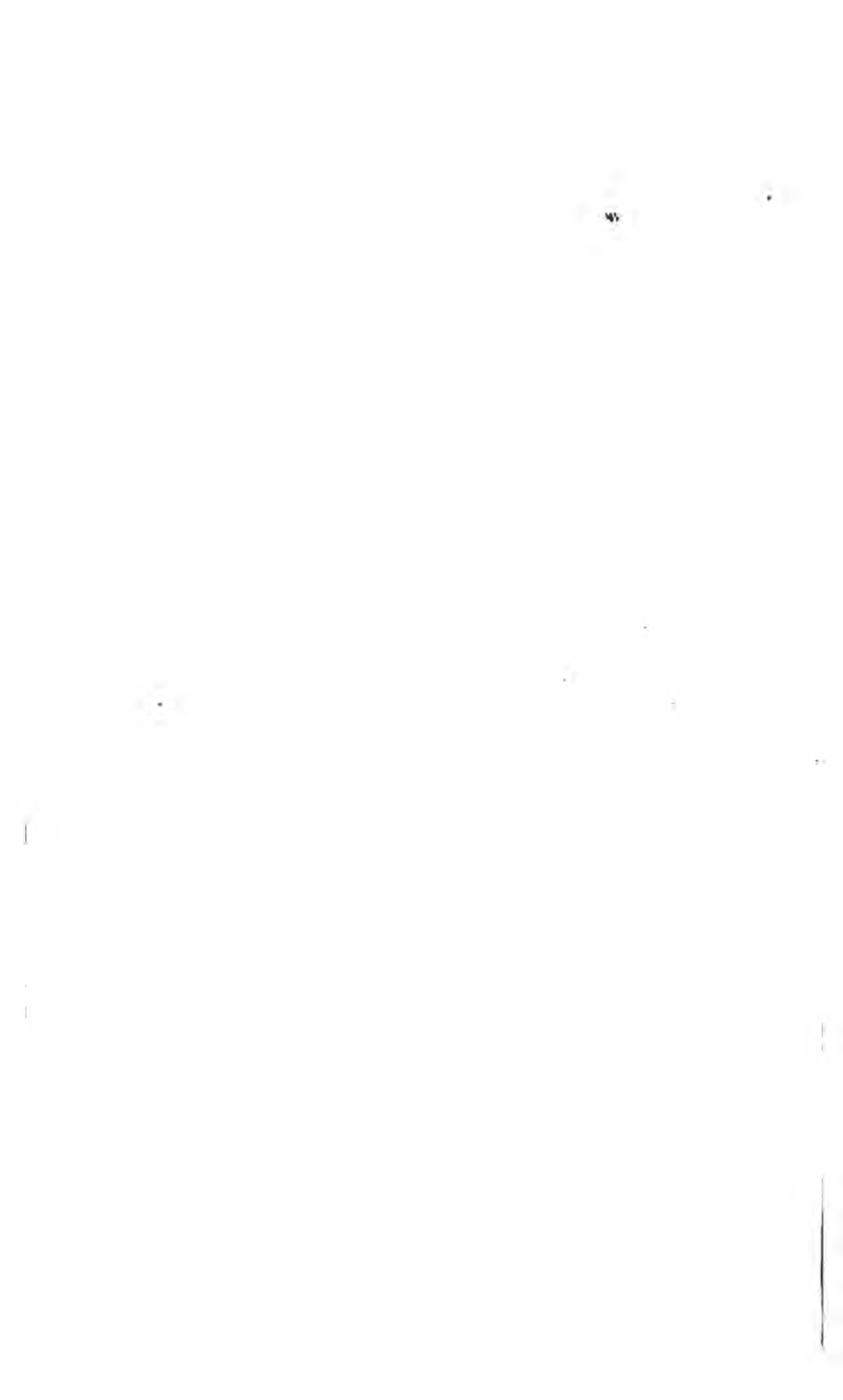


