it is a dwelling; there is a nest within it, belonging to a sort of bee, who lives a solitary life. . . . Look at her returning home with her provisions; her hind feet are loaded with a yellow dust which she has taken from the stamens* of flowers; she goes into the hole; when she comes out again, there will be no pollen on her feet; with honey which she has brought she will make a savoury paste of it at the bottom of her nest. This is perhaps her tenth journey to-day.

All these cares are for one egg which she has laid, for a single egg which she will never see hatched; besides, that which will issue from that egg will not be a fly like herself, but a worm, which will change by and by.

She has, however, hidden it in that hole, and knows precisely how much nourishment it will require before it arrives at the state which ushers in its transformation into a fly. This nourishment she goes to seek, and she seasons and prepares it. There, she is gone again!

Were I to watch, one after another, all the flies which shine in the sun upon my house, the insects which conceal themselves in the flowers of the wisteria, to suck honey from them, and the insects which insinuate themselves to eat those honey-suckers; the caterpillars which crawl upon the leaves, and the enemies of those caterpillars and those butterflies; were I to watch their birth, their loves, their combats, their metamorphoses—perhaps I

* *Stamens*, or stamina, embrace the filament, anther, and pollen of a plant.

should get too absorbed to have time for description. I shall content myself with merely indicating to you the treasures you or I possess.

One insect alone appears to have taken possession of the lily, and established its abode in it. It is a little beetle, whose form is that of an elongated square, with black body and claws, and hard wings of a brilliant scarlet. There is no lily that is not an asylum for some of these. . . . They are called Crioceres. When you have hold of one, press it in your hand, and you will hear a creaking noise, which you may at first take for a cry, but which is nothing but the rubbing of its lower wings against the sheaths of its wings.

It did not always wear this brilliant costume—this costume under which it scarcely eats, and that very daintily; this costume under which it appears to have nothing to do but to strut about and make love. . . . It was at first a sort of flat worm, with six feet, of a kind of yellow colour mixed with brown; then also it dwelt upon the leaves of the lily, but led a very different kind of life. It was then as greedy and gluttonous as it is now abstemious and delicate. But that was because it had two powerful reasons for eating. . . . The leaves of the lily which it has eaten issue from its body almost without alteration, as if they had been crushed in a mortar. By a particular disposition of its body, this paste of leaves falls upon it, and forms for it a house, or a cuirass, which conceals it entirely. . . . There comes, however, a day which brings other cares. Spring and its season will soon return. It is pleasing neither in form nor colours. It ceases to eat, shakes its strange vestment, walks about in an agitated manner, descends and buries itself in the earth. . . . Some months after, it comes out shining, lustrous, as brilliant as you now see it, richly clothed in the most beautiful gloss of China. Full of confidence in themselves, the males and females seek each other, and soon meet. Then the males die. . . . The females have still something to do; they lay their eggs, which at first are of a reddish colour, but afterwards brown, and fasten them to the underside of the leaves of the lily; then they in their turn die. When born, their children will find abundance of food beside them.

What! already withered leaves! I stoop to pick up these three or four dead ones. The leaves move and—fly away! But there is no wind to carry them away thus. . . . These leaves

are a moth, to which nature has given the form, the colour, the disposition, the perfect figure, of three or four dried leaves with their shades and their fibres. Under its first form, it is a pretty large caterpillar, of a dark colour—grey and brown, with brown hairs and a fleshy brown horn at the extremity of its body.

Here is a caterpillar which seems to have set out on its travels; in fact, it is not at home here. I recognise it now; it is striped with pale blue and yellow, spotted with black. It comes from the kitchen-garden yonder, behind that screen of poplars; for there is nothing here that suits it: it lives upon the leaves of the cabbage tribe, which it shares with other green caterpillars which are metamorphosed into those white butterflies so common in our gardens and fields. I do not know what sort of a butterfly this becomes. I will catch it and imprison it to witness its metamorphosis.* . . . But what is going on now? A little fly of a reddish brown colour, whose body seems to be attached to its corselet by a slender thread only, has pounced upon the caterpillar, which appears to be not at all inconvenienced by it, but keeps on its way. It is most likely breakfast-time, and it is in search of a cabbage. . . . But what is the fly about? What does it want? Is it a fly of prey? Does the tiny insect mean, like an eagle, to carry off the caterpillar as a meal for itself and its young? The caterpillar weighs twenty times as much as it does—that is impossible. . . . But the fly is armed with a sting twice as long as its whole body, and as fine as a hair. It is an enemy. It is going to kill the caterpillar with that formidable weapon, and, without doubt, eat it. . . . It raises its sting, and this slender hair separates into three parts in its whole length; two are hollow, and are the halves of a sheath for the third, which is a sharp-toothed wimble. It darts it into the body of the caterpillar, which appears to perceive or know nothing of the matter. . . . It soon withdraws its sword, and returns it to the scabbard, flies off, and disappears. The caterpillar did not stop, nor does it stop. It is going to find its cloth laid and an excellent breakfast ready. . . . In a few days it will descend into the earth to go through its metamorphosis; but if I do not shut it up in order to ascertain what sort of a butterfly it becomes, my expectations will be disappointed. . . . The fly has stung it, and what naturalists call the *ichneumon* has only laid an egg in its body. That sword, thin as the third part of a hair, is hollow, and has deposited an egg in an interior part of the cater-

*** It is transformed into one of those white butterflies which are so common in this country, as well as in France.**

pillar, where this operation does it no harm. . . . From this egg issues a worm, which consumes the caterpillar very slowly, The latter feels ill at ease, loses its appetite, and makes its cocoon; its troublesome guest never ceases to devour it till the former is itself metamorphosed, and becomes a fly similar to that which we saw lay the egg. . . . It pierces the cocoon of the caterpillar, and flies away. By and by it seeks for a caterpillar, in which it in turn may deposit its eggs. A. KARR.

THE SPIDER.

Of all the solitary insects I have ever remarked, the spider is the most sagacious; and its actions, to me, seem almost to exceed belief. This insect is formed by nature for a state of war, not only upon other insects, but upon each other. . . . For this state, nature seems perfectly well to have formed it. Its head and breast are covered with a strong natural coat of mail, which is impenetrable to the attempts of every other insect, and its belly is enveloped in a soft pliant skin, which eludes the sting even of a wasp. Its legs are terminated by strong claws, not unlike those of a lobster; and their vast length, like spears, serves to keep every assailant at a distance.

Not worse furnished for observation than for an attack or defence, it has several eyes, large, transparent, and covered with a horny substance, which, however, does not impede its vision. Besides this, it is furnished with a forceps above the mouth which serves to kill or secure the prey already caught in its claws or its net.

Such are the implements of war with which the body is immediately furnished; but its net to entangle the enemy seems what it chiefly trusts to, and what it takes most pains to render as complete as possible. Nature has furnished the body of this little creature with a glutinous liquid, which, proceeding from the rear it spins into a thread, coarser or finer as it chooses to contract or dilate its sphincter.* . . . In order to fix its threads when it begins to weave, it emits a small drop of its liquid against the wall, which, hardening by degrees, serves to hold the thread very firmly. Then receding from the first point, as it recedes, the thread lengthens; and when the spider has come to the place

* *Sphincter*, circular muscles of an orifice.

where the other end of the thread should be fixed, gathering up with its claws the thread, which would otherwise be too slack, it is stretched tightly, and fixed to the wall as before.

In this manner it spins and fixes several threads parallel to each other, which, so to speak, serve as the warp to the intended web. To form the woof, it spins in the same manner its thread, transversely fixing one end to the first thread that was spun, and which is always the strongest of the whole web, and the other to the wall. All these threads, being newly spun, are glutinous, and therefore stick to each other whenever they happen to touch; and in those parts of the web most exposed to be torn, our natural artist strengthens them by doubling the threads sometimes six-fold.

About four years ago I noticed a large spider in one corner of my room, making its web, and though the maid frequently levelled her fatal broom against the labours of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction, and I may say it more than paid me by the entertainment it afforded.

In three days the web was with incredible diligence completed; nor could I avoid thinking that the insect seemed to exult in its new abode. It frequently traversed it round, and examined the strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. . . . The first enemy, however, it had to encounter was another and much larger spider, which, having no web of its own, and having probably exhausted all its stock in former labours of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbour. Soon, then, a terrible encounter ensued, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in its hole. . . . Upon this I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from his stronghold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned, and when he found all arts vain, began to demolish the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary to my expectations, the laborious spider became conqueror, and fairly killed his antagonist.

Now, then, in peaceable possession of what was justly its own, it waited three days with the utmost patience, repairing the breaches of its web, and taking no sustenance that I could perceive. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare, and struggled hard to get loose. . . . The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too strong for the cobweb. I must own I was greatly surprised when I saw the spider immediately sally out, and in less than a minute weave a new net round its captive, by which the motion of its wings was

stopped, and when it was fairly hampered in this manner, it was seized and dragged into the hole.

In this manner my spider lived, in a precarious state, and nature seemed to have fitted it for such a life; for upon a single fly it subsisted for more than a week. I once put a wasp into the nest, but when the spider came out in order to seize it as usual, it, upon perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, instantly broke all the bands that held it fast, and contributed all that lay in its power to disengage so formidable an antagonist. . . . When the wasp was at liberty, I expected the spider would have set about repairing the breaches that were made in its net; but those, it seems, were irreparable, wherefore the cobweb was now entirely forsaken, and a new one begun, which was completed in the usual time.

I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish; wherefore I destroyed this, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, the whole stock seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. . . . The arts it made use of to support itself, now deprived of its great means of subsistence, were indeed surprising. I have seen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time; when a fly happened to approach sufficiently near, it would dart out all at once, and often seize its prey.

Of this life, however, it soon began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possession of some other spider, since it could not make a web of its own. It formed an attack upon a neighbouring fortification with great vigour, and at first was as vigorously repulsed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, it continued to lay siege to another's web for three days, and at length, having killed the occupier, actually took possession.

When smaller flies happen to fall into the snare, the spider does not sally out at once, but very patiently waits till sure of them; for on approaching, the terror of its appearance might give the captive strength sufficient to get loose; the manner then is to wait patiently till, by ineffectual and impotent struggles, the captive has wasted all its strength, and then it becomes a certain and easy conquest.

The insect I am now describing lived three years; every year it changed its skin, and got a new set of legs. I have sometimes plucked off a leg, which grew again in two or three days. At first it dreaded my approach to its web; but at last it became so familiar as to take a fly out of my hand, and upon my touching any part of the web, would immediately leave its hole, prepared either for a defence or an attack. GOLDSMITH.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

COME, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below.
Now my brothers call from the bay;
Now the great winds shorewards blow
Now the salt tides seawards flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away,
This way, this way.

Call her once before you go,
Call once yet,
In a voice that she will know:
"Margaret! Margaret!"
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear;
Children's voices, wild with pain.
Surely she will come again.
Call her once, and come away.

This way, this way,
"Mother dear, we cannot stay."
The wild white horses foam and fret,
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down.
Call no more.
One last look at the white-walled town,
And the little grey church on the windy shore.
Then come down.
She will not come, though you call all day.
Come away, come away.

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?

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Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep ;
Where the spirit lights quiver and gleam ;
Where the salt weed sways in the stream ;
Where the sea-beasts ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground ;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine ;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye ?
When did music come this way ?
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away ?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She combed its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of the far-off bell.
She sighed, she looked up through the clear green sea.

She said, "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me !
And I lose my poor soul, merman, here with thee."
I said, "Go up, dear heart, through the waves,
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves."
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, were we long alone ?
"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say.
Come," I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled town.
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,
To the little grey church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
We climbed on the graves, on the stones, worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.

She sat by the pillar ; we saw her clear :
"Margaret, hist ! come quick, we are here,
Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone.
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."
But ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were sealed to the holy book.
"Loud prays the priest ; shut stands the door ;"
Come away, children, call no more,
Come away, come down, call no more.

Down, down, down,
Down to the depths of the sea,
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark, what she sings ! "O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy ;
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well.
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun."
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the shuttle falls from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand ;
And over the sand at the sea ;
And her eyes are set in a stare ;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh,
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden,
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children,
Come, children, come down ;
The hoarse wind blows colder,
Lights shine in the town.
She will start in her slumber
When gusts shake the door ;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,

A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing, "Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she,
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow;
When clear falls the moonlight;
When spring-tides are low;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starr'd with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On blanch'd sands a gloom!
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie;
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town;
At the church on the hill-side—
And then come back down,
Singing, "There dwells a lov'd one,
But cruel is she,
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

AN IRISH VILLAGE.

THE village of Findamore was situated at the foot of a long green hill, the outline of which formed a low arch, as it rose to the eye against the horizon. This hill was studded with clumps of beeches, and sometimes enclosed as a meadow. In the month of July, when the grass on it was long, many an hour have I spent in solitary enjoyment, watching the wavy motion produced on its pliant surface by the sunny winds, or the flight of the cloud shadows, like gigantic phantoms, as they swept rapidly over it, whilst the murmur of the rocking trees, and the glaring of their bright leaves in the sun, produced a heartfelt pleasure, the very

memory of which rises in my imagination like some fading recollection of a brighter world.

At the foot of this hill ran a clear deep-banked river, bounded on one side by a slip of rich level meadow, and on the other by a kind of common for the village geese, whose white feathers during the summer season lay scattered over its green surface. It was also the playground for the boys of the village school; for there ran that part of the river, which with very correct judgment the urchins had selected as their bathing-place. A little slope or watering ground in the bank brought them to the edge of the stream, where the bottom fell away into the fearful depths of the whirlpool under the hanging oak on the other bank. Well do I remember the first time I ventured to swim across it, and even yet do I see in imagination the two bunches of water-flags on which the inexperienced swimmers trusted themselves in the water.

About two hundred yards above this, the *boreen*,* which led from the village to the main road, crossed the river by one of those old narrow bridges whose arches rise like round ditches across the road—an almost impassable barrier to horse and car. On passing the bridge in a northern direction, you found a range of low thatched houses on each side of the road; and if one o'clock, the hour of dinner, drew near, you might observe columns of blue smoke curling up from a row of chimneys, some made of wicker creels plastered over with a rich coat of mud, some of old narrow bottomless tubs, and others, with a greater appearance of taste, ornamented with thick circular ropes of straw, sewed together like bees' skeps with the peel of a brier; and many having nothing but the open vent above. But the smoke by no means escaped by its legitimate aperture, for you might observe little clouds of it bursting out of the doors and windows; the panes of the latter, being mostly stopped at other times with old hats and rags, were now left entirely open for the purpose of giving it a free escape.

Before the doors, on right and left, was a series of dunghills, each with its concomitant sink of green rotten water; and if it happened that a stout-looking woman, with watery eyes, and a yellow cap hung loosely upon her matted locks, came with a chubby urchin on one arm, and a pot of dirty water in her hand, its unceremonious ejection in the aforesaid sink would be apt to send you up the village with your forefinger and thumb (for what purpose you would yourself perfectly understand) closely, but not

* A little road.

knowingly, applied to your nostrils. But, independently of this, you would be apt to have other reasons for giving your horse, whose heels are by this time surrounded by a dozen of barking curs and the same number of shouting urchins, a pretty sharp touch of the spurs, as well as for complaining bitterly of the odour of the atmosphere. It is no landscape without figures; and you might notice—if you are, as I suppose you to be, a man of observation—in every sink as you pass along, a "slip of a pig" stretched in the middle of the mud, the very *beau ideal* of luxury, giving occasionally a long luxuriant grunt, highly expressive of his enjoyment; or perhaps an old farrower, lying in indolent repose with half a dozen young ones jostling each other for their draught, and punching her belly with their little snouts, reckless of the fumes they are creating; whilst the loud crow of the cock, as he confidently flaps his wings on his own dunghill, gives the warning note for the hour of dinner.

As you advance you will also perceive several faces thrust out of the doors, and rather than miss a sight of you, a grotesque visage peeping by a short cut through the paneless windows, or a tattered female flying to snatch up her urchin, that has been tumbling itself heels up in the dirt of the road, lest "the gentleman's horse might ride over it," and if you happen to look behind, you may observe a shaggy-headed youth in tattered frieze, with one hand thrust indolently in his breast, standing at the door in conversation with the inmates, a broad grin of sarcastic ridicule on his face, in the act of breaking a joke or two on yourself or your horse; or perhaps your jaw may be saluted with a lump of clay, just hard enough not to fall asunder as it flies, cast by some ragged gossoon from behind a hedge, who squats himself in a ridge of corn to avoid detection.

Seated upon a hob at the door you may observe a toil-worn man, without coat or waistcoat, his red, muscular, sunburnt shoulder peeping through the remnant of a shirt, mending his shoes with a piece of twisted flax, called a *lingel*, or perhaps sewing two footless stockings, or *martyeens*, to his coat, as a substitute for sleeves.

In the gardens, which are usually fringed with nettles, you will see a solitary labourer, working with that carelessness and apathy that characterize an Irishman when he labours *for himself*, leaning upon his spade to look after you, and glad of any excuse to be idle.

The houses, however, are not all such as I have described,—far from it. You see here and there, between the more humble cabins, a stout comfortable-looking farmhouse, with ornamental thatch-

ing and well-glazed windows; adjoining to which is a hay-yard, with five or six large stacks of corn, well trimmed and roped, and a fine yellow weather-beaten old hayrick, half cut,—not taking into account twelve or thirteen circular strata of stones, that mark out the foundations on which others had been raised. Neither is the rich smell of oaten or wheaten bread, which the goodwife is baking on the griddle, unpleasant to your nostrils; nor would the bubbling of a large pot, in which you might see, should you chance to enter, a prodigious square of fat, yellow, and almost transparent bacon tumbling about, be an unpleasant object; truly, as it hangs over a large fire, with well-swept hearthstone, it is in good keeping with the white settle and chairs, and the dresser with noggins, wooden trenches, and pewter dishes, perfectly clean, and as well polished as a French courtier.

As you leave the village, you have, to the left, a view of the hill which I have already described, and to the right, a level expanse of fertile country, bounded by a good view of respectable mountains, peering directly into the sky; and in a line that forms an acute angle from the point of the road where you ride, is a delightful valley, in the bottom of which shines a pretty lake; and a little beyond, on the slope of a green hill, rises a splendid house, surrounded by a park well wooded and stocked with deer. You have now topped the little hill above the village, and a straight line of level road, a mile long, goes forward to a country town, which lies immediately behind that white church, with its spire cutting into the sky before you. You descend on the other side, and, having advanced a few perches, look to the left, where you see a long thatched chapel, only distinguished from a dwelling-house by its want of chimneys, and a small stone cross that stands on the top of the eastern gable; behind it is a graveyard, and beside it a snug public-house, well white-washed; then, to the right, you observe a door, apparently in the side of a clay bank, which rises considerably above the pavement of the road. What! you ask yourself, can this be a human habitation? But ere you have time to answer the question, a confused buzz of voices from within reaches your ear, and the appearance of a little gossoon, with a red close-cropped head and Milesian face, having in his hand a short white stick, or the thigh-bone of a horse, which you at once recognise as "the pass" of a village school, gives you the full information. He has an inkhorn, covered with leather, dangling at the button-hole (for he has long since played away the buttons) of his frieze jacket—his mouth is circumscribed with a streak of ink—his pen is stuck knowingly behind his ear—his shins are dotted

over with fire-blisters, black, red, and blue—on each heel a kibe—his "leather crackers," *videlicet*, breeches, shrunk up upon him, and only reaching as far down as the caps of his knees. Having spied you, he places his hand over his brows, to throw back the dazzling light of the sun, and peers at you from under it, till he breaks out into a laugh, exclaiming, half to himself, half to you,—

"You a gintleman!—no, nor one of your breed never was, you procthorin' thief, you!"

You are now immediately opposite the door of the seminary, when half a dozen of those seated next it notice you.

"Oh, sir, here's a gintleman on a horse!—masther, sir, here's a gintleman on a horse, wid boots and spurs on him, that's looking in at us."

"Silence!" exclaims the master; "back from the door—boys, rehearse—every one of you rehearse, I say, you Bœotians, till the gintleman goes past!"

In the meantime the master puts his head out of the door, his body stooped to a "half bend"—a phrase, and the exact curve which it forms, I leave for the present to your own sagacity,—and surveys you until you pass. That is an Irish hedge-school, and the personage who follows you with his eye a hedge schoolmaster.

CARLETON.

ENGLAND AND HER QUEEN.

HURRAH! hurrah for England!
  Her woods and valleys green;
Hurrah for good old England!
  Hurrah for England's Queen!

Strong ships are on her waters,
  Firm friends upon her shores;
Peace, peace within her borders,
  And plenty in her stores.

Right joyously we're singing,
  We're glad to make it known
That we love the land we live in,
  And our Queen upon the throne.

Then hurrah for merry England!
  And may we still be seen
True to our own dear country,
  And loyal to our Queen!

THE RISING OF THE WATERS.

About daybreak it began to rain, and continued to pour with increasing violence all the morning; no one thought of stirring abroad who could keep within shelter. My boys and I had for task only to keep the fire at the door of the shanty brisk and blazing, and to notice that the pools which began to form around us did not become too large; for sometimes, besides the accumulation of the rain, little streams would suddenly break out, and, rushing towards us, would have extinguished our fire, had we not been vigilant.

The site I had chosen for the shanty was near to a little brook, on the top of the main river's bank. In fine weather no situation could be more beautiful; the brook was clear as crystal, and fell in a small cascade into the river, which, broad and deep, ran beneath the bank with a swift but smooth current.

The forest up the river had not been explored above a mile or two: all beyond was the unknown wilderness. Some vague rumours of small lakes and beaver dams were circulated in the village, but no importance was attached to the information: save but for the occasional little torrents with which the rain sometimes hastily threatened to extinguish our fires, we had no cause to dread inundation.

The rain still continued to fall incessantly: the pools it formed in the hollows of the ground began towards noon to overflow their banks, and to become united. By and by something like a slight current was observed passing from one to another; but, thinking only of preserving our fire, we no farther noticed this than by occasionally running out of the shanty into the shower, and scraping a channel to let the water run off into the brook or the river.

It was hoped that about noon the rain would slacken; but in this we were disappointed. It continued to increase, and the ground began to be so flooded, while the brook swelled to a river, that we thought it might become necessary to shift our tent to a higher part of the bank. To do this we were, however, reluctant, for it was impossible to encounter the deluge without being almost instantly soaked to the skin; and we had put the shanty up with more care and pains than usual, intending it should serve us for a home until our house was comfortably furnished.

About three o'clock the skies were dreadfully darkened and

overcast. I had never seen such darkness while the sun was above the horizon, and still the rain continued to descend in cataracts, but at fits and intervals. No man who had not seen the like would credit the description.

Suddenly a sharp flash of lightning, followed by an instantaneous thunder-peal, lightened up all the forest ; and almost in the same moment the rain came lavishing along as if the windows of heaven were opened ; anon another flash, and a louder peal burst upon us, as if the whole forest were rending over and around us.

I drew my helpless and poor trembling little boys under the skirts of my great-coat.

Then there was another frantic flash, and the roar of the thunder was augmented by the river trees that fell, cloven on all sides in a whirlwind of splinters. But though the lightning was more terrible than scimitars, and the thunder roared as if the vaults of heaven were shaken to pieces and tumbling in, the irresistible rain was still more appalling than either. I have said it was as if the windows of heaven were opened. About sunset, the ground floods were as if the fountains of the great deep were breaking up.

I had seen it swelling for some time, but our shanty stood so far above the stream, that I had no fear it would reach us. Scarcely, however, had the axemen escaped from theirs, and planted themselves on the crown of a rising ground nearer to us, where they were hastily constructing another shed, when a tremendous crash and roar was heard at some distance in the woods, higher up the stream. It was so awful, I had almost said so omnipotent, in the sound, that I started on my feet, and shook my treasures from me. For a moment the Niagara of the river seemed almost to pause—it was but for a moment—for, instantly after, the noise of the rending of weighty trees, the crashing and the tearing of the rooted forest, rose around. The waters of the river, troubled and raging, came hurling with the wreck of the woods, sweeping with inconceivable fury everything that stood within its scope ;—a lake had burst its banks.

The sudden rise of the waters soon, however, subsided ; I saw it ebbing fast, and comforted my terrified boys. The rain also began to abate. Instead of those dreaded sheets of waves which fell upon us as if some vast ocean behind the forest was heaving over its spray, a thick continued small rain came on ; and, about an hour after sunset, streaks and breaks in the clouds gave some token that the worst was over ;—it was not, however, so, for about the same time a stream appeared in the hollow, between the rising

ground to which the axemen had retired, and the little knoll on which our shanty stood ; at the same time the waters in the river began to swell again. There was on this occasion no abrupt and bursting noise; but the night was fast closing upon us, and a hoarse muttering and angry sound of many waters grew louder and louder on all sides.

The darkness and increasing rage of the river, which there was just twilight enough to show was rising above the brim of the bank, smote me with inexpressible terror. I snatched my children by the hand, and rushed forward to join the axemen ; but the torrent between us rolled so violently, that to pass was impossible, and the waters still continued to rise.

I called aloud to the axemen for assistance ; and when they heard my desperate cries, they came out of the shed, some with burning brands and others with their axes glittering in the flames; but they could render no help; at last, one man, a fearless backwoodsman, happened to observe, by the firelight, a tree on the bank of the torrent, which it in some degree overhung, and he called for others to join him in making a bridge. In the course of a few minutes the tree was laid across the stream, and we scrambled over, just as the river extinguished our fire and swept our shanty away.

This rescue was in itself so wonderful, and the scene had been so terrible, that it was some time after we were safe before I could rouse myself to believe that I was not in the fangs of the nightmare. My poor boys clung to me as if still not assured of their security, and I wept upon their necks in the ecstasy of an unspeakable passion of anguish and joy.

About this time the mizzling rain began to fall softer ; the dawn of the morn appeared through the upper branches of the forest, and here and there the stars looked out from their windows in the clouds. The storm was gone, and the deluge assuaged ; the floods all around us gradually ebbed away, and the insolent and unknown waters which had so swelled the river shrunk within their banks, and, long before the morning, had retired from the scene.

Need I say that anthems of deliverance were heard in our camp that night ? Oh, surely no ! The woods answered to our psalms, and waved their mighty arms ; the green leaves clapped their hands ; and the blessed moon, lifting the veil from her forehead, and looking down upon us through the boughs, gladdened our solemn rejoicing. GALT.

AN ELIZABETHAN COUNTRY HOUSE.

Its situation, as of many old seats in this neighbourhood, is on an eminence, gently sloping towards the south. The whole formed a quadrangle, 202 by 211 feet within ; an area formerly called the Base Court, afterwards the Courtyard. Three of the sides consisted of barns, stables, a mill-house, slaughterhouse, blacksmith's shop, and various other offices, which Harrison, in his description of Britain, tells us began in this reign to be thrown to a greater distance from the principal house than they were in the time of Henry VIII. The entrance was by a gate-house in the centre of the south side, over which were chambers for carters, &c. This was afterwards laid open, and fenced with iron palisades. The mansion-house, which was also a quadrangle, formed the fourth side, standing higher than the other buildings, and detached from them by a wide moat, faced on all its banks with bricks, and surrounded by a handsome terrace, a considerable part of which commanded a fine view of the surrounding country, and bespoke a taste superior to the artificial mount, which in many old gardens was to be clambered up for the sake of the prospect. The approach to the house was by a flight of steps, and a strong brick bridge of three arches, through a small jealous wicket, formed in the great well-timbered gate, that rarely grated on its hinges.

Immediately upon peeping through the wicket, the first object that unavoidably struck you was a stone figure of Hercules, as it was called, holding in one hand a club across his shoulders, the other resting on one hip, discharging a perennial stream of water into a carved stone basin. On the pedestal of the statue is preserved the date 1578, which was the year the queen graced this house with her presence ; so that doubtless this was one of the embellishments bestowed upon the place against the royal visit. A fountain was generally (yet surely injudiciously in this climate) esteemed a proper ornament for the inner court of a great house. This, which still continues to flow, was supplied with water by leaden pipes, at no small expense, from a pond near half a mile off.

This inner court, as it was called, in which this statue stood, and about which the house was built, was an area of fifty-eight feet square. The walls of the house within it were covered with the pyracantha (*Mespilus pyracantha*), of venerable growth, which, with its evergreen leaves, enlivened with clusters of scarlet berries, produced in winter a very agreeable effect.

Having crept through the wicket before mentioned, a door in the gateway on the right conducted you into a small apartment, called the smoking-room; a name it acquired probably soon after it was built, and which it retained, with good reason, as long as it stood. There is scarcely any old house without a room of this denomination. In these our ancestors, from about the middle of the reign of Elizabeth till within almost every one's memory, spent no inconsiderable part of their vacant hours, residing more at home than we do, and having fewer resources of elegant amusement. At one period at least this room was thought to be the scene of wit; for in 1688, Mr. Hervey, afterwards Earl of Bristol, in a letter to Mr. Thomas Cullum, desires "to be remembered by the witty smokers at Hausted." Adjoining to this was a large wood-closet, and a passage that led to the dining-room, of moderate dimensions, with a large buffet. These occupied half the south front. At the end of the dining-room was originally a cloister, or arcade, about forty-five feet long, fronting the east, and looking into a flower-garden within the walls of the moat. The arches were afterwards closed up and glazed, and a parlour made at one end. There are few old mansions without one or more of these sheltered walking-places; and they certainly had their use: but this age of list, sandbags, and carpets, that dreads every breath of air as if it were a pestilence, shudders at the idea of such a body of the element being admitted into any part of a dwelling. This cloister was terminated by the spacious and lofty kitchen, still standing, and well supplied with long oaken tables.

On the left hand of the entrance, and opposite the smoking-room, was the chapel, a room of state, much affected by the old manorial lords, who seem to have disdained attending the parochial church. The last sacred office performed in it was the christening of the author of this compilation, in July, 1733. Through this was a door into the drawing-room, or largest parlour, which, with the chapel, occupied the other half of the south front. Adjoining to the parlour was a large gloomy hall, at one end of which was a screen of brown wainscot, in which was a door that led to the buttery, &c. These formed the west side of the square. Beneath these apartments, and those on the south side, were the cellars, well vaulted with brick. The north side was occupied by the kitchen, and at the back of it was a drawbridge. These were the apartments on the ground-floor, which was raised twelve feet above the surface of the moat. Over the gateway, chapel, and largest parlour were the royal apartments, which were approached by a staircase out of the hall. On this staircase, against the wall, stood

some painted boards, representing various domestic servants: I have one of them, a very pretty well-painted female, said to be for a housekeeper. I know not whether this fancy be as old as the house; the portrait I have is certainly not more than a century old. Several bed-chambers, of common proportions, occupied the outer part of the rest of the first story. Among the rooms on this floor was one called the still-room, an apartment where the dames of old much amused themselves in distilling waters and cordials, as well for the use of themselves, and of their poor neighbours, as for several purposes of cookery. In this room stood a death's head—no improper emblem of the effects of the operations carried on within it.

Contiguous to one of the bedchambers was a wainscoted closet, about seven feet square; the panels painted with various sentences, emblems, and mottoes. It was called the painted closet; at first probably designed for an oratory, and, from one of the sentences, for the use of a lady. The dresses of the figures are of the age of James I. This closet was therefore fitted up for the last Lady Drury, and perhaps under her direction. The paintings are well executed, and now put up in a small apartment at Hardwick House. . . .

The windows, in general, were spacious, but high above the floors. In still earlier times they were very narrow as well as high, that they might be more difficult marks for the arrows of an enemy; and that, if the arrows did enter, they might pass over the heads of those that were sitting. After this precaution was needless, the windows, though enlarged, continued to be made high, even till modern days. The beauty of landscape, so much studied now, was then but little or not at all regarded; and high windows, when opened, ventilated the apartments better than low ones, and when shut, the air they admitted was less felt. . . .

The walls of the house were chiefly built of timber and plaster. The plaster in the front was thickly stuck with fragments of glass, which made a brilliant appearance when the sun shone, and even by moonlight. Much of it still remains, and appears to be but little injured by two centuries; perhaps will survive the boasted stucco of modern artists. I wish I could give the receipt for this excellent composition; I can only say it contains plenty of hair, and was made of coarse sand, abounding with stones almost as big as horse-beans. And in some of the old walls round the house, where the bricks have crumbled away, the layers of mortar continue sound, and support themselves by their own compactness. The art was not lost even in the last century; for some plaster

on an outhouse, which bears the date 1681, still remains perfectly firm.

This house was no bad specimen of the skill of former artists in erecting what should last. Part has been taken down, not from decay, but because it was become useless. What is left promises to stand many years. The mode of its construction contributed to its durability; for the tiles projected considerably over the first story, and that over the ground-floor; so that the walls and sills were scarcely ever wetted.

In the year 1685 this house paid taxes for thirty-four fire hearths,—two shillings each hearth.

The banks of the moat were planted with yews and variegated hollies; and, at a little distance, surrounded by a terrace that commanded a fine woodland prospect. Here were orchards and gardens in abundance, and a bowling-yard, as it was called, which always used to be esteemed a necessary appendage of a gentleman's seat.

This place was well furnished with fish-ponds. There is near it a series of five large ones, on the gentle declivity of a hill, running into one another; the upper one being fed with a perennial spring. There is another similar series of small ones that served as stews. These must have been made at a very heavy expense; but they were necessary when fish made so considerable a part of our diet as it did before the Reformation, and when bad roads made sea fish not so easily procured as at present.

There was also a rabbit warren in the park, a spot that would have borne good wheat. But it was, like a pigeon-house, a constant appendage to a manorial dwelling. Eighth of James I., a stable near the coney warren was let with the dairy farm; and even in the next year we hear of the *warrener's lodge.*

One principal reason of the number of warrens formerly was the great use our ancestors made of fur in their clothing. "I judge warrens of coneys," says Harrison, "to be almost innumerable, and daily like to increase, by reason that the black skins of those beasts are thought to countervail the prices of their naked carcasses." The latter were worth 2½d. apiece, and the former 6d., 17 Henry VIII.

SIR JOHN CULLUM.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And he looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice :

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought !

LONGFELLOW.

HIGHLAND SNOWSTORM.

ONE family lived in Glencreran, and another in Glenco—the families of two brothers,—seldom visiting each other on working days, seldom meeting even on Sabbaths, for theirs was not the same parish kirk—seldom coming together on rural festivals or holidays, for in the Highlands now these are not so frequent as of yore ; yet all these sweet seldoms, taken together, to loving hearts made a happy many, and thus, though each family passed its life in its own home, there were many invisible threads stretched out through the intermediate air, connecting the two dwellings together,—as the gossamer keeps floating from one tree to another, each with its own secret nest. And nest-like both dwellings were. *That* in Glenco, built beneath a treeless but high-heathered rock, —lone in all storms,—with greensward and garden on a slope down to a rivulet, the clearest of the clear (oh ! once woefully reddened !), and *growing*, so it seems, in the mosses of its own roof, and the huge stones that overshadow it, out of the earth. *That* in Glencreran more conspicuous, on a knoll among the pastoral meadows, midway between mountain and mountain, so that the grove which shelters it, except when the sun is shining high, is darkened by their meeting shadows,—and dark indeed, even in the sunshine, for 'tis a low but wide-armed grove of old oak-like pines. A little further down, and Glencreran is very sylvan ; but this dwelling is the highest up of all, the first you descend upon, near the foot of that wild hanging staircase between you and

Glen-Etive. And, except this old oak-like grove of pines, there is not a tree, and hardly a bush, on bank or brae, pasture or hay-field, though these are kept by many a rill, there mingling themselves into one stream, in a perpetual lustre, that seems to be as native to the grass as its light is to the glow-worm. Such are the two huts—for they are huts and no more,—and you may see them still, if you know how to discover the beautiful sights of nature from descriptions treasured in your heart, and if the spirit of change, now nowhere at rest on the earth, not even in its most solitary places, have not swept from the scenes the beautified, the humble, but hereditary dwellings that ought to be allowed, in the fulness of the quiet time, to relapse back into the bosom of nature, through insensible and unperceived decay.

These huts belonged to brothers, and each had an only child—a son and a daughter—born on the same day, and now blooming on the verge of youth. A year ago, and they were but mere children; but what wondrous growth of frame and spirit does nature at that season of life often present before our eyes! so that we almost see the very change going on between morn and morn, and feel that these objects of our affection are daily brought closer to ourselves, by partaking daily more and more in all our sacred thoughts, in our cares and in our duties, and in knowlege of the sorrows as well as the joys of our common lot. Thus had these cousins grown up before their parents' eyes—Flora Macdonald, a name hallowed of yore, the fairest, and Ronald Cameron, the boldest of all the living flowers in Glenco and Glencreran. It was now their seventeenth birthday, and never had a winter sun smiled more serenely over a knoll of snow. Flora, it had been agreed on, was to pass that day in Glencreran, and Ronald to meet her among the mountains, that he might bring her down the many precipitous passes to his parent's hut. It was the middle of February, and the snow had lain for weeks with all its drifts unchanged, so calm had been the weather and so continued the frost. At the same hour, known by horologe on the cliff touched by the finger of dawn, the happy creatures left each their own glen, and mile after mile of the smooth surface glided away past their feet, almost as the quiet water glides by the little boat that in favouring breezes walks merrily along the sea. And soon they met at the trysting-place—a bank of birch trees beneath a cliff that takes its name from the eagles.

On their meeting, seemed not to them the whole of nature suddenly inspired with joy and beauty? Insects unheard by them before, hummed and glittered in the air; from tree roots,

where the snow was thin, little flowers, or herbs flower-like, now for the first time were seen looking out as if alive; the trees themselves seemed budding, as if it were already spring; and, rare as in that rocky region are the birds of song, a faint thrill for a moment touched their ears, and the flutter of a wing, telling them that somewhere near there was preparation for a nest. Deep down beneath the snow they listened to the tinkle of rills unreached by the frost, and merry, thought they, was the music of these contented prisoners. Not summer's self, in its deepest green, so beautiful had ever been to them before, as now the mild white of winter; and as their eyes were lifted up to heaven, when had they ever seen before a sky of such perfect blue, a sun so gentle in its brightness, or altogether a week-day in any season so like a Sabbath in its stillness, so like a holiday in its joy? Lovers were they, although as yet they scarcely knew it; for from love only could have come such bliss as now was theirs,—a bliss that while it beautified was felt to come from the skies.

Flora sang to Ronald many of her old songs, to those wild Gaelic airs that sound like the sighing of winds among fractured cliffs, or the branches of storm-tossed trees, when the subsiding tempest is about to let them rest. Monotonous music! but irresistible over the heart it has once awakened and enthralled, so sincere seems to be the mournfulness it breathes—a mournfulness brooding and feeding on the same note, that is at once its natural expression and sweetest aliment, of which the singer never wearieth in her dream, while her heart all the time is haunted by all that is most piteous,—by the faces of the dead in their paleness returning to the shades of life, only that once more they may pour from their fixed eyes those strange showers of unaccountable tears!

How merry were they between those mournful airs! How Flora trembled to see her lover's burning brow and flashing eyes, as he told her tales of great battles fought in foreign lands, far across the sea—tales which he had drunk in with greedy ears from the old heroes scattered all over Lochaber and Badenoch, on the brink of the grave still garrulous of blood!

"The sun sat high in his meridian tower,"

but time had not been with the youthful lovers, and the blessed beings believed that it was but a little hour since beneath the Eagle Cliff they had met in the prime of the morn!

The boy starts to his feet, and his keen eye looks along the ready rifle—for his sires had all been famous deer-stalkers, and the passion of the chase was hereditary in his blood. Lo! a deer

from Dalness, hound-driven, or sullenly astray, slowly bearing his antlers up the glen, then stopping for a moment to snuff the air, then away—away! The rifle-shot rings dully from the scarce echoing snow-cliffs, and the animal leaps aloft, struck by a certain but not sudden death-wound. Oh for Fingal now to pull him down like a wolf! But labouring and lumbering heavily along, the snow spotted as he bounds with blood, the huge animal at last disappears round some rocks at the head of the glen. "Follow me, Flora!" the boy-hunter cries; and, flinging down their plaids, they turn their bright faces to the mountain, and away up the long glen after the stricken deer. Fleet was the mountain girl; and Ronald, as he ever and anon looked back to wave her on, with pride admired her lightsome motion as she bounded along the snow. Redder and redder grew that snow, and more heavily trampled, as they winded round the rocks. Yonder is the deer, staggering up the mountain, not a half mile off—now standing at bay, as if before his swimming eyes came Fingal, the terror of the forest, whose howl was known to all the echoes, and quailed the herd while their antlers were yet afar off. "Rest, Flora, rest! while I fly to him with my rifle—and shoot him through the heart!"

Up—up—up the interminable glen, that kept winding and winding round many a jutting promontory and many a castellated cliff, the red deer kept dragging his gore-oozing bulk, sometimes almost within, and then for some hundreds of yards just beyond, rifle-shot; while the boy, maddened by the chase, pressed forwards, now all alone, nor any more looking behind for Flora, who had entirely disappeared; and thus he was hurried on for miles by the whirlwind of passion,—till at last he struck the noble quarry, and down sank the antlers in the snow, while the air was spurned by the convulsive beatings of feet. Then leaped Ronald upon the red deer like a beast of prey, and lifted up a look of triumph to the mountain-tops.

Where is Flora? Her lover has forgotten her, and he is alone—nor knows it,—he and the red deer—an enormous animal, fast stiffening in the frost of death.

Some large flakes of snow are in the air, and they seem to waver and whirl, though an hour ago there was not a breath. Faster they fall, and faster—the flakes are almost as large as leaves; and overhead whence so suddenly has come that huge yellow cloud? "Flora, where are you? where are you, Flora?" and from the huge hide the boy leaps up, and sees that no Flora is at hand. But yonder is a moving speck, far off upon the snow. 'Tis she—'tis

she ; and again Ronald turns his eyes upon the quarry, and the heart of the hunter burns within him like a new-stirred fire. Shrill as the eagle's cry disturbed in his eyry he sends a shout down the glen, and Flora, with cheeks pale and bright by fits, is at last by his side. Panting and speechless she stands, and then dizzily sinks on his breast. Her hair is ruffled by the wind that revives her, and her face all moistened by the snow-flakes, now not falling, but driven—for the day has undergone a dismal change, and all over the sky are now lowering savage symptoms of a fast-coming night-storm.

Bare is poor Flora's head, and sorely drenched her hair, that an hour or two ago glittered in the sunshine. Her shivering frame misses now the warmth of the plaid, which almost no cold can penetrate, and which had kept the vital current flowing freely in many a bitter blast. What would the miserable boy give now for the coverings lying far away, which, in his foolish passion, he flung down to chase that fatal deer ! "Oh, Flora ! if you would not fear to stay here by yourself, under the protection of God, who surely will not forsake you, soon will I go and come from the place where our plaids are lying ; and under the shelter of the deer we may be able to outlive the hurricane—you wrapped up in them—and folded, O my dearest sister, in my arms ?" "I will go with you down the glen, Ronald ;" and she left his breast ; but, weak as a day-old lamb, tottered and sank down on the snow. The cold —intense as if the air was ice—had chilled her very heart, after the heat of that long race ; and it was manifest that here she must be for the night—to live or to die. And the night seemed already come, so full was the lift of snow ; while the glimmer every moment became gloomier, as if the day were expiring long before its time. Howling at a distance down the glen was heard a sea-born tempest from the Linnhe Loch, where now they both knew the tide was tumbling in, bringing with it sleet and snow-blasts from afar ; and from the opposite quarter of the sky an inland tempest was raging to meet it, while every lesser glen had its own uproar, so that on all hands they were environed with death.

"I will go—and, till I return, leave you with God." "Go, Ronald !" and he went and came, as if he had been endowed with the raven's wing.

Miles away and miles back had he flown, and an hour had not been with his going and his coming ; but what a dreary wretchedness meanwhile had been hers ! She feared that she was dying—that the cold snowstorm was killing her—and that she would never more see Ronald, to say to him farewell. Soon as he was

gone, all her courage had died. Alone, she feared death, and wept to think how hard it was for one so young thus miserably to die. He came, and her whole being was changed. Folded up in both the plaids, she felt resigned. "Oh! kiss me, kiss me, Ronald; for your love—great as it is—is not as my love. You must never forget me, Ronald, when your poor Flora is dead."

Religion with these two young creatures was as clear as the light of the Sabbath-day, and their belief in heaven just the same as in earth. The will of God they thought of just as they thought of their parents' will,—and the same was their living obedience to its decrees. If she was to die, supported now by the presence of her brother, Flora was utterly resigned; if she was to live, her heart imaged to itself the very forms of her grateful worship. But all at once she closed her eyes, she ceased breathing—and, as the tempest howled and rumbled in the gloom that fell around them like blindness, Ronald almost sunk down, thinking that she was dead.

"Wretched sinner that I am!—my wicked madness brought her here to die of cold!" And he smote his breast, and tore his hair, and feared to look up.

All at once, without speaking a word, Ronald lifted Flora in his arms, and walked away up the glen, here almost narrowed into a pass. Distraction gave him supernatural strength, and her weight seemed that of a child. Some walls of what had once been a house, he had suddenly remembered, were but a short way off; whether or not they had any roof he had forgotten, but the thought even of such a shelter seemed a thought of salvation. There it was—a snow-drift at the opening that had once been a door,—snow up the holes once windows—the wood of the roof had been carried off for fuel, and the snowflakes were falling in, as if they would soon fill up the inside of the ruin. The snow in front was all trampled, as by sheep; and carrying in his burden under the low lintel, he saw the place was filled with a flock that had foreknown the hurricane, and that, all huddled together, looked on him as on the shepherd, come to see how they were faring in the storm.

And a young shepherd he was, with a lamb apparently dying in his arms. All colour, all motion, all breath seemed to be gone; and yet something convinced his heart that she was yet alive. The ruined hut was roofless, but across an angle of the walls some pinebranches had been flung, as a sort of shelter for the sheep or cattle that might repair thither in cruel weather—some pine branches left by the woodcutters, who had felled the yew trees

that once stood at the very head of the glen. Into that corner the snow-drift had not yet forced its way, and he sat down there, with Flora in the cherishing of his embrace, hoping that the warmth of his distracted heart might be felt by her, who was as cold as a corpse. The chill air was somewhat softened by the breath of the huddled flock, and the edge of the cutting wind blunted by the stones. It was a place in which it seemed possible that she might revive, miserable as it was with the mire-mixed snow, and almost as cold as one supposes the grave. And she did revive, and under the half-open lids the dim blue appeared to be not yet life-deserted. It was yet but the afternoon—night-like though it was,—and he thought, as he breathed upon her lips, that a faint red returned, and that they felt the kisses he dropt on them to drive death away.

"Oh! father, go seek for Ronald, for I dreamt to-night that he was perishing in the snow." "Flora, fear not,—God is with us." "Wild swans, they say, are come to Loch Phoil. Let us go, Ronald, and see them; but no rifle—for why kill creatures said to be so beautiful?" Over them where they lay bended down the pinebranch roof, as if it would give way beneath the increasing weight; but there it still hung, though the drift came over their feet, and up to their knees, and seemed stealing upwards to be their shroud. "Oh! I am overcome with drowsiness, and fain would be allowed to sleep. Who is disturbing me? and what noise is this in our house?" "Fear not, fear not, Flora,—God is with us." "Mother! am I lying in your arms? My father surely is not in the storm. Oh, I have had a most dreadful dream!" and with such mutterings as these Flora again relapsed into that perilous sleep which soon becomes that of death.

Night itself came, but Flora and Ronald knew it not; and both lay motionless in one snow-shroud. Many passions, though earth-born, heavenly all—pity, and grief, and love, and hope, and at last despair, had prostrated the strength they had so long supported; and the brave boy—who had been for some time feeble as a very child after a fever, with a mind confused and wandering, and in its perplexities sore afraid of some nameless ill—had submitted to lay down his head beside his Flora's, and had soon become, like her, insensible to the night and all its storms.

Bright was the peat fire in the hut of Flora's parents in Glenco,—and they were among the happiest of the humble happy, blessing this the birthday of their blameless child. They thought of her, singing her sweet songs by the fireside of the hut in Glencreran, and tender thoughts of her cousin Ronald were with them

in their prayers. No warning came to their ears in the sough or the howl; for fear it is that creates its own ghosts, and all its own ghost-like visitings; and they had seen their Flora, in the meekness of the morning, setting forth on her way over the quiet mountains, like a fawn to play. Sometimes too, love, who starts at shadows as if they were of the grave, is strangely insensible to realities that might well inspire dismay. So it was now with the dwellers in the hut at the head of Glencreran. Their Ronald had left them in the moruing—night had come, and he and Flora were not there,—but the day had been almost like a summer day, and in their infatuation they never doubted that the happy creatures had changed their minds, and that Flora had returned with him to Glenco. Ronald had laughingly said, that haply he might surprise the people in that glen by bringing back to them Flora on her birthday, and—strange though it afterwards seemed to her to be—that belief prevented one single fear from touching his mother's heart, and she and her husband that night lay down in untroubled sleep.

And what could have been done for them, had they been told by some good or evil spirit that their children were in the clutches of such a night? As well seek for a single bark in the middle of the misty main! But the inland storm had been seen brewing among the mountains round King's House, and hut had communicated with hut, though far apart in regions where the traveller sees no symptoms of human life. Down through the long cliff pass of Mealanumy, between Buchael-Etive and the Black Mount, towards the lone house of Dalness, that lies in everlasting shadows, went a band of shepherds, trampling their way across a hundred frozen streams. Dalness joined its strength, and then away over the drift-bridged chasms toiled that gathering, with their sheep-dogs scouring the loose snows in the van, Fingal the Red Reaver, with his head aloft on the look-out for deer, grimly eyeing the corrie where last he tasted blood. All "plaided in their tartan array," these shepherds laughed at the storm,—and hark! you hear the bagpipe play—the music the Highlanders love both in war and in peace.

"They think then of the owrie cattle,
And silly sheep;"

and though they ken 'twill be a moonless night—for the snow-storm will sweep her out of heaven,—up the mountain and down the glen they go, marking where flock and herd have betaken themselves, and now, at midfall, unafraid of that blind hollow,

they descend into the depth where once stood the old grove of pines. Following their dogs, who know their duties in their instinct, the band, without seeing it, are now close to that ruined hut. Why bark the sheep-dogs so? and why howls Fingal, as if some spirit passed athwart the night? He scents the dead body of the boy who so often had shouted him on in the forest when the antlers went by! Not dead—nor dead she who is on his bosom. Yet life in both frozen—and will the red blood in their veins ever again be thawed? Almost pitch dark is the roofless ruin; and the frightened sheep know not what is that terrible shape that is howling there. But a man enters, and lifts up one of the bodies, giving it into the arms of those at the doorway, and then lifts up the other; and by the flash of a rifle they see that it is Ronald Cameron and Flora Macdonald, seemingly both frozen to death. Some of those reeds that the shepherds burn in their huts are kindled, and in that small light they are assured that such are the corpses. But that noble dog knows that death is not there, and licks the face of Ronald, as if he would restore life to his eyes. Two of the shepherds know well how to fold the dying in their plaids,—how gentlest to carry them along; for they had learnt it on the field of victorious battle, when, without stumbling over the dead and wounded, they bore away the shattered body, yet living, of the youthful warrior, who had shown that of such a clan he was worthy to be the chief.

The storm was with them all the way down the glen, nor could they have heard each others' voices had they spoke; but mutely they shifted the burden from strong hand to hand, thinking of the hut in Glenco, and of what would be felt there on their arrival with the dying or the dead. Blind people walk through what to them is the night of crowded day-streets, unpausing turn round corners, unhesitating plunge down steep stairs, wind their way fearlessly through whirlwinds of life, and reach in their serenity, each one unharmed, his own obscure house. For God is with the blind. So is He with all who walk on walks of mercy. This saving band had no fear, therefore there was no danger, on the edge of the pitfall or the cliff. They knew the countenances of the mountains, shown momentarily by ghastly gleamings through the fitful night, and the hollow sound of each particular stream beneath the snow, at places where in other weather there was a pool or a waterfall. The dip of the hills, in spite of the drifts, familiar to their feet, did not deceive them now; and then the dogs, in their instinct, were guides that erred not: and as well as the shepherds knew it themselves, did Fingal

know that they were anxious to reach Glenco. He led the way as if he were in moonlight; and often stood still when they were shifting their burden, and whined as if in grief. He knew where the bridges were—stones or logs; and he rounded the marshes where at springs the wild fowl feed. And thus instinct, and reason, and faith, conducted the saving band along,—and now they are at Glenco, and at the door of the hut.

To life were brought the dead; and there, at midnight, sat they up like ghosts. Strange seemed they for a while to each other's eyes, and at each other they looked as if they had forgotten how dearly once they loved. Then, as if in holy fear, they gazed in each other's faces, thinking that they had awaked together in heaven. "Flora!" said Ronald,—and that sweet word, the first, he had been able to speak, reminded him of all that had passed, and he knew that the God in whom they had put their trust had sent them deliverance. Flora, too, knew her parents, who were on their knees; and she strove to rise up and kneel down beside them, but she was powerless as a broken reed; and when she thought to join with them in thanksgiving, her voice was gone. Still as death sat all the people in the hut, and one or two who were fathers were not ashamed to weep.

JOHN WILSON.

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 waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed, with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the 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 uplifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Asshur 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.

LORD BYRON.

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN, 1314.

KING EDWARD II. was not a wise and brave man like his father, but a foolish prince, who was influenced by unworthy favourites, and thought more of pleasure than of governing his kingdom. His father, Edward I., would have entered Scotland at the head of a large army, before he had left Bruce time to conquer back so much of the country. But, very fortunately for the Scots, that wise and skilful though ambitious king died when he was on the point of marching into Scotland. His son Edward had afterwards neglected the Scottish war, and thus lost the opportunity of defeating Bruce, when his force was small. But now when Sir Philip Mowbray, the Governor of Stirling, came to London to tell the king that Stirling, the last Scottish town of importance which remained in possession of the English, was to be surrendered if it were not relieved by force of arms before midsummer, then all the English nobles called out it would be a sin and shame to permit the fair conquest which Edward I. had made, to be forfeited to the Scots for want of fighting. It was, therefore, resolved that the king should go himself to Scotland, with as great forces as he could possibly muster.

King Edward the Second therefore assembled one of the greatest armies which a king of England ever commanded. The number was not less than one hundred thousand men.

King Robert the Bruce summoned all his nobles and barons to

join him, when he heard of the great preparation which the king of England was making. His whole army did not very much exceed thirty thousand, and they were much worse armed than the wealthy Englishmen; but then Robert, who was at their head, was one of the most expert generals of the time; and the officers he had under him were his brother Edward, his nephew Randolph, his faithful follower the Douglas, and other brave and experienced leaders, who commanded the same men that had been accustomed to fight and gain victories under every disadvantage of situation and numbers.

The king, on his part, studied how he might supply, by address and stratagem, what he wanted in numbers and strength. He knew the superiority of the English, both in their heavy armed cavalry, which were much better mounted and armed than that of the Scots, and in their archers, who were better trained than any others in the world. Both these advantages he resolved to provide against. With this purpose he led his army down into a plain near Stirling, called the Park, near which, and beneath it, the English army must needs pass through a boggy country, broken with watercourses, while the Scots occupied hard dry ground. He then caused all the ground upon the front of his line of battle, where cavalry were likely to act, to be dug full of holes, about as deep as a man's knee. They were filled with light brushwood, and the turf was laid on the top, so that it appeared a plain field, while in reality it was all full of these pits as a honey-comb is of holes. He also, it is said, caused steel spikes, called calthrops, to be scattered up and down in the plain, where the English cavalry were most likely to advance, trusting in that manner to lame and destroy their horses.

When the Scottish army was drawn up, the line stretched north and south. On the south it was terminated by the banks of the brook called Bannockburn, which was so rocky that no troops could attack them. On the left, the Scottish line extended near to the town of Stirling. Bruce reviewed his troops very carefully; all the useless servants, drivers of carts, and such like, of whom there were very many, he ordered to go behind a height, afterwards, in memory of the event, called the Gillies' hill, that is, the Servants' hill. He then spoke to the soldiers, and expressed his determination to gain the victory, or to lose his life on the field of battle. He desired that all those who did not propose to fight to the last should leave the field before the battle began, and that none should remain except those who were determined to take the issue of victory or death, as God should send it.

When the main body of his army was thus placed in order, the king posted Randolph, with a body of horse, near to the church of St. Ninian's, commanding him to use the utmost diligence to prevent any succours from being thrown into Stirling Castle. He then despatched James of Douglas, and Sir Robert Keith, the Mareschal of the Scottish army, in order that they might survey, as nearly as they could, the English force, which was now approaching from Falkirk. They returned with information, that the approach of that vast host was one of the most beautiful and terrible sights which could be seen,—that the whole country seemed covered with men-at-arms on horse and foot,—that the number of standards, banners, and pennons (all flags of different kinds) made so gallant a show, that the bravest and most numerous host in Christendom might be alarmed to see King Edward moving against them.

It was upon the 23rd of June (1314) the king of Scotland heard the news that the English army were approaching Stirling. He drew out his army, therefore, in the order which he had before resolved on. After a short time, Bruce, who was looking out anxiously for the enemy, saw a body of English cavalry trying to get into Stirling from the eastward. This was the Lord Clifford, who, with a chosen body of eight hundred horse, had been detached to relieve the castle.

"See, Randolph," said the king to his nephew, "there is a rose fallen from your chaplet." By this he meant that Randolph had lost some honour, by suffering the enemy to pass where he had been stationed to hinder them. Randolph made no reply, but rushed against Clifford with little more than half his number. The Scots were on foot. The English turned to charge them with their lances, and Randolph drew up his men in close order to receive the onset. He seemed to be in so much danger, that Douglas asked leave of the king to go and assist him. The king refused him permission.

"Let Randolph," he said, "redeem his own fault; I cannot break the order of battle for his sake." Still the danger appeared greater, and the English horse seemed entirely to encompass the small handful of Scottish infantry. "So please you," said Douglas to the king, "my heart will not suffer me to stand idle and see Randolph perish—I must go to his assistance." He rode off accordingly; but long before they had reached the place of combat they saw the English horses galloping off, many with empty saddles.

"Halt!" said Douglas to his men, "Randolph has gained the

day; since we were not soon enough to help him in the battle, do not let us lessen his glory by approaching the field." Now that was nobly done, especially as Douglas and Randolph were always contending which should rise highest in the good opinion of the king and the nation.

The van of the English army now came in sight, and a number of their bravest knights drew near to see what the Scots were doing. They saw king Robert dressed in his armour, and distinguished by a gold crown, which he wore over his helmet. He was not mounted on his great war-horse, because he did not expect to fight that evening. But he rode on a little pony up and down the ranks of his army, putting his men in order, and carried in his hand a sort of battle-axe made of steel. When the king saw the English horsemen draw near, he advanced a little before his own men, that he might look at them more nearly.

There was a knight among the English, called Sir Henry de Bohun, who thought this would be a good opportunity to gain great fame to himself, and put an end to the war, by killing King Robert. The king being poorly mounted, and having no lance, Bohun galloped on him suddenly and furiously, thinking, with his long spear, and his tall powerful horse, easily to bear him down to the ground. King Robert saw him, and permitted him to come very near, then suddenly turned his pony a little to one side, so that Sir Henry missed him with the lance-point, and was in the act of being carried past him by the career of his horse. But as he passed, King Robert rose up in his stirrups, and struck Sir Henry on the head with his battle-axe so terrible a blow, that it broke to pieces his iron helmet as if it had been a nut-shell, and hurled him from his saddle. He was dead before he reached the ground. This gallant action was blamed by the Scottish leaders, who thought Bruce ought not to have exposed himself to so much danger when the safety of the whole army depended on him. The king only kept looking at his weapon, which was injured by the force of the blow, and said, "I have broken my good battle-axe."

The next morning, being the 24th June, at break of day, the battle began in terrible earnest. The English as they advanced saw the Scots getting into line. The Abbot of Inchaffray walked through their ranks barefooted, and exhorted them to fight for their freedom. They kneeled down as he passed, and prayed to heaven for victory. King Edward, who saw this, called out, „ They kneel down—they are asking forgiveness." "Yes," said a celebrated English baron, called Ingleram de Umphraville, "but

they ask it from God, not from us—these men will conquer, or die upon the field."

The English king ordered his men to begin the battle. The archers then bent their bows and began to shoot so closely together that the arrows fell like flakes of snow on a Christmas day. They killed many of the Scots, and might, as at Falkirk and other places, have decided the victory; but Bruce, as I told you before, was prepared for them. He had in readiness a body of men-at-arms, well mounted, who rode at full gallop among the archers, and as they had no weapons save their bows and arrows, which they could not use when they were attacked hand to hand, they were cut down in great numbers by the Scottish horsemen, and thrown into total confusion.

The fine English cavalry then advanced to support their archers, and to attack the Scottish line. But coming over the ground which was dug full of pits, the horses fell into these holes, and the riders lay tumbling about, without any means of defence, and unable to rise, from the weight of their armour. The Englishmen began to fall into general disorder; and the Scottish king, bringing up more of his forces, attacked and pressed them still more closely.

On a sudden, while the battle was obstinately maintained on both sides, an event happened which decided the victory. The servants and attendants on the Scottish camp had, as I told you, been sent behind the army to a place afterwards called the Gillies' hill. But when they saw that their masters were likely to gain the day, they rushed from their place of concealment with such weapons as they could get, that they might have their share in the victory and in the spoil. The English, seeing them come suddenly over the hill, mistook this disorderly rabble for a new army coming up to sustain the Scots, and, losing all heart, began to shift every man for himself. Edward himself left the field as fast as he could ride. A valiant knight, Sir Giles de Argentine, much renowned in the wars of Palestine, attended the king till he got him out of the press of the combat. But he would retreat no farther. "It is not my custom," he said, "to fly." With that he took leave of the king, set spurs to his horse, and calling out his war-cry of Argentine! Argentine! he rushed into the thickest of the Scottish ranks, and was killed.

The young Earl of Gloucester was also slain, fighting valiantly. The Scots would have saved him, but as he did not put on his armorial bearings, they did not know him, and he was cut to pieces.

Edward first fled to Stirling Castle, and entreated admittance; but Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor, reminded the fugitive sovereign that he was obliged to surrender the castle next day, so Edward was fain to fly through the Torwood, closely pursued by Douglas with a body of cavalry. An odd circumstance happened during the chase, which showed how loosely some of the Scottish barons of that day held their political opinions. As Douglas was riding furiously after Edward, he met a Scottish knight, Sir Laurence Abernethy, with twenty horse. Sir Laurence had hitherto owned the English interest, and was bringing this band of followers to serve king Edward's army. But learning from Douglas that the English king was entirely defeated, he changed sides on the spot and was easily prevailed upon to join Douglas in pursuing the unfortunate Edward, with the very followers whom he had been leading to join his standard.

Douglas and Abernethy continued the chase, not giving King Edward time to alight from horseback even for an instant, and followed him as far as Dunbar, where the English had still a friend in the governor, Patrick, Earl of March. The Earl received Edward in his forlorn condition, and furnished him with a fishing skiff, or small ship, in which he escaped to England; having entirely lost his fine army, and a great number of his bravest nobles.

The English never before or afterwards, whether in France or Scotland, lost so dreadful a battle as that of Bannockburn, nor did the Scots ever gain one of the same importance. Many of the best and bravest of the English nobility and gentry, as I have said, lay dead on the field; a great many more were made prisoners; and the whole of King Edward's immense army was dispersed or destroyed.

The English, after this great defeat, were no longer in a condition to support their pretensions to be masters of Scotland, or to continue, as they had done for nearly twenty years, to send armies into that country to overcome it. On the contrary, they became for a time scarce able to defend their own frontiers against King Robert and his soldiers.

There were several battles fought within England itself, in which the English had greatly the worst. One of these took place near Mitton, in Yorkshire. There was a great slaughter in and after the action. The Scots laid waste the country of England as far as the gates of York, and enjoyed a considerable superiority over their ancient enemies, who had so lately threatened to make them subjects of England.

Thus did Robert Bruce arise from the condition of an exile, hunted with bloodhounds like a stag or beast of prey, to the rank of an independent sovereign, universally acknowledged to be one of the wisest and bravest kings who then lived. The nation of Scotland was also raised once more from the situation of a distressed and conquered province to that of a free and independent state, governed by its own laws, and subject to its own princes; and although the country was, after Bruce's death, often subjected to great loss and distress, both by the hostility of the English and by the unhappy civil wars among the Scots themselves, yet they never afterwards lost the freedom for which Wallace had laid down his life, and which King Robert had recovered, not less by his wisdom than by his weapons. And therefore most just it is, that while the country of Scotland retains any recollection of its history, the memory of those brave warriors and faithful patriots should be remembered with honour and gratitude.

SIR W. SCOTT.

DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

On the afternoon of the 19th of July, A.D. 1588, a group of English captains was collected at the Bowling Green, on the Hoe, at Plymouth, whose equals have never before or since been brought together, even at that favourite mustering place of the heroes of the British navy. There was Sir Francis Drake, the first English circumnavigator of the globe, the terror of every Spanish coast in the Old World and the New; there was Sir John Hawkins, the rough veteran of many a daring voyage on the African and American seas, and of many a desperate battle; there was Sir Martin Frobisher, one of the earliest explorers of the arctic seas in search of that north-west passage which is still the darling object of England's boldest mariners. There was the High Admiral of England, Lord Howard, of Effingham, prodigal of all things in his country's cause, and who had recently had the noble daring to refuse to dismantle part of the fleet, though the queen had sent him orders to do so, in consequence of an exaggerated report that the enemy had been driven back and shattered by a storm.

Many other brave men and skilful mariners, besides the chiefs whose names have been mentioned, were there, enjoying with true sailor-like merriment their temporary relaxation from duty. In

the harbour lay the English fleet, with which they had just returned from a cruise to Corunna in search of information respecting the real condition and movements of the hostile Armada. Lord Howard had ascertained that our enemies, though tempest-tost, were still formidably strong; and fearing that part of their fleet might make for England in his absence, he had hurried back to the Devonshire coast. He resumed his station at Plymouth, and waited there for certain tidings of the Spaniards' approach.

A match at bowls was being played, in which Drake and other high officers of the fleet were engaged, when a small armed vessel was seen running before the wind into Plymouth harbour, with all sails set. Her commander landed in haste, and eagerly sought the place where the English lord admiral and his captains were standing. His name was Fleming; he was the master of a Scotch privateer; and he told the English officers that he had that morning seen the Spanish Armada off the Cornish coast. At this exciting information the captains began to hurry down to the water, and there was a shouting for the ships' boats; but Drake coolly checked his comrades, and insisted that the match should be played out. He said that there was plenty of time both to win the game and beat the Spaniards. The best and bravest match that ever was scored was resumed accordingly. Drake and his friends aimed their last bowls with the same steady calculating coolness with which they were about to point their guns. The winning cast was made; and then they went on board and prepared for action, with their hearts as light and their nerves as firm as they had been on the Hoe bowling-green.

Meanwhile the messengers and signals had been despatched fast and far through England to warn each town and village that the enemy had come at last. In every seaport there was instant making ready by land and by sea; in every shire and every city there was instant mustering of horse and man. But England's best defence then, as ever, was her fleet; and after warping laboriously out of Plymouth harbour against the wind, the lord admiral stood westward under easy sail, keeping an anxious look-out for the Armada, the approach of which was soon announced by Cornish fisher-boats, and signals from the Cornish cliffs.

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The design of the Spaniards was that the Armada should give them, at least for a time, the command of the sea, and that it should join the squadron which Parma had collected off Calais.

Then escorted by an overpowering naval force, Parma and his army were to embark in their flotilla, and cross the sea to England, where they were to be landed, together with the troops which the Armada brought from the ports of Spain.

Although the number of sail which the queen's government and the patriotic zeal of volunteers had collected for the defence of England exceeded the number of sail in the Spanish fleet, the English ships were, collectively, far inferior in size to their adversaries. The English admiral was also obliged to subdivide his force; and Lord Henry Seymour, with forty of the best Dutch and English ships, was employed in blockading the hostile ports in Flanders, and in preventing the Prince of Parma from coming out of Dunkirk.

It was on Saturday, the 20th July, that Lord Effingham came in sight of his formidable adversaries. The Armada was drawn up in form of a crescent, which from horn to horn measured some seven miles. There was a south-west wind; and before it the vast vessels sailed slowly on. The English let them pass by; and then following in the rear, commenced an attack upon them. A running fight now took place, in which some of the best ships of the Spaniards were captured; many more received heavy damage; while the English vessels, which took care not to close with their huge antagonists, but availed themselves of their superior celerity in tacking and manœuvring, suffered little comparative loss. Each day added not only to the spirit, but to the number of Effingham's force. Raleigh, Oxford, Cumberland, and Sheffield joined him; and "the gentlemen of England hired ships from all parts at their own charge, and with one accord came flocking thither as to a set field, where glory was to be attained, and faithful service performed unto their prince and country."

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The Armada lay off Calais, with its largest ships ranged outside, "like strong castles fearing no assault; the lesser placed in the middle ward." The English admiral could not attack them in their position without great disadvantage, but on the night of the 29th he sent eight fire-ships among them, with almost equal effect to that of the fire-ships which the Greeks so often employed against the Turkish fleets in their late war of independence. The Spaniards cut their cables and put to sea in confusion. One of the largest galeasses ran foul of another vessel and was stranded. The rest of the fleet was scattered about on the Flemish coast, and when the morning broke, it was with difficulty and delay that they obeyed their admiral's signal to range themselves round him

near Gravelines. Now was the golden opportunity for the English to assail them, and prevent them from ever letting loose Parma's flotilla against England; and nobly was that opportunity used. The Spaniards only thought of forming and keeping close together, and were driven by the English past Dunkirk, and far away from the Prince of Parma, who in watching their defeat from the coast, must, as Drake expressed it, have chafed like a bear robbed of her whelps. This was indeed the last and decisive battle between the two fleets.

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Many of the largest Spanish ships were sunk or captured in the action of this day. And at length the Spanish admiral, despairing of success, fled northward with a southerly wind, in the hope of rounding Scotland, and so returning to Spain without a further encounter with the English fleet. Lord Effingham left a squadron to continue the blockade of the Prince of Parma's armament; but that wise general soon withdrew his troops to more promising fields of action. Meanwhile the lord-admiral himself and Drake chased the vincible Armada, as it was now termed, for some distance northward; and then, when it seemed to bend away from the Scotch coast towards Norway, it was thought best, in the words of Drake, "to leave them to those boisterous and uncouth northern seas."

The sufferings and losses which the unhappy Spaniards sustained in their flight round Scotland and Ireland are well known. Of their whole Armada only fifty-three shattered vessels brought back their beaten and washed crews to the Spanish coast which they had quitted in such pageantry and pride.

CREASY.

THE CHASE OF THE *ST. CATHERINE.*

IT was now the sixteenth day of the chase. They had seen, the evening before, St. David's Head, and then the Welsh coast round Milford Haven, looming out black and sharp before the blaze of the inland thunderstorm; and it had lightened all round them during the fore-part of the night, upon a light south-western breeze.

In vain they had strained their eyes through the darkness to catch, by the fitful glare of the flashes, the tall masts of the Spaniard. Of one thing at least they were certain, that with the wind as it was, she could not have gone far to the westward; and

an attempt to pass them again and go northward was more than she dare do. She was probably lying-to a-head of them, perhaps between them and the land, and when, a little after midnight, the wind chopped up to the west, and blew stiffly till daybreak, they felt sure that, unless she had attempted the desperate expedient of running past them, they had her safe in the mouth of the British Channel. Slowly and wearily broke the dawn, on such a day as often follows heavy thunder: a sunless, drizzly day, roofed with low, dingy clouds, barred, and netted, and festooned with black, a sign that the storm is only taking breath a while before it bursts again; while all the narrow horizon is dim and spongy with vapour drifting before a chilly breeze. As the day went on the breeze died down, and the sea fell to a long, glassy, foam-flecked roll, while overhead brooded the inky sky, and round them the leaden mists shut out alike the shore and the chase.

Amyas paced the sloppy deck fretfully and fiercely. He knew that the Spaniard could not escape; but he cursed every moment which lingered between him and that one great revenge which blackened all his soul. The men sate sulkily about the deck, and whistled for a wind; the sails flapped idly against the masts, and the ship rolled in the long troughs of the sea till her yardarms almost dipped right and left.

"Take care of those guns. You will have something loose next," growled Amyas.

"We will take care of the guns, if the Lord will take care of the wind," said Yeo.

"We shall have plenty before night," said Cary, "and thunder too."

"So much the better," said Amyas. "It may roar till it splits the heavens, if it does but let me get my work done."

"He's not far off, I warrant," said Cary, "One lift of the cloud and we should see him."

So the morning wore away without a sign of living thing, not even a passing gull; and the black melancholy of the heaven reflected itself in the black melancholy of Amyas. Was he to lose his prey after all? The thought made him shudder with rage and disappointment. It was intolerable; anything but that.

"Here she is," thundered Amyas from the deck; and in an instant all were scrambling up the hatchway as fast as the frantic rolling of the ship would let them.

Yes, there she was. The cloud had lifted suddenly, and to the south a ragged bore of blue sky let a long stream of sunshine down on her tall masts and stately hull, as she lay rolling some

four or five miles to the eastward; but as for land, none was to be seen.

"There she is, and here we are," said Cary; "but where is here, and where is there? How is the tide, master?"

"Running up channel by this time, sir."

"What matters the tide?" said Amyas, devouring the ship with terrible and cold blue eyes. "Can't we get at her?"

"Not unless some one jumps out and shoves behind," said Cary. "I shall down again and finish that mackerel, if this roll has not chucked it to the cockroaches under the table."

"Don't jest, Will! I can't stand it," said Amyas, in a voice that quivered so much that Cary looked at him. His whole frame was trembling like an aspen. Cary took his arm and drew him aside.

"Dear old lad," said he, as they leaned over the bulwarks, "what is this? You are not yourself, and have not been these four days."

"No, I am not Amyas Leigh. I am my brother's avenger. Do not reason with me, Will; when it is over, I shall be merry old Amyas again," and he passed his hand over his brow.

Cary went away with a shudder. As he passed down the hatchway he looked back. Amyas had got the hone out of his pocket, and was whetting away again at his sword-edge, as if there was some dreadful doom on him to whet and whet for ever.

The weary day wore on. The strip of blue sky was curtained over again, and all was dismal as before, though it grew sultrier every moment; and now and then a distant murmur shook the air to westward. Nothing could be done to lessen the distance between the ships, for the *Vengeance* had had all her boats carried away but one, and that was much too small to tow her; and while the men went down again to finish dinner, Amyas worked on at his sword, looking up every now and then suddenly at the Spaniard, as if to satisfy himself that it was not a vision which had vanished.

About two Yeo came up to him.

"He is ours safely now, sir. The tide has been running to the eastward for this two hours."

"Safe as a fox in a trap. . . . There comes the thunder at last!"

As he spoke an angry growl from the westward heavens seemed to answer his wild words, and rolled and loudened nearer and nearer, till right over their heads it crashed against some cloud-cliff far above, and all was still.

Each man looked in the other's face; but Amyas was unmoved.

"The storm is coming," said he, "and the wind in it. It will be Eastward-ho now, my merry men all!"

"Eastward-ho never brought us luck," said Jack, in an undertone to Cary. But by this time all eyes were turned to the north-west, where a black line along the horizon began to define the boundary of the sea and air, till now all dim in mist.

"There comes the breeze."

"And there the storm, too."

And with that strangely accelerating pace which some storms seem to possess, the thunder, which had been growling slow and seldom far away, now rang, peal on peal, along the cloudy floor above their heads.

"Here comes the breeze. Round with the yards, or we shall be taken aback."

The yards creaked round, the sea grew crisp around them, the hot-air swept their cheeks, tightened every rope, filled every sail, bent her over. A cheer burst from the men as the helm went up, and they staggered away before the wind right down upon the Spaniard, who lay still, becalmed.

"There is more behind, Amyas," said Cary. "Shall we not shorten sail a little?"

"No. Hold on every stitch," said Amyas. "Give me the helm, man! Boatswain, pipe away to clear for fight."

It was done, and in ten minutes the men were all at quarters, while the thunder rolled louder and louder overhead, and the breeze freshened fast.

"The dog has it now. There he goes!" said Cary.

"Right before the wind. He has no liking to face us."

"He is running into the jaws of destruction;" said Yeo. "An hour more will send him either right up the channel, or smack on shore somewhere."

"There! he has put his helm down. I wonder if he sees land?"

"He is like a March hare beat out of his county," said Cary, "and don't know whither to run next."

Cary was right. In ten minutes more the Spaniard fell off again, and went away dead down-wind, while the *Vengeance* gained on him fast. After two hours more the four miles had diminished to one, while the lightning flashed nearer and nearer as the storm came up, and from the vast mouth of a black cloud-arch poured so fierce a breeze that Amyas yielded unwil-

ingly to hints which were growing into open murmurs, and bade shorten sail.

On they rushed with scarcely shortened speed, the black arch following fast, curtained by one flat grey sheet of pouring rain, before which the water was boiling in a long white line; while every moment, behind the watery veil, a keen blue spark leapt down into the sea, or darted zigzag through the rain.

"We shall have it now, and with a vengeance. This will try your tackle, master," said Cary.

The functionary answered with a shrug, and turned up the collar of his rough frock as the first drops flew stinging round his ears. Another minute and the squall burst full upon them in rain which cut like hail—hail which lashed the sea into froth, and wind which whirled off the heads of the surges, and swept the waters into one white seething waste. And above them, and behind them, and before them, the lightning leapt and ran, dazzling and blinding, while the deep roar of the thunder was changed to sharp ear-piercing cracks.

"Get the arms and ammunition under cover, and then below with you all," shouted Amyas from the helm.

"And heat the pokers in the gally fire," said Yeo, "to be ready if the rain puts our lintstocks out. I hope you'll let me stay on deck, sir, in case ——"

"I must have some one, and who better than you? Can you see the chase?"

No; she was wrapped in the grey whirlwind. She might be within half a mile of them, for aught they could have seen of her.

And now Amyas and his old liegeman were alone. Neither spoke; each knew the other's thoughts, and knew that they were his own. The squall blew fiercer and fiercer, the rain poured heavier and heavier. Where was the Spaniard?

There she was indeed, two musket-shots off, staggering away with canvas split and flying.

On they swept, gaining fast on the Spaniard.

"Call the men up and to quarters; the rain will be over in ten minutes."

Yeo ran forward to the gangway, and sprang back again with a face white and wild.

"Land right a-head! Port your helm, sir! port your helm!"

Amyas, with the strength of a bull, jammed the helm down, while Yeo shouted to the men below.

She swung round. The masts bent like whips, crack went the

fore-sail like a cannon. What matter? Within two hundred yards of them was the Spaniard; in front of her and above her a huge dark bank rose through the dense hail, and mingled with the clouds; and at its foot, plainer every moment, pillars and spouts of leaping foam.

"What is it? Morte? Hartland?"

It might be anything for thirty miles.

"Lundy!" said Yeo. "The south end! I see the head of the Shutter in the breakers. Look at the Spaniard!"

Yes, look at the Spaniard.

On their left hand, as they broached-to, the wall of granite sloped down from the clouds toward an isolated peak of rock some two hundred feet in height. Then a hundred yards of roaring breaker upon a sunken shelf, across which the race of the tide poured like a cataract; then, amid a column of salt smoke, the Shutter, like a huge black fairy, rose, waiting for its prey; and between the Shutter and the land the great galleon loomed dimly through the storm.

He, too, had seen his danger, and tried to broach-to. But his clumsy mass refused to obey the helm; he struggled a moment, half hid in foam; fell away again, and rushed upon his doom.

"Lost! lost! lost!" cried Amyas, madly, and, throwing up his hands, let go the tiller. Yeo caught it just in time.

"Sir! sir! What are you at? We shall clear the rock yet."

"Yes!" shouted Amyas in his frenzy; "but he will not."

Another minute. The galleon gave a sudden jar, and stopped. Then one long heave and bound, as if to free herself; and then her bows lighted clean upon the Shutter.

An awful silence fell on every English soul. They heard not the roaring of wind and surge; they saw not the blinding flashes of the lightning; but they heard one long ear-piercing wail rise from five hundred human throats; they saw the mighty ship heel over from the wind, and sweep headlong down the cataract of the race, plunging her yards into the foam, and showing her whole black side even to the keel, till she rolled clean over, and vanished for ever and ever.—*From "Westward-ho!" by C. Kingsley.*

PART II.

VOYAGES, TRAVELS, AND ADVENTURES.

MORTALITY AT SEA.

Soon after our passing Straits Le Maire the scurvy began to make its appearance amongst us; and our long continuance at sea, the fatigue we underwent, and the various disappointments we met with, had occasioned its spreading to such a degree, that at the latter end of April there were but few on board who were not in some degree afflicted with it, and in that month no less than forty-three died of it on board the *Centurion*. But though we thought that the distemper had then risen to an extraordinary height, and were willing to hope that as we advanced to the northward its malignity would abate; yet we found, to the contrary, that in the month of May we lost nearly double that number: and as we did not get to land till the middle of June, the mortality went on increasing, and the disease extended itself so prodigiously, that, after the loss of above 200 men, we could not at last muster more than six foremast men in a watch capable of duty.

With this terrible disease we struggled the greatest part of the time of our beating round Cape Horn; and though it did not then rage with its utmost violence, yet we buried no less than forty-three men on board the *Centurion* in the month of April, as hath been already observed; however, we still entertained hopes that, when we should have once secured our passage round the Cape, we should put a period to this and all the other evils which had so constantly pursued us. But it was our misfortune to find that the Pacific Ocean was to us less hospitable than the turbulent neighbourhood of Terra del Fuego and Cape Horn. For being arrived, on the 8th of May, off the Island of Socoro, which was the first rendezvous appointed for the squadron, and where we hoped to have met with some of our companions, we cruised for them in that station several days. But here we were not only disappointed in our expectations of being joined by our friends, and were thereby induced to favour the gloomy suggestions of their having all perished; but we were likewise perpetually alarmed with the fears of being driven on shore upon this coast, which appeared too craggy and irregular to give us the least prospect that in such a case any of us could possibly escape

immediate destruction. For the land had indeed a most tremendous aspect: the most distant part of it, and which appeared far within the country, being the mountains usually called the Andes or Cordilleras, was extremely high, and covered with snow; and the coast itself seemed quite rocky and barren, and the water's edge skirted with precipices. In some places indeed we discerned several deep bays running into the land, but the entrance into them was generally blocked up by numbers of little islands; and though it was not improbable but there might be convenient shelter in some of these bays, and proper channels leading thereto, yet, as we were utterly ignorant of the coast, had we been driven ashore by western winds which blow almost constantly there, we did not expect to have avoided the loss of our ship, and of our lives.

This continued peril, which lasted for above a fortnight, was greatly aggravated by the difficulties we found in working the ship: as the scurvy had by this time destroyed so great a part of our hands, and had in some degree affected almost the whole crew. Nor did we, as we hoped, find the winds less violent as we advanced to the northward; for we had often prodigious squalls, which split our sails, greatly damaged our rigging, and endangered our masts. Indeed, during the greatest part of the time we were upon this coast, the wind blew so hard, that in another situation, where we had sufficient sea-room, we should certainly have lain to; but in the present exigency we were necessitated to carry both courses and top-sails, in order to keep clear of this lee-shore. In one of these squalls, which was attended by several violent claps of thunder, a sudden flash of fire darted along our decks, which, dividing, exploded with a report like that of several pistols, and wounded many of our men and officers as it passed, marking them in different parts of the body: this flame was attended with a strong sulphurous stench, and was doubtless of the same nature with the larger and more violent blasts of lightning which then filled the air.

And now, having cruised in vain for more than a fortnight in quest of the other ships of the squadron, it was resolved to take the advantage of the present favourable season, and the offing we had made from this terrible coast, and to make the best of our way for the Island of Juan Fernandez. For though our next rendezvous was appointed off the harbour of Baldivia, yet as we had hitherto seen none of our companions at this first rendezvous, it was not to be supposed that any of them would be found at the second: indeed, we had the greatest reason to suspect that all but

ourselves had perished. Besides, we were by this time reduced to so low a condition, that, instead of attempting to attack the places of the enemy, our utmost hopes could only suggest to us the possibility of saving the ship, and some part of the remaining enfeebled crew, by our speedy arrival at Juan Fernandez ; for this was the only road in that part of the world where there was any probability of our recovering our sick, or refitting our vessel, and consequently our getting thither was the only chance we had left to avoid perishing at sea.

On the 30th of May we had a view of the continent of Chili, distant about twelve or thirteen leagues ; the land made exceedingly high, and uneven, and appeared quite white ; what we saw being doubtless a part of the Cordilleras, which are always covered with snow. Though by this view of the land we ascertained our position, yet it gave us great uneasiness to find that we had so needlessly altered our course, when we were, in all probability, just upon the point of making the island ; for the mortality amongst us was now increased to a most dreadful degree, and those who remained alive were utterly dispirited by this new disappointment, and the prospect of their longer continuance at sea : our water too began to grow scarce : so that a general dejection prevailed amongst us, which added much to the virulence of the disease, and destroyed numbers of our best men ; and to all these calamities there was added this vexatious circumstance, that when, after having got sight of the main, we tacked and stood to the westward in quest of the island, we were so much delayed by calms and contrary winds, that it cost us nine days to regain the westing, which, when we stood to the eastward, we ran down in two. In this desponding condition, with a crazy ship, a great scarcity of fresh water, and a crew so universally diseased that there were not above ten foremast men in a watch capable of doing duty, and even some of these lame, and unable to go aloft ; under these disheartening circumstances, we stood to the westward ; and, on the 9th of June, at daybreak, we at last discovered the long-wished-for Island of Juan Fernandez.

Though, on this first view, it appeared to be a very mountainous place, extremely rugged and irregular, yet as it was land, and the land we sought for, it was to us a most agreeable sight ; because at this place only we could hope to put a period to those terrible calamities we had so long struggled with, which had already swept away above half our crew, and which, had we continued a few days longer at sea, would inevitably have completed our destruction. For we were by this time reduced to so helpless a condition, that,

out of 200 and odd men who remained alive, we could not, taking all our watches together, muster hands enough to work the ship on an emergency, though we included the officers, their servants, and the boys.

The wind being northerly when we first made the island, we kept plying all that day, and the next night, in order to get in with the land ; and, wearing the ship in the middle watch, we had a melancholy instance of the almost incredible debility of our people ; for the lieutenant could muster no more than two quarter-masters and six foremast men capable of working ; so that without the assistance of the officers, servants, and the boys, it might have proved impossible for us to have reached the island after we had got sight of it ; and even with this assistance they were two hours in trimming the sails ; to so wretched a condition was a sixty-gun ship reduced, which had passed Straits Le Maire but three months before, with between four and five hundred men, almost all of them in health and vigour.

However, on the 10th, in the afternoon, we got under the lee of the island, and kept ranging along it, at about two miles distance, in order to look out for the proper anchorage, which was described to be a bay on the north side. Being now nearer in with the shore, we could discover that the broken craggy precipices, which had appeared so unpromising at a distance, were far from barren, being in most places covered with woods, and that between them there were everywhere interspersed the finest valleys, clothed with a most beautiful verdure, and watered with numerous streams and cascades, no valley, of any extent, being unprovided of its proper rill. The water, too, as we afterwards found, was not inferior to any we had ever tasted, and was constantly clear. The aspect of this country, that diversified, would at all times have been extremely delightful ; but in our distressed situation, languishing as we were for the land and its vegetable productions (an inclination constantly attending every stage of the sea-scurvy), it is scarcely credible with what eagerness and transport we viewed the shore, and with how much impatience we longed for the greens and other refreshments which were then in sight ; and particularly for water, for of this we had been confined to a very sparing allowance a considerable time, and had then but five tons remaining on board. Those only who have endured a long series of thirst, and who can readily recall the desire and agitation which the ideas alone of springs and brooks have at that time raised in them, can judge of the emotion with which we eyed a large cascade of the most transparent water, which poured itself from

a rock near 100 feet high into the sea at a small distance from the ship. Even those amongst the diseased who were not in the very last stages of the distemper, though they had been long confined to their hammocks, exerted the small remains of strength that were left them, and crawled up to the deck to feast themselves with this reviving prospect. Thus we coasted the shore, fully employed in the contemplation of this enchanting landscape, which still improved upon us the farther we advanced. But at last the night closed upon us, before we had satisfied ourselves which was the proper bay to anchor in; and therefore we resolved to keep in soundings all night (we having then from sixty-four to seventy fathom), and to send our boat next morning to discover the road: however, the current shifted in the night, and set us so near the land, that we were obliged to let go the best bower in fifty-six fathom, not half a mile from the shore. At four in the morning the cutter was despatched with our third lieutenant to find out the bay we were in search of, who returned again at noon with the boat laden with seals and grass; for, though the island abounded with better vegetables, yet the boat's crew, in their short stay, had not met with them; and they well knew that even grass would prove a dainty, as indeed it was all soon and eagerly devoured. The seals too were considered as fresh provision, but as yet were not much admired, though they grew afterwards into more repute; for what rendered them less valuable at this juncture was the prodigious quantity of excellent fish, which the people on board had taken during the absence of the boat.

The cutter, in this expedition, had discovered the bay where we intended to anchor, which we found was to the westward of our present station; and, the next morning, the weather proving favourable, we endeavoured to weigh, in order to proceed thither; but though, on this occasion, we mustered all the strength we could, obliging even the sick, who were scarce able to keep on their legs, to assist us, yet the capstan was so weakly manned that it was near four hours before we hove the cable right up and down; after which, with our utmost efforts, and with many surges and some purchases we made use of to increase our power, we found ourselves incapable of starting the anchor from the ground. However, at noon, as a fresh gale blew towards the bay, we were induced to set the sails, which fortunately tripped the anchor; and then we steered along shore, till we came abreast of the point that forms the eastern part of the bay. On the opening of the bay, the wind that had befriended us thus far shifted, and

blew from thence in squalls; but, by means of the headway we had got, we loosed close in, till the anchor brought us up in sixty-six fathom. Soon after we had thus got to our new berth, we discovered a sail, which we made no doubt was one of our squadron; and, on its nearer approach, we found it to be the *Trial* sloop. We immediately sent some of our hands on board her, by whose assistance she was brought to an anchor between us and the land. We soon found that the sloop had not been exempted from the same calamities which we had so severely felt; for her commander, Captain Saunders, waiting on the commodore, informed him, that out of his small complement he had buried thirty-four of his men; and those that remained were so universally afflicted with the scurvy, that only himself, his lieutenant, and three of his men were able to stand by the sails. The *Trial* came to an anchor within us, on the 12th, about noon, and we carried our hawsers on board her, in order to moor ourselves nearer in shore; but the wind coming off the land, in violent gusts, prevented our mooring in the berth we intended. Indeed, our principal attention was employed in business of rather more importance. For we were now extremely occupied in sending on shore materials to raise tents for the reception of the sick, who died apace on board, and doubtless the distemper was considerably augmented by the stench and filthiness in which they lay; for the number of the diseased was so great, and so few could be spared from the necessary duty of the sails, to look after them, that it was impossible to avoid a great relaxation in the article of cleanliness, which had rendered the ship extremely loathsome between decks. Notwithstanding our desire of freeing the sick from their hateful situation, and their own extreme impatience to get on shore, we had not hands enough to prepare the tents for their reception before the 16th; but on that and the two following days we sent them all on shore, amounting to 167 persons, besides twelve or fourteen who died in the boats, on their being exposed to the fresh air. The greatest part of our sick were so infirm, that we were obliged to carry them out of the ship in their hammocks, and to convey them afterwards in the same manner from the water-side to their tents, over a stony beach. This was a work of considerable fatigue to the very few who were healthy; and therefore the commodore, according to his accustomed humanity, not only assisted herein with his own labour, but obliged his officers, without distinction, to give their helping hand. The extreme weakness of our sick may in some measure be collected from the numbers who died after they had got on

shore; for it had generally been found that the land, and the refreshments it produces, very soon recover most stages of the sea-scurvy; and we flattered ourselves that those who had not perished on this first exposure to the open air, but had lived to be placed in their tents, would have been speedily restored to their health and vigour; yet, to our great mortification, it was near twenty days after their landing, before the mortality was tolerably ceased; and for the first ten or twelve days we buried rarely less than six each day, and many of those who survived recovered by very slow and insensible degrees. Indeed, those who were well enough, at their first getting on shore, to creep out of their tents, and crawl about, were soon relieved, and recovered their health and strength in a very short time; but, in the rest, the disease seemed to have acquired a degree of inveteracy which was altogether without example.

ANSON.

DE LATUDE.

Escape from the Bastille.

[In the year 1749, De Latude, who was of a respectable family in Languedoc, and intended for the engineers, came to Paris, and being unsuccessful in obtaining an appointment, he formed a scheme to gain the good-will of Madame de Pompadour, the king's mistress, by disclosing to her a pretended plot for poisoning her. This artifice being detected, he was seized and confined in the castle of Vincennes, from which he escaped after nine months' confinement, but was retaken and imprisoned in the Bastille. He had for a fellow-prisoner a young man of the name of D'Alegre, who had been in confinement, at the instance of Madame de Pompadour, for three years. These two unfortunate men occupied the same chamber. The then governor of the Bastille, Monsieur Berryer, treated them with humanity, and used his best endeavours to procure their discharge by forwarding and backing their memorials and petitions. At length, however, he was under the painful necessity of announcing to them, that, in consequence of Madame de Pompadour's positive orders never to be spoken to on their behalf, there was no prospect of their release but with the death or disgrace of that implacable woman. D'Alegre was reduced to despair; but the courage of De Latude was raised by this intelligence, and he resolved to escape, or perish in the attempt. We will now let him tell his own story:—]

"To any man who had the least notion of the situation of the Bastille, its extent, its towers, its discipline, and the incredible precautions which despotism had multiplied more surely to chain its victims, the mere idea of escaping from it would appear the

effect of insanity, and would inspire nothing but pity for a wretch so devoid of sense as to dare to conceive it. A moment's reflection would suffice to show that it was hopeless to attempt an escape by the gates. Every physical impossibility was united to render this impracticable. We had no resource but by the outside. There was in our chamber a fireplace, the chimney of which came out in the extreme height of the tower—it was full of gratings and bars of iron, which in several parts of it scarcely left a free passage for the smoke. Should we be able to get to the top of the tower, we should have below us a precipice of great height, at the bottom of which was a fossé or broad ditch, surrounded by a very lofty wall, to be got over. We were without assistance, without tools, without materials, constantly watched night and day, and guarded besides by a great number of sentinels, who surrounded the outworks of the Bastille. So many obstacles, so many dangers did not deter me. I hinted my scheme to my comrade; he thought me a madman, and relapsed into despair. I was obliged alone to digest my plan, to anticipate the frightful host of difficulties which opposed its execution, and find the means of remedying them all. To accomplish our object we had to climb to the top of the chimney, notwithstanding the many iron gratings which were opposed to our ascent; and then, in order to descend from the top of the tower into the fossé, we required a ladder of eighty feet at least, and another ladder, necessarily of wood, to get out of the fossé. If I could get these materials I must hide them from every eye, must work without noise, deceive all our spies, and this for months together. Now for the details of my operations. Our first object was to find a place of concealment for our tools and materials, in case we should be so fortunate as to procure any. By dint of reflecting on the subject, a thought struck me which appeared to me a very happy one. I had occupied several different chambers in the Bastille, and had always observed, whenever the chambers either above or below me were inhabited, that I had heard very distinctly any noise made in either. On the present occasion I heard all the movements of the prisoner above but not of him below, nevertheless I felt confident there was a prisoner there. I conjectured at last that there might be a double floor with a space between each. I took the following means to satisfy myself on the point. There was in the Bastille a chapel, at which, by special favour of Monsieur Berryer, we, as well as the prisoner below in No. 3, were allowed to hear mass. I resolved to take advantage, when mass should be over, of a moment, before the prisoner below was locked

up, to take a view of his chamber. I pointed out to D'Alegre how he was to assist me. I told him to put his tooth-pick case in his pocket-handkerchief, and when we should be on the second-floor, by pulling out his pocket-handkerchief, to let his tooth-pick case fall all the way down stairs, and then to request the turnkey to go and pick it up. My little plan succeeded. While the turnkey was going after the tooth-pick case, I ran quickly up to No. 3, I drew back the bolt of the door—I examined the height of the chamber from the floor, and found it about ten feet six inches. I shut the door, and from this room to ours I counted thirty-two steps, measured the height of one of them, and making my calculation, I came to the conclusion, that there must be between the floor of our chamber and the ceiling of that below a space of five feet six inches, which could not be filled up either by stones or wood on account of their weight. As soon as we were shut up, and bolted in, I embraced D'Alegre with delight. 'My friend,' said I, 'patience and courage—we are saved! We can hide our ropes and materials,—that is all that is wanted! We are saved!' 'What,' said he, 'have you not given up your dreams? Ropes and materials! where are they, and where shall we get them?' 'Ropes,' said I, 'why we have more than we want; that trunk (showing him mine) contains a thousand feet of them.' Looking at me steadfastly, he replied, 'My good friend, endeavour to regain your senses and to calm the frenzy which agitates you. I know the contents of your trunk, there is not a single inch of rope in it.' 'Ay,' said I, 'but have I not a large stock of linen—twelve dozen of shirts, a great number of napkins, stockings, nightcaps, and other things;—will not they supply us? We will unravel them, and we shall have ropes enough.' 'But how are we to extract the iron gratings of our chimney?' said D'Alegre; 'where are we to get the materials for the wooden ladder which we shall want? where obtain tools for all these works? we cannot create things.' 'My friend,' I replied, 'it is genius which creates, and we have that which despair gives, that will guide our hands; once more, we are saved!'—We had a flat table supported by iron legs; we gave them an edge by rubbing them on the tiled floor; of the steel of our tinder-box we made, in less than two hours, a good knife, with which we formed two handles to these iron legs; the principal use of these was to force out the gratings of our chimney. In the evening, the daily inspection being over, with these iron legs we raised some tiles of our floor, and by digging for about six hours we discovered that our conjectures were well founded, and that there was a vacant

space between the floor and ceiling of about four feet. We replaced the tiles, so that they scarcely appeared to have been raised. This done, we ripped the seams and hems of two shirts, and drew out the threads of them one by one. These we tied together and wound them on a number of small balls, which we afterwards re-wound on two larger balls, each of which was composed of fifty threads sixty feet long. We twisted these and formed a cord about fifty-five feet long, and with it constructed a rope ladder which was intended to support us aloft, while we drew out of the chimney the bars and spikes of iron with which it was armed. This was the most painful and troublesome of our labours, and cost us six months' toil, the recollection of which makes one shudder. We could only work by bending our bodies in the most painful positions; an hour at a time was all we could well bear, and we never came down without hands covered with blood. The iron bars were fastened with an extremely hard mortar which we had no means of softening but by blowing water with our mouths into the holes as we worked them. Judge what this work must have been, when we were well pleased, if, in a whole night, we had worked away the eighth of an inch of this mortar. When we got a bar out we replaced it in its holes, that when we were inspected, the deficiency might not appear, and so as to enable us to take all of them out at once should we be in a situation to escape. After six months of this obstinate and cruel work, we applied ourselves to the wooden ladder which was necessary to mount from the fossé upon the parapet, and from thence into the governor's garden. This ladder required to be twenty feet long. We devoted to this part of our work nearly all our fuel; it consisted of round logs about eighteen or twenty inches long. We found we should want blocks or pulleys, and several other things, for which a saw was indispensable. I made one with an iron candlestick by means of half of the steel of the tinder-box from which I had made the knife; with this piece of the steel, the saw, and the iron legs of our table, we reduced the size of our logs; we made tenons and mortices in them to join them one into the other, with two holes through each, and two joints, to prevent swagging. We made the ladder with only one upright, through which we put twenty rounds, each round being fifteen inches long. The upright was three inches diameter, so that each round projected, clear, six inches on each side of the upright. To every piece of which the ladder was composed, the proper round of each joint was tied with a string, to enable us to put it together readily in the dark. As we completed each piece we concealed it between

the two floors. With the tools we had made we completed the tools of our workshop. We had a pair of compasses, a square, a carpenter's rule, &c. &c., and hid them in our magazine."

[De Latude goes on to detail the precautions which he and his companion in misfortune took, in case any of the jailors should be listening, to give feigned names for everything they used in their work, and states the names used by them for each article. He then proceeds with his narrative :—]

"These things being complete we set about our principal ladder, which was to be at least eighty feet long. We began by unravelling our linen; shirts, napkins, nightcaps, stockings, drawers, pocket-handkerchiefs—everything which could supply thread or silk. As we made a ball we concealed it in Polyphemus (the name they called the hiding-place), and when we had a sufficient quantity we employed a whole night in twisting it into a rope; and I defy a rope-maker to have done it better. The upper part of the building of the Bastille overhangs three or four feet. This would necessarily occasion our ladder to wave and swing about as we came down it, enough to turn the strongest head. To obviate this, and to prevent our fall, we made a second rope 160 feet long. This rope was to be reeved through a kind of double block without sheaves, in case the person descending should be suspended in the air without being able to get down lower. Besides these we made several other ropes of shorter lengths, to fasten our ladder to a cannon, and for other unforeseen occasions. When all these ropes were finished we measured them —they amounted to 1400 feet. We then made 208 rounds for the rope and wooden ladders. To prevent the noise which the rounds would make against the wall during our descent, we gave them coverings formed of pieces of the linings of our morning gowns, of our waistcoats, and our under-waistcoats. In all these preparations we employed eighteen months, but still they were incomplete. We had provided means to get to the top of the tower, to get into and out of the fossé : two more were wanting—one to climb upon the parapet; from the parapet into the governor's garden; from thence to get down into the fossé of the Port St. Antoine; but the parapet which we had to cross was always well furnished with sentinels. We might fix on a dark and rainy night, when the sentinels did not go their rounds, and escape by those means, but it might rain when we climbed our chimney, and might clear up at the very moment when we arrived at the parapet : we should then meet the chief of the rounds, who constantly inspected the parapet, and he being always provided

with lights, it would be impossible to conceal ourselves. and we should be inevitably ruined. The other plan increased our labours, but was the less dangerous of the two. It consisted in making a way through the wall which separates the fossé of the Bastille from that of the Port St. Antoine. I considered that in the numerous floods, during which the Seine had filled the fossé, the water must have injured the mortar, and rendered it less difficult, and so we should be enabled to break a passage through the wall. For this purpose we should require an auger to make holes in the mortar, so as to insert the points of the two iron bars to be taken out of our chimney, and with them force out the stones, and so make our way through. Accordingly, we made an auger with one of the feet of our bedsteads, and fastened a handle to it in the form of a cross. We fixed on Wednesday, the 25th February, 1756, for our flight: the river had overflowed its banks: there were four feet of water in the fossé of the Bastille, as well as in that of the Port St. Antoine, by which we hoped to effect our deliverance. I filled a leathern portmanteau with a change of clothes for both, in case we were so fortunate as to escape.

"Dinner was scarcely over when we set up our great ladder of ropes, that is, we put the rounds to it, and hid it under our beds; then we arranged our wooden ladder in three pieces. We put our iron bars in their cases to prevent their making a noise; and we packed up our bottle of usquebaugh to warm us, and restore our strength during our work in the water, up to the neck, for nine hours. These precautions taken, we waited till our supper was brought up. I first got up the chimney. I had the rheumatism in my left arm, but I thought little of the pain: I soon experienced one much more severe. I had taken none of the precautions used by chimney sweepers. I was nearly choked by the soot; and having no guards on my knees and elbows, they were so excoriated that the blood ran down on my legs and hands. As soon as I got to the top of the chimney I let down a piece of twine to D'Alegre: to this he attached the end of the rope to which our portmanteau was fastened. I drew it up, unfastened it, and threw it on the platform of the Bastille. In the same way we hoisted up the wooden ladder, the two iron bars, and all our other articles: we finished by the ladder of ropes, the end of which I allowed to hang down to aid D'Alegre in getting up while I held the upper part by means of a large wooden peg which we had prepared on purpose. I passed it through the cord and placed it across the funnel of the chimney. By these means my companion avoided suffering what I did. This done, I came down

from the top of the chimney, where I had been in a very painful position, and both of us were on the platform of the Bastille. We now arranged our different articles. We began by making a roll of our ladder of ropes, of about four feet diameter, and one thick. We rolled it to the tower called La Tour du Treson, which appeared to us the most favourable for our descent. We fastened one end of the ladder of ropes to a piece of cannon, and then lowered it down the wall ; then we fastened the block, and passed the rope of 160 feet long through it. This I tied round my body, and D'Alegre slackened it as I went down. Notwithstanding this precaution I swung about in the air at every step I made. Judge what my situation was, when one shudders at the recital of it. At length I landed without accident in the fossé. Immediately D'Alegre lowered my portmanteau and other things. I found a little spot uncovered by water, on which I put them. Then my companion followed my example ; but he had an advantage which I had not had, for I held the ladder for him with all my strength, which greatly prevented its swinging. It did not rain ; and we heard the sentinel marching at about four toises' distance, and we were therefore forced to give up our plan of escaping by the parapet and the governor's garden. We resolved to use our iron bars. We crossed the fossé straight over to the wall which divides it from the Port St. Antoine, and went to work sturdily. Just at this point there was a small ditch about six feet broad and one deep, which increased the depth of the water. Elsewhere it was about up to our middles ; here, to our armpits. It had thawed only a few days, so that the water had yet floating ice in it : we were nine hours in it, exhausted by fatigue, and benumbed by the cold. We had hardly begun our work before the chief of the watch came round with his lantern, which cast a light on the place we were in ; we had no alternative but to put our heads under water as he passed, which was every half-hour. At length, after nine hours of incessant alarm and exertion, after having worked out the stones one by one, we succeeded in making, in a wall of four feet six inches thick, a hole sufficiently wide, and we both crept through. We were giving way to our transports when we fell into a danger which we had not foreseen, and which had nearly been fatal to us. In crossing the fossé St. Antoine, to get into the road to Bercy, we fell into the aqueduct which was in the middle. This aqueduct had ten feet water over our heads, and two feet of mud on the side. D'Alegre fell on me, and had nearly thrown me down : had that misfortune happened we were lost, for we had not strength enough left to get up again,

and we must have been smothered. Finding myself laid hold of by D'Alegre, I gave him a blow with my fist, which made him let go, and at the same instant throwing myself forward I got out of the aqueduct. I then felt for D'Alegre, and getting hold of his hair, drew him to me; we were soon out of the fossé, and just as the clock struck five were on the high road. Penetrated by the same feeling, we threw ourselves into each other's arms, and after a long embrace we fell on our knees to offer our thanks to the Almighty, who had snatched us from so many dangers."

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

You know we French stormed Ratisbon;
A mile or so away
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppression with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall;"
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the Market-place,
And you'll be there anon,

To see your flag-bird flap his vans
  Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The Chief's eye flashed; his plans
  Soared up again like fire.

The Chief's eye flashed; but presently
  Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
  When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
  Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his Chief beside,
  Smiling, the boy fell dead.

R. BROWNING.

NORWAY.

THE western coast of Norway is a very curious one. It is made all jagged and uneven by inlets of the sea, some hundreds in number, called *fiords*. They are very long and narrow bays, stretching sometimes more than a hundred miles inland, winding from side to side, and studded with small islands. Englishmen often go there boating in the summer months, as these fiords, being protected from the ocean storms outside, are thoroughly safe for yachts, and many of them are very beautiful as well as tranquil. Sometimes dark mountains rise up from them, covered to the very tops with pine forests. In other places, where the mountains are higher, their tops are covered all the year round with snow, while at the foot, and in the valleys all around, beautiful wild-flowers bloom in abundance. Christiana, the capital of the country, stands at the head of a fiord, eighty-four miles from the sea; and the hills around it covered with fir-trees, the handsome country houses, the smiling orchards, the abundant corn-fields, the numerous well-wooded islands, and the ships at anchor, form altogether a most delightful prospect.

The short summer in Norway is very, very hot; the winter is long and dreary. To show how intense the cold is sometimes, it is said that if a person were to ascend to the top storey of a house, and throw down a basin of warm water, it would be a lump of ice before it reached the ground. Those parts of the body that are exposed to the air are subjected to frost-bite; and it will sometimes happen, when you are walking in the street in winter,

that a friendly passer-by will stop you and say, "Sir, your nose is frozen;" the said nose being so void of feeling that if it were pricked with a needle no pain would be felt. When the face is frost-bitten in this manner the skin loses its healthy appearance, the circulation of the blood stops in the affected part, and the flesh looks like white wax. The only useful remedy is the application of snow to the frost-bitten part, which causes the blood to circulate again; but it must be done immediately. We once met a gentleman who, when travelling in Lapland in winter, had the misfortune to get his face frost-bitten. The poor man was not aware of the accident until it was too late to do any good with snow. He suffered much, not only in body but in mind; as he thought that he would be disfigured for life. Luckily, however, he happened some time after to fall in with some Lapps, and stayed with them a few days. Among these Lapps was an old woman, who rubbed his face with oil which she had extracted from reindeer cheese; and she cured him too. And yet this same country in summer is so troubled with mosquitoes that the people paint their faces with grease to protect them from being bitten!

It is a common thing in winter to see whole dead pigs brought into the market frozen hard; they will remain in the same state for a long time, and are gradually cut up and eaten as required.

A mild winter is looked upon as a misfortune. Not only do the poor people make a great deal of money by the hire of their sledges, but snow on the roads and ice-bound rivers are quite necessary for moving the timber, on which the prosperity of the country so greatly depends. The trees are cut down in inland places, and conveyed by sledges, or dragged in logs, over the snow to the nearest river, and left on the ice till the next spring. Then, as the ice melts, they are floated down the fiords to the sea, and sent away to other countries. If there is no ice or snow, the ground is marshy, and nothing can be transported over it.

Winter is the time for merrymakings, indoors and out; and, above all, for sledging. The horse of each sledge is bound by law to carry a small bell on its neck, which not only makes a musical tinkling in the dry, frosty air, but also prevents accidents; for the sledge runs at a very rapid rate, and without noise over the snow, and the foot-passenger who wants to keep his bones unbroken must keep out of the way as the sledge comes whirling along. Another way of getting over the snow is with wooden skates ten feet long. As a proof of the rapid way in which practised feet can get over the ground with these on, it is related

that once on a time, in the middle of winter, news came to Christiana that a new parish clerk was wanted at once a long distance off. Two men started off to get the place; one went on horseback and the other on the long skates; and Skates got there first and obtained the place.

The principal wealth of Norway lies in its fisheries, partly herring, partly cod. Thousands of barrels are sent every year to Roman Catholic countries. Fish-pudding is a favourite dish; it is made of fish from which all the bones have been removed; the fish are then pounded, made into paste, and baked in an oven. The people are also fond of eating salmon, red herrings, and slices of ham, all raw. These are always seen on the breakfast table, with excellent coffee and cream. Tea they never drink. At dinner they eat fruit, especially strawberries, with meat.

A tradesman proclaims his business by means of a sign-board over his door. The ironmonger hangs up a coal-box, a poker, and a pair of tongs; the tanner, a piece of leather; the glover, a large painted glove; the wine merchant, a bunch of grapes.

The people are very simple, very hospitable, and rather conceited. They are said to make a point, whenever strangers visit them, of boasting about the excellence of Norway over all other countries whatever. When you go into a shop the tradesman is offended if you do not take your hat off, and remain uncovered till you have made your purchases.

Christmas is the great time for rejoicing and feasting. On Christmas Eve the poorest cottager in the country lights up his small fir-tree, and reminds his children of Him who was born at this happy season. But he has another custom, kind as well as practical. During the long winter the small birds suffer greatly, and numbers of them perish with hunger. Now the simple Norwegian is specially kind to dumb creatures, and when there is a fall of snow he fixes a sheaf of corn on a pole, and the birds come and eat it. At the same time that the pole is hoisted the little children are fed with sweetmeats, so that they may always think of kind deeds with pleasure. The magpie is the Norwegian's favourite bird, and is so petted and encouraged that it visits the cottages as boldly and fearlessly as the robin red-breast does ours.

We have spoken of the beauty of the fiords, the inland part of the country has its beauties also. There are the lakes—one of ninety miles long; the rivers, not long but mighty, rushing headlong to the sea; and not seldom great and beautiful waterfalls, one of them being eight hundred feet high.

Norway is a great sporting country. The grand objects of search are bears; but elks, reindeer, and sea-fowl are the principal game.—*Norway and its People.*

ICELAND AND ITS WONDERS.

THE capital of Iceland is about the size of a moderate English village, with 700 or 800 inhabitants. It is a collection of sheds, built upon a great bed of lava. Everything in the country that is not made of wood is made of lava; the shingle is lava, the sea-sand is pounded lava, the mud on the road is lava paste, the foundations of the houses are lava blocks, and in dry weather you are blinded with lava dust.

After a short stay here we went to see Mount Hekla. On our left lay a long rampart of green hills, opening up every now and then into Scottish glens, while from their roots to the horizon stretched a vast breadth of meadow-land, watered by two or three rivers, that wound and twisted, and coiled about, like blue serpents. Here and there white volumes of vapour, that rose in endless wreaths from the ground, told of mighty caldrons at work beneath that moist, cool, verdant carpet. Between A.D. 1004 and 1766 there are twenty-three eruptions on record. That of 1776 is thus described:—It commenced on April 5th with the appearance of a huge pillar of black sand, mounting slowly into the heavens, accompanied by subterranean thunders, and all the other symptoms which precede volcanic disturbances. Then a coronet of flame encircled the crater; masses of red rock, pumice and magnetic stones, were thrown with tremendous violence to an incredible distance, and in such continuous multitude, as to resemble a swarm of bees clustering over the mountain. One boulder of pumice, six feet in circumference, was pitched twenty miles away; another of magnetic iron fell at a distance of fifteen. The surface of the earth was covered for a circuit of a hundred and fifty miles with a layer of sand four inches deep; the air was so darkened by it, that at a place one hundred and forty miles off white paper held at a little distance could not be distinguished from black. The fishermen could not put to sea on account of the darkness, and the inhabitants of the Orkney Islands were frightened out of their senses by showers of what they thought must be black snow. On the 9th of April the lava began to

overflow, and ran for five miles in a south-westerly direction, whilst some days later a vast column of water split up through the cinder pillar to the height of several hundred feet : the horror of the spectacle being further enhanced by an accompaniment of subterranean cannonading and dire reports, heard at a distance of fifty miles. And this was the result. Sand, ashes, and lava overwhelmed thousands of acres of fertile pasturage. The Faroe Islands, the Shetlands, and the Orkneys, were deluged with volcanic dust, which contaminated even the pure skies of England and Holland. Poisonous vapours tainted the atmosphere of the entire island; even the grass which no cinder-rain had stifled, completely withered up;—the fish died in the poisoned sea. Nine thousand men are said to have perished.

Hekla is wonderful, but the Geysers are still more so—the hot springs of which have no rivals in the world. I do not know that I can give you a better notion of the place than by saying that it looked as if, for about a quarter of a mile, the ground had been honeycombed by disease into numerous sores and orifices ; not a blade of grass grew on its hot, inflamed surface, which consisted of unwholesome-looking red, livid clay. Naturally enough our first impulse on dismounting was to scamper off at once to the Great Geyser. As it lay at the furthest end of the cluster of hot springs, we had to run the gauntlet of all the pools of boiling water and scalding quagmires of soft clay that intervened, and consequently arrived on the spot with our ankles nicely poulticed. But the occasion justified our eagerness. A smooth flinty basin, seventy-two feet in diameter, and four feet deep, with a hole at the bottom, as in a washing-basin on board a steamer, stood before us brimful of water just upon the simmer ; while up into the air above our heads rose a great column of vapour.

We determined to wait here to see an eruption of the Geysers, and therefore encamped near. About one o'clock in the morning —it was as light as day—we were sitting playing at chess when tremendous noises were heard underneath. The whole earth shook, and our Iceland guide, starting to his feet, upset the chess-board, and flung off full speed towards the great basin. By the time we reached its brim, however, the noise had ceased, and all we could see was a slight movement in the centre, as if an angel had passed by and troubled the water. Irritated at this false alarm, we determined to revenge ourselves by going and tormenting the Strokr. Strokr, or the churn, you must know, is an unfortunate Geyser, with so little command over his temper and his stomach, that you can get a *rise* out of him whenever you like.

All that is necessary is to collect a quantity of sods and throw them down his funnel. As he has no basin to protect him from these liberties, you can approach to the very edge of the pipe, about five feet in diameter, and look down at the boiling water which is perpetually seething at the bottom. In a few minutes the dose of turf you have just administered begins to disagree with him; he works himself up into an awful passion; tormented by the qualms of incipient sickness, he groans and hisses, and boils up, and spits at you with malicious vehemence, until at last, with a roar of mingled rage and pain, he throws up into the air a column of water forty feet high, which carries with it all the sods that have been tossed in, and scatters them, scalded and half-digested, at your feet. So irritated has the poor thing's stomach become by the discipline it has undergone, that even long after all foreign matter has been thrown off, it goes on retching and sputtering, until at last nature is exhausted, when, sobbing and sighing to itself, it sinks back into the bottom of its den.

After three days our patience was rewarded. Suddenly a dome of water lifted itself up to the height of eight or ten feet, then burst and fell; immediately after which a shining liquid column, or rather a sheaf of columns, wreathed in robes of vapour, sprung into the air, and in a succession of jerking leaps, each higher than the last, flung their silver crests against the sky. For a few minutes the fountain held its own, then all at once appeared to lose its ascending energy. The unstable waters faltered, drooped, fell back upon themselves, and were immediately sucked down into the recesses of their pipe.

The spectacle was certainly magnificent; but no description can give any idea of its most striking features. The enormous wealth of water, its vitality, its hidden power—the illimitable breadth of sunlit vapour, rolling out in exhaustless profusion—all combined to make one feel the stupendous energy of Nature's slightest movements.

And yet I do not believe the exhibition was so fine as some that have been seen: from the first burst upwards, to the moment the last jet retreated into the pipe, was no more than a space of seven or eight minutes, and at no moment did the crown of the column reach higher than sixty or seventy feet above the surface of the basin. Now early travellers talk of three hundred feet, which must, of course, be fabulous; but many trustworthy persons have judged the eruptions at two hundred feet, while well-authenticated accounts—when the elevation of the jet has been

actually measured—make it to have attained a height of upwards of one hundred feet.

It was now summer time, but there were signs of winter coming on, and we prepared to depart lest the ice should stay us. As we came down to Reykjavik we met caravans of inland dwellers, who had been to town while they might, to lay in their winter goods—deal boards, rope, brandy, rye, wheat, salt, soap, sugar, snuff. These, of course, are imported from Europe; in return for them they export raw wool, knitted stockings, cured cod, fish-oil, whale-blubber, fox-skins, eider-down.

Iceland is considerably larger than Ireland, yet it contains only 60,000 persons. Of the 38,000 square miles which it occupies, 33,000 are entirely desolate, disordered pyramids of ice and lava, periodically devastated by deluges of molten stone and boiling mud, or overwhelmed with whirlwinds of intermingled snow and cinders,—an unfinished corner of the universe, where the elements of chaos still rage with unbridled fury.—*Letters from High Latitudes.*

SPITZBERGEN AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

THE capital of Iceland is on the west side. The passage is dangerous from it, except in summer; for, as winter draws on, immense icebergs prowl like garotters about the seas, and a solid belt of ice binds Iceland and Greenland together. The appearance of this N.W. coast is very striking. It is like a huge human hand spread out upon the sea, the fingers just reaching over the Arctic circle, while up between them run the gloomy fiords, sometimes to the length of twenty, thirty, or forty miles. Anything more grand and mysterious than their solemn portals, as we passed from cape to cape, it is impossible to conceive. Yet as we steamed away into the Arctic circle, as it was June, the white sun blazed overhead, the thermometer was at 72°, and it really felt more like crossing the equator. We began to hold joyous festival on deck, when suddenly the weather changed, the mercury dropped to freezing-point, a dense fog enveloped the vessels, flakes of snow began floating down, and, as we moved on northwards, the icebergs seemed to surround us. The fog was thicker than I should have thought the atmosphere capable of sustaining; it seemed to hang in solid festoons from the masts and spars. To say "you could not see your hand" ceased to be

any longer figurative; even the ice was hid—except those fragments immediately adjacent, whose ghastly brilliancy the mist itself could not quite extinguish, as they glimmered round the vessel like a circle of luminous phantoms. Sea and sky alike were perfectly still, not a ripple trickled against the little vessel. At length we caught sight of the island of Jan Mayen—at least, of a lofty mountain upon it. The top suddenly appeared out of the clouds with the bright sun glittering upon it in dazzling whiteness, the base being still enshrouded in thick mist. The top of the mountain looks from one point of view like the spire of a church, on another side it is broad. But to see *the glaciers* upon it! Imagine a mighty river of as great a volume as the Thames started down the side of a mountain; bursting over every impediment; whirled into a thousand eddies; tumbling and raging on from ledge to ledge in quivering cataracts of foam —then suddenly struck rigid. After sailing about for a while, and meeting some heavy difficulties with icebergs, we departed to Hammerfest, in Norway, the most northern town in Europe. It was here that I first set eyes on a Laplander. Turning the corner of one of the ill-built houses, we suddenly ran over a diminutive little personage, in a white woollen tunic, bordered with red and yellow stripes, green trousers fastened round the ankles, and reindeer boots, curving up at the toes like Turkish slippers. On her head—for, notwithstanding her trousers, she turned out to be a lady—was perched a gay particoloured cap, fitting close round the face. The men dress nearly like the women. They are very ugly, but intelligent, and possess a good opinion of themselves, believing that Noah owes his fame to having been the first Lapp. When a couple is to be married, if a priest is in the way, they perhaps send for him; but otherwise the young lady's papa merely strikes a flint and steel together, and it is done. When they die, a hatchet, flint, and steel are buried with the defunct, in case he should find himself chilly on his long journey. As soon as a young lady is born, after having been duly rolled in the snow, her father gives her so many deer for her dowry. Her wealth thereafter depends upon how these increase and multiply. When a man falls in love with a young lady, he—"goes and tells her so, of course," you say. Not a bit of it. He sends for a friend and a bottle of brandy. The friend, armed therewith, seeks the young lady out. The business and brandy are opened at the same time, the lover remaining outside. If the friend's eloquence is successful, the happy one is called in, and they are betrothed by solemnly rubbing noses together. The

happy man then works for his father-in-law for two or three years, after which the marriage takes place.

Leaving Norway, we again went northward, and on the 6th of August, after hard battles with the ice, we landed in English Bay, Spitzbergen.

How shall I give you an idea of the wonderful scene in the midst of which we found ourselves? I think perhaps its most striking feature was the stillness, and deadness, and calmness of this new world: ice and rock and water surrounded us; not a sound of any kind interrupted the silence; the sea did not break upon the shore; no bird or any living thing was visible; the midnight sun, by this time muffled in a transparent mist, shed an awful, mysterious lustre on glacier and mountain; no atom of vegetation gave token of the earth's life; a universal numbness and dumbness seemed to pervade the solitude. I suppose in scarcely any other part of the world is this appearance of deadness so strikingly exhibited. On the stillest summer day in England there is always perceptible an under-tone of life thrilling through the atmosphere; and though no breeze should stir a single leaf, yet, in default of motion, there is always a sense of growth; but here not so much as a blade of grass was to be seen on the sides of the barren hills. Rocks, and ice which never melts, constitute the landscape.

We were here in summer, yet the thermometer remained below freezing, though the cold was never intense. But, towards evening, the bay in which the schooner lay became covered with thin ice. If such is the power of the cold under the slightest weakening of the sun's power (for you will remember that at this time of year he shines day and night), it may be imagined what is the result of his total disappearance beneath the horizon. Winter is simply unendurable. Several attempts have been made to winter on the island, but they have all terminated fatally. Some poor Dutch sailors who tried the experiment kept a log-book, which was posted up by the survivors, even to the last man. And when the place was visited in the following summer, it was found with the sentence unfinished, and the poor fellow lying beside it, his contorted attitude showing the agony he had suffered.

No description can give an adequate idea of the intense rigour of the six months' winter in this part of the world. Stones crack with the noise of thunder; in a crowded hut the breath of its occupants will fall in flakes of snow; wine and spirits turn to ice; the snow burns like caustic; if it touches the flesh, it brings the skin away with it; the soles of your stockings may be burnt

off your feet before you feel the slightest warmth from the fire; linen taken out of boiling water instantly stiffens to the consistency of a wooden board; and heated stones will not prevent the sheets of the bed from freezing. If these are the effects of the climate within an air-tight, fire-warmed, crowded hut, what must they be among the dark, storm-lashed mountain peaks outside?

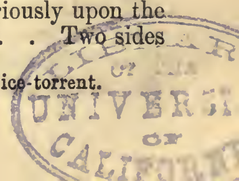
Of course we went hunting, and killed one bear, which we cut up to eat, but then became afraid of the meat, and threw it into the sea. However, one part of him came in useful besides his skin—namely, his grease. I observed that for some days after the dismemberment of the bear my ship's company presented an unaccountably sleek appearance. As for the steward, his head and whiskers seemed carved out of black marble: a varnished boot would not have looked half so bright. I could have seen to shave myself in his black hair.—*Letters from High Latitudes.*

ASCENT OF THE WETTERHORN (1220 FT.): BERNESE ALPS.

HALF an hour's ascent over the herbage and among the boulders brought us to a stone under which we were to pass the night. It was a splendid wild scene—no distant prospect, but we were in the very heart of the crags and the ice—surrounded by some of the grandest glaciers * and precipices in the Alps. I climbed alone a neighbouring height; the glacier, by whose side we had ascended, lay white and cold at its base; but the tints of the evening sky over the mountains which border the valley of Lauterbrunnen were wonderfully rich, while every peak and glacier around was bathed in a flood of purple.

I cast one look towards that majestic summit upon which I hoped, before to-morrow's sunset, to have stood, and returned to more practical cares and occupations, stimulated by a pleasing excitement, and filled with all the mingled wonder, delight, and awe, which take possession of the soul, when evening falls amidst the solemn silence of these Alpine fastnesses, and which no man can or would repress. I found our sleeping-den to consist of a low, arched cave, formed by two or three rocks, one of which, somewhat hollow on the under side, had fallen curiously upon the others, so as to make a kind of vaulted roof. . . . Two sides

* *Glacier*, a moving mass of ice; viscous fluid, or ice-torrent.


UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

were supplied by the boulders on which it rested, and, in the course of time, the earth had so accumulated about them, that all round their bases they were hermetically sealed, and the ground without was two or three feet higher than the floor of the cavern. Mould had also gathered about their points of contact, so that the holes and crannies were filled up, and the shelter was complete. Only one narrow entrance was left, and the care of the hunters had blocked this up with stones, which we removed. . . There was barely room for one to enter at a time, and we were obliged to creep backwards through the aperture. Within, the hunters, whose calling had led them to sleep in this natural chamber, had strewn the floor of earth with a thick covering of short mountain hay, which gave an unexpected look of warmth and comfort to the place. It was small enough for half a dozen men to sleep in; but at all events, we must try.

It was eight o'clock when we entered the cave; I lay uneasily for many hours, but at length I could endure it no longer; I spoke to Balmat the guide, who was near me, and found he too was very uncomfortable, and we agreed to make our escape. We got across the sleepers, somehow, knocked out the stones, and emerged.

Oh! how grateful was that cool fresh air! how refreshing that draught at the mountain torrent! . . . The stars were shining as I never saw them before in my life, like so many balls of fire in the black concave; the glaciers were sparkling in the soft light of the waning moon, now in her fourth quarter. It was just two o'clock, but not cold, and a bracing air blew briskly, yet pleasantly, from the north-west. . . . I had been up before the sun, many a morning, on many a mountain height, and had seen, I thought, almost every phase of Alpine night-scenery; but so beautiful a nocturnal view as this I never yet beheld; it spoke well for the promise of the day. Presently, some of the men came out, a fire was kindled, and tea and coffee made. I stripped, and had a bathe in the dashing torrent; it was icy-cold, but did me more good than the weary night in the hole. . . . Balmat and I were urgent with Lauener to start as early as possible, for we all expected a long day, and we wished to reach the snow while it was yet crisp; but he refused to start before half-past four, saying, that in an hour we should reach the glacier, and that the moon was not bright enough to light us across it. It was still dark when, at the hour appointed, we set off, and for some time we groped our way by the help of a lantern. . . . During the first hour and a half, we mounted amongst a mass of *débris*, and amidst great boulders of rock, which lie below, or form

part of, the terminal moraine * of the glacier. It was disagreeable walking in the dark, and we were frequently stumbling and falling. Long before we reached the glacier, day had begun to dawn, and a cold clear grey was stealing over the sky :—

> "Lo ! on the eastern summit, clad in grey,
> Morn, like a horseman girt for travel, comes
> And from his tower of mist
> Night's watchman hurries down."

We were nearly an hour upon the ice, on leaving which we approached an abrupt wall of rock, which afforded the only means of access to the upper plateau.† It turned out to be not absolutely precipitous, but full of small ledges and steep slopes covered with loose stones and schisty ‡ *débris*, which gave way at every step. . . . It was extremely steep ; very often the ledges which gave us foothold were but an inch or two wide, and throughout it was a marvel to me that rocks which, from a short distance off, looked such absolute precipices, could be climbed at all. . . . At length we came to a very singular formation. Standing out from a nearly perpendicular wall of rock were a series of thin parallel wedges of rock, planted, with the thin edge upwards, at right angles to the body of the mountain, and separated from each other by deep intervening clefts and hollows. Each of these wedges was two or three hundred feet in height, seventy or eighty in width at the base, but narrowing off to the thickness of a few inches, and presenting at the top a rough and jagged ridge, forty or fifty feet long, by which we must pass to reach the plateau which lay just beyond. We first climbed to the top of one of these wedges, and then had to make our way along its crest.

It was nervous work ; a good head, a stout heart, a steady hand and foot, were needed. Lauener went first, carrying a rope, which we stretched by the side of the ridge, so as to form a protection to the next passer. Bohren went next ; then came my own turn. It was certainly the worst piece of scrambling I ever did. The rock was much shattered by exposure to the frost and snow, and there was hardly a single immoveable piece along the whole length. . . . Every bit had to be tried before it was trusted to, and many were the fragments, some as large as a shoulder of mutton, and something of that shape, which came out when put to the test, and went crashing down till out of sight,

* *Moraine*, accumulations of stones and other *débris* brought down with a glacier, and deposited where it melts away.

† *Plateau*, plur. plateaux (pron. plat-ō), extended plain.

‡ *Schisty*, easily split into laminæ or plates, as slate, mica, &c.

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making an avalanche of other stones as they fell. . . I passed my right arm over the top of the ridge, and thus secured myself, having the rock between that arm and my body on one side, and the rope stretched below me on the other. Every one had to pass much in the same way, and it was a long quarter of an hour before we were all safely landed on the snow beyond. . . . . We now fastened ourselves all together with ropes, and commenced the last ascent. It lay near the edge of a long and steep curve, which connects the Mittelhorn with the Wetterhorn ; at the place where we gained the plateau the ridge was nearly level, but almost immediately began to rise sharply towards the peak. . . . We were now at the back of the mountain, as seen from the valley of Grindelwald, which was of course completely hidden from the view. When we had stopped to take something to eat, we were at an extremity of the ridge which runs up to the actual summit, and, as it were, peeped round a corner. We were not to see the valley again till we stood upon the summit.

The ascent was rapid, and commenced in deep snow ; but it was not long before the covering of snow became thinner, and the slope more rapid, and every minute a step or two had to be cut. In this way we zigzagged onwards for nearly an hour, in the course of which we made, perhaps, a thousand feet of ascent, having the satisfaction, every time we looked round, to see a wider expanse of prospect risen into view. . . . About ten o'clock we reached the last rocks, which were a set of black, sloping, calcareous * crags, whose inclination was hardly less than that of the glacier, left bare by the melting of the snow ; they were much disintegrated † by the weather, and the rough and shady *débris* on their surface was, for the most part, soaked with the water that trickled from the snows above. . . . Here we came to a halt, and unharnessed ourselves. A gentle breeze tempered the heat of the sun, which shone gloriously upon a sparkling sea of ice-clad peaks, contrasting finely with the deep blue of the cloudless heaven.

* * * * * * *

Once established on the rocks, and released from the ropes, we began to consider our next operations. A glance upwards showed that no easy task awaited us. In front rose a steep curtain of glacier, surmounted, about 500 or 600 feet above us, by an over-

* *Calcareous*, of the nature of lime.

† *Disintegrated*, worn, *i. e.*, separated into integrant parts—parts of the same substance as the whole, as distinguished from "*decomposed*," separated into *constituent* parts or elements.

hanging cornice * of ice and frozen snow, edged with a fantastic fringe of pendants and enormous icicles. . . This formidable obstacle bounded our view, and stretched along from end to end of the ridge. What lay beyond it we could only conjecture; but we all thought that it must be crowned by a swelling dome which would constitute the actual summit. We foresaw great difficulty in forcing this imposing barrier; but, after a short consultation, the plan of attack was agreed upon, and immediately carried into execution. . . Lauener and Sampson were sent forward to conduct our approaches, which consisted of a series of short zigzags, ascending directly from where we were resting to the foot of the cornice. The steep surface of the glacier was covered with snow; but it soon became evident that it was not deep enough to afford any material assistance. It was loose and uncompacted, and lay to the thickness of two or three inches only; so that every step had to be hewn out of the solid ice. . . Lauener went first, and cut a hole just sufficient to afford him a foothold while he cut another. Sampson followed, and doubled the size of the step, so as to make a safe and firm resting-place. The line they took ascended, as I have said, directly above the rocks on which we were reclining, to the base of the overhanging fringe. Hence the blocks of ice, as they were hewn out, shot past us into the fathomless abyss beneath. . . We had to be on the alert to avoid these rapid missiles, which came accompanied by a very avalanche of dry and powdery snow. I could not help being struck with the marvellous beauty of the barrier which lay, still to be overcome, between us and the attainment of our hopes. The cornice curled over towards us, like the crest of a wave, breaking at irregular intervals along the line into pendants and inverted pinnacles of ice, many of which hung down to the full length of a tall man's height. . . They cast a ragged shadow on the wall of ice behind, which was hard and glassy, not flecked with a spot of snow, and blue as the "brave o'erhanging" of the cloudless firmament. They seemed battlements of an enchanted fortress, framed to defy the curiositv of man, and to laugh to scorn his audacious efforts.

Lauener chose his course well, and had worked up to the most accessible point along the whole line, where a break in the series of icicles allowed him to approach close to the icy parapet, and where the projecting crest was narrowest and weakest. It was resolved to cut boldly into the ice, and endeavour to hew deep

* *Cornice*, **the crowning portion of a structure, ornamented.**

enough to get a sloping passage on to the dome beyond. . . . He stood close, not facing the parapet, but turned half round, and struck out as far away from himself as he could. A few strokes of his powerful arm brought down the projecting crest, which, after rolling a few feet, fell headlong over the brink of the *arrete*, and was out of sight in an instant. . . We all looked on in breathless anxiety; for it depended upon the success of this assault whether that impregnable fortress was to be ours, or whether we were to return, slowly and sadly, foiled by its calm and massive strength. Suddenly, a startling cry of surprise and triumph rang through the air. A great block of ice bounded from the top of the parapet, and before it had well lighted on the glacier, Lauener exclaimed, "I see blue sky." . . A thrill of astonishment and delight ran through our frames. Our enterprise had succeeded! We were almost upon the actual summit. That wave above us, frozen, as it seemed, in the act of falling over, into a strange and motionless magnificence, was the very peak itself. My left shoulder grazed against the angle of the icy embrasure, while, on the right, the glacier fell abruptly away beneath me, towards an unknown and awful abyss; a hand from an invisible person grasped mine; I stepped across, and had passed the ridge of the Wetterhorn!

The instant before I had been face to face with a blank wall of ice. One step, and the eye took in a boundless expanse of crag and glacier, peak and precipice, mountain and valley, lake and plain. The whole world seemed to lie at my feet. The next moment I was almost appalled by the awfulness of our position. The side we had come up was steep, but it was a gentle slope compared with that which now fell away from where I stood. A few yards of glittering ice at our feet, and then nothing between us and the green slopes of Grindelwald, 9,000 feet beneath. I am not ashamed to own that I experienced, as this sublime and wonderful prospect burst upon my view, a profound and almost irrepressible emotion—an emotion which, if I may judge by the low ejaculations of surprise, followed by a long pause of breathless silence, as each in turn stepped into the opening, was felt by others as well as myself. Balmat told me repeatedly, afterwards, that it was the most awful and startling moment he had known in the course of his long mountain experience. We felt as in the more immediate presence of Him who had reared this tremendous pinnacle, and beneath the "majestic roof" of whose deep blue heaven we stood, poised, as it seemed, half way between the earth and sky.—*Wills' "High Alps."*

WINTER IN ST. PETERSBURG.

In the year 1836, and in the month of December, a man threw a piece of apple peel out of his little air window in Moscow. The peel of the apple did not reach the street, but happening to strike against the ledge of the window, froze fast to it, and remained icebound on its way from the window to the street, till it was set free by a thaw somewhere in the month of February, and was enabled to complete the journey on which it had set out six weeks and three days previously. This may afford a tolerable notion of the severity and perseverance of a Moscovite winter.

Such a thing could not have occurred in St. Petersburg, for in the marshy delta of the Neva the temperature is more variable than in Central Russia. The icy winds that blow from Siberia are in some measure tempered by the influence of the Baltic. Rainy west winds, freezing north-easters, thick fogs, and cheerful frosty days, are succeeding each other constantly, and keep up a struggle for mastery throughout the whole of the six months' winter. A man is as little secure against rain and mud in January as against frost and snow in April. In Moscow, on the contrary, the sky was never known to drop a single tear of rain in December; and neither among the records of the city nor the traditions of its inhabitants will you trace one instance of a pair of boots having been spotted with mud in January.

The climate of St. Petersburg oscillates continually between two extremes. It is not merely in the course of the year, however, but in the course of the same twenty-four hours, that the temperature is liable to great variations. In summer, after a hot sultry morning, a rough wind will set in towards evening, and drive the thermometer down immediately. In winter also there is often a difference of 12° or 18° between the temperature of the morning and that of the night. It would be impossible to preserve existence in such a climate if man did not endeavour to counteract its fickleness by his own unchangeableness. In Germany, where the transitions are less sudden, we endeavour to follow the vagaries of the weather by putting on a cloak one day and leaving it off the next, by putting an additional log or two into the stove, or by economizing our fuel. In St. Petersburg, people are less variable in their arrangements. The winter is considered to begin in October and end in May, and in the beginning of October every man puts on his furs, which are calculated for the severest weather that can come, and these furs are not laid aside again till

the winter is legitimately and confessedly at an end. The stoves, meanwhile, are always kept heated in winter, that the house may never cool. Inconsiderate foreigners attempt sometimes to follow the caprices of the climate, and often pay for their temerity with illness and death.

It is only when the cold falls to an unusual degree of severity that any change takes place. The police are put on the alert, and the officers go round day and night, to see that the sentinels and butshniks keep awake. Should any one be found nodding at his post, he is summarily and severely punished, for sleep at such a time is a sure state of transition from life to death. The pedestrians, who at other times are rather leisurely in their movements, now run along the streets as though they were hastening on some mission of life or death, and the sledges dash over the creaking snow. Faces are not to be seen in the streets, for every man has drawn his furs over his head, and leaves but little of his countenance uncovered. Every one is uneasy about his nose and his ears, and as the freezing of these desirable appendages to the human face is not preceded by any uncomfortable sensation to warn the sufferer of his danger, he has enough to think of if he wish to keep his extremities in order. "Father, father, thy nose!" one man will cry to another as he passes him, or will even stop and apply a handful of snow to the stranger's face, and endeavour, by briskly rubbing the nasal prominence, to restore the suspended circulation. These are salutations to which people are accustomed, and as no man becomes aware of the fact when his own nose has assumed the dangerous chalky hue, custom prescribes among all who venture into the streets, a kind of mutual observance of each other's noses, a custom by which many thousands of these valued organs are yearly rescued from the clutches of the Russian *boreas*. A man's eyes at this season cost him some trouble likewise, for they are apt to freeze up every now and then. On such occasions it is customary to knock at the door of the first house you come to, and ask permission to occupy a place for a few minutes by the stove. This is a favour never denied, and the stranger seldom fails to acknowledge it on his departure, by dropping a grateful tear on the hospitable floor.

At seventy degrees of cold there are few St. Petersburg mothers who would allow their children to go into the open air. Ladies venture abroad only in close carriages, of which every aperture is closed by slips of fur. There are families at this season who will spend weeks without once tasting a mouthful of fresh air, and at last, when the cold has reached its extreme point,

none are to be seen in the streets but the poorest classes, unless it be foreigners, people in business, or officers. As to these last, the parades and mountings of guard are never interrupted by any degree of cold, and while the frost is hard enough to cripple a stag, generals and colonels of the guard may be seen in their glittering uniforms, moving as nimbly and as unconcernedly as though they were promenading a ball-room. Not a particle of a cloak must be seen about them; not a whisper of complaint must be heard. The Emperor's presence forbids both, for he exposes himself unhesitatingly to wind, snow, hail, and rain, and expects from his officers the same disregard of the inclemencies of the season.

WINTER IN ST. PETERSBURG.

PART II.

THE Russian stoves are in their way the most complete things that can be imagined. They are built up with glazed tiles, and such are the multitudinous passages, ascending and descending, that before the heat emitted by the fire has found its way into the chimney, it has often a distance of a 100 feet in length to pass through. The huge mass of stone which composes the stove is a long time before it gets warm; but, once warm, it retains the heat for a whole day. Almost the only wood used at St. Petersburg as fuel is the wood of the birch tree. It is the cheapest to be had in the neighbourhood, and its embers are more lasting than those of the pine or fir. Now the embers are to a Russian stove of the greatest importance, for it is from the embers, and not from the flame, that the stove is expected to derive its heat. The Russian stove-heaters are extremely dexterous in all the details of their occupation. Tongs and shovels are unknown to them. Their only instrument is a long iron poker with a hook at the end of it. With this they keep stirring up the fiery mass, break up the embers, and pull forward the fragments of wood that are still burning. In every great house there is at least one servant whose exclusive duty it is to look after the stoves, and to collect and prepare the requisite fuel. In order that the family may have a warm room to take their coffee in, in the morning, it is necessary that the stove-heater should begin his labours at an early hour of the night. In general he builds up a pile of logs within each stove the evening before, that the wood may be well dried, and then he sets fire to it early in the morning.

In every Russian house the stove plays an important part, particularly so in the houses of the poor. There the stove is often of extraordinary dimensions, and serves for cooking and baking food as well as for warming the room. Round it are placed benches, where at their leisure the inmates may enjoy the luxuries of increased heat. In the stove itself a variety of niches and indentations are made, where various articles are laid to dry, and wet stockings and linen are constantly hanging about it. On the platform, at the top, lie beds, on which, wrapped up in their sheepskin cloaks, the inmates often abandon themselves to the twofold luxury of idleness and perspiration.

The double windows, which are often found even in the houses of the poorest peasants, contribute greatly to the warmth of Russian houses. As early as October the house may be said to go into winter quarters. Double windows are affixed to every room; every aperture through which a little air might find its way is carefully covered, and slips of paper are pasted over the edges of all the windows. Here and there a window is so constructed that a single pane may now and then be opened to let in a little air. In this close and confined atmosphere the family live till the returning May ushers in the first fine weather, and gives the signal that fresh air may again be permitted to circulate through the interior of the mansion.

In the intermediate space formed by the double windows it is customary to place sand or salt, either of which, by absorbing moisture, is supposed to increase the warmth. The salt is piled up in a variety of fanciful forms, and the sand is usually formed into a kind of garden decorated with artificial flowers. These bloom and blossom through the winter in their glassy cases, and as in these arrangements every family displays its own little fancies and designs, it may afford amusement, to those who are not above being amused by trifles, to walk the streets on a fine winter morning, and admire the infinite variety of decorations presented by the double windows.

Quite as much care is expended upon the doors as upon the windows. It is a common thing to pass not merely two, but three doors before you enter the warmed passage of a house; and this is the case not only in private houses, but also in public buildings.

The Russians, with all their liveliness of character, are by no means fond of any kind of exertion; and all gymnastics, whether mental or bodily, are odious to them. In cold weather they creep behind the stove, or bury themselves in furs, instead of battling

against the frost with their arms and legs, as those of any other nation would do. The butshnik * creeps into his wooden house; the soldier, if he dares, into his sentry-box; and the sledge-driver rolls himself up into a sort of tangled ball under the mats of his sledge. In these positions many of them are surprised by sleep, and fall victims to the frost. The sentinel is found an inanimate statue in his box; the butshnik is drawn forth a mere mummy; and the poor driver is taken a petrified cripple from his sledge. The immoderate use of spirits in which the people indulge very much augments the danger. The great majority of those who are frozen to death are the victims of intoxication. A severe frost never sets in, in St. Petersburg, without finding a number of drunken men sleeping in the streets; and sleep on such an occasion is the usual stage of transition to death. The inconsiderate conduct of the rich towards their servants is another and a frequent cause of death. It is incredible how much the poor coachmen, footmen, and postillions are expected to endure. People will often go to a party, and leave their equipages in the street the whole evening. The coachman then finds it difficult to resist the inclination to sleep; and the little twelve-year-old postillions, not yet accustomed to watch till midnight, hang slumbering on their horses, or winding the reins round their arms, slip down and lie cowering on the frozen snow. Many a poor coachman has thus lost his nose, or has had his hands and feet disabled. Fortunately, the freezing to death is one of the easiest and least painful deaths. Nay, some say that the sensation which accompanies it is not without some degree of enjoyment, and those who are roused from the slumber which in these cases usually precedes death seldom show at first any thankfulness to those who have disturbed them.—*Abridged from Kohl's Russia.*

SOME ACCOUNT OF CABOOL.

Afghanistan, or Cabool, as it is also called, is the country which forms the western boundary of the Punjaub, or province of Lahore, in India. On the north it is bounded by a branch or continuation of the Himalaya mountains—the Hindoo Kosh, as they are called,—and on the west by Persia, while the small province of Scinde lies to the south-east.

Almost the whole country is intersected with ranges of mountains, the higher summits of which are covered with snow all the

* *Butshnik*, policeman.

year round. Owing to this, the climate is cooler than that of most parts of India; and its trees and fruits resemble those of Europe more than those of hotter regions.

The Afghans are a strong, active race, very unlike the indolent Hindoos. They are commonly clothed in dark-coloured woollen dresses, and wear brown mantles or large sheepskin cloaks. They are a brave and warlike, but savage and cruel nation. They are governed by a king, who, however, exerts but little power over his people.

Afghanistan is remarkable as having been the scene of the dreadful war which took place in the winter of 1841. The British army had conquered and taken possession of Cabool, the capital city; but the inhabitants suddenly rose in arms, and compelled the troops to leave the city, and begin a retreat through the mountain passes in the depth of winter. The snow was thick on the ground, and the retreating army endured the most dreadful sufferings from cold and hardships of every kind. Numbers were slain by the Afghans, who pursued them closely, and still greater numbers perished in the snow; and of the whole army only a few survived to relate their sad history.

The following is a description of Cabool, the chief city of Afghanistan, written by a traveller who visited it a few years ago:—

Description of Cabool.

"Cabool is a most bustling and populous city. Such is the noise in the afternoon, that in the streets one cannot make an attendant hear. The great bazaar, or 'Chouchut,' is an elegant arcade, nearly six hundred feet long, and about thirty broad. It is divided into four equal parts. Its roof is painted, and over the shops are the houses of some of the citizens. The plan is judicious, but it has been left unfinished; and the fountains and cisterns, that formed a part of it, lie neglected. Still there are few such bazaars in the East; and one wonders at the silks, cloths, and goods which are arrayed under its piazzas. In the evening it presents a very interesting sight. Each shop is lighted up by a lamp suspended in front, which gives the city an appearance of being illuminated. The number of shops for the sale of dried fruit is remarkable, and their arrangement tasteful. In May one may purchase the grapes, pears, apples, quinces, and even the melons, of the bygone season—then ten months old. There are poulterers' shops, at which snipes, ducks, partridges, and plovers, with other game, may be purchased. The shops of the shoemakers

and hardware retailers are also arranged with singular neatness. Every trade has its separate bazaar, or open stall, and all of them seem busy. There are booksellers and venders of paper, much of which is Russian, and of a blue colour. The month of May is the season of the 'falodeh,' which is a white jelly strained from wheat, and drunk with sherbet and snow. The people are very fond of it, and the shopkeepers in all parts of the town seem constantly at work with their customers. A pillar of snow stands on one side of them, and a fountain plays near it, which gives these places a cool and clean appearance. Around the bakers' shops crowds of people may be seen waiting for their bread. I observed that they baked it by plastering it to the sides of the oven. Cabool is famed for its kabobs, or cooked meat, which are in great request. 'Rhuwash' was the dainty of the May season in Cabool. It is merely blanched rhubarb, which is reared under a careful protection from the sun, and grows up rankly under the hills in the neighbourhood. Its flavour is delicious. 'Shabash rhuwash! bravo rhuwash!' is the cry in the streets; and every one buys it. In the most crowded parts of the city there are story-tellers amusing the idlers, or dervises proclaiming the glories and deeds of the prophets. If a baker makes his appearance before these worthies, they demand a cake in the name of some prophet; and, to judge by the number who follow their occupation, it must be a profitable one. There are no wheeled carriages in Cabool. The streets are not very narrow; they are kept in a good state during dry weather, and are intersected by small covered aqueducts of clean water, which is a great convenience to the people. We passed along them without observation, and even without an attendant. To me the appearance of the people was more novel than the bazaars. They sauntered about, dressed in sheepskin cloaks, and seemed huge from the quantity of clothes they wore. All the children have chubby red cheeks, which I at first took for an artificial colour, till I found it to be the gay bloom of youth. Cabool is a compactly built city, but its houses have no pretension to elegance. They are constructed of sun-dried bricks and wood, and few of them are more than two stories high. It is thickly peopled, and has a population of about sixty thousand souls. The river of Cabool passes through the city; and tradition says it has three times carried it away, or inundated it. In rain there is not a dirtier place than Cabool."—*Burnes's* "*Travels in the Bokhara.*"

CHINESE DINNER.

The first course was laid out in a great number of saucers of painted porcelain, and consisted of various relishes in a cold state, as salted earthworms, prepared and dried, but so cut up that fortunately I did not know what they were until I had swallowed them; salted and smoked fish, and ham, both of them cut into extremely small slices; besides which there was what they called Japan leather, a sort of a darkish skin, hard and tough, with a strong and far from agreeable taste, and which seemed to have been macerated some time in water. All the dishes, without exception, swam in soup. On one side figured pigeons' eggs, cooked in gravy, together with ducks and fowls cut very small, and immersed in a dark-coloured sauce; on the other, little balls made of sharks' fins, eggs, of which both the smell and taste seemed to us equally repulsive, immense grubs, a peculiar kind of sea-fish, crabs, and pounded shrimps.

As I was seated on the right hand of our host, I was the object of his whole attention; but nevertheless I found myself much at a loss how to use the chop-sticks, which were two little ivory sticks, tipped with silver; these, together with a knife that had a long, narrow, and thin blade, formed the whole of my eating apparatus. I had great difficulty in seizing my prey in the midst of these several bowls filled with gravy. In vain I tried to hold, in imitation of my host, this substitute for a fork between the thumb and the two first fingers of the right hand; for the chop-sticks slipped aside every moment, leaving the little morsel which I coveted. It is true that the master of the house came to the relief of my inexperience (by which he was much entertained) with his two instruments, the extremities of which, a few moments before, had touched a mouth whence age and the use of snuff and tobacco had chased its good looks. I could very well have dispensed with such an auxiliary; for my stomach had already much ado to support the various ragouts, every one more surprising than another, which I had been obliged, whether I would or not, to taste. However, I contrived to eat with tolerable propriety a soup prepared with the famous birds' nests, in which the Chinese are such epicures. The substance thus served up is reduced into very fine filaments, transparent as isinglass, and resembling vermicelli, with little or no taste. At first I was much puzzled to find how, with our chop-sticks, we should be able to taste of the various soups which composed the greater part of the dinner,

and had already called to mind the fable of the ox and the stork, when our Chinese entertainers, dipping at once into the bowls with a little saucer, placed at the side of each guest, showed us how to get rid of the difficulty.

To the younger guests, naturally lively, such a crowd of novelties presented an inexhaustible fund of pleasantry, and though unintelligible to the worthy Hong merchant, the jokes did not seem to delight him a bit the less. The wine in the meanwhile circulated freely, and the toasts followed each other in rapid succession. This liquor, which to my taste was by no means agreeable, is always taken hot. We drank it in little gilt cups, having the shape of an antique vase, with two handles of perfect workmanship, and kept constantly filled by attendants holding large silver vessels like coffee-pots. The Chinese mode of pledging is singular enough, but has, at the same time, some little resemblance to the English. The person who wishes to do this courtesy to one or more guests gives them notice by an attendant; then, taking the full cup with both hands, he lifts it to the level of his mouth, and after making a comical sign with his head, he drinks off the contents; he waits till the other party has done the same, and finally repeats the nod of the head, holding the cup downwards before him to show it is quite empty.

After all these good things, of which it gave me pleasure to see the last, succeeded the second course, which was preceded by a little ceremony, of which the object seemed to me to be a trial of the guests' appetites. Upon the edges of four bowls, arranged in a square, three others are placed, filled with stews, and surmounted by an eighth, which thus forms the summit of a pyramid; and the custom is to touch none of these, although invited by the host. On the refusal of the party, the whole disappeared, and the table was covered with articles in pastry and sugar, in the midst of which was a salad composed of the tender shoots of the bamboo, and some watery preparations that exhaled a most disagreeable odour.

Up to this point the relishes of which I first spoke had been the sole accompaniments of all the successive ragouts. They still served to season the bowls of plain rice, which the attendants now for the first time placed before each of the guests. I regarded with an air of considerable embarrassment the two little sticks, with which, notwithstanding the experience acquired since the commencement of the repast, it seemed very doubtful whether I should be able to eat my rice grain by grain according to the belief of Europeans regarding the Chinese custom. I therefore

waited until my host should begin, to follow his example. The Chinese, cleverly joining the ends of their chop-sticks, plunged into the bowls of rice held up to the mouth, which was opened to its full extent, thus easily shovelled in the rice, not by grains, but by handfuls.

After the second course, which lasted a much shorter time than the first, the attendants cleared away everything. Presently the table was strewed with flowers, which vied with each other in brilliancy; pretty baskets, filled with the same, were mixed with plates which contained a vast variety of delicious sweetmeats as well as cakes, of which the forms were as ingenious as they were varied.

At length we adjourned to the next room to take tea, the indispensable commencement and close of all visits and ceremonies among the Chinese. According to custom, the servants presented it in porcelain cups, each of which was covered with a saucer-like top, which confines and prevents the aroma from evaporating. The boiling water has been poured over a few of the leaves collected at the bottom of the cup; and the infusion, to which no sugar is ever added in China, exhaled a delicious fragrant odour, of which the best teas carried to Europe can scarcely give an idea.

LAPLACE.

NIGHT IN A TURKISH FAMILY.

As it does not fall to the lot of every traveller to pass the night in a Turkish family, you may be curious enough to know how we were entertained. We were shown into a large room with a divan or sofa continued all round the walls, and here we stretched ourselves. They brought us the usual entertainment of pipes and coffee, and after some time the Muzzelim's son and his uncle entered the room, and seated themselves on the divan opposite, and smoked their pipes without saying a word. After passing an hour in this silent way, preparations were made for supper. The young man stood up, took a cloth from a servant, and with a dexterous fling spread it in a circle on the floor; in the centre of this he placed a joint-stool, and on the stool a large metal tray. We were now motioned to approach, and having sat cross-legged on the floor round the stool, we drew the skirts of the cloth over our knees, while the servants brought embroidered napkins, and laid one on each of our shoulders. When all the company were seated, including our janissary, the first dish was

brought in and laid on the tray; round the edge of the tray were placed long slices of brown bread, with a horn spoon between each, so as to project over and form a complete border, and in the middle was set a large pewter basin of pea soup; having all dipped in our spoons and taken a few mouthfuls, it was removed, and immediately succeeded by another filled with sausages. Into this the Muzzelim's son dipped his hand, and we all followed his example. This was also removed, and replaced by one of youart, a kind of sour milk, with balls of forced meat floating in it; next succeeded balls of meat wrapped up in vine leaves, then mutton boiled to rags on homos, a kind of pea like a ram's head, which they are very fond of in this country; and lastly, a piloff, or dish of boiled rice, with which all Turkish entertainments conclude. A glass of pure water was handed round, of which we all drank, and then followed servants, with a ewer and basin, in which we washed. The whole apparatus was now removed, and we resumed our pipes and seats on the divan, having despatched our supper with such silent celerity, that the whole occupied but nine minutes and a half!

As we had brought apparatus with us, we now procured some hot water, and entertained our hosts with a cup of tea, which they had heard of, but never tasted. We sweetened a cup in the most approved manner with sugar, and softened it with milk, and then presented it. A Turk never takes anything of this kind but coffee, without milk or sugar, which is black, thick, and bitter as soot; when, therefore, he filled his mouth with the mawkish mixture we made for him, his distress was quite ridiculous. He would not swallow it, and he would not spit it out, for a Turk never spits out in company; so he kept it churning in his mouth till he could keep it no longer. He then made a pretext for going out, which he did as fast as a Turk can move, and got rid of it over the stairs. When he returned, however, he said the ladies of the harem requested to taste our tea also, so we sent them in a specimen; we heard them burst into loud fits of laughing at the extraordinary stuff, and we were informed they liked it as little as the men; we sent them, however, a present of dry tea to make after their own fashion of coffee. Our bed and bedchamber were the divan and room where we sat. DR. WALSH.

AN ARABIAN HOUSE.

A HIGH gateway gave us admittance to a cluster of houses around an open space, where seats of beaten earth aud stone bordering the walls here and there formed a sort of Arab antechamber, or waiting-room, for visitors not yet received within the interior precincts, and thus bespoke the importance of the owner. Here our guide halted before a portal high enough to admit a camel and rider, and, while we modestly dismounted to await further orders, entered the dwelling alone, to see if all had been duly got ready for our reception, and then quickly returned, and invited us to follow him indoors.

We traversed a second entrance, and now found ourselves in a small courtyard, three sides of which were formed by different apartments; the fourth consisted of a stable for horses and camels. In front rose a high wall, with several small windows pierced in it (no glass, of course, in this warm climate) close under the roof, and one large door in the centre. This belonged to what they call the coffee-room, or reception-room. The description of one such apartment may suffice for all. It is an indispensable feature in every decent house throughout Arabia, and offers everywhere very little variation save that of larger or smaller, better or worse furnished, according to the circumstances of its owner. The room, then, was a large oblong hall, about twenty feet in height, fifty in length, and sixteen or thereabouts in breadth; the walls were coloured in a rudely decorative manner with brown and white wash, and sunk here and there into small triangular recesses, destined to the reception of books (though of these our present host had no over-abundance), lamps, and other such like objects. The roof was of timber, and flat; the floor was strewed with fine clean sand, and garnished all round by the walls with long strips of carpet, upon which cushions, covered with faded silk, were disposed at suitable intervals. In poorer houses felt rugs usually take the place of carpets. In one corner, namely, that furthest removed from the door, stood a small furnace, formed of a large square block of granite, or some other hard stone, about twenty inches each way. This is hollowed inwardly into a deep funnel, open above, and communicating below with a small horizontal tube or pipe-hole, through which the air passes, bellows-driven, to the lighted charcoal piled up on a grating about halfway inside the cone. In this manner the fuel is soon brought to a white heat, and the water in the coffee-pot placed upon the funnel's

mouth is readily brought to boil. This corner of the room is also the place of distinction, whence honour and coffee radiate by progressive degrees round the apartment; and hereabouts accordingly sits the master of the house himself, or the guests whom he more especially delights to honour. On the broad edge of the furnace or fireplace, as the case may be, stands an ostentatious range of copper coffee-pots, varying in size and form. The number of these utensils is often extravagantly great. I have seen a dozen at a time in a row by one fireside, though coffee-making requires, in fact, only three at most. The number is to indicate the riches and munificence of their owner, by implying the frequency of his guests and the large amount of coffee that he is in consequence obliged to have made for them. Behind this stove sits—at least, in wealthy houses—a black slave, whose name is generally a nickname, in token of familiarity or affection. In the present case it was Soweylim, the nickname of Salim. His occupation is to make and pour out the coffee. Where there is no slave in the family, the master of the premises himself, or perhaps one of his sons, performs that hospitable duty—rather a tedious one, as we shall see. We enter. On passing the threshold it is proper to say, "Bismillah," *i. e.*, "in the name of God;" not to do so would be looked on as a bad augury alike for him who enters and for those within. The visitor next advances in silence, till, on coming about halfway across the room, he gives to all present, but looking especially at the master of the house, the customary "Peace be with you." All this while every one else in the room has kept his place, motionless, and without saying a word. But on receiving the salaam of etiquette the master of the house rises, and, if a strict Mussulman, replies with the full-length traditionary form, "And with you be peace, and the mercy of God, and His blessings." But should he happen to be of "liberal" tendencies, he will probably say "welcome," or "worthy and pleasurable," or the like, for of such phrases there is an infinite but elegant variety. All present follow the example thus given by rising and saluting. The guest then goes up to the master of the house, who has also made a step or two forwards, and places his open hand in the palm of his host's, but without grasping or shaking, which would hardly pass for decorous, and at the same time each repeats once more his greeting, followed by the set phrases of polite inquiry, "How are you?" "How goes the world with you?" and so forth, all in a tone of great interest, and to be gone over three or four times, till one or other has the discretion to say, "Praise be to God," or, in equivalent

value, "All right." The guest then, after a little contest of courtesy, takes his seat in the honoured post by the fireplace, after an apologetical salutation to the black slave on the one side, and to his nearest neighbour on the other. The best cushions and newest looking carpets have been of course prepared for his honoured weight. Shoes or sandals—for in truth the latter alone are used in Arabia—are slipped off on the sand just before reaching the carpet, and there they remain on the floor close by. But the riding-stick or wand, the inseparable companion of every true Arab, whether Bedouin or townsman, rich or poor, gentle or simple, is to be retained in the hand, and will serve for playing with during the pauses of conversation, like the fan of our great-grandmothers. Without delay Soweylim begins his preparations for coffee. These open by about five minutes of blowing with the bellows, and arranging the charcoal till a sufficient heat has been produced. Next, he places the largest of the coffee-pots, a huge machine, and about two-thirds full of clear water, close by the edge of the glowing coal-pit, that its contents may become gradually warm while other operations are in progress. He then takes a dirty knotted rag out of a niche in the wall close by, and having untied it, empties out of it three or four handfuls of unroasted coffee, the which he places on a little trencher of platted grass, and picks carefully out any blackened grains, or other undesirable substances, commonly to be found intermixed with the berries when purchased in gross; then, after much cleansing and shaking, he pours the grains so cleansed into an open iron ladle, and places it over the mouth of the funnel, at the same time blowing the bellows and stirring the grains gently round and round till they crackle, redden, and smoke a little, but carefully withdrawing them from the heat long before they turn black or charred; after which he puts them to cool a moment on the grass platter. He then sets the warm water in the large coffee-pot over the fire aperture, that it may be ready boiling at the right moment, and draws in close between his own trouserless legs a large stone mortar, with a narrow pit in the middle, just enough to admit the black stone pestle of a foot long and an inch and a half thick, which he now takes in hand. Next, pouring the half-roasted berries into the mortar, he proceeds to pound them, striking right into the narrow hollow with wonderful dexterity, nor ever missing his blow till the beans are smashed, but not reduced into powder. He then scoops them out, now reduced to a sort of assesse reddish grit, very unlike the fine charcoal dust which passes in some countries for coffee, and out of which every particle of real aroma

has long since been burnt or ground. After all these operations, each performed with as intense a seriousness and deliberate nicety as if the welfare of the entire country depended on it, he takes a smaller coffee-pot in hand, fills it more than half full with water from the larger vessel, and then shaking the pounded coffee into it, sets it on the fire to boil, occasionally stirring it with a small stick as the water rises, to prevent its boiling over. Nor is the boiling stage to be long or vehement : on the contrary, it is, and should be, as light as possible. In the interim he takes out of another rag-knot a few aromatic seeds, or a little saffron, and after slightly pounding these ingredients, throws them into the simmering coffee to improve its flavour, for such an additional spicing is held indispensable in Arabia, though often omitted elsewhere in the East. Sugar would be a totally unheard-of profanation. Last of all, he strains off the liquor through some fibres of the inner palm-bark placed for that purpose in the jug-spout, and gets ready the tray of delicate particoloured grass, and the small-coffee cups ready for pouring out. All these preliminaries have taken up a good half-hour. But before a quarter of an hour has passed, and while Blacky is still roasting or pounding his coffee, a tall thin lad, our host's eldest son, appears, charged with a large circular dish, grass-platted like the rest, and throws it with a graceful jerk on the sandy floor close before us. He then produces a large wooden bowl full of dates, bearing in the midst of the heap a cupful of melted butter. All this he places on the circular mat, and says, "Pronounce the name" (of God understood) ; this means, "Set to work at it." Hereon the master of the house quits his place by the fireside, and seats himself on the sand opposite to us. We draw nearer to the dish, and four or five others, after some respectful coyness, join the circle. Every one then picks out a date or two from the juicy, half-amalgamated mass, dips them into the butter, and thus goes on eating till he has had enough, when he rises and washes his hands. By this time the coffee is ready, and Soweylim begins his round, the coffee-pot in one hand, the tray and cups on the other. The first pouring-out he must, in etiquette, drink himself, by way of a practical assurance that there is no "death in the pot." The guests are next served, beginning with those next the honourable fireside. The master of the house receives his cup last of all. To refuse would be a positive and unpardonable insult; but one has not much to swallow at a time, for the coffee-cups are about the size of a large egg-shell at most, and are never more than half filled. This is considered essential to good breeding,

and a brimmer would here imply exactly the reverse of what it does in Europe. Why it should be so I hardly know, unless perhaps the rareness of cup-stands might render an over-full cup inconveniently hot for the fingers. Be that as it may, "Fill the cup for your enemy," is an adage common to all, Bedouins or townsmen, throughout the peninsula. The beverage itself is singularly fragrant and refreshing, a real tonic, and very different from the black mud sucked in the Levant, or the watery roast-bean preparations of France. When the slave or freeman, according to circumstances, presents you with a cup, he never fails to accompany it with a "Say the name of God," nor must you take it without answering "Bismillah."

A FLOODED PRAIRIE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

We made so many attempts to get over the Sanshureh, both to the west and east of the waggon, in the hope of reaching some of the Makololo on the Chobe, that my Bushmen friends became quite tired of the work. By means of presents I got them to remain some days; but at last they slipped away by night, and I was fain to take one of the strongest of my still weak companions, and cross the river in a pontoon.

We each carried some provisions and a blanket, and penetrated about twenty miles to the westward in the hope of striking the Chobe. It was much nearer to us in a northerly direction, but this we did not then know. . . The plain over which we splashed the whole of the first day was covered with water ankle-deep, and thick grass which reached above the knees. In the evening we came to an immense wall of reeds, six or eight feet high, without any opening admitting of a passage. . . . When we tried to enter, the water always became so deep that we were fain to desist. We concluded that we had come to the banks of the river we were in search of, so we directed our course to some trees which appeared in the south, in order to get a bed and a view of the adjacent locality. Having made a glorious fire, we got a good cup of tea, and had a comfortable night. . . . While collecting wood that evening, I found a bird's nest consisting of leaves sewed together with threads of the spider's web. Nothing could exceed the airiness of this pretty contrivance; the threads had been pushed through small punctures, and thickened to resemble a knot. I unfortunately lost it. This was the second nest I had seen resembling that of the tailor-bird of India.

Next morning, by climbing the highest trees, we could see a fine large sheet of water, but surrounded on all sides by the same impenetrable belt of reeds. This is the broad part of the river Chobe, and is called Zabesa. Two tree-covered islands seemed to be much nearer to the water than the shore on which we were, so we made an attempt to get to them first. . . . It was not the reeds alone we had to pass through; a peculiar serrated * grass, which at certain angles cut the hands like a razor, was mingled with the reed, and the climbing convolvulus, with stalks which felt as strong as whipcord, bound the mass together. We felt like pigmies in it, and often the only way we could get on was by both of us leaning against a part, and bending it down till we could stand upon it. The perspiration streamed off our bodies, and as the sun rose high, there being no ventilation among the reeds, the heat was stifling, and the water, which was up to the knees, felt agreeably refreshing. . . . After some hours' toil we reached one of the islands. Here we met an old friend, the bramble bush. My strong moleskins were quite worn through at the knees, and the leather trousers of my companions were torn, and his legs bleeding. Tearing my handkerchief in two, I tied the pieces round my knees, and then encountered another difficulty. . . . We were still forty or fifty yards from the clear water, but now we were opposed by great masses of papyrus, which are like palms in miniature, eight or ten feet high, and an inch and a half in diameter. These were laced together by twining convolvulus, so strongly that the weight of both of us could not make way into the clear water. At last we fortunately found a passage prepared by a hippopotamus. Eager to reach to clear water, I stepped in, and found it took me at once up to the neck.

Returning nearly worn out, we proceeded up the bank of the Chobe, till we came to the point of departure of the branch Sanshureh; we then went in the opposite direction, or down the Chobe, though from the highest tree we could see nothing but one vast expanse of reed, with here and there a tree on the islands. . . . This was a hard day's work, and when we came to a deserted Bayeiye hut on an anthill, not a bit of wood or anything else could be got for a fire, except the grass and sticks of the dwelling itself. I dreaded the snakes, so common in all old huts; but outside of it we had thousands of mosquitoes, and cold dew began to be deposited, so we were fain to crawl beneath its shelter.

* *Serrated*, notched like the edge of a saw.

We were close to the reeds, and could listen to the strange sounds which are often heard there. By day I had seen water-snakes putting up their heads and swimming about. There were great numbers of otters, which have made little spoors * all over the plains in search of the fishes, among the tall grass of these flooded prairies; curious birds, too, jerked and wriggled among these reedy masses, and we heard human-like voices and unearthly sounds, with splash, guggle, jupp, as if rare fun were going on in their uncouth haunts. . . . At one time, something came near us, making a splashing like that of a canoe or hippopotamus; thinking it to be the Makololo, we got up, listened and shouted, then discharged a gun several times, but the noise continued without intermission for an hour. After a damp cold night, we began, early in the morning, our work of exploring again, but left the pontoon in order to lighten our labour. . . . The anthills are here very high, some thirty feet, and of a base so broad that trees grow on them; while the lands, annually flooded, bear nothing but grass. From one of these anthills, we discovered an inlet to the Chobe; and having gone back to the pontoon we launched ourselves on a deep river here from eighty to one hundred yards wide. . . . I gave my companion strict injunctions to stick by the pontoon in case a hippopotamus should look at us; nor was this caution unnecessary, for one came up at our side, and made a desperate plunge off. We had passed over him. The way he made caused the pontoon to glide quickly away from him.

We paddled on from mid-day till sunset. There was nothing but a wall of reed on each bank, and we saw every prospect of spending a supperless night on our float; but just as the short twilight of these parts was commencing, we perceived, on the north bank, the village of Moremi, one of the Makololo, whose acquaintance I had made in our former visit, and who was now located on the island Mahonta. . . . The villagers looked as we may suppose people do who see a ghost, and, in their figurative way of speaking, said, "He has dropped among us from the clouds, yet came riding on the back of a hippopotamus! We Makololo thought no one could cross the Chobe without our knowledge, but here he drops among us like a bird."

Next day we returned in canoes across the flooded lands, and found that, in our absence, the men had allowed the cattle to wander into a very small patch of wood to the west, abounding

* *Spoors,* foot indentations, traces, which serve as tracks.

in the insect called the tsetse, so fatally poisonous to cattle; this carelessness cost me ten fine large oxen. . . . After remaining a few days, some of the head men of the Makololo came down from Linyanti, with a large party of Barotse, to take us across the river. This they did in fine style, swimming and diving among the oxen more like alligators than men, and taking the waggons to pieces, and carrying them across on a number of canoes lashed together. . . . We were now among friends; so going about thirty miles to the north, in order to avoid the still flooded lands on the north of the Chobe, we turned westwards towards Linyanti, where we arrived on the 23rd of May, 1853.

LIVINGSTONE.

THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one.
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;

And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead:
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake;
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play,
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn!
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabean * springs.
For thee Idume's† spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's ‡ mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia § fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

* Sabea, Arabia Felix, renowned for its aromatics.

† Idumea, now Arabia Petræa.

‡ Ophir, a region from which gold was anciently obtained. Its situation is uncertain.

§ The goddess of the moon, so called from her birthplace, Mt. Cynthus, in the isle of Delos.

The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair
Is the million-coloured bow;
The sphere-fire above, its soft colours wove,
Whilst the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of the earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
I rise and upbuild it again.

SHELLEY.

VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. The temporary absence of worldly scenes and employments produces a state of mind peculiarly fitted to receive new and vivid impressions. The vast space of waters that separates the hemispheres is like a blank page in existence.

In travelling by land there is a continuity of scene, and a connection of persons and incidents, that carry on the story of life, and lessen the effect of absence and separation. We drag, it is true, "a lengthened chain," at each remove of our pilgrimage; but the chain is unbroken. We can trace it back, link by link; and we feel that the last of them still grapples us to home. But a wide sea voyage severs us at once. It makes us conscious of being cast loose from the secure anchorage of settled life, and sent adrift on a doubtful world. It interposes a gulf, not merely imaginary, but real, between us and our homes; a gulf subject to tempests, and fear, and uncertainty, and makes distance palpable, and return precarious.

Such at least was the case with myself. As I saw the last blue line of my native land fade away like a cloud in the horizon, it seemed as if I had closed one volume of the world and its concerns, and I had time for meditation before I opened another. That land, too, now vanishing from my view, which contained all that was most dear to me in life, what vicissitudes might occur in it, what changes might take place in me, before I should visit it again! Who can tell, when he sets forth to wander, whither he may be driven by the uncertain current of existence, or when he may return, or whether it may be ever his lot to review the scenes of his childhood?

At sea all is vacancy. No! I should correct the expression. To one given to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea-voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but then they are the wonders of the deep and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delighted to loll over the quarter-railing, or to climb to the maintop, of a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea; to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds, just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own; to watch the gentle undulating billows, rolling their silvery volumes as if to die away on those happy shores.

There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe, with which I looked down from my giddy height at the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols; shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship; the grampus slowly heaving his huge form above the surface, or the ravenous shark darting like a spectre through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me; of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys; of the shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth; and of those wild phantasms* that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

Sometimes a distant sail, gliding along the edge of the ocean, would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world, hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glorious monument of human invention that has thus triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the world into communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north

* *Phantasms,* phantoms (a corruption)—fancied objects, spectral visions.

all the luxuries of the south; has diffused the light of knowledge, and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier!

We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, everything that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked: for there were the remains of handkerchiefs by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to the spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained.

The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long seaweeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, is the crew? Their struggle has long been over; they have gone down amid the roar of the tempest; their bones lie whitening among the caverns of the deep. Silence and oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end. What sighs have been wafted after that ship! what prayers offered up at the deserted fireside of home! How often has the father, the wife, the mother, pored over the daily news, to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety, anxiety into dread, and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento shall ever return for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known is that she sailed from her port, "and was never heard of more."

The sight of the wreck gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms that will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer's voyage. As we sat around the dull light of a lamp, in the cabin, that made the gloom more ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck by a short one related by the captain.

"As I was once sailing," said he, "in a fine, stout ship across the banks of Newfoundland, one of those heavy fogs that prevai in those parts rendered it impossible for us to see far ahead, even in the daytime; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of the ship. I kept lights at the masthead, and a constant watch forward, to look out for fishing-smacks, which are accustomed to lie at anchor

on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of 'a sail a head!' It was scarcely uttered before we were upon her. She was a small schooner at anchor, with her broadside toward us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light.

"We struck her just amidships. The force, the size, the weight of our vessel bore her down below the waves; we passed over her, and were hurried on our course. As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches, rushing from her cabin; they just started from their beds to be swallowed shrieking by the waves; I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears swept us out of all further hearing. I shall never forget that cry! It was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned as nearly as we could guess to the place where the smack had anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired signal-guns, and listened if we might hear the halloo of any survivors; but all was silent—we never saw or heard anything of them more."

I confess these stories, for a time, put an end to all my fine fancies. The storm increased with the night. The sea was lashed into tremendous confusion. There was a fearful sullen sound of rushing waves and broken surges. At times the black volume of clouds overhead seemed rent asunder by flashes of lightning that quivered along the foaming billows, and made the succeeding darkness doubly terrible. The thunders bellowed over the wild waste of waters, and were echoed and prolonged by the moaning waves. As I saw the ship staggering and plunging among these roaring caverns, it seemed miraculous that she regained her balance, or preserved her buoyancy. Her yards would dip into the water, her bow was almost buried beneath the waves. Sometimes an impending surge appeared ready to overwhelm her, and nothing but a dextrous movement of the helm preserved her from the shock.

When I retired to my cabin the awful scene still followed me. The whistling of the wind through the rigging sounded like funeral wailings. The creaking of the masts, the straining and groaning of bulk heads, as the ship laboured in the weltering sea, were frightful. As I heard the waves rushing along the sides of the ship, and roaring in my very ear, it seemed as if Death were raging round this floating prison, seeking for his prey; the

mere starting of a nail, the yawning of a seam, might give him entrance.

A fine day, however, with a tranquil sea and favouring breeze, soon put all these dismal reflections to flight. It is impossible to resist the gladdening influence of fine weather and fair wind at sea. When the ship is decked out in all her canvas, every sail swelled and careering gaily over the curling waves, how lofty, how gallant she appears! how she seems to lord it over the deep! But it is time to get ashore.

It was a fine sunny morning, when the thrilling cry of "Land!" was heard from the masthead. None but those who have experienced it can form an idea of the delicious throng of sensations which rush into an American's bosom when he first comes in sight of Europe. There is a volume of associations with the very name. It is the land of promise, teeming with everything of which his childhood has heard, or on which his studious years have pondered. . . . From that time until the moment of arrival it was all feverish excitement. The ships of war, that prowled like giants along the coast; the headlands of Ireland, stretching out into the channel; the Welsh mountains, towering into the clouds—all were objects of intense interest. As we sailed up the Mersey my eye dwelt with delight on neat cottages, with their trim shrubberies and green grass-plats. I saw the ruins of an abbey overrun with ivy, and the spire of the village church rising from the brow of a neighbouring hill. All were characteristic of England.

The tide and wind were so favourable that the ship was enabled to come at once to the pier. It was thronged with people; some, idle lookers on; others, eager expectants of friends or relatives. I could distinguish the merchant to whom the ship was consigned. I knew him by his calculating brow and restless air. His hands were thrust into his pockets; he was whistling thoughtfully, and walking to and fro, a small space having been accorded to him by the crowd, in deference to his temporary importance. There were repeated cheerings and salutations interchanged between the shore and the ship, as friends happened to recognise each other.

I particularly noticed one young woman, of humble dress but interesting demeanour. She was leaning forward from among the crowd; her eye hurried over the ship as it neared the shore, to catch some wished-for countenance. She seemed disappointed and agitated, when I heard a faint voice call her name. . . .

It was from a poor sailor who had been ill all the voyage, and had excited the sympathy of every one on board. When the weather was fine, his messmates had spread a mattress for him, on deck, in the shade; but of late his illness had so increased that he had taken to his hammock, and only breathed a wish that he might see his wife before he died. He had been helped on deck as we came up the river, and was now leaning against the shrouds, with a countenance so wasted, so pale, so ghastly, that it was no wonder even the eye of affection did not recognise him. But at the sound of his voice her eye darted on his features; it read at once the whole volume of sorrow; she clasped her hands, uttered a faint shriek, and stood wringing them in silent agony.

All was now hurry and bustle; the meetings of acquaintances, the greetings of friends, the consultations of men of business. I alone was solitary and idle. I had no friend to meet, no cheering to receive. I stepped upon the land of my forefathers, but felt that I was a stranger in the land.

W. Irving.

A BEE-HUNT.

The beautiful forest in which we were encamped abounded in bee-trees; that is to say, trees in the decayed trunks of which wild bees had established their hives. It is surprising in what countless swarms the bees have overspread the far West within but a moderate number of years. The Indians consider them but the harbinger of the white man, as the buffalo is of the red man; and say that in proportion as the bee advances, the Indian and buffalo retire. They are always accustomed to associate the hum of the beehive with the farmhouse and flower-garden, and to consider those industrious little insects as connected with the busy haunts of man; and I am told that the wild bee is seldom to be met with at any great distance from the frontier. They have been the heralds of civilization, steadfastly preeeding it as it advanced from the Atlantic borders, and some of the ancient settlers of the West pretend to give the very year when the honey-bee first crossed the Mississippi.

The Indians, with surprise, found the mouldering trees of their forests suddenly teeming with ambrosial sweets; and nothing, I am told, can exceed the greedy relish with which they banquet, for the first time, upon this unbought luxury of the wilderness.

UNIVERSITY CALIFORNIA

At present the honey-bee swarms in myriads in the noble groves and forests that skirt and intersect the prairies, and extend along the alluvial bottoms of the rivers. It seems to me as if these beautiful regions answer literally to the description of the land of promise, "a land flowing with milk and honey;" for the rich pasturage of the prairies is calculated to sustain herds of cattle as countless as the sands on the sea-shore, while the flowers with which they are enamelled render them a very paradise for the nectar-seeking bee.

We had not been long in the camp, when a party set out in quest of a bee-tree; and being curious to witness the sport, I gladly accepted an invitation to accompany them. The party was headed by a veteran bee-hunter—a tall, lank fellow, with a home-spun garb that hung loosely about his limbs, and with a straw hat shaped not unlike a beehive. A comrade, equally uncouth in garb, and without a hat, straddled along at his heels, with a long rifle on his shoulder. To these succeeded half a dozen others, some with axes, and some with rifles; for no one stirs far from the camp without his fire-arms, so as to be ready either for wild deer or wild Indians.

After proceeding for some distance we came to an open glade on the skirts of the forest. Here our leader halted, and then advanced quietly to a low bush, on the top of which he placed a piece of honeycomb. This, I found, was the bait or lure for the wild bees. Several were seen humming about it, and diving into the cells. When they had laden themselves with honey, they would rise into the air, and dart off in a straight line, almost with the velocity of a bullet. The hunters watched attentively the course they took, and then set off in the same direction, stumbling along over twisted roots and fallen trees, with their eyes turned up to the sky. In this way they traced the honey-laden bees to their hive, in the hollow trunk of a blasted oak, where, after buzzing about for a moment, they entered a hole about sixty feet from the ground.

Two of the bee-hunters now plied their axes vigorously at the foot of the tree, to level it with the ground. The mere spectators and amateurs, in the meantime, drew off to a cautious distance, to be out of the way of the falling tree and the vengeance of its inmates. The jarring blows of the axe seemed to have no effect in alarming or disturbing this most industrious community. They continued to ply at their usual occupations; some arriving, full freighted, into port; others sallying forth on new expeditions, like so many merchantmen in a money-making metropolis,

little suspicious of impending bankruptcy and downfall. Even a loud crack, which announced the disrupture of a trunk, failed to divert their attention from the intense pursuit of gain. At length, down came the tree with a tremendous crash, bursting open from end to end, and displaying all the hoarded treasures of the commonwealth.

One of the hunters immediately ran up with a wisp of lighted hay, as a defence against the bees. The latter, however, made no attack, and sought no revenge; they seemed stupefied by the catastrophe, and unsuspicious of its cause, and remained crawling and buzzing about the ruins, without offering us any molestation. Every one of the party now fell to, with spoon and hunting-knife, to scoop out the flakes of honeycomb with which the hollow trunk was stored. Some of them were of old date, and a deep brown colour; others were beautifully white, and the honey in their cells was almost limpid. Such of the combs as were entire were placed in camp-kettles, to be conveyed to the encampment; those which had been shivered in the fall were devoured upon the spot. Every stark bee-hunter was to be seen with a rich morsel in his hand, dripping about his fingers, and disappearing as rapidly as a cream tart before the holiday appetite of a school-boy.

Nor was it the bee-hunters alone that profited by the downfall of this industrious community. As if the bees would carry through the similitude of their habits with those of laborious and gainful man, I beheld numbers from rival hives, arriving on eager wing to enrich themselves with the ruin of their neighbours. These busied themselves as eagerly and cheerfully as so many wreckers on an Indiaman that has been driven on shore; plunging into the cells of the broken honeycombs, banqueting greedily on the spoil, and then winging their way full freighted to their homes. As to the poor proprietors of the ruin, they seemed to have no heart to do anything, not even to taste the nectar that flowed around them; but crawled backward and forward in vacant desolation, as I have seen a poor fellow with his hands in his breeches pocket, whistling vacantly and despondingly about the ruins of his house that had been burnt.

It is difficult to describe the bewilderment and confusion of the bees of the bankrupt hive, who had been absent at the time of the catastrophe, and who arrived from time to time with full cargoes from abroad. At first they wheeled about in the air, in the place where their fallen tree had once reared its head, astonished at finding it all a vacuum. At length, as if compre-

hending their disaster, they settled down in clusters on a dry branch of a neighbouring tree, from whence they seemed to contemplate the prostrate ruin, and to buzz forth doleful lamentations over the downfall of their republic. It was a scene on which the "melancholy Jacques" might have moralised by the hour.

We now abandoned the place, leaving much honey in the hollow of the tree. "It will all be cleared off by varmint," said one of the rangers. "What vermin?" asked I. "Oh, bears, and skunks, and raccoons, and 'possums," said he; "the bears is the knowingist varmint for finding out a bee-tree in the world. They'll gnaw for days together at the trunk, till they make a hole big enough to get in their paws, and then they'll haul out honey, bees and all." W. IRVING.

THE CANADIAN INDIANS.

A FAMILY of Indians have pitched their huts very near us, on one of the islands of our lake; we can distinguish the thin blue smoke of their wood fires, rising among the trees, from our front window, or curling over the bosom of the waters.

The squaws have been several times to see me; sometimes from curiosity, sometimes with a view of bartering their baskets, mats, ducks, or venison, for pork, flour, potatoes, or articles of wearing apparel. Sometimes their object is to borrow "kettle to cook," which they are very punctual in returning.

Once a squaw came to borrow a washing tub, but not understanding her language, I could not for some time discover the object of her solicitude; at last she took up a corner of her blanket, and pointing to some soap began rubbing it between her hands, imitated the action of washing, then laughed, and pointed to a tub; she then held up two fingers to intimate that it was for two days she wanted the loan.

These people appear of gentle and amiable dispositions; and, as far as our experience goes, they are very honest. Once, indeed, the old hunter, Peter, obtained from me some bread, for which he promised to give a pair of ducks, but when the time came for payment, and I demanded my ducks, he looked gloomy, and replied with characteristic brevity, "No duck—Chippewa" (meaning S——, this being the name they have affectionately given him) "gone up lake with canoe—no canoe—duck by and by." By

and by is a favourite expression of the Indians, signifying an indefinite point of time; may be it means to-morrow, or a week, or a month, or it may be a year, or even more. They rarely give you a direct promise.

As it is not wise to let any one cheat you if you can prevent it, I coldly declined any further overtures to bartering with the Indians until my ducks made their appearance.

Some time afterwards I received one duck by the hands of Maquin, a sort of Indian Flibbertigibbit: this lad is a hunch-backed dwarf, very shrewd, but a perfect imp; his delight seems to be tormenting the grown babies in the wigwam, or teasing the meek deerhounds. He speaks English very fluently, and writes tolerably for an Indian boy; he usually accompanies the women in their visits, and acts as their interpreter, grinning with mischievous glee at his mother's bad English, and my perplexity at not being able to understand her signs. In spite of his extreme deformity he seemed to possess no inconsiderable share of vanity, gazing with great satisfaction at his face in the looking-glass. When I asked his name, he replied, "Indian name Maquin, but English name Mister Walker, very good man;" this was the person he was called after.

These Indians are scrupulous in their observance of the Sabbath, and show great reluctance to having any dealings in the way of trading or pursuing their usual avocations of hunting or fishing on that day.

The young Indians are very expert in the use of a long bow, with wooden arrows, rather heavy and blunt at the end. Maquin said he could shoot ducks and small birds with his arrows; but I should think they were not calculated to reach objects at any great distance, as they appear very heavy.

It is sweet to hear the Indians singing their hymns of a Sunday night, their rich soft voices arising in the still evening air. I have often listened to this little choir praising the Lord's name in the simplicity and fervour of their hearts, and have felt it was a reproach that these poor half-civilized wanderers should alone be found to gather together to give glory to God in the wilderness.

I was much pleased with the simple piety of our friend, the hunter, Peter's squaw, a stout, swarthy matron of a most amiable expression. We were taking our tea when she softly opened the door and looked in; an encouraging smile induced her to enter, and depositing a brown papouse (Indian for baby or little child) on the ground, she gazed round with curiosity and delight in her

eyes. We offered her some tea and bread, motioning to her to take a vacant seat beside the table. She seemed pleased by the invitation, and drawing her little one to her knee, poured some tea into the saucer and gave it to the child to drink. She ate very moderately, and when she had finished, rose and wrapping her face in the folds of her blanket, bent down her head on her breast in the attitude of prayer. This little act of devotion was performed without the slightest appearance of Pharisaical display, but in singleness and simplicity of heart. She then thanked us with a face beaming with smiles and good humour; and taking little Rachel by the hands, threw her over her shoulder with a peculiar sleight that I feared would dislocate the tender thing's arms, but the papouse seemed well satisfied with this mode of treatment.

In long journeys the children are placed in upright baskets of a peculiar form, which are fastened round the necks of the mothers by straps of deer-skin; but the young infant is swathed in a sort of flat cradle, secured with flexible hoops to prevent it from falling out. To these machines they are strapped, so as to be unable to move a limb. Much finery is often displayed in the outer covering and the bandages that confine the papouse.

There is a sling attached to this cradle, that passes over the squaw's neck, the back of the babe being placed to the back of the mother, and its face outward. The first thing a squaw does on entering a house is to release herself from her burden and place it up against the wall, or chair, chest, or anything that will support it, where the passive prisoner stands, looking not unlike a mummy in its case.

The squaws are most affectionate to their little ones. Gentleness and good humour appear distinguishing traits in the tempers of the female Indians; whether this be natural to their characters, the savage state, or the softening effects of Christianity, I cannot determine.

The squaws are very ingenious in many of their handiworks. We find their birch-bark baskets very convenient for a number of purposes. My bread-basket, knife-tray, and sugar-basket, are all of this humble material. When ornamented and wrought in patterns with dyed quills, I can assure you they are by no means inelegant.

They manufacture vessels of birch-bark so well that they will serve for many useful household purposes, such as holding milk, soup, water, or any other liquid; they are sewed, or rather stitched together with the tough roots of the tamarack or larch, or else

with stripes of cedar-bark. They also weave very useful sorts of baskets from the inner rind of the bass-wood and white ash. Some of these baskets, of a coarse kind, are made use of for gathering up potatoes, Indian corn, or turnips; the settlers finding them very good substitutes for the osier baskets used for the same purpose in the old country. The Indians are acquainted with a variety of dyes, with which they stain the more elegant fancy baskets and porcupine quills. Our parlour is ornamented with several very pretty specimens of their ingenuity in this way, which answer the purpose of note and letter cases, flower-stands, and work-baskets.

They appear to value the useful rather more highly than the merely ornamental articles that you may exhibit to them. They are very shrewd and close in all their bargains, and exhibit a surprising degree of caution in their dealings. The men are much less difficult to trade with than the women; they display a singular pertinacity in some instances. If they have fixed their mind on any one article, they will come to you day after day, refusing any other you may offer to their notice. One of the squaws fell in love with a gay chintz dressing-gown belonging to my husband, and though I resolutely refused to part with it, all the squaws in the wigwam by turns came to look at "gown," which they pronounced with their peculiarly plaintive tone of voice; and when I said "No gown to sell," they uttered a melancholy exclamation of regret, and went away.

They will seldom make any article you want on purpose for you. If you express a desire to have baskets of a particular pattern that they do not happen to have ready made by them, they give you the usual reply of "by and by." If the goods you offer them in exchange for theirs do not answer their expectations, they give a sullen or dogged look, or reply "*Car-car*" (no, no), or "*Carwin*," which is a still more forcible negative. But when the bargain pleases them, they signify their approbation by several affirmative nods of the head, and a note not much unlike a grunt; the ducks, venison, fish, or baskets are placed beside you, and the articles of exchange transferred to the folds of their capacious blankets, or deposited in a sort of rushen wallet, not unlike those straw baskets in which English carpenters carry their tools.

The women imitate the dresses of the whites, and are rather skilful in converting their purchases. Many of the young girls can sew very neatly. I often give them bits of silk and velvet, and braid, for which they appear very thankful.—*Back Woods of Canada.*

CANADIAN INDIAN ENCAMPMENT.

Feeling some desire to see these singular people in their winter encampment, I expressed my wish to a friend, who happens to be a great favourite with the Indians, who, as a mark of distinction, have bestowed upon him the title of Chippewa, the name of their tribe. He was delighted with the opportunity of doing the honours of the Indian wigwam; and it was agreed that he, with some of his brothers and sisters-in-law, should accompany us to the camp in the woods.

A merry party we were that sallied forth that evening into the glorious starlight. The snow sparkled as with a thousand diamonds on its frozen surface; and truly never did I look upon a lovelier sight than the woods presented. There had been a heavy fall of snow the preceding day; owing to the extreme stillness of the air, not a particle of it had been shaken from the trees. The evergreens were bending beneath their brilliant burden; every twig, every leaf and spray was covered, and some of the weak saplings actually bowed down to the earth with the weight of snow, forming the most lovely and fanciful bowers and arcades across our path. As you looked up towards the top of the trees, the snowy branches seen against the deep blue sky, formed a silvery veil, through which the bright stars were gleaming with a chastened brilliancy.

Leaving the broad road, we struck into a bypath, deep tracked by the Indians, and soon perceived the wigwam by the red smoke that issued from the open basket-work top of the little hut. This is first formed with light poles, planted round, so as to enclose a circle of ten or twelve feet in diameter. Between these poles are drawn large sheets of birch-bark, both within and without, leaving an opening of the bare poles at the top, so as to form an outlet for the smoke. The outer walls were also banked up with snow, so as to exclude the air entirely from beneath.

Some of our party ran on before; so that when the blanket, that served the purpose of a door, was unfastened, we found a motly group of the dark skins and the pale faces reposing on the blankets and skins that were spread round the walls of the wigwam.

The swarthy complexions, shaggy black hair, and singular costume of the Indians, formed a striking contrast with the fair-faced Europeans who were mingled with them, seen as they were by the red and fitful glare of the wood fire that occupied the

centre of the circle. The deerhounds lay stretched in indolent enjoyment, close to the embers; near to whom were three or four dark-skinned little urchins playing with each other.

There was a slight bustle among the party when we entered, one by one, through the low blanket doorway. The merry laugh rang round among our friends, which was echoed by more than one of the Indian men, and joined by the peculiar half-laugh or chuckle of the squaws. "*Chippewa*" was directed to a post of honour beside the hunter Peter; and Squaw Peter, with an air of great good humour, made room for me on a corner of her own blanket; to effect which two papouses and a hound were displaced.

The most attractive persons in the wigwam were two Indian girls, one about eighteen—Jane, the hunter's eldest daughter, and her cousin Margaret. I was greatly struck with the beauty of Jane. Her features were positively fine, and though of gipsy darkness, the tint of vermilion on her cheek and lip rendered them, if not beautiful, very attractive. Her hair was of jetty blackness, soft and shining, and neatly folded over her forehead, not hanging loose and disorderly in shaggy masses, as is generally the case with the squaws. Jane was evidently aware of her superior charms, and may be considered as an Indian belle, by the peculiar care she displayed in the arrangement of the black cloth mantle, bound with scarlet, that was gracefully wrapped over one shoulder, and fastened on the left side by a gilt brooch. Margaret was younger, of lower stature, and though lively and rather pretty, yet wanted the quiet dignity of her cousin; she had more of the squaw in face and figure. The two girls occupied a blanket by themselves, and were busily engaged in working some most elegant shades of deerskin, richly wrought over with coloured quills and beads. They kept the beads and quills in a small tin pan on their knees; but the old squaw held her porcupine quills in her mouth, and the fine dried sinews of the deer, which they make use of instead of thread in work of this sort, in her bosom.

On my expressing a desire to have some of the porcupine quills, she gave me a few of different colours that she was working a pair of mocassins with, but signified that she wanted "bead to work mocassin," by which I understood I was to give some in exchange for the quills. Indians never give away anything when they have learned to trade with white men.

She was greatly delighted with the praises I bestowed upon Jane. She told me Jane was soon to marry the young Indian

who sat on one side of her, in all the pride of a new blanket coat, red sash, embroidered powder-pouch, and great gilt clasps to the collar of his coat, which looked as warm and as white as a newly washed fleece. The old squaw evidently felt proud of the young couple as she gazed on them, and often repeated, with a good-tempered laugh, " Jane's husband—marry by and by." We had so often listened with pleasure to the Indians singing their hymns of a Sunday night, that I requested some of them to sing to us. The old hunter nodded assent, and, without removing his pipe, with the gravity and phlegm of a Dutchman, issued his commands, which were as instantly obeyed by the younger part of the community, and a chorus of rich voices filled the little hut with a melody that thrilled through our very hearts.

The hymn was sung in the Indian tongue—a language that is peculiarly sweet and soft in its cadences, and seems to be composed of many vowels. I could not but notice the modest air of the girls. As if anxious to avoid the observation that they felt was attracted by their sweet voices, they turned away from the gaze of the strangers, facing each other, and bending their heads down over the work they still held in their hands. The attitude, which is that of the Eastern nations, the dress, dark hair and eyes, the olive complexion, heightened colour, and meek expression of face, would have formed a study for a painter. I was pleased with the air of deep reverence that sat on the faces of the elders of the Indian family as they listened to the voices of their children singing praise and glory to the God and Saviour they had learned to fear and love.

The Indians seem most tender parents. It is pleasing to see the affectionate manner in which they treat their young children, fondly and gently caressing them, with eyes overflowing and looks of love. During the singing, each papouse crept to the feet of its respective father and mother; and those that were too young to join their voices to the little choir remained quite silent till the hymn was at an end. One little girl of three years old beat time on her father's knee, and from time to time chimed in her infant voice. She evidently possessed a fine ear, and natural taste for music.

I was at a loss to conceive where the Indians kept their stores, clothes, and other moveables, the wigwam being so small that there seemed no room for anything besides themselves and their hounds. Their ingenuity, however, supplied the want of room; and I soon discovered a plan that answered all the purposes of closets, bags, boxes, &c., the inner lining of birch-bark being

drawn between the poles, so as to form pouches all round. In these pouches were stowed their goods; one set held their stock of dried deer's flesh, another dried fish, a third contained some flat cakes. Their dressed skins, clothes, materials for their various toys, such as beads, quills, bits of cloth, silk, with a great number of miscellaneous articles, occupied the rest of these reservoirs.

Though open for a considerable space at the top, the interior of the wigwam was so hot I could scarcely breathe, and was constrained to throw off all my trappings during the time we stayed. Before we went away, the hunter insisted on showing us a game, which was something after the manner of our cup and ball, only more complicated, and requiring more sleight of hand. The Indians seemed evidently well pleased at our want of adroitness. They also showed us another game, which was a little like nine-pins, only the number of sticks stuck in the ground was greater. I was unable to stay to see the little rows of sticks knocked out, as the heat of the wigwam oppressed me almost to suffocation; and I was glad to feel myself once more breathing the pure air. —"*Backwoods of Canada.*"

A SNOWSTORM IN CANADA.

CAPTAIN HEAD gives a vivid picture of a snowstorm in Canada which he encountered when on a journey in the depth of winter. The track over which he travelled had not yet been settled; no roads were therefore to be had, and the ground was either too rough or the snow too deep for a sledge, except one adapted for baggage only, called a tobogin. The party, therefore, chose the frozen surface of a river as the smoothest track. They moved heavily along upon their snow-shoes, hardly speaking, except when, at the end of each half-hour, it became necessary to exchange places with the leading man, whose office, in opening a path for the others, was very laborious. A snowstorm had been gathering during the day; still, however, we went on, and it grew darker and darker, till a heavy fall of snow, driven by a powerful wind, came sweeping along the desert tract, directly in our teeth; so that, what with general fatigue, and the unaccustomed position of the body in the snow-shoes, I hardly could bear up and stand against it. The dreary howling of the tempest over the wide waste of snow rendered the scene even still more desolate; and, with the unmitigated prospect before us of cold and hunger, our party plodded on in sullen silence, each, in his own mind, well

aware that it was utterly impracticable to reach that night the place of our destination.

But, in spite of every obstacle, the strength of the two Canadians was astonishing. With bodies bent forward, and leaning on their collar, on they marched, drawing the tobogins after them with a firm, indefatigable step; and we had all walked a little more than seven hours, when the snowstorm had increased to such a pitch of violence that it seemed impossible for any human creature to withstand it; it bid defiance even to their most extraordinary exertions. The wind now blew a hurricane. We were unable to see each other at a greater distance than ten yards, and the drift gave an appearance to the surface of the snow we were passing over like that of an agitated sea. Wheeled round every now and then by the wind, we were enveloped in clouds so dense that a strong sense of suffocation was absolutely produced. We all halted; the Canadians admitted that further progress was impossible; but the friendly shelter of the forest was at hand, and the pines waved their dark branches in token of an asylum. We turned our shoulders to the blast, and, comfortless and weather-beaten, sought our refuge. The scene, though changed, was still not without interest; the frequent crashes of falling trees, and the cracking of their vast limbs, as they rocked and writhed in the tempest, created awful and impressive sounds. But it was no time to be idle; warmth and shelter were objects connected with life itself, and the Canadians immediately commenced the vigorous application of their resources. By means of their small, light axes, a good-sized maple tree was, in a very few minutes, levelled with the earth; and in the meantime we cleared of snow a square spot of ground with large pieces of bark nipped from the fallen trees. The fibrous bark of the white cedar, previously rubbed to powder between the hands, was ignited, and blowing upon this a flame was produced. This being fed, first by the silky peelings of the birch bark, and then by the bark itself, the oily and pitchy matter burst forth into full action, and a splendid fire raised its flames and smoke amidst a pile of huge logs, to which one and all of us were constantly and eagerly contributing.

Having raised a covering of spruce boughs above our heads to serve as a partial defence from the snow, which was still falling in great abundance, we sat down, turning our feet to the fire, making the most of what was under the circumstances a source of real consolation. We enjoyed absolute rest! One side of our square was bounded by a huge tree, which lay stretched across it; against this our fire was made; and on the opposite side, towards

which I had turned my back, another very large one was growing ; and into this latter, being old and decayed, I had by degrees worked my way, and it formed an admirable shelter. The snow was banked up on all sides nearly five feet high like a white wall ; and it resolutely maintained its position, not an atom yielding to the fierce crackling fire which blazed up close against it.

After preparing and feasting on an ample supper, the travellers lighted their pipes, and continued to smoke, till, dropping off by degrees, the whole party, except the chief, lay stretched out snoring. Large flakes of snow continued to fall, and heavy clots dropped occasionally upon the ground. Our enormous fire had the effect of making me so comfortably warm, that I had deserted the use of my buffalo skin till I lay down to sleep ; and were it not for the volumes of smoke with which I was at times disturbed, and the pieces of fire which burnt holes in my clothes whenever they happened to fall, my lodging would have been, under the circumstances, truly agreeable. I sat for some time with a blanket thrown over my shoulders in silent contemplation of a scene alike remarkable to me for its novelty and its dreariness. The flames rose brilliantly, the sleeping figures of the men were covered with snow, the wind whistled wildly through the trees, whose majestic forms overshadowed us on every side ; and our fire, while it shed the light of day on the immediately surrounding objects, diffused a deeper gloom over the farther recesses of the forest. And thus I remained without any inclination to sleep till it was near midnight. A solemn impression, not to be called melancholy, weighed heavily upon me. The satisfaction with which I regarded the fatigue which had gone by was hardly sufficient to inspire confidence as to what was to come ; and this reflection it was, perhaps, that gave a colour to my thoughts at once serious and pleasing. Distant scenes were brought to my recollection ; and I mused on past-gone times till my eyes became involuntarily attracted by the filmy, wandering leaves of fire, which, ascending lightly over the tops of the trees, for a moment rivalled in brightness the absent stars, and then vanished for ever.

I became overpowered with sleep ; and, wrapping my buffalo skin around me, sank down to enjoy for several hours sound and uninterrupted repose. I slept heartily till daylight, when I awoke, feeling excessively cold, and found the whole party sitting up. The snow had ceased to fall, the sky had brightened, and intense frost had set in.

C. TOMLINSON.

SNOW-HOUSES.

WHILE the inhabitants of the south are quenching their feverish thirst, and finding refreshment and delight in the coolness imparted by snow, the natives of polar regions apply the same substance to the very opposite purpose of affording them shelter and warmth. Captain Parry found the huts of the Esquimaux to be made of no other material than snow or ice, and some of them were built with considerable skill. The methods adopted by these ingenious architects, as witnessed by him, are as follows :—The work is commenced by cutting from a drift of hard and compact snow a number of oblong slabs, six or seven inches thick, and about two feet in length, and laying them edgeways on a level spot, also covered with snow, in a circular form, and of a diameter from eight to fifteen feet, proportioned to the number of occupants the hut is to contain. Upon this, as a foundation, is laid a second tier of the same kind, but with the pieces inclining a little inwards, and made to fit closely to the lower slab and to each other by running a knife adroitly along the under part and sides. The top of this tier is now prepared for the reception of a third, by squaring it off smoothly with a knife, all which is dextrously performed by one man standing within the circle, and receiving the blocks of snow from those employed in cutting them without. When the wall has attained a height of four or five feet, it leans so much inward as to appear as if about to tumble every moment; but the workmen still fearlessly lay their blocks of snow upon it until it is too high any longer to furnish the materials to the builder in this manner; of this he gives notice by cutting a hole close to the ground in that part where the door is intended to be, which is near the south side, and through this the snow is now passed. Thus they continue until they have brought the sides nearly to meet in a perfect and well-constructed dome, sometimes nine or ten feet high in the centre; and this they take considerable care in finishing, by fitting the last block, or *keystone*, very nicely in the centre, dropping it into its place from the outside, though it is still done by the man within. The people outside are in the meantime occupied in throwing up snow with the snow-shovel, and in stuffing in little wedges of snow where holes have been accidentally left.

The builder next lets himself out by enlarging the doorway to the height of about three feet. Two passages are then built, each about ten or twelve feet long—the floor of which is lower than

that of the hut. These passages sometimes connect two or three huts together, and are common to the inhabitants of each. For the admission of light, a round hole is cut on one side of the roof of each apartment, and a circular plate of ice let into it. The light is soft and pleasant, like that transmitted through ground glass, and is quite sufficient for every purpose. When, after some time, these edifices become surrounded by drift, it is only by the windows that they could be recognised as human habitations. Their external appearance at night is very singular, when they are discovered by a circular disk of light transmitted through the windows from the lamps within.

Round the interior of each hut is raised a bank of snow, which serves for the bed. The snow is first covered with small stones, over which are laid the paddles, tent-poles, and some blades of whalebone ; above these are placed a number of little pieces of network made of thin slips of whalebone ; and lastly a quantity of twigs of birch. Deerskins can now be spread without risk of their touching the snow ; and such a bed, says Captain Parry, is capable of affording not merely comfort, but luxurious repose, in spite of the rigour of the climate.

The lamp is a shallow vessel of clay, and the wick is made of dry moss. A long, thin slice of whale, seal, or sea-horse blubber is hung up near the flame, the warmth of which causes the oil to drip into the vessel. This lamp gives a brilliant and beautiful light without any perceptible smoke or offensive smell. Immediately over the lamp is a framework of wood, from which the cooking-vessels are suspended; and it also serves to support a large hoop of bone, having a net stretched tightly within it for the reception of any wet things, such as boots, shoes, and mittens.

Such was the appearance of these huts soon after they were built, but in a month's time they had altered for the worse. The roofs were much blackened by the smoke of the lamps, and the warmth had in most parts given them a glazed and honeycombed surface ; indeed, the whole of the walls had become much thinner by thawing, so that the light was more plainly visible through them. The snow, also, on which the lamps stood was considerably worn away, so as to destroy in a great measure the regularity of the original plan of construction. A little later, and it is added, Almost the whole of these people were now affected with violent colds and coughs, occasioned by a considerable thawing that had lately taken place in their huts, so as to wet their clothes and bedding ; though as yet we had experienced no great increase of temperature. From the nature of their

habitations, however, their comfort was greater, and their chance of health better, when the cold was more severe!

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the snow hut shows considerable skill on the part of the Esquimaux, and furnishes the best protection from the cold under the circumstances; indeed, they enjoy a degree of warmth and comfort scarcely to be expected in their rigorous climate.

C. TOMLINSON.

A THUNDERSTORM IN BARBADOES, 1831.

ON the evening of the 10th August, after a sultry day and a fluctuating state of the barometer, the approach of the storm was evident, but was differently manifested in different parts of the island,—some houses being actually thrown down by its violence, while others scarcely a mile off received no damage. After midnight the continued flashing of the lightning was awfully grand, and a gale blew fiercely from the north and north-east; but at one o'clock a.m. on the 11th August the force of the wind increased fearfully. The storm, which at one time blew from the *north-east*, suddenly shifted from that quarter, and burst from the *north-west* and from the points intermediate. The sky was illuminated by incessant lightning, but the sheet lightning was surpassed in brilliancy by the disruptive discharges which exploded in every direction. Soon after two o'clock the awful war of the hurricane, which rushed from the *north-north-east* and *north-west*, was heard. So loud was it that an officer, who had sought protection by getting under an arch of a lower window outside his house, did not hear the roof and upper story fall, and was assured of the fact by the dust of the falling ruins. At three o'clock the wind occasionally abated, but intervening gusts proceeded from the *south-west*, *west*, and *west-north-west* with increased fury.

In the intervals between the lightning the blackness in which the town was enveloped was very awful. In addition to the common form of lightning, fiery meteors were seen falling from the heavens; one in particular, of a globular form and of a deep red hue, was observed to descend perpendicularly from a vast height. It appeared to descend by its weight alone, and on approaching the earth it assumed a dazzling whiteness and an elongated form, and dashing to the ground, it splashed about like molten metal, and was immediately extinguished. A few minutes after this the deafening roar of the wind became subdued into a

solemn murmur or distant roar, and the forked lightning played fearfully between the clouds and the earth. The clouds seemed to touch the houses, and the lightnings appeared to strike as well from the clouds to the earth as from the earth to the clouds.

Again the hurricane burst forth from the western points with prodigious violence, hurling before it the ruined fragments of numerous houses and other structures. The strongest buildings rocked to their very foundations, and the earth trembled violently. No thunder was at this time distinctly heard. The roar and yelling of the wind, the noise of the ocean (whose waves threatened the town with the destruction of all that the other elements might spare), the clattering of tiles, the falling of roofs and walls, and the combination of a thousand other sounds, formed a hideous and appalling din. After five o'clock the storm for a few moments abating rendered audible the falling of tiles and building materials, which by the last gust had probably been carried to a great height. At six o'clock a.m. the wind was at *south*, and at seven at *south-east;* at night, at *east-south-east;* and at nine o'clock there was again clear weather. As the noise of the storm ceased, there were heard the shrieks and groans of the bereaved, the wounded, and the dying. Women and children were lying in the fields, the sick uncovered, and the healthy overcome with anguish and suffering from exposure to such a night.

The prospect at dawn was grand beyond description, although at that time the rain was driven with such force as to injure the skin, and was so thick as to prevent a view of objects much beyond the head of the pier. The gigantic waves were rolling onwards; and as they broke over the careenage they set in motion an undulating mass of wreck of every description—timber, shingle, staves, barrels, trusses of hay, and every kind of merchandise of a buoyant nature. Two vessels only were afloat within the pier; but numbers could be seen which had been capsized or thrown on their beam-ends in shallow water. From the summit of the cathedral tower a distressing picture of ruin everywhere presented itself. The whole face of the country was laid waste; vegetation appeared to be entirely blotted out, except here and there a few patches of sickly green; the surface of the ground appeared as if fire had run through the land, scorching and burning up the productions of the earth. The few remaining trees, stripped of their boughs and foliage, looked cold and wintry; and the numerous seats in the environs of Bridgetown, formerly concealed amid thick groves, were now exposed and in ruins. In the town, the churches of St. Mary and St. Paul were utterly destroyed,

and every church in the island injured. The Government house was unroofed, and the family sought shelter in the cellar; the custom-house was blown down; the barracks buried in their ruins forty of the soldiers. Every mill was totally destroyed—every house damaged. The living were scarcely in sufficient number to drag the dead from the masses of ruins under which they were buried.

During the night of the storm salt water fell in all parts of the island. At the northern point the sea broke continually over the cliff, a height of more than seventy feet, and the spray being carried inland by the wind for many miles, the rain of salt water in all parts of the country is thus accounted for. In some fresh-water ponds all the fish were killed, and the water continued to be salt for many days after the storm.

During the seven hours that this dreadful storm raged most violently no less than one thousand four hundred and seventy-seven persons lost their lives.

The chief cause of these tremendous effects is the action of heat upon the atmosphere, which forms a partial vacuum over a large extent of the earth's surface, and the cooler air rushing in produces those enormous whirls and eddies which constitute a *hurricane.*

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Among the many novelties which the discovery of this part of the Western Continent first brought into notice, we may reckon that of the mocking-bird, which is not only peculiar to the New World, but inhabits a very considerable extent of both North and South America; having been traced from the states of New England to Brazil, and also among many of the adjacent islands. These birds are, however, much more numerous in those states south, than in those north of the river Delaware; being generally migratory in the latter, and resident (at least many of them) in the former. A warm climate, and low country, not far from the sea seem most congenial to their nature; accordingly we find the species less numerous to the west than to the east of the great range of the Alleghany, in the same parallels of latitude. In the severe winter of 1808-9 I found these birds, occasionally, from Fredericksburg in Virginia, to the southern parts of Georgia; becoming still more numerous the farther I advanced to the south. The berries of the red cedar, myrtle, holy, cassine shrub, many species

of smilax, together with gum berries, gall berries, and a profusion of others with which the luxuriant swampy thickets of those regions abound, furnish them with a perpetual feast. Winged insects also, of which they are very fond, and remarkably expert at catching, abound there even in winter, and are an additional inducement to residency. Though rather a shy bird in the northern states, here he appeared almost half domesticated, feeding on the cedars and among the thickets of smilax that lined the roads, while I passed within a few feet; playing around the planter's door and hopping along the shingles. During the month of February I sometimes heard a solitary one singing; but on the 2nd of March, in the neighbourhood of Savannah, numbers of them were heard on every hand, vying in song with each other, and, with the brown thrush, waking the whole woods with their melody. Spring was at that time considerably advanced, and the thermometer ranging between seventy and seventy-eight degrees. On arriving at New York, on the 22nd of the same month, I found many parts of the country still covered with snow, and the streets piled with ice to the height of two feet, while neither the brown thrush nor mocking-bird was observed, even in the lower parts of Pennsylvania, until the 20th of April.

The precise time at which the mocking-bird begins to build his nest varies according to the latitude in which he resides. In the lower parts of Georgia he commences building early in April, but in Pennsylvania rarely before the 10th of May, and in New York and the states of New England still later. There are particular situations to which he gives the preference. A solitary thorn bush; an almost impenetrable thicket; an orange tree, cedar, or holly bush, are favourite spots, and frequently selected. It is no great objection with him that these happen, sometimes, to be near the farm or mansion-house; always ready to defend, but never over-anxious to conceal his nest, he very often builds within a small distance of the house, and not unfrequently in a pear or apple tree; rarely at a greater height than six or seven feet from the ground. The nest varies a little with different individuals, according to the conveniency of collecting suitable materials. A very complete one is now lying before me, and is composed of the following substances:—First, a quantity of dry twigs and sticks, then withered tops of weeds of the preceding year, intermixed with fine straw, hay, pieces of wool and tow; and, lastly a thick layer of fine fibrous roots, of a light brown colour, lines the whole. The eggs are four, sometimes five, of a cinereous blue, marked

with large blotches of brown. The female sits fourteen days, and generally produces two broods in the season, unless robbed of her eggs, in which case she will even build and lay the third time. She is, however. extremely jealous of her nest, and very apt to forsake it if much disturbed. It is even asserted by some of our bird dealers that the old ones will actually destroy the eggs, and *poison* the young, if either the one or the other have been handled. But I cannot give credit to this unnatural report. I know, from my own experience at least, that it is not always their practice; neither have I witnessed a case of the kind above mentioned. During the period of incubation neither cat, dog, animal, nor man can approach the nest without being attacked. The cats, in particular, are persecuted whenever they make their appearance till obliged to retreat. But his whole vengeance is particularly directed against that mortal enemy of his eggs and young, the black snake. Whenever the insidious approaches of this reptile are discovered, the male darts upon it with the rapidity of an arrow, dextrously eluding its bite, and striking it violently and incessantly about the head, where it is very vulnerable. The snake soon becomes sensible of its danger, and seeks to escape; but the intrepid defender of his young redoubles his exertions, and, unless his antagonist be of great magnitude, often succeeds in destroying him. All its pretended powers of fascination avail it nothing against the vengeance of this noble bird. As the snake's strength begins to flag, the mocking-bird seizes and lifts it up partly from the ground, beating it with its wings, and when the business is completed he returns to the repository of his young, mounts the summit of the bush, and pours out a torrent of song in token of victory.

The plumage of the mocking-bird, though none of the homeliest, has nothing gaudy or brilliant in it; and, had he nothing else to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice; but his figure is well proportioned, and even handsome. The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genius. To these qualities we may add that of a voice full, strong and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear mellow tones of the wood-thrush to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In measure and accent he faithfully follows his originals; in force and sweetness of expression he greatly improves upon them. In his native groves, mounted on

the top of a tall bush or half-grown tree, in the dawn of a dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises pre-eminent over every competitor. The ear can listen to *his* music alone, to which that of all the others seems a mere accompaniment. Neither is this strain altogether imitative. His own native notes, which are easily distinguishable by such as are well acquainted with those of our various song-birds, are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or at the most five or six syllables; generally interspersed with imitations, and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity; and continued with undiminished ardour for half an hour or an hour at a time. His expanded wings and tail, glistening with white, and the buoyant gaiety of his action, arresting the eye as his song most irresistibly does the ear. He sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy—he mounts and descends as his song swells or dies away; and, as my friend Mr. Bartram has beautifully expressed it, "he bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recall his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain." While thus exerting himself, a bystander destitute of sight would suppose that the whole feathered tribe had assembled together on a trial of skill, each striving to produce his utmost effect, so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds that perhaps are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates; even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed by the fancied calls of their mates; or dive with precipitation into the depths of thickets at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow-hawk.

The mocking-bird loses little of the power and energy of his song by confinement. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog; Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with hanging wings and bristled feathers clucking to protect its injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, follow with great truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught him by his master, though of considerable length, fully and faithfully. He runs over the quiverings of the canary, and the clear whistlings of the Virginian nightingale or redbird with such superior execution and effect that the mortified songsters feel their own

inferiority, and become altogether silent; while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions.

This excessive fondness for variety, however, in the opinion of some injures his song. His elevated imitations of the brown thrush are frequently interrupted by the crowing of cocks; and the warblings of the bluebird, which he exquisitely manages, are mingled with the screaming of swallows or the cackling of hens; amidst the simple melody of the robin we are suddenly surprised by the shrill reiterations of the whip-poor-will; while the notes of the killdeer, blue jay, martin, baltimore, and twenty others, succeed with such imposing reality, that we look round for the originals, and discover with astonishment that the sole performer in this singular *concert* is the admirable bird now before us. During this exhibition of his powers he spreads his wings, expands his tail, and throws himself around the cage in all the ecstacy of enthusiasm, seeming not only to sing, but to dance, keeping time to the measure of his own music. Both in his native and domesticated state, during the solemn stillness of night, as soon as the moon rises in silent majesty he begins his delightful solo, and serenades us the livelong night with a full display of his vocal powers, making the whole neighbourhood ring with his inimitable medley.

ALEX. WILSON

THE POST OFFICE.

As the first stroke of six sounds from the clock of St. Martin's-le-Grand, there is a wild rush to the various letter-boxes: bags and bundles of newspapers are sent flying at the clerks; news-boys stumble over each other in their hot haste; all is bustle and confusion. When the *last* stroke has resounded, there is an instantaneous lull, and the spectators disperse. They have seen the hurry and the crowd, and undoubtedly it is a sight well worth seeing in its way; they have *not* seen one which is far more interesting. A problem has to be solved which is not the less wonderful because its solution occurs every evening. Hundreds of thousands of letters, addressed to all parts of the globe, and in all languages, flung hastily into certain boxes, have to be sorted, arranged, and sent forward towards their destinations in the course of about two hours. The time is short, the labour enormous; let us see how it is done.

The letters, as they swarm into the office, are first of all received by clerks, who face them, so that all the directions may

be in the same way. They next go to clerks who have a more complicated duty, that of stamping them with a double stamp, that indicating the office where they are posted, and thus obliterating the postage label; and at the same time the letters are counted. It is astonishing to see with how much rapidity—the result of constant practice—this somewhat complex task is performed. Keeping an account of their numbers, an account which is afterwards checked and verified, the clerks next pass the bundles on to other officials, whose duty it is to examine the letters as to weight, and to surcharge for any deficiency in postage. Generally the mere *touch* of a letter suffices for these experienced hands; and it is seldom, indeed, that they single out a missive for examination which does not prove, when tested by the scales, to be of excessive weight. All these weighings, however, necessarily cause some slight delay, the fault of which assuredly does not lie with the Post Office authorities, but with the public.

Next comes the sorting. Discarding all the old divisions of counties, letters are now sorted with reference entirely to our railways — North-Western, Midland Counties, Great Eastern, South-Eastern, South-Western, and Great Western. Each of these lines forms, so to speak, a connecting thread of the arrangement that runs through the whole process of sorting. Let us take, for example, the Great Western. The first two letters upon which we happen to glance are directed, one to Uxbridge and the other to Truro; but both the Middlesex and the Cornish letter will have to go to Paddington. Not yet, however. The process is far from being completed. Every railway trunk line has its divisions; every division its subdivisions. Under the head of *Oxford*, for instance, we find eleven considerable towns; and here we may mention the fact, upon which hasty assailants of the Post Office will do well to reflect, that not above one letter in four is addressed to the right postal town. As fast as the sorters get on with their work, which they do with a speed that seems astonishing to the stranger, collectors come round the rooms ready to carry the letters elsewhere for further "sorting."

In the next room, accordingly, we find them distributed to the various postal towns; and here again we notice not only how frequent are the errors of the public, but how swift and intelligent are the clerks in correcting them. When the sorting is completed here, the letters are placed in bags, and sent swiftly off to the various stations by the mail-carts, which, with the horses ready harnessed, are waiting outside. On arriving at the station,

a fresh sorting takes place in carriages expressly fitted up for the purpose; but, as regards the officials of St. Martin's-le-Grand, their task of despatching the letters is generally completed about eight o'clock; that is to say, within half an hour of the time up to which letters may be posted on payment of an extra charge. The task thus accomplished is one the magnitude of which cannot be accurately estimated from a mere table of figures. These will give, at best, a dry outline of the result; the activity, the energy, the intelligence, by which alone it is achieved cannot be gauged by so slight a test.

The errors made in delivery are comparatively few, and those that do occur are generally the fault of the public themselves. Some of the addresses are illegible; others are imperfect, or indicate no place at all; and a few are entirely blank. Of those which are most singular we subjoin a few—premising that whilst many of them are evidently written by the uneducated classes, those classes owe it to Sir Rowland Hill's exertions that they are able to avail themselves of postal facilities at a moderate rate. Take the following:—"Ash Bedles in the Coles for John Horsell the grinder in the county of lstershire." Who would guess that this was intended for Ashby-de-la-Zouch? The next letter was assuredly a puzzler—"Uncle John, Hopposite the Church, London, Hingland." Another, intended for her Majesty, is addressed as follows—"For keen vic tins at wincr casel, London." Another example—"Mr. ——, Fine Hart Department, greson cort, cristol palis, Sidnom." Another—"To the king of Rusheya, Feoren, with speed." Another—"Oileywhite, amshire;" *i. e.*, Isle of Wight, Hampshire. Another—"Coneyach lunemtick A siliam;" for the Lunatic Asylum at Colney Hatch. Another missive is directed to an old lady who "on lonnon bridge sells froot," and, the last we shall quote, "Obern yenen," was intended for Holborn Union. The greater part even of the letters bearing such directions as these are delivered.

No one, we are persuaded, ever went away from such an inspection as that of which we have given a necessarily imperfect sketch without a feeling of wonder, not that mistakes occur, but that so enormous a work is done so well.—*Daily Telegraph.*

TRANSPORT OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

The first transport of wounded arrived at Bonn this day week. I just happened to be in the hospital when the poor fellows were carried or led in from the station. The ladies helped to make up the beds, to undress the patients, &c., in order to get them to bed after the hardships and fatigues of the last four days. They all came from Saarbruck. After they had all been bathed and their wounds been attended to, they looked quite comfortable in their tidy and clean beds. The following day, however, began the dreadful operations and amputations. Among the wounded are also Frenchmen, who are treated with equal kindness and sympathy. I heard a Frenchman say, "If my comrades are as well treated in France as we are here, they have no cause to complain." The articles which have been sent from England are most welcome, especially the splendid macintosh sheets. Our doctors were in raptures about the surgical instruments. We have sent most of the things we received from England to the town hall, whence the different hospitals fetch what they want. The interior of the town hall presents a very cheerful aspect. All the provisions are sorted out there and arranged by the ladies, and the linen put in order and cut up ready to be used. Here in the private hospital the attendance and the food of the invalids is excellent. The patients who are on the ground-floor of the hospitals are carried out every morning into the garden, where they are placed on the lawn under shady trees. I write this letter in the garden by the side of my patient, who has just fallen into a doze. He is a young man from Berlin, not more than twenty-four years old, very badly wounded. God grant that I may bring him through! The doctor has more hope to-day, but he is much prostrated and shattered in nerves, and it is very distressing to see a man weep. A fit and just punishment for those who have provoked this unjust war would be if they were condemned day and night to look at the sufferings of the wounded, and to listen to their pitiful groanings.—*Times.*

DICTATION LESSONS.

N.B.—Whenever there are two or more paragraphs in a Lesson, they may be used for separate Dictation Lessons if preferred.

Lesson 1.

About four years after these events, a new railroad was opened in the north of France; and as the French were not very skilful in that kind of work, there was a great demand for English or Irish labourers. Mark Connel, who had long been struggling with poverty, determined to save enough money to pay for a passage, and go with his whole family to France, to procure employment on the railway. What was Lisette's joy on hearing of this plan! She could not contain her delight. To revisit her native country, in company with the kind friends who had adopted her, was a pleasure so great that she had never dared to think of it, except in her dreams.

There was also a chance of her finding her own relations, for the part of France to which they were now going was her native province;—but it was only a chance,—for her uncle had been on the point of changing his residence when he and her father left them, and she did not know where he had settled. Lisette assisted, as far as she could, to earn the money requisite to pay for the passage; for she was now a strong active girl of fifteen, and had learned to work neatly (as well as to read and write) at the school which she had attended with Mark's elder children.

Lesson 2.

At the end of a long quarter of an hour I heard some one on the stairs, and through the crack of the door I saw the father, his lamp in one hand, and in the other one of his large knives. He came up, his wife after him—I was behind the door; he opened it, but before he came in he put down the lamp, which his wife took. He then entered, barefoot, and from outside, the woman said to him, in a low voice, "Softly, go softly." When he got to the ladder he mounted it, his knife between his teeth, and getting up as high as the bed—the poor young man lying with his throat bare—with one hand he took his knife, and with the other—Oh! cousin—he seized a ham which hung from the ceiling, cut a slice from it, and retired as he had come. The door was closed again, the lamp disappeared, and I was left alone with my reflections.

Lesson 3.

King Henry the First went over to Normandy with his son Prince William, and a great retinue, to have the prince acknowledged as his successor by the Norman nobles, and to contract the promised marriage between him and the daughter of the Count of Anjou. Both these things were triumphantly done, with great show and rejoicing, and the whole company prepared to embark for home.

On that day, and at that place, there came to the King, Fitz-Stephen, a sea-captain, and said, "My liege, my father served your father all his life upon the sea. He steered the ship with the golden boy upon the prow, in which your father sailed to conquer England. I beseech you to grant me the same office. I have a fair vessel in the harbour here, called the *White Ship* manned by fifty sailors of renown. I pray you, sire, to let your servant have the honour of steering you to England!"

"I am sorry, friend," replied the King, "that my vessel is already chosen, and that I cannot therefore sail with the son of the man who served my father. But the prince, with all his company, shall go along with you, in the fair *White Ship*, manned by the fifty sailors of renown."

Lesson 4.

That which neither threats nor imprisonment, the scourge nor the chain, could effect, was accomplished, and rapidly, by the influence of *love*, though its object was one of the most despised among animals. From the moment when the formidable convict was permitted to cherish his pet day and night in his bosom, he became the most tractable and well-conducted man in the prison. His extraordinary strength and his moral energy were both employed to assist the governors in maintaining peace and order.

Fine-Ear, so he called his rat, was the object of his unceasing tenderness. He fed it before he tasted each meal, and would rather fast entirely than allow it to be hungry. He spent his brief hours of respite from toil in making various little fancy articles, which he sold in order to procure dainties which Fine-Ear liked,—gingerbread and sugar, for example. Often, during the period of toil, the convict would smile with delight when his little friend, creeping from its nestling place, would rub its soft fur against his cheek. But when, on a fine sunshiny day, the rat took up his position on the ground, smoothed his coat, combed

his long moustaches with his sharp nails, and dressed his long ears with his delicate paws, his master would testify the utmost delight, and exchange tender glances with the black, roguish eyes of Master Fine-Ear.

Lesson 5.

On the first of February, a hundred and twenty soldiers of Argyle's regiment, commanded by a captain named Campbell, with a lieutenant named Lindsay, marched to Glencoe. Captain Campbell was commonly called in Scotland, Glenlyon, from the pass in which his property lay. He had every qualification for the service on which he was employed,—an unblushing forehead, a smooth lying tongue, and a heart of adamant. He was also one of the few Campbells who were likely to be trusted and welcomed by the Macdonalds: for his niece was married to Alexander, the second son of Mac Ian.

The sight of the red-coats approaching caused some anxiety among the population of the valley. John, the eldest son of the chief, came, accompanied by twenty clansmen, to meet the strangers, aud asked what this visit meant. Lieutenant Lindsay answered that the soldiers came as friends, and wanted nothing but quarters. They were kindly received, and were lodged under the thatched roof of the little community. Provisions were liberally supplied. There was no want of beef, which had probably fattened in distant pastures: nor was any payment demanded, for in hospitality, as in thievery, the Gaelic marauders rivalled the Bedouins. During twelve days the soldiers lived familiarly with the people of the glen.

Lesson 6.

As I walked through this valley I perceived it was strewed with diamonds, some of which were of surprising bigness. I took pleasure in looking upon them; but shortly saw at a distance such objects as greatly diminished my satisfaction, and which I could not view without terror, namely a great number of serpents, so monstrous, that the least of them was capable of swallowing an elephant. They retired in the daytime to their dens, where they hid themselves from the roc, their enemy, and came out only in the night.

I spent the day in walking about in the valley, resting myself at times in such places as I thought most convenient. When

night came on I went into a cave, where I thought I might repose in safety. I secured the entrance, which was low and narrow, with a great stone, to preserve me from the serpents, but not so far as to exclude the light. I supped on part of my provisions, but the serpents, which began hissing round me, put me into such extreme fear that I did not sleep. When day appeared the serpents retired, and I came out of the cave trembling.

I can justly say that I walked upon diamonds, without feeling any inclination to touch them. At last I sat down, and notwithstanding my apprehensions, not having closed my eyes during the night, fell asleep, after having eaten a little more of my provisions. But I had scarcely shut my eyes when something that fell by me with a great noise awaked me. This was a large piece of raw meat; and at the same time I saw several others fall down from the rocks in different places.

Lesson 7.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before; on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, having given a hundred pounds for my predecessor's good-will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little enclosures, the elms and hedgerows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness; the walls on the inside were nicely whitewashed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing.

Though the same room served us for parlour and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture. There were three other apartments—one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters within our own, and the third with two beds for the rest of our children.

Lesson 8.

Country cottages suffer from bad drainage quite as much as, if not more than, town houses. The best that can be said about their floors is, that they are on the level of the ground, instead of being a foot *or more* above it, as they ought to be, with the air

playing freely below the boards. Most frequently, however, the floors are not boarded, but are merely made of earth or of porous brick, which absorbs a large quantity of the moisture, and keeps damp cold air always about the feet. Perhaps most frequently of all, the floor has been worn away several inches below the level of the ground, and of course after every wet day the floor is wet and sloppy. One would think this bad enough, but it is not the worst. Sometimes a dunghill or a pig-sty is kept so close to the door, that the foul water from it, after rain, may be seen flowing over the house floor.

It frequently happens, when cottages are built on hill-sides, that the cottage wall is built against the damp earth, instead of being separated from it, and the water from the hill keeps both walls and floors constantly damp. There are whole villages in which one or more, or even all of these defects, exist, and the natural result is fever, scarlet fever, measles, rheumatism, &c.

People are astonished that they are not healthy in the country, as if living in the country would save them from attending to any of the laws of health more than living in a town.

Lesson 9.

Without cleanliness, within and without your house, ventilation is comparatively useless. In certain foul districts poor people used to object to open their windows and doors because of the foul smells that came in. Rich people like to have their stables and dunghill near their houses. But does it ever occur to them that, with many arrangements of this kind, it would be safer to keep the windows shut than open ? You cannot have the air of the house pure with dungheaps under the windows. These are common everywhere. And yet people are surprised that their children, brought up in "country air," suffer from children's diseases. If they studied nature's laws in the matter of children's health, they would not be so surprised.

There are other ways of having filth inside a house besides having dirt heaps. Old papered walls of years' standing, dirty carpets, dirty walls and ceilings, uncleaned furniture, pollute the air just as much as if there were a dungheap in the basement. People are so unaccustomed to consider how to make a home healthy, that they either never think of it at all, and take every disease as a matter of course, to be "resigned to," when it comes, "as from the hand of Providence ;" or, if they ever entertain the idea of preserving the health of their household as a duty, they

are very apt to commit all kinds of "negligences and ignorances" in performing it.

Even in the poorest houses, washing the walls and ceilings with quick-lime wash twice a year would prevent more disease than you wot of.

Lesson 10.

From a wooded promontory that stretched halfway across the frith there ascended a thin column of smoke. It rose straight as the line of a plummet for more than a thousand yards, and then on reaching a thinner stratum of air spread out equally on every side like the foliage of a stately tree. Ben Wyvis rose to the west, white with the yet unwasted snows of winter, and as sharply defined in the clear atmosphere as if all its sunny slopes and blue retiring hollows had been chiselled in marble. A line of snow ran along the opposite hills; all above was white, all below was purple. . . .

They reminded me of the pretty French story, in which an old artist is described as tasking the ingenuity of his future son-in-law, by giving him as a subject for his pencil, a flower-piece composed only of white flowers, of which the one half were to bear their proper colour, the other half a deep purple hue, and yet all be perfectly natural; and how the young man resolved the riddle and gained his mistress, by introducing a transparent purple vase into the picture, and making the light pass through it on the flowers that were drooping over the edge. . . . I returned to the quarry, convinced that a very exquisite pleasure may be a very cheap one, and that the busiest employments may afford leisure enough to enjoy it.

Lesson 11.

There are two kinds of pottery—common potter's ware, and porcelain of China. The first is a pure kind of brick; and the second a mixture of very fine brick and glass. Almost all nations have some knowledge of pottery; and those of very hot countries are sometimes satisfied with dishes formed by their fingers without any tool, and dried by the heat of the sun. In England, pottery of every sort, and in all countries good pottery, must be baked or burned in a kiln of some kind or other.

Vessels for holding meat and drink are almost as indispensable as the meat and drink themselves; and the two qualities in them that are most valuable are, that they shall be cheap and easily

cleaned. Pottery, as it is now produced in England, possesses both of these qualities in the very highest degree. A white basin, having all the useful properties of the most costly vessels, may be purchased for twopence at the door of any cottage in England. There are very few substances used in human food that have any effect upon these vessels; and it is only rinsing them in hot water, and wiping them with a cloth, and they are clean.

Lesson 11.

The seasons, as they pass away, are climates which travel round the globe, and come to seek me. Long voyages are nothing but fatiguing visits, paid to the seasons, which would themselves have come to you.

I leave my study at a quarter before six, the sun is already high above the horizon, his rays sparkle, like fire-dust, through the leaves of the great service-trees, and shining on my house impart to it a rose and saffron-tinted hue. I go down three steps. Here we are in China! . . . You stop me at my first word with a smile of disdain. My house is entirely covered by a wisteria: the wisteria is a creeping branching plant, with a foliage somewhat resembling that of the acacia, and from which hang numberless large bunches of flowers of a pale blue colour, which exhale the sweetest odour. This magnificent plant comes from China.

I do not believe I exaggerate in the least when I declare that I think this a thousand times more beautiful than the richest palaces; this house of wood, all green, all blossoming, all perfumed, which every year increases in verdure, blossoms, and sweet odours.

Lesson 12.

The little wren is not the only guest at my old house. You perceive, between the joists, the intervals are filled up with rough stones and plaster. On the front, which is exposed to the south, there is a hole into which you could not thrust a goose-quill, and yet it is a dwelling; there is a nest within it, belonging to a sort of bee, who lives a solitary life. . . . Look at her returning home with her provisions; her hind feet are loaded with a yellow dust which she has taken from the stamens of flowers; she goes into the hole; when she comes out again, there will be no pollen on her feet; with honey which she has brought she will

make a savoury paste of it at the bottom of her nest. This is perhaps her tenth journey to-day.

All these cares are for one egg which she has laid, for a single egg which she will never see hatched; besides, that which will issue from that egg will not be a fly like herself, but a worm, which will change by and by.

Lesson 13.

About four years ago I noticed a large spider in one corner of my room, making its web, and though the maid frequently levelled her fatal broom against the labours of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction, and I may say it more than paid me by the entertainment it afforded.

In three days the web was with incredible diligence completed; nor could I avoid thinking that the insect seemed to exult in its new abode. It frequently traversed it round, and examined the strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. . . . The first enemy, however, it had to encounter was another and much larger spider, which, having no web of its own, and having probably exhausted all its stock in former labours of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbour.

Soon, then, a terrible encounter ensued, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in its hole. . . . Upon this I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from his stronghold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned, and when he found all arts vain, began to demolish the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary to my expectations, the laborious spider became conqueror, and fairly killed his antagonist.

Lesson 14.

About two hundred yards above this, the *boreen*, which led from the village to the main road, crossed the river by one of those old narrow bridges whose arches rise like round ditches across the road—an almost impassable barrier to horse and car. On passing the bridge in a northern direction, you found a range of low thatched houses on each side of the road; and if one o'clock, the hour of dinner, drew near, you might observe columns of blue smoke curling up from a row of chimneys, some made of wicker creels plastered over with a rich coat of mud, some of old narrow

bottomless tubs, and others, with a greater appearance of taste, ornamented with thick circular ropes of straw, sewed together like bees' skeps with the peel of a brier; and many having nothing but the open vent above. But the smoke by no means escaped by its legitimate aperture, for you might observe little clouds of it bursting out of the doors and windows; the panes of the latter, being mostly stopped at other times with old hats and rags, were now left entirely open for the purpose of giving it a free escape.

Lesson 15.

About daybreak it began to rain, and continued to pour with increasing violence all the morning; no one thought of stirring abroad who could keep within shelter. My boys and I had for task only to keep the fire at the door of the shanty brisk and blazing, and to notice that the pools which began to form around us did not become too large; for sometimes, besides the accumulation of the rain, little streams would suddenly break out, and, rushing towards us, would have extinguished our fire, had we not been vigilant.

The site I had chosen for the shanty was near to a little brook, on the top of the main river's bank. In fine weather no situation could be more beautiful; the brook was clear as crystal, and fell in a small cascade into the river, which, broad and deep, ran beneath the bank with a swift but smooth current.

The forest up the river had not been explored above a mile or two: all beyond was the unknown wilderness. Some vague rumours of small lakes and beaver dams were circulated in the village, but no importance was attached to the information: save but for the occasional little torrents with which the rain sometimes hastily threatened to extinguish our fires, we had no cause to dread inundation.

Lesson 16.

Contiguous to one of the bedchambers was a wainscoted closet about seven feet square; the panels painted with various sentences, emblems, and mottoes. It was called the painted closet; at first probably designed for an oratory, and, from one of the sentences, for the use of a lady. The dresses of the figures are of the age of James I. This closet was therefore fitted up for the last Lady Drury, and perhaps under her direction. The paintings are well

executed, and now put up in a small apartment at Hardwick House. . . .

The windows, in general, were spacious, but high above the floors. In still earlier times they were very narrow as well as high, that they might be more difficult marks for the arrows of an enemy; and that, if the arrows did enter, they might pass over the heads of those that were sitting. After this precaution was needless, the windows, though enlarged, continued to be made high, even till modern days. The beauty of landscape, so much studied now, was then but little or not at all regarded; and high windows, when opened, ventilated the apartments better than low ones, and when shut, the air they admitted was less felt.

Lesson 17.

I remember riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls, and I said to a gentleman, "What river is that, sir?" "That," he said, "is Niagara river." "Well," it is a beautiful stream," said I; "bright, and fair, and glassy. How far off are the rapids?" "Only a mile or two," was the reply. "Is it possible that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the turmoil which it must show when near the Falls?" "You will find it so," sir." And so I found it; and that first sight of the Niagara I shall never forget.

Lesson 18.

The red deer is not a very hardy animal; he does not by choice subsist on coarse food, but eats close, like a sheep. With his body weakened and wasted during the rutting season in the autumn, exposed to constant anxiety and irritation, engaged in continual combats, he feels all the rigours of winter approaching before he has time to recruit his strength:—the snow storm comes on, and the bitter blast drives him from the mountains. Subdued by hunger, he wanders to the solitary shieldings of the shepherds; and will sometimes follow them through the snow, with irresolute steps, as they are carrying the provender to the sheep. He falls, perhaps, into moss pits and mountain tarns, whilst in quest of decayed water plants, where he perishes prematurely from utter inability to extricate himself. Many, again, who escape starvation, feed too greedily on coarse herbage at the first approach of open weather, which produces a murrain amongst them, not unlike the rot in sheep, of which they frequently die. Thus, natural causes, inseparable from the condition of deer in a northern

climate, and on a churlish soil unsheltered by woods, conspire to reduce these animals to so feeble a state, that the short summer which follows is wholly insufficient to bring them to the size they are capable of attaining under better management.

If we look at the difference in size and weight of two three-year old beasts, the one belonging to a good, and the other to a bad farmer, we shall find that difference to amount to nearly double. The first animal is well fed for the sake of the calf, both in winter and summer; and the last, from insufficient keep, loses in winter what it has gained in summer, and requires double the food in the succeeding season to restore it to what it was at the commencement of winter. Thus it is with the deer.

Lesson 19.

On the evening of the same day, just as I was entering in at my garden gate, once more went by the man in the fustian jacket. "Almost time to light up, sir," said he. "I somehow forgot, when I was out with my basket this morning, to leave four pounds of moulds at one of my customer's, and so I am taking them now. If you should want candles of any kind, sir, you will find my store dips, fine wax, spermaceti, cocoa-nut, composite, and metallic wicks excellent. Perhaps, sir, you will give me a trial some day; for I am, as I may say, a sort of neighbour of yours, my shop being only just round the corner."

Lesson 20.

All at once, without speaking a word, Ronald lifted Flora in his arms, and walked away up the glen, here almost narrowed into a pass. Distraction gave him supernatural strength, and her weight seemed that of a child. Some walls of what had once been a house, he had suddenly remembered, were but a short way off; whether or not they had any roof he had forgotten, but the thought even of such a shelter seemed a thought of salvation. There it was—a snow-drift at the opening that had once been a door,—snow up the holes once windows—the wood of the roof had been carried off for fuel, and the snowflakes were falling in, as if they would soon fill up the inside of the ruin. The snow in front was all trampled, as by sheep; and carrying in his burden under the low lintel, he saw the place was filled with a flock that had foreknown the hurricane, and that, all huddled together, looked on him as on the shepherd, come to see how they were faring in the storm.

Lesson 21.

On a sudden, while the battle was obstinately maintained on both sides, an event happened which decided the victory. The servants and attendants on the Scottish camp had, as I told you, been sent behind the army to a place afterwards called the Gillies' hill. But when they saw that their masters were likely to gain the day, they rushed from their place of concealment with such weapons as they could get, that they might have their share in the victory and in the spoil. The English, seeing them come suddenly over the hill, mistook this disorderly rabble for a new army coming up to sustain the Scots, and, losing all heart, began to shift every man for himself. Edward himself left the field as fast as he could ride.

A valiant knight, Sir Giles de Argentine, much renowned in the wars of Palestine, attended the king till he got him out of the press of the combat. But he would retreat no farther. "It is not my custom," he said, "to fly." With that he took leave of the king, set spurs to his horse, and calling out his war-cry of "Argentine! Argentine!" he rushed into the thickest of the Scottish ranks, and was killed.

Lesson 22.

A match at bowls was being played, in which Drake and other high officers of the fleet were engaged, when a small armed vessel was seen running before the wind into Plymouth harbour, with all sails set. Her commander landed in haste, and eagerly sought the place where the English lord admiral and his captains were standing. His name was Fleming; he was the master of a Scotch privateer; and he told the English officers that he had that morning seen the Spanish Armada off the Cornish coast.

At this exciting information the captains began to hurry down to the water, and there was a shouting for the ships' boats; but Drake coolly checked his comrades, and insisted that the match should be played out. He said that there was plenty of time both to win the game and beat the Spaniards. The best and bravest match that ever was scored was resumed accordingly. Drake and his friends aimed their last bowls with the same steady calculating coolness with which they were about to point their guns. The winning cast was made; and then they went on board and prepared for action, with their hearts as light and their nerves as firm as they had been on the Hoe bowling-green.

Lesson 23.

So the morning wore away without a sign of living thing, not even a passing gull; and the black melancholy of the heaven reflected itself in the black melancholy of Amyas. Was he to lose his prey after all? The thought made him shudder with rage and disappointment. It was intolerable; anything but that.

"Here she is," thundered Amyas from the deck; and in an instant all were scrambling up the hatchway as fast as the frantic rolling of the ship would let them.

Yes, there she was. The cloud had lifted suddenly, and to the south a ragged bore of blue sky let a long stream of sunshine down on her tall masts and stately hull, as she lay rolling some four or five miles to the eastward; but as for land, none was to be seen.

Lesson 24.

Another minute. The galleon gave a sudden jar, and stopped. Then one long heave and bound, as if to free herself; and then her bows lighted clean upon the Shutter.

An awful silence fell on every English soul. They heard not the roaring of wind and surge; they saw not the blinding flashes of the lightning; but they heard one long ear-piercing wail rise from five hundred human throats; they saw the mighty ship heel over from the wind, and sweep headlong down the cataract of the race, plunging her yards into the foam, and showing her whole black side even to the keel, till she rolled clean over, and vanished for ever and ever.

Lesson 25.

Dinner was scarcely over when we set up our great ladder of ropes, that is, we put the rounds to it, and hid it under our beds; then we arranged our wooden ladder in three pieces. We put our iron bars in their cases to prevent their making a noise; and we packed up our bottle of usquebaugh to warm us, and restore our strength during our work in the water, up to the neck, for nine hours. These precautions taken, we waited till our supper was brought up. I first got up the chimney. I had the rheumatism in my left arm, but I thought little of the pain: I soon experienced one much more severe. I had taken none of the precautions used by chimney sweepers. I was nearly choked by the soot; and having no guards on my knees and elbows, they were so excoriated that the blood ran down on my legs and hands.

Lesson 26.

As soon as I got to the top of the chimney I let down a piece of twine to D'Alegre: to this he attached the end of the rope to which our portmanteau was fastened. I drew it up, unfastened it, and threw it on the platform of the Bastille. In the same way we hoisted up the wooden ladder, the two iron bars, and all our other articles: we finished by the ladder of ropes, the end of which I allowed to hang down to aid D'Alegre in getting up. while I held the upper part by means of a large wooden peg which we had prepared on purpose. I passed it through the cord and placed it across the funnel of the chimney. By these means my companion avoided suffering what I did.

Lesson 27.

The western coast of Norway is a very curious one. It is made all jagged and uneven by inlets of the sea, some hundreds in number, called *fiords.* They are very long and narrow bays, stretching sometimes more than a hundred miles inland, winding from side to side, and studded with small islands. Englishmen often go there boating in the summer months, as these fiords, being protected from the ocean storms outside, are thoroughly safe for yachts, and many of them are very beautiful as well as tranquil. Sometimes dark mountains rise up from them, covered to the very tops with pine forests.

In other places, where the mountains are higher, their tops are covered all the year round with snow, while at the foot, and in the valleys all around, beautiful wild-flowers bloom in abundance. Christiana, the capital of the country, stands at the head of a fiord, eighty-four miles from the sea; and the hills around it covered with fir-trees, the handsome country houses, the smiling orchards, the abundant corn-fields, the numerous well-wooded islands, and the ships at anchor, form altogether a most delightful prospect.

Lesson 28.

Hekla is wonderful, but the Geysers are still more so—the hot springs of which have no rivals in the world. I do not know that I can give you a better notion of the place than by saying that it looked as if, for about a quarter of a mile, the ground had been honeycombed by disease into numerous sores and orifices; not a blade of grass grew on its hot, inflamed surface, which consisted

of unwholesome-looking red, livid clay. Naturally enough our first impulse on dismounting was to scamper off at once to the Great Geyser. As it lay at the furthest end of the cluster of hot springs, we had to run the gauntlet of all the pools of boiling water and scalding quagmires of soft clay that intervened, and consequently arrived on the spot with our ankles nicely poulticed. But the occasion justified our eagerness. A smooth flinty basin, seventy-two feet in diameter, and four feet deep, with a hole at the bottom, as in a washing-basin on board a steamer, stood before us brimful of water just upon the simmer; while up into the air above our heads rose a great column of vapour.

Lesson 29.

Leaving Norway, we again went northward, and on the 6th of August, after hard battles with the ice, we landed in English Bay, Spitzbergen.

How shall I give you an idea of the wonderful scene in the midst of which we found ourselves? I think perhaps its most striking feature was the stillness, and deadness, and calmness of this new world: ice and rock and water surrounded us; not a sound of any kind interrupted the silence; the sea did not break upon the shore; no bird or any living thing was visible; the midnight sun, by this time muffled in a transparent mist, shed an awful, mysterious lustre on glacier and mountain; no atom of vegetation gave token of the earth's life; a universal numbness and dumbness seemed to pervade the solitude. I suppose in scarcely any other part of the world is this appearance of deadness so strikingly exhibited.

Lesson 30.

The ascent was rapid, and commenced in deep snow; but it was not long before the covering of snow became thinner, and the slope more rapid, and every minute a step or two had to be cut. In this way we zigzagged onwards for nearly an hour, in the course of which we made, perhaps, a thousand feet of ascent, having the satisfaction, every time we looked round, to see a wider expanse of prospect risen into view. . . . About ten o'clock we reached the last rocks, which were a set of black, sloping, calcareous crags, whose inclination was hardly less than that of the glacier, left bare by the melting of the snow; they were much disintegrated by the weather, and the rough and shady *débris* on

their surface was, for the most part, soaked with the water that trickled from the snows above. . . . Here we came to a halt, and unharnessed ourselves. A gentle breeze tempered the heat of the sun, which shone gloriously upon a sparkling sea of ice-clad peaks, contrasting finely with the deep blue of the cloudless heaven.

Lesson 31.

The Russian stoves are in their way the most complete things that can be imagined. They are built up with glazed tiles, and such are the multitudinous passages, ascending and descending, that before the heat emitted by the fire has found its way into the chimney, it has often a distance of 100 feet in length to pass through. The huge mass of stone which composes the stove is a long time before it gets warm ; but, once warm, it retains the heat for a whole day. Almost the only wood used at St. Petersburg as fuel is the wood of the birch tree. It is the cheapest to be had in the neighbourhood, and its embers are more lasting than those of the pine or fir. Now the embers are to a Russian stove of the greatest importance, for it is from the embers, and not from the flame, that the stove is expected to derive its heat.

Lesson 32.

The Russian stove-heaters are extremely dexterous in all the details of their occupation. Tongs and shovels are unknown to them. Their only instrument is a long iron poker with a hook at the end of it. With this they keep stirring up the fiery mass, break up the embers, and pull forward the fragments of wood that are still burning. In every great house there is at least one servant whose exclusive duty it is to look after the stoves, and to collect and prepare the requisite fuel. In order that the family may have a warm room to take their coffee in, in the morning, it is necessary that the stove-heater should begin his labours at an early hour of the night. In general he builds up a pile of logs within each stove the evening before, that the wood may be well dried, and then he sets fire to it early in the morning.

Lesson 33.

The Afghans are a strong, active race, very unlike the indolent Hindoos. They are commonly clothed in dark-coloured woollen dresses, and wear brown mantles or large sheepskin cloaks. They

are a brave and warlike, but savage and cruel nation. They are governed by a king, who, however, exerts but little power over his people.

Afghanistan is remarkable as having been the scene of the dreadful war which took place in the winter of 1841. The British army had conquered and taken possession of Cabool, the capital city; but the inhabitants suddenly rose in arms, and compelled the troops to leave the city, and begin a retreat through the mountain passes in the depth of winter. The snow was thick on the ground, and the retreating army endured the most dreadful sufferings from cold and hardships of every kind. Numbers were slain by the Afghans, who pursued them closely, and still greater numbers perished in the snow; and of the whole army only a few survived to relate their sad history.

Lesson 34.

The first course was laid out in a great number of saucers of painted porcelain, and consisted of various relishes in a cold state, as salted earthworms, prepared and dried, but so cut up that fortunately I did not know what they were until I had swallowed them; salted and smoked fish, and ham, both of them cut into extremely small slices; besides which there was what they called Japan leather, a sort of a darkish skin, hard and tough, with a strong and far from agreeable taste, and which seemed to have been macerated some time in water. All the dishes, without exception, swam in soup. On one side figured pigeons' eggs, cooked in gravy, together with ducks and fowls cut very small, and immersed in a dark-coloured sauce; on the other, little balls made of sharks' fins, eggs, of which both the smell and taste seemed to us equally repulsive, immense grubs, a peculiar kind of sea-fish, crabs, and pounded shrimps.

ARITHMETIC.

STANDARD V.—PRACTICE, AND BILLS OF PARCELS.

PRACTICE.

1.

				£	s.	d.
1.	Find the value of	18	articles at	1	10	0
2.	"	25	"	2	5	6
3.	"	32	"	2	6	8
4.	"	41	"	3	10	6
5.	"	27	"	4	3	4
6.	"	42	"	3	1	8
7.	"	50	"	6	2	6
8.	"	36	"	3	15	0
9.	"	26	"	4	16	8
10.	"	29	"	5	12	9
11.	"	30	"	9	17	6
12.	"	55	"	2	18	5
13.	"	87	"	7	4	0
14.	"	43	"	1	18	6
15.	"	57	"	11	1	8
16.	"	27	"	3	15	0
17.	"	62	"	7	14	0
18.	"	29	"	4	13	4
19.	"	77	"	4	12	7
20.	"	95	"	9	11	0
21.	"	47	"	1	17	6
22.	"	71	"	2	13	$7\frac{1}{2}$
23.	"	85	"	1	6	$6\frac{3}{4}$
24.	"	97	"	1	16	$9\frac{1}{2}$
25.	"	65	"	11	14	$6\frac{1}{4}$
26.	"	92	"	2	18	$9\frac{1}{4}$
27.	"	41	"	5	7	$6\frac{3}{4}$
28.	"	61	"	9	16	$9\frac{1}{2}$
29.	"	28	"	11	1	$4\frac{1}{2}$
30.	"	33	"	13	2	$6\frac{1}{4}$
31.	"	89	"	0	3	$11\frac{3}{4}$
32.	"	111	"	0	18	$7\frac{1}{2}$
33.	"	93	"	0	13	$5\frac{1}{2}$
34.	"	49	"	0	6	$2\frac{3}{4}$
35.	"	65	"	0	10	$7\frac{3}{4}$
36.	"	54	"	0	2	$2\frac{1}{2}$
37.	"	89	"	0	11	$8\frac{3}{4}$
38.	"	135	"	1	19	$1\frac{1}{2}$
39.	"	273	"	3	6	$4\frac{3}{4}$

2.

				£	s.	d.
1.	Find the value of	289	articles at	0	8	8½
2.	,,	221	,,	0	7	10¾
3.	,,	511	,,	0	6	9
4.	,,	271	,,	6	15	10¾
5.	,,	114	,,	2	13	6
6.	,,	121	,,	4	6	1½
7.	,,	332	,,	1	17	11½
8.	,,	149	,,	3	19	6
9.	,,	172	,,	6	18	5½
10.	,,	183	,,	7	6	4
11.	,,	197	,,	5	12	9
12.	,,	212	,,	1	17	0¾
13.	,,	309	,,	0	15	7¼
14.	,,	109	,,	6	4	8½
15.	,,	234	,,	2	6	3¼
16.	,,	128	,,	2	14	8
17.	,,	123	,,	1	2	9¼
18.	,,	138	,,	2	19	5
19.	,,	129	,,	3	12	8¼
20.	,,	142	,,	1	16	7
21.	,,	309	,,	2	14	5
22.	,,	27	,,	0	4	2½
23.	,,	56	,,	0	8	9¾
24.	,,	77	,,	0	4	11½
25.	,,	84	,,	0	9	4¾
26.	,,	95	,,	0	7	4¾
27.	,,	73	,,	0	14	8½
28.	,,	99	,,	0	14	11¾
29.	,,	217	,,	2	14	7¾
30.	,,	322	,,	7	7	5½
31.	,,	373	,,	0	9	7¾
32.	,,	623	,,	0	11	9¼
33.	,,	213	,,	0	6	8½
34.	,,	333	,,	5	18	11½
35.	,,	211	,,	1	19	2
36.	,,	314	,,	2	8	6
37.	,,	426	,,	5	16	7
38.	,,	519	,,	7	2	7
39.	,,	418	,,	5	9	5
40.	,,	526	,,	3	12	9
41.	,,	700	,,	2	1	0¼
42.	,,	311	,,	3	19	2½

3.

			£	s.	d.
1.	Find the value of 241 articles	at	2	17	$5\frac{1}{4}$
2.	„ 312	„	9	1	$0\frac{3}{4}$
3.	„ 102	„	8	5	$4\frac{1}{4}$
4.	„ 652	„	9	1	$2\frac{1}{2}$
5.	„ 321	„	2	3	6
6.	„ 911	„	0	0	$11\frac{3}{4}$
7.	„ 28	„	1	13	$8\frac{1}{4}$
8.	„ 34	„	3	15	$6\frac{1}{2}$
9.	„ 47	„	2	19	$9\frac{1}{4}$

10. Find the value of 3 cwt. 1 qr. 19 lbs. at £2 10s. per cwt.
11. „ 1 cwt. 1 qr. 9 lbs. at £6 15s. 4d. „
12. „ 13 cwt. 14 lbs. at £2 16s. $4\frac{1}{2}$d. „
13. „ 2 cwt. 16 lbs. at £15 1s. $6\frac{1}{4}$d. „
14. „ 3 cwt. 21 lbs. at £9 9s. 8d. „
15. „ 9 cwt. 21 lbs. at £3 3s. 4d. „
16. „ 3 cwt. 1 qr. 6 lbs. at £2 14s. 6d. „
17. „ 2 cwt. 19 lbs. at £6 9s. 6d. „
18. „ 13 cwt. 1 qr. 6 lbs. at £5 6s. 3d. „
19. „ 3 qrs. 15 lbs. 9 oz. at 19s. 6d. per lb.
20. „ 2 qrs. 10 oz. at £2 7s. 3d. „
21. „ 3 qrs. 3 lbs. 6 oz. at £1 9s. 4d. „
22. „ 2 qrs. 7 oz. 9 drs. at 17s. $1\frac{1}{2}$d. „
23. „ 1 qr. 1 oz. 1 dr. at $9\frac{3}{4}$d. per dr.
24. „ 2 qrs. 13 oz. 1 dr. at $10\frac{1}{2}$d. „
25. „ 1 qr. 1 oz. at 16s. $5\frac{1}{2}$d. per oz.
26. „ 2 qrs. 14 oz. at 14s. $2\frac{1}{4}$d. „
27. „ 3 qrs. 15 oz. at 8s. 9d. „
28. „ 2 qrs. 13 oz. at 6s. $5\frac{1}{4}$d. „
29. „ 1 qr. 12 oz. at 7s. 9d. per qr.
30. „ 3 qrs. 12 drs. at 2s. $9\frac{1}{2}$d. per dr.
31. „ 15 oz. 6 drs. at 9s. $7\frac{1}{4}$d. „
32. „ 6 oz. 18 dwts. 6 grs. at £1 3s. 2d. per dwt.
33. „ 2 oz. 12 dwts. 3 grs. at 9s. 7d. „
34. „ 3 oz. 3 dwts. 3 grs. at 3s. 6d. „
35. „ 2 oz. 15 grs. at 16s. 9d. per gr.
36. „ 33 acres 1 r. 2 per. at £2 12s. 9d. per acre.
37. „ 22 acres 3 per. at £20 6s. 1d. „
38. „ 19 acres 2 per. at £18 7s. 2d. „
39. „ 13 acres 1 per. at £3 7s. 9d. „
40. „ 9 months 1 week 2 days at 9s. 2d. per day.
41. „ 3 months 6 days at 6s. $3\frac{1}{2}$d. per month.
42. „ 19 qrs. 7 bush. $3\frac{1}{2}$ pecks of wheat at £2 4s. 6d. per qr.

4. 1. Find the value of 18 cwt. 1 qr. 4 lbs. at £6 19s. 11d. per cwt.

2. „ 15 cwt. 2 qrs. 22 lbs. at £2 13s. 1d. per qr.

3. „ 12 cwt. 2 qrs. 22 lbs. at £2 17s. 9d. per cwt.

4. „ 3 cwt. 3 qrs. 5 lbs. at £2 14s. „

5. „ 9 cwt. 21 lbs. at £2 15s. $6\frac{3}{4}$d. „

6. „ 2 cwt. 4 lbs. 12 oz. at £6 2s. „

7. „ 3 qrs. 5 lbs. 9 oz. at £1 7s. 3d. per lb.

8. „ 2 qrs. 9 lbs. 13 oz. at 7s. $10\frac{1}{2}$d. „

9. „ 2 qrs. 7 oz. 9 drs. at 9s. 3d. „

10. „ 4 cwt. 4 lbs. 2 oz. 12 drs. at £1 3s. 9d. „

11. „ 6 oz. 18 dwts. 20 grs. at 15s. 6d. per oz.

12. „ 356 acres 3 rds. $39\frac{1}{2}$ per. at £2 13s. 4d. per acre.

13. Find the rent of 9 acres 2 rds. 20 per. at £1 17s. 8d. per acre.

14. Find the rent for 3 mo. 3 wks. 5 days at £7 17s. per mo.

15. What is the value of 22 a. 24 per. at £3 15s. 8d. per acre?

16. „ 17 a. 3 r. 19 per. at £2 19s. 3d. „

17. „ 37 a. 1 r. 28 per. at one guinea „

18. „ 14 a. 2 r. 12 per. at £2 15s. „

19. „ 10 a. 1 r. 9 per. at £3 11s. 6d. „

20 „ 12 a. 3 r. 16 per. at 17s. 6d. per rood?

21. „ 1 r. 31 per. at 19s. $5\frac{1}{2}$d. „

22. „ 6 a. 1 r. 17 per. at 11s. 6d. per perch?

23. What is the cost of 152 quarters at 9s. 6d. per yard?

24. „ 13 yds. 14 in. at 13s. $9\frac{1}{2}$d. „

25. „ 12 yds. 1 ft. 13 in. at 9s. 2d. per foot?

26. Find the value of 22 yds. 2 ft. 2 in. at 9s. 4d. per yard.

27. What is the value of 13 yds. 1 ft. 7 in. at 4s. 10d. per foot?

28. Find the value of $50\frac{1}{4}$ yds. at 12s. 6d. per yard.

29. „ 2 nls. 3 qrs. at $6\frac{1}{2}$d. per quarter.

30. „ 2 qrs. 15 yds. at $10\frac{3}{4}$d. per yard.

31. What is the value of 160 qrs. of wheat at £2 1s. 3d. per quarter?

32. Find the value of 144 acres of land at £10 19s. 7d. per acre?

33. What amount must be paid to 377 labourers at 3s. 4d. per day each?

34. What is the cost of 3046 tons of iron at the rate of £3 3s. 6d. per ton?

35. What is the rent of 134 acres 3 rds. 19 per., at the rate of £2 12s. 6d. per acre?

36. What will be the rent of 51 a. 2 r. 12 per. at the rate of £3 7s. 9d. per acre?

5. 1. Find the value of $59\frac{1}{2}$ acres at £6 3s. 3d. per acre.

2. ,, $76\frac{1}{4}$ acres at £13 5s. 6d. per acre.

3. ,, 39 a. 12 p. at £20 3s. 4d. per acre.

4. What is the of 39 horses each worth £50 ?

5. Find the value of 1,762 articles at 52s. each.

6. What is the cost of 187 pieces of timber, each piece being worth £3 9s. 2d.?

7. How much must be paid for 185 logs of wood, the cost of one log being just £5 2s. 1d.?

8. What will 1264 bags of spice fetch, valued at 19s. $9\frac{1}{2}$d. each bag?

9. How much must be given for 182 acres of land at £3 15s. $2\frac{1}{2}$d per acre?

10. Find the value of 10,468 pieces of copper, each piece being worth $1\frac{3}{4}$d. of our money.

11. What will be the cost of 726 planks at the rate of £1 6s. 9d. for one?

12. Find the value of 77 articles at 16s. $5\frac{1}{2}$d. each.

13. How much must be paid for 1,226,196 oranges at the rate of 10d. per dozen?

14. Find the value of 333 tons at £5 10s. $11\frac{1}{2}$d. each.

15. ,, 100,000 rupees worth 2s. $3\frac{7}{8}$d. each.

16. What must be paid to 365 men for a week's work at 16s. $9\frac{1}{2}$d. each?

17. A grocer buys 2,752 bags of spice at £2 3s. $11\frac{1}{4}$d. per bag, what does he pay for them?

18. What is the value of 246,910 rupees worth 2s. $3\frac{1}{2}$d. each?

19. A bankrupt's debts are £6,002, and he is able to pay 13s. $8\frac{1}{2}$d in the £, what is he worth?

20. What is the cost of travelling for 365 days, at the rate of £28 4s. 4d. per day?

21. If a man spends £5 10s. 6d. in a month for coach-hire, what sum will he have paid in 8 months 21 days?

22. What will be the cost of silver fittings to a bottle weighing 8 oz. 9 dwts. 20 grs. at the rate of £4 3s. 9d. per oz.?

23. What is the dividend on £851 9s. 6d. at 13s. 2d. in the £?

24. How many acres will supply 20 horses with hay and oats, if each horse consume yearly the produce of 4 a. 3 r. 36 per.?

25. Find the cost of digging a ditch, of which the solid content is 4,758 cubic yards at the rate of 1s. $9\frac{3}{4}$d. per yard.

26. A man owes £3,896, and can pay 13s. 6d. in the £, what are his effects worth?

6. 1. What will be the cost of 81 horses at 25 guineas each?

2. What is the value of 106,324 rupees at 2s. 3d. each?

3. How much will £16 7s. 2d. daily amount to in 365 days?

4. A labourer earns 14s. 3d. per week for 6 months in the year, and 10s. 10d. per week for the remaining 6 months, how much does he earn in the year?

5. What is the weight of 1,060 pieces of gold coin, each weighing 6 dwt. 7 grs.?

6. If a man earns 9s. 6d. daily, what is his annual income?

7. If lodgings let at 19s. 6d. per week, what rent must be paid for 273 days?

8. What wages will 324 workmen receive at the rate of 19s. 9d. per man per week?

9. What must be paid for a gold snuff-box weighing 7 oz. 5 dwts. at the rate of £4 6s. 2d. per oz.?

10. What is the dividend on £186 9s. 7½d. at 13s. 6d. in the £?

11. A bankrupt owes £9,672, and he can pay 13s. 4½d. in the £, what are his effects worth?

12. A merchant buys 1,352 pounds of wool at 11¾d. per lb., what does it cost him?

13. How much will supply 42 horses, if each horse consumes annually the produce of 5 a. 3 rds. 26 per.?

14. Find the weight of 3,624 pieces of gold, each weighing 6 dwt. 7 grs.

15. What must be paid to 96 men for a week's work, the wages of one man being 17s. 7½d.?

16. Find the value of 962 articles at 14s. 6¾d. each.

17. If lodgings let at 13s. 6d. per week, how much do they let for during 129 days?

18. 321 men perform a piece of work in 9 days and are paid 35s. each. How much money will be wanted to pay the whole of their wages?

19. What will be the rent of 6 acres 2 rds. at the rate of £6 17s. 6½d. per acre?

20. If the rent of a house is £7 6s. 3d. for a fortnight, how much must be paid for the house for 3 months?

21. What will 325 workmen require as wages for one week, the amount that each man requires being £1 3s. 2d.?

22. If a bankrupt can pay 13s. 6d. in the £, and owes £600, how much is he worth?

23. What will be the dividend on £1,263 12s. 9d. at the rate of 14s. 7d. in the £?

7. 1. The charge for carrying the mails by railway from London to Oxford is about £18 6s. 3d. per day; how much is this in 365 days?

2. How much land will be required to supply 92 horses with hay and oats, if each horse consumes annually the produce of 5 a. 2 rds 13 per.?

3. What is the cost of an oak post, measuring in length 7 ft. 5 in., in breadth 1 ft. 11 in., and in thickness 2 ft. 4 in., at 1s. 7¼d. per cub. foot?

4. What will be the cost of painting a room, at 1s. 7½d. per square yard, whose height is 9 ft. 3 in., width 16 ft. 4 in., breadth 17 ft. 6 in.?

5. What will be the rent per ann. of 77 acres of land at £6 14s. 9½d. per acre?

6. What is the cost of lodgings for 231 days at 19s. 9d. per wk.?

7. What is the value of 99 acres 3 rds. 2 per. at the rate of £17 2s. 1½d. per acre?

8. What is the cost of 29 acres 2 rds. at the rate of £6 19s. 0d. per rood.

9. A bankrupt owes £2,496, and can pay his creditors 15s. 6d. in the £, how much is he worth?

10. What is the total cost of 34 sheep at 50s. per head?

11. What will be the cost of replacing a cistern to weigh 8 cwt. 2 qrs. 14 lbs., at the rate of £2 0s. 6d. per cwt., if the plumber allows £1 9s. 2d. per cwt. for the lead of the old one, which weighs 6 cwt. 1 qr. 9 lbs.?

12. An estate of 120 a. 3 r. 2 p. is rented at £3 19s. 6d. per acre, and afterwards the best pasture, consisting of 49 acres, is let at £5 per acre; what will the first tenant have to add to the last amount to make up his rent?

13. What is the cost of 44 sheep at £3 1s. 11½d. per head?

14. If 352 men earn 19s. 2d. each per week, what sum will be wanted for pay-time on Saturday?

15. What is the weight of 1,000 pieces of gold, each weighing 5 dwt. 3 grs.?

16. If lodgings let at 18s. 6d. per week, how much do they let for during 262 days?

17. What is the value of 3,627 pieces of silver, each piece being worth 2s. 9d.?

18. If one horse can be kept a week for 9s., what ought to be paid for 21 horses for the same time?

19. If a bankrupt can pay 19s. in the £, and owes debts to the amount of £232,600, how much is he worth?

8. 1. What is the dividend on £3,926 19s. 3½d. at the rate of 12s. 9d. in the £?

2. Find the value of 377 horses at 80 guineas each.

3. If one man can earn 19s. 10d. in a week, what can 300 men earn in the same time?

4. There are 127 men engaged in building, what is the sum total of their wages per week, at 25s. each ?

5. What will be the cost of plate glass for 3 windows, each containing 8 panes, and each pane measuring 1 foot 7 in. by 1 ft. 3 in., at 11s. 7½d. per sq. ft. ?

6. If a person's estate be worth £1,262, and the land-tax be assessed at 2s. 9½d. in the £, what is his net annual income ?

7. An officer's pay is 13s. 6½d. per day, what is that in a year ?

8. A bridge consists of 3 arches, the centre one weighing 2,034 tons, and the two others 1,696 tons each, what is the cost of the iron at £3 2s. 6d. per ton ?

9. A bankrupt's liabilities are estimated at £3,527 16s. 8d., what are his assets if he can pay 14s. 6½d. in the £ ?

10. There were 365 labourers engaged in building, wnat was the amount of their wages per week at the rate of 1s. 9d. per day ?

11. What will be the cost of 964 pieces of cloth at the rate of 14s. 9½d. per piece ?

12. What is the dividend on £3,573 18s. 6d. at the rate of 13s. 4½d. in the £ ?

13. What will be the expense of paving a court-yard 12 ft. by 12 ft., at the rate of 18s. per square yard ?

14. What will be the cost of a dozen spoons, each weighing 5 ozs. 2 dwts., at the rate of 19s. 2d. per oz. ?

15. What will be the cost of 6 cwt. 2 qrs. 15 lbs. at £2 13s. 2d. per cwt. ?

16. If the wages of one man will amount to £5 per month, what amount will be required to pay 84 men for the same time, and what will be required for 102 men ?

17. What is the value of 12,972 yards of tape at ¼d. per yard?

18. How much will 7,368 slate pencils come to at ½d. each?

19. I bought 736 yards of black ribbon at ¾d. per yard, what did it cost me ?

20. Bought 8 dozen of herrings at ¾d. each, how much did I give for them ?

21. How much did 856 yards of rope cost me, at ¾d. per yard ?

22. What is the value of 4,608 lbs. of sugar at 5½d. per lb. ?

9. 1. What is the value of 3,270 lbs. of soap at $4\frac{1}{2}$d. per lb.?

2. What is the cost of 1,400 yards of cord at $2\frac{1}{2}$d. per yard?

3. How much will 784 yards of canvas come to, at $3\frac{1}{2}$d. per yard?

4. Bought 937 yards of ribbon at $8\frac{1}{2}$d. per yard, how much did the ribbon cost?

5. Paid $9\frac{1}{4}$d. a yard for 365 yards of calico, what did the whole cost me?

6. Sold 1 cwt. of sugar, at $8\frac{1}{4}$d. per lb., how much money was received for the whole?

7. Bought 8,362 lbs. of candles at $10\frac{3}{4}$d. per lb., how much did they cost me?

8. Bought 864 lbs. of sugar at $11\frac{1}{2}$d. per lb., what must I pay for the whole?

9. A fruiterer sold 3,964 oranges at $\frac{3}{4}$d. each, what does he receive for the whole number?

10. What is the price of 246 yards of cloth at 10s. 6d. per yard?

11. How much do 648 lbs. of tea come to at 5s. 6d. per lb.?

12. What is the price of 468 yards of ribbon at 7d. per yard?

13. What is the cost of 784 yards of cloth at 14s. 4d. per yard?

14. A fruiterer bought 262 boxes of oranges, and paid for each box 16s. 3d., how much did he pay for all?

15. Bought 9 dozen pairs of shoes, and paid for them 11s. per pair, how much did they cost me?

16. A farmer bought 83 sheep, and paid for them 18s. 6d. each, how much did he give for all?

17. Bought 11 dozen hats at 16s. 6d. each, what did the whole cost?

18. How much must I pay for the carriage of 629 tons of goods at 18s. 4d. per ton?

19. Bought 763 cwt. of sugar, at 16s. $3\frac{1}{2}$d. per cwt., how much did I pay for the whole?

20. Sold 12 dozen pairs of stockings at 3s. 6d. per pair, what sum did I receive for the whole?

21. Paid 2s. 4d. per yard for 368 yards of ribbon, what did the whole cost?

22. Received a chest of tea containing 236 lbs., for which I paid 6s. $2\frac{1}{2}$d. per lb., what did the whole cost me?

23. A hosier bought 8 dozen pairs of silk stockings at the rate of 5s. $9\frac{3}{4}$d. per pair, what did he pay for the whole?

10. 1. What is the value of $146\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. at £2 16s. per cwt.?

2. What is the value of $96\frac{3}{4}$ cwt. at £3 6s. 8d. per cwt.?

3. A bootmaker sold, during the year, 234 pairs of boots at 18s. $11\frac{3}{4}$d. per pair on an average, how much money did he get for the boots during the year?

4. Two tailors sold 168 suits of boys' clothes each during the year, for which they received on an average 19s. $4\frac{1}{2}$d. per suit, how much did they get together during the year?

5. What is the price of 6 cwt. 2 qrs. 3 lbs. of sugar at £3 7s. 2d. per cwt.?

6. Sold 5 cwt. 1 qr. 4 lbs. of sugar at £3 16s. 9d. per cwt., what did I get for the whole?

7. Bought 72 cwt. 2 qrs. 9 lbs. of tobacco at £4 19s. per cwt., what did the whole cost?

8. Bought 96 cwt. 1 qr. 2 lbs. of soap at £3 12s. 9d. per quarter, what did I pay for the whole?

9. Sold 27 cwt. 3 qrs. 14 lbs. of cheese at £1 10s. 6d. per cwt., what does the whole come to

10. Bought 29 cwt. 3 qrs. of cheese at £4 16s. 8d. per cwt., how much did I pay?

					£	s.	d.		
11.	What is the	value of	$407\frac{1}{4}$	cwt. at	3	10	6	per	cwt.?
12.	,,	,,	$2,609\frac{1}{5}$	,,	2	6	3	,,	,,
13.	,,	,,	$3,612\frac{2}{5}$	,,	3	0	6	,,	,,
14.	,,	,,	$7,641\frac{1}{3}$	,,	2	3	4	,,	,,
15.	,,	,,	$4,210\frac{2}{3}$	,,		5	7	,,	,,
16.	,,	,,	$3,217\frac{4}{5}$	,,		6	$2\frac{1}{4}$	,,	,,
17.	,,	,,	$261\frac{4}{7}$	,,		3	$4\frac{1}{2}$	,,	,,
18.	,,	,,	$365\frac{1}{9}$	,,	1	6	2	,,	,,
19.	,,	,,	$7,426\frac{2}{3}$	,,	1	7	4	,,	,,
20.	,,	,,	$3,607\frac{2}{5}$	,,	1	13	7	,,	,,
21.	,,	,,	$2,010\frac{3}{5}$	,,	2	12	6	,,	,,
22.	,,	,,	$1,243\frac{2}{9}$	,,	1	7	4	,,	,,
23.	,,	,,	$4,625\frac{2}{7}$	,,	3	0	5	,,	,,
24.	,,	,,	$2,324\frac{3}{8}$	,,	1	19	$2\frac{1}{4}$	,,	,,
25.	,,	,,	$1,236\frac{1}{7}$	,,	2	1	3	,,	,,
26.	,,	,,	$3,402\frac{7}{8}$	,,	3	15	$2\frac{1}{4}$	,,	,,
27.	,,	,,	$369\frac{9}{10}$	,,	8	19	$9\frac{1}{2}$	,,	,,

I. BILLS OF PARCELS.

(1) *Bookseller's Bill.*

Mr. Alfred Holmes

Bought of Green and Co.

July 17th, 1871.	£	s.	d.
Cowper's Poetical Works		5	6
Colenso's Arithmetic		4	6
Bonnycastle's Algebra		7	0
Plutarch's Lives, six vols. . . .	2	12	6
Kitto's Palestine		6	0
Life and Travels of St. Paul . . .		4	6
£			

(2) *Draper's Bill.*

Mrs. Young

Bought of J. Spence and Co.

Jan. 21st, 1870.		s.	d.		£	s.	d.
5 pairs of Worsted Stockings	at	3	8	per pair			
6 yards of Flannel .	,,	1	9	,, yard			
4 pair Gloves . .	,,	2	6	,, pair			
8 pairs Thread Stockings	,,	2	9	,, ,,			
6 pairs Cotton do.	,,	2	7	,, ,,			
				£			

(3) *Grocer's Bill.*

Mrs. Foster

Bought of Thos. Sloman.

Feb. 15th, 1871.		s.	d.		£	s.	d.
12 lbs. of Loaf Sugar	at		10	per lb.			
9 ,, ,, Green Tea	,,	12	0	,, ,,			
6 ,, ,, Coffee	,,	2	8	,, ,,			
16 ,, ,, Moist Sugar	,,		5½	,, ,,			
14 ,, ,, Rice .	,,		4	,, ,,			
				£			

(4) *Wine Merchant's Bill.*

Mr. Arthur Wills,

To Wm. Atkinson.

1871.					£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mar. 14th	To	4	doz.	Port,	at 1	18	6	per doz.			
„ 29th	„	3½	„	Sherry	„ 1	16	0	„ „			
April 23rd	„	3	„	Claret .	„ 2	18	0	„ „			
May 7th	„	4½	„	Burgundy	„ 3	10	0	„ „			
June 6th	„	1	„	Champagne	„ 3	15	0	„ „			
Aug. 5th	„	4	gals.	Brandy	„ 1	2	0	„ gal.			
Sept. 10th	„	3	„	Hollands	„ 1	1	0	„ „			
								£			

(5) *Baker's Bill.*

Mrs. Harrison,

To James Plackett.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To account rendered Jan. 6th	2	15	0		2	15	0
1871.			d.				
Jan. 13th, 7 loaves of Bread at			7½	per loaf.			
„ 20th, do. „ „			„	„ „			
„ 27th, do. „ „			„	„ „			
„ „ 2 qrtns. Flour „			10½	„ qrtn.			
Feb. 3rd, 7 loaves of Bread „			8	„ loaf.			
„ 12th, do. „ „			„	„ „			
				£			

(6) *Cheesemonger's Bill.*

Mrs. Jones,

To Wm. Thomson.

1871.			s.	d.		£	s.
Jan. 19th,	3 lbs. of Butter	.	at 1	8	per lb.		
„ „	15 „ Cheese	.	„	10	„ „		
Feb. 1st,	4 „ Butter	.	„ 1	9	„ „		
„ 3rd,	Gammon of Bacon, 11 lbs.		„ 1	0	„ „		
					£		

(7)

		£	s.	d.			£ s. d.
36 cwt.	at	3	10	0	per cwt.	. .	
25 ,,	,,	2	16	8	,, ,,	. .	
37 ,,	,,	5	17	6	,, ,,	. .	
71 ,,	,,	4	8	11½	,,	. .	
						£	

(8)

			£	s.	d.			£ s. d.
14 cwt.	1 qr.	at	2	10	0	per cwt.	.	
10 ,,		,,	1	18	0	,, ,,	.	
57 quarters		,,		17	6	,, quarter	.	
16 lbs.		,,		5	9	,, lb.	.	
							£	

(9)

		s.	d.			£ s. d.
9 oz.	at	1	2	per oz.	. . .	
11 ,,	,,	1	6	,, ,,	. . .	
2 lbs.	,,	3	9	,, lb.	. . .	
14 ,,	,,	3	4	,, ,,	. . .	
					£	

(10)

			£	s.	d.			£ s. d.
12 cwt.	2 qrs.	at	3	5	0	per cwt.	.	
14 ,,	1 ,,	,,	1	19	0	,, ,,	.	
16 ,,	3 ,,	,,	3	10	0	,, ,,	.	
24 ,,	2 ,,	,,	3	7	0	,, ,,	.	
							£	

(11)

				£	s.	d.			£ s. d.
	1 qr.	5 lbs.	at		7	6	per lb.	.	
	3 qrs.	2 ,,	,,		5	9	,, ,,	.	
3 cwt.	1 ,,	6 ,,	,,		2	7	,, ,,	.	
1 ,,	1 ,,	1 ,,	,,		3	0	,, ,,	.	
23 ,,	.	.	.	3	18	0	,, ,,	.	
17 ,,	.	.	.	3	10	0	,, ,,	.	
								£	

(12)

			s.	d.		£ s. d.
5 lbs.	9 oz.		at 16	0	per oz.	
2 „	14 „		„ 14	3½	„ „	
9 „	10 „		„ 13	9½	„ „	
15 „	6 „	12 dwts.	„ 14	0	„ „	
						£

(13)

		s.	d.		£ s. d.
13 lbs.	10 dwts.	at 12	6	per oz. .	
2 lbs.	8 oz.	„ 9	6	„ „ .	
3 „	10 „	„ 7	4	„ „ .	
11 „	11 „	„ 6	6½	„ „ .	
					£

(14)

	s.	d.		£ s. d.
144 grs. .	at	9¼	per grain .	
14 dwts. .	„ 6	1	„ dwt. .	
27 „ .	„ 7	2	„ „ .	
10 oz. 6 dwts.	„ 4	7	„ „ .	
				£

(15)

		s.		£ s. d.
5½ acres .		at 21	per acre . .	
3 „ .		„ 36	„ „ . .	
9 „ .		„ 43	„ „ . .	
3 „	3 per.	„ 41	„ „ . .	
				£

(16)

	s.	d.		£ s. d.
14 yards	at 7	9	per foot . . .	
32 „	„ 2	6	„ „ . . .	
12 „	„ 3	3	„ „ . . .	
94 feet	„ 2	1	„ „ . . .	
				£

(17)

			s.	d.		£	s.	d.
18 yards	18 in.	at	9	2	per foot .			
27 „	3 „	„	4	3	„ „ .			
12 feet	10 „	„	6	2	„ „ .			
19 „	16 „	„	5	8	„ „ .			
					£			

(18)

			s.	d.		£	s.	d.
15 gals.	2 quarts	at	1	2	per gal. .			
12 „	1 quart	„	2	3	„ „ . .			
14 „		„	4	6	„ „ . .			
3 pints		„	2	6	„ pint . .			
					£			

(19)

			s.	d.		£	s.	d.
5 bushels	3 pecks	at		10	per peck .			
3 „	1 peck	„	3	2	„ bushel .			
4 „			2	6	„ „ .			
18 pecks				9½	„ peck .			
					£			

(20)

		s.	d.		£	s.	d.
63 gallons	at	9	0	per gal. . .			
12 „	„	8	2	„ „ . .			
13 „	„	5	11	„ „ . .			
7 „	„	4	10½	„ . .			
				£			

(21)

			s.	d.		£	s.	d.
3 pints	1 gill	at	7	0	per quart. .			
2 „	2 gills	„	6	6	„ „ . .			
4 „	1 gill	„	7	2	„ „ . .			
3 quarts		„	9	3½	„ „ . .			
					£			

			s. d.		£ s. d.
(22)	5 quarts,	at	9 6½	per quart .	
	3 „ 1 pint	„	4 6	per pint .	
	2 „ 2 pints	„	4 8	„ „ .	
	9 „	„	8 7	„ quart .	
					£

MAKE OUT THE FOLLOWING BILLS.

2. (1.) 8 lbs. loaf sugar, at 5½d. per lb. 9 lbs. moist do., at 4d. 11 lbs. moist do., at 3½d. 4 lbs. black tea, at 3s. 9d. 2 lbs. do., at 3s. 7 lbs. Valentias (raisins), at 5d. 8 lbs. currants, at 5½d.

(2) 1 pair boy's boots to order, 6s. 6d. 1 pair do. 12s. 6d. 2 pairs child's slippers, 1s. 9d. per pair. Repairing boots, 3s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., and 1 pair overshoes, 4s. 11d.

(3) 3 pairs gloves, at 1s. 11d. per pair. 2 pairs coloured do. at 10½d. per pair. 5½ yards ribbon, at 4½d. per yard. 7¼ velvet, at 6½d. per yard. 19 yards trimming, at 4½d. per yard.

(4) 10 lbs. joint roasting beef, at 11d. per lb. Shoulder mutton, 9 lbs. at 10½d. Shoulder do., 7 lbs. 8 oz. at 10½d. 4 lbs. steak, at 14d. 3 lbs. do., at 13d., and leg mutton, 8½ lbs. at 10d.

(5) 4 lbs. cocoa, at 1s. 8d. per lb. 8 lbs. tea, at 3s. 2d. per lb. 12 lbs. sugar, at 6d. per lb. 12 lbs. do. at 3½d. per lb. 3 lbs. biscuits, at 6½d. per lb. ½ lb. pepper, at 2s. 8d. per lb. 1 tin mustard, at 1s. 1½d.

(6) 3 doz. yards calico, at 5½d. per yard. 8 yards velvet, at 7s. 9d.; 5 yards velvet at 4s. ½d. 3 pairs stockings, at 2s. 3d. per pair. 2 pairs gloves, at 2s. 9d. per pair. ½ doz. cotton, at 2¼d. per reel. 4½ doz. buttons, at 3½d. per doz., and 9 yards print at 9½d. per yd.

(7) 8 yards muslin, at 6½d. per yard. 9 reels cotton, at 2½d. per reel. 5½ yards print, at 7½d. per yard. 2 doz. calico, at 6s. 6d. per doz. 1 doz. Taylor's cotton, at 2s. 6d. per doz., and 10 yards camlet at 2s. ½d. per yard.

(8) 2 pairs boots, at 3s. 9d. per pair. 1 pair small boots, at 2s. 8d. 1 pair overshoes, at 4s. 8d. per pair, and 2 pairs of house boots, at 3s. 6d. per pair.

(9) 3 doz. port, at 65s. 2 doz. sherry, at 42s. 2 doz. sherry, at 45s. 3 pint bottles brandy at 4s., and 3 bottles whisky at 4s. per bottle.

(10) 1 dish-cover, 3s. 9d. 2 plate-warmers, at 6s. 9d. each. ½ doz. forks, at 65s. per doz. (silver). 4 table spoons, at 2s. 11d. each, and small cruet-stand and glasses, 32s.

(11) Making children's dresses (three) 6s. 3d. each. Lining for body and sleeves, 4s. 6d. Trimmings, 9s. 9d. Hooks, cottons, &c., 1s.

(12) 42 yards longcloth, at 11½d. per yard. 24 yards muslin, at 10½d. per yard. 6 pairs cotton stockings, at 2s. per pair. 3 pairs gloves at 2s. 6d. 4 yards velvet, at 12s. 6d. per yard. Buttons, ½ doz. at 3s. 3d. per doz. Cottons, 7½d., and pins 9d.

(13) 18 yards calico, at 10½d. per yard. 16 yards flannel, at 1s. ½d. per yard. 3 pairs woollen stockings, at 2s. 9d. per pair. 1 doz. handkerchiefs at 8s. 6d. per doz., and 2 pairs thread gloves, at 9½d. per pair.

(14) 10 lbs. tea, at 3s. 9d. per lb. 8 lbs. do. at 3s. 6d. per lb. 6 lbs. sugar, at 3½d. per lb. 8 lbs. do. at 4½d. 6 lbs. loaf, do. at 5½d. 4 lbs. currants, at 6½d. 12 lbs. biscuits, at 7½d., and 9 lbs. rice at 4½d. per lb.

(15) 3 doz. oranges, at 15d. per doz. 8 lbs. of potatoes, at 1½d. per lb. 2 doz. apples, at ¾d. each. 1½ doz. pears at 2½d. each, and 1 doz. peaches at 5d. each.

(16) 19 yards linen, at 1s. 2½d. per yard. 12 yards do. at 1s. 6¾d. per yard. 9 yards Holland, at 7½d. per yard, and 1½ doz. cotton at ¾d. per reel.

(17) 84 bushels of oats, at 8d. per bushel. 3 sacks of potatoes, at 2s. 4½d. per sack. 3 doz. cabbages, at 1¼d. each, and 16 bushels of potatoes at 9¾d. per bushel.

(18) 13½ yards of velvet, at 1s. per doz. 5 yards of Holland, at 9¾d. per yard. 6 yards of do., at 11¼d. per yard. 8 yards longcloth, at 9¼d. per yard. 11½ yards do. at 10¾d. per yard, and 3 pairs of gloves at 1s. 3¾d. per pair.

N.B.—As by the New Code (1871), "in all schools the children in Standards V. and VI. should know the principles of the Metric System," numerous Examples are inserted here.

I.—COMPOUND ADDITION IN THE METRIC SYSTEM.

Rule.—Express each of the numbers in the lowest denomination named in them; and add as in simple addition. Mark off the different denominations.

Thus :—(1.) Add together 12 francs 40 centimes; 100 francs 3 centimes; 49 francs 70 centimes and 30 centimes.

12 francs	40	centimes	=	1,240	centimes.
100 ,,	3	,,	=	10,003	
49 ,,	70	,,	=	4,970	
	30	,,	=	30	
				162.4.3	= 162 fr. 4d. 3 c.
					= 162 fr. 43 c.

(2) Find the sum of fl. 6.73, £1 2 florins 3 cents. 9 mils., and fl. 3.22.

fl. 6.73	=	673	mils.
£1 2 fl. 3 c. 9 m.	=	1,239	
fl. 3.22	=	322	
		2.2.3.4	= £2 2 fl. 3 cents. 4 mils.

(3) Add together $112.32 ; $84.23½ ; $127.13½, and $32.4.

$112.32	=	11,232	mils.
$84.23½	=	84,235	
$127.13½	=	127,135	
$32.4	=	324	
		222.926	= $222.926 or $222, 92.6 cts.

(4) Add together 2 hectar. 24 ares ; 3 hectar. 54 ares ; 14 hectar. 9 ares, and 3 ares 7 deciar.

2 hectar., 24 ares	=	2240	deciar.
3 hectar., 54 ares	=	3540	
14 hectar., 9 ares	=	14090	
3 ares 7 deciar.	=	37	
		19.9.0.7	= 19 hectar., 9 decar., 7 deciar.

1. Find the sum of 624 fr. 30 c., 322 fr. 7 c., 22 fr., 821 fr. 1 c., 30 fr. 5 c., 121 fr. 6 c., and 231 fr. 27 c.

2. Find the sum of 311 fr. 22 c., 827 fr. 19 c., 321 fr. 6 c., 72 fr. 8 c., 100 fr. 14 c., and 231 fr. 6 c.

3. Add together $15 24 cts., $5., $19.072, $75, $50 3 cts., $13.007, $.013, .1 ct., and 24.6 cts.

4. Add together $21, $62.24, $14 32 cts., $18, $19.21, $22, 14 cts., $19, 21.6 cts.

5. Find the sum of £3, 8 c. 6 m., £14, 2 c. 3 m., £1 9 c. 5 m., £3,025, £1.25, and £.2, 24 fl. 3 c. 1 m.

6. Find the sum of £2, 8 fl. 3 c. 4 m., £3, 1 fl. 5 c., £7.24, £6.541, £.2 4c. 2 m., and £84.071.

7. 52 hectol. 2 lit. 31 centil. + 621 hectol. 3 centil. + 84 dekal. 5 decil. + 231 hectol. 3 lit. 14 myriam. 3 dekam. 4 centim. + 1 kilom. 1 millim. + 421 metres. 5 myriam. 28 decim. + 200 hectom. 22 centim.

8. What is the sum of the following :—32 napoleons 36 francs 3,942 sous and 92 centimes ?

9. Add together 30 francs 236 sous 84 centimes and 30 napoleons 221 fr. 261 sous 91 centimes, and bring the amount to francs and centimes.

10. A farm consists of 5 fields, measuring respectively 2 hectar. 20 ares, 11 hectar. 2 centiar., 14 hectar. 11 ares, 31 ares 48 centiar., and 10 hectar. 26 centiar. ; what is the size of the farm ?

11. Bought a dress for $10,231, a pelisse for $18.5 ; a second pelisse worth half as much again as the first, and a shawl which cost three times as much as the first pelisse. How much was spent?

II.—COMPOUND SUBTRACTION IN THE METRIC SYSTEM

Rule.—Express each of the numbers in the lowest denomination named in them ; subtract, as in simple subtraction. Mark off the different denominations.

Thus :—(1) From 20 francs 5 centimes, take 10 fr. 89 c.

20 fr. 5 c. = 2005 centimes.
10 fr. 89 c. = 1089

916 = 9 fr. 16 centimes.

(2) From 384 kilog, 35 dekag, take 83 kilog., 40 dekag. 2 gram.

384 kilog. 35 dekag. = 384,350 gram.
83 kilog. 40 dekag. 20 gr. = 83,402

300,948
= 300 kilog. 9 hectog. 4 dekag. 1 gram.

(3) From 83 hectol. 25 centil. take 364 decil.

83 hectol. 25 centil. = 830,025 centilit.
364 decil. = 3,640

8.2.6.3.8.5.
=8 kilol., 2 hectol., 6 dekal., 3 lit., 8 decil., 5 centil.

(4) From 475 kilom. 17 metres, take 2,530 metres 20 millim.

=475 kilom. 17 metres = 475,017,000
2,530 metre 20 mil. = 2,530,020

472.486.980
= 472 kilom. 486 metres, 980 millim.

1. From 5 fr. 15 c. take 9 fr. 9 c.
2. „ 11 fr. 13 c. „ 3 fr. 15 c.
3. „ 48 fr. 9 c. „ 32 fr. 25 c.
4. „ 4 fr. „ 1 fr. 75 c.
5. „ 623 kil. 5 dekag. take 500 kil. 54 decig.
6. „ 372 kil. 2 dekag. 3 decig. take 14 dekag. 9 decig.
7. „ 129 hectol. take 100 hectol. 75 lit.
8. „ 117 hectol. 2 lit., take 4 hectol. 19 lit.
9. Subtract £6. 231 from £20, 5 m.
10. „ $6, 3 c. 4 mil. from 2 E. $3 6 c.
11. „ $13, 14 mil. from 5 E. 6 dimes, 10 c.

12. Paid 3 bills of the following amounts—600 fr. 35 c.; 2,172 fr. 15 c.; and 331 fr. What is left out of 375 napoleons?

13. A draper sold a piece of calico measuring 94 metres:—to one customer he sold 24 m. 31 centim, to another 39 m. 4 centim; how much has he left?

14. A gentleman who wished to have 200 steres of wood in his cellar when winter was over, laid in a stock of 392 steres, 2 decist; of which he burns during the winter 269 steres, 4 decist. Did he buy too little or too much, and to what amount?

15. A farm containing 322 hectares has about 82 hectares 24 ares pasture, the rest being arable. How much of the farm is arable?

16. Bought tea to the amount of $2.21½, sugar for $2.4, coffee for $3.62, and rice for $7.2. What is the total amount, and what change must be given for two ten-dollar bills?

17. What is the difference between $23.76 and $14. 27 cents?

III.—COMPOUND MULTIPLICATION IN THE METRIC SYSTEM.

Rule.—Express each of the numbers in the lowest denomination named in them, and multiply as in simple multiplication. Mark off in the product the different denominations.

(1) Multiply 2 fr. 5 c. by 624 :—

2 fr. 5 c. = 205 c.

205 c. × by 624 = 127,920 c. = 1,279 fr. 20 c.

(2) Multiply 3 m. 5 centim. by 38 :—

= 3 m. 5 centim = 305 centim.

305 centim. × 38 = 11,590 centim. = 115 m. 9 decim.

(3) Multiply 2 hectol. 48 lit. by 6, and divide the answer into two equal parts :—

2 hectol. 48 lit. = 248 lit. × 6 = 1,488.

$\frac{1488}{2}$ = 7.4.4 lit. = 7 hectol. 4 dekal, 4 lit.

1. Multiply 269 fr. 4 c. by 26.
2. „ 384 fr. 9 c. „ 32.
3. „ 291 fr. 8 c. „ 29.
4. „ £1.4 c. 6 m. by 16.
5. „ £2.15 by 81.
6. „ $92 4 m. by 2,613.
7. „ 3 fr. 50 c. by 82.
8. „ 2 fl. 2 c. 5 m. by 2,361.
9. „ 89 fl. by 23.
10. „ 5 fl. 2 c. 2 m. by 87.
11. „ 3 fl. 1 c. 1 m. by 29.
12. „ 14 fl. 2 c. 2 m. by 159.
13. „ $87.64 by 2,130.

14. Multiply £21.6 by 871.
15. „ 59 fr. 18 c. by 48.
16. „ 18 kilog. 4 hectog. 90 gram. by 29.
17. „ 12 hectar. 1 are 3 centiar. by 141.
18. „ 11 ares 4 centiar. by 111.
19. „ 121 decisteres by 121.
20. „ 19 myriam. 1 hectom. 1 millim. by 9.

21. From Paris to Lyons is 507 kilometres; what will the railway fare come to at 12 c. a kilometre?

22. If 211 litres of seed be required for 12 ares of land, how much seed will be required for 115 hectares?

23. What will be the cost of the following animals:—

A bullock weighing 300 kilog. at $1\frac{1}{2}$ fr. per kilog.
Another „ 312 „ „ 1 fr. 25 c. per kilog.
A cow „ 276 „ „ 92 c. per kilog.
A calf „ 62 „ „ 1 fr. 75 c. per kilog.

And what is the cost of them all?

24. How many revolutions will a wheel $4\frac{1}{2}$ metres in circumference make in a distance of 321 kilom.?

25. Make out the following bill:—

9 yds. of linen at £1 2 fl. 5 c. per yd.
6 „ „ flannel at £1.85 per yd.
13 „ „ „ £1 2 fl. 5 c. 1 m. per yd.
99 „ „ longcloth at 2 fl. 7 m. per yd.
1,000 „ „ „ £2.073 per yd.

26. Find the value of 50 hectol. 25 lit. of wine at 2 fr. per lit.
27. „ „ 18 hectol. at 14 fr. 20 c. per hectol.
28. „ „ 147 hectol. at 1 fr. 5 c. per kilog.
29. „ „ 1,180 kilog. 6 lit. at 20 fr. per hectol.
30. „ „ 98 m. 6 centim. at 3 fr. 14 c. per m.
31. „ „ 5 kilog. 70 gr. at 5 c. per gr.
32. „ „ 135 m. 50 centim. at 1 fr. 25 c. per metre.
33. „ „ 20 steres 5 decist. at 12 fr. 50 c. per stere.

IV.—COMPOUND DIVISION IN THE METRIC SYSTEM.

Rule.—(A) When the divisor is an abstract number. Express the dividend in the lowest denomination named in it, and divide as in simple division. Mark off in the quotient the different denominations.

(1) Divide 186 fr. 2 c. by 131 :—

186 fr. 2 c. = 18,602 centimes.

18,602 ÷ 131 = 142 c. = 1 fr. 42 c.

(2) Divide $785 4 cts. by 12 :—

$785.4 cts. = 78,540 cents.

78,540 cts. ÷ 12 = 6,545 cts. = $65 45 cts.

Rule.—(B) When the divisor and dividend are both compound numbers of the same kind. Reduce the divisor and dividend to the lowest denomination named in either of them, and divide as in simple division. The quotient will be the answer required.

(1) £50 5 fl. 9 c. 2 m. ÷ £4 2 fl. 1½ c. 1 m.:—

£50 5 fl. 9 c. 2 m. = 50,592 m.

£4 2 fl. 1½ c. 1 m. = 4,216 m.

50,592 ÷ 4,216 = 12 ANS.

(2) 5 kilog. 45 decig. ÷ 1 hectog. 9 centig.:—

5 kilog. 45 decig. = 500,450 centig.

1 hectog. 9 centig. = 10,009 centig.

500,450 c. ÷ 10,009 c. = 50 ANS.

EXAMPLES IN RULE (A).

1. £340 6 fl. ÷ 12, 14, 3, 9, 7, and 11.
2. £.24 3 fl. 2 c. ÷ 9, 24, 8, 3, and 7.
3. £.75 14 c. ÷ 13, 14, 19, 27, and 8.
4. £231.14 ÷ 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12.
5. $1,427.86 ÷ by 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9.
6. $962.81 ÷ 365, 221, 89, 72, 54, and 13.
7. 236,459 fr. 87 c. ÷ 2,312, 317, and 90.
8. 39 kilog. 6 dekag. ÷ 93, 94, 95, and 96.
9. 141 kilog. 15 dekag. 10 mil. ÷ 141, 13, 17, and 21.
10. 10 hectol. 3 dekal. 3 litre ÷ 59, 37, 16, and 141.
11. 12 hectol. 4 dekal. 2 litre ÷ 97, 47, 17, and 97.
12. 203 litres ÷ 14,16, 23, 18, 19, and 13.
13. If seven workmen earn 6 times £11,251, how many pounds, florins, cents, and mils. will each receive ?
14. A gentleman cuts 93 trees, which produce 200 steres 4 decist. of timber; what does each tree produce on an average?
15. At a school feast 100 children ate 49 kilog. 5 dekag. of cake; how much did each child eat on an average ?

16. A farmer sends to market 2,612 hectol. 60 litres of wheat in 122 sacks; how much did each sack contain, supposing them all to be the same size?

17. A gentleman's income is 29,123 fr. yearly; how much may he spend in the year so as to lay by 1,000 francs?

18. Divide 110 fr. 70 c. among 14 men and 12 women, giving to each man three times as much as each woman receives.

19. 406 litres of soup are to be given to 9 men and 11 women, each man receiving twice a woman's share. What do they all receive?

Examples in Rule (B).

1. £60 3 fl. 19 c. ÷ £4 18 fl. 3 c.
2. £76 2 fl. 3 c. ÷ £2 3 fl. 3 c.
3. £231.18 ÷ £2 2 fl. 2 c.
4. £9643.75 ÷ £3 3 fl. 19 c.
5. $271 15 cts. ÷ $3 19 cts.
6. $694.22 ÷ $3 54 cts.
7. $.1321 ÷ 121. 4 cts.
8. $964.32 ÷ 27 cts.
9. 376934 fr. ÷ 427 fr. 9 c.
10. 47698 fr. 19 c. ÷ 372 fr. 18 c.
11. 769842 fr. 8c. ÷ 246 fr. 8 c.
12. 421 kilog. 18 dekag. ÷ 21 kilog. 14 dekag.
13. 192 hectol. 4 dekal. 1 litre ÷ 15 hectol. 3 dekal.
14. 72 hectol. 6 litre ÷ 21 hectol. 1 dekal.
15. How often is £6 2 fl. 3 c. contained in £88 4 fl. 12 c.?
16. How often is £4 2 fl. 1½ c. 1 m. contained in £50 5 fl. 19 c. 11 m.?
17. How many men must be employed to saw 780 steres of wood in a given time, if each man can saw 32 steres 5 decist.?
18. Among how many children can 680 fr. be distributed, giving ½ fr. 35 c. to each child?
19. How many bottles can be filled from 43 lit. 20 centil. of wine, if each bottle holds 60 centil.?
20. How many napoleons, 5-franc-pieces, and francs are there in a box containing 5616 francs?
21. Divide $988.25 by twice $17.
22. How many times is 81 francs contained in 14 napoleons?
23. How many children will receive 21 fr. out of a bag of 6,321 francs?

V.—MISCELLANEOUS EXAMPLES: METRIC SYSTEM.

1. Convert £3 17s. 3½d. into pounds, florins, &c.
2. " £18 12s. 9d. into florins, &c.
3. " £·75 into florins, &c.
4. " £964·82 into pounds, florins, &c.
5. " £31 0s. 10d. into cents, &c.
6. Express 8 yds. 6 in. in French measure.
7. " 13 yds. 2 ft. 3 in. in do.
8. Reduce 10 ac. 2 rds. 12 p. to do.
9. " 10 ac. 2 rds. 12 p. to do
10. " 24 qts. 1 pt. to litres.
11. " 2 qrs. 12 lbs. to kilogrammes.
12. " 10 sq. yds. 5 sq. ft. to French measure.
13. Express 3 metres ·5 in English measure.
14. " 152 hectares ·4 in English measure.
15. " 23 litres 5 decilitres in pints.
16. Reduce 142 kilog. to English pounds.
17. " 84 steres to English bushels.
18. " 58 kilom. to English miles.
19. Find the number of sq. miles (Eng.) contained in 6,890 hectares.
20. Find the difference in acres between 7.642 and 642 hectares.
21. Reduce 154 lit. 35 centil. to English measure.
22. " $92·14 to English coinage.
23. " 142.51 cents to English coinage.
24. " 24 napoleons 54 francs to English money.
25. Find the number of francs contained in 18 napoleons.
26. Reduce 2 E. $9 14 mills to English money.
27. " 19 E. to mills.
28. " $·371 to mills.
29. " 12698702 farthings to sous.
30. " 6427698 sous to francs.
31. " 121 kilom. to metres.
32. " 121 m. 10 decim. to millim.

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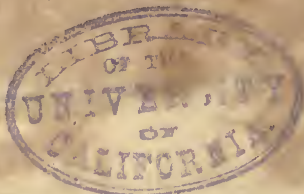

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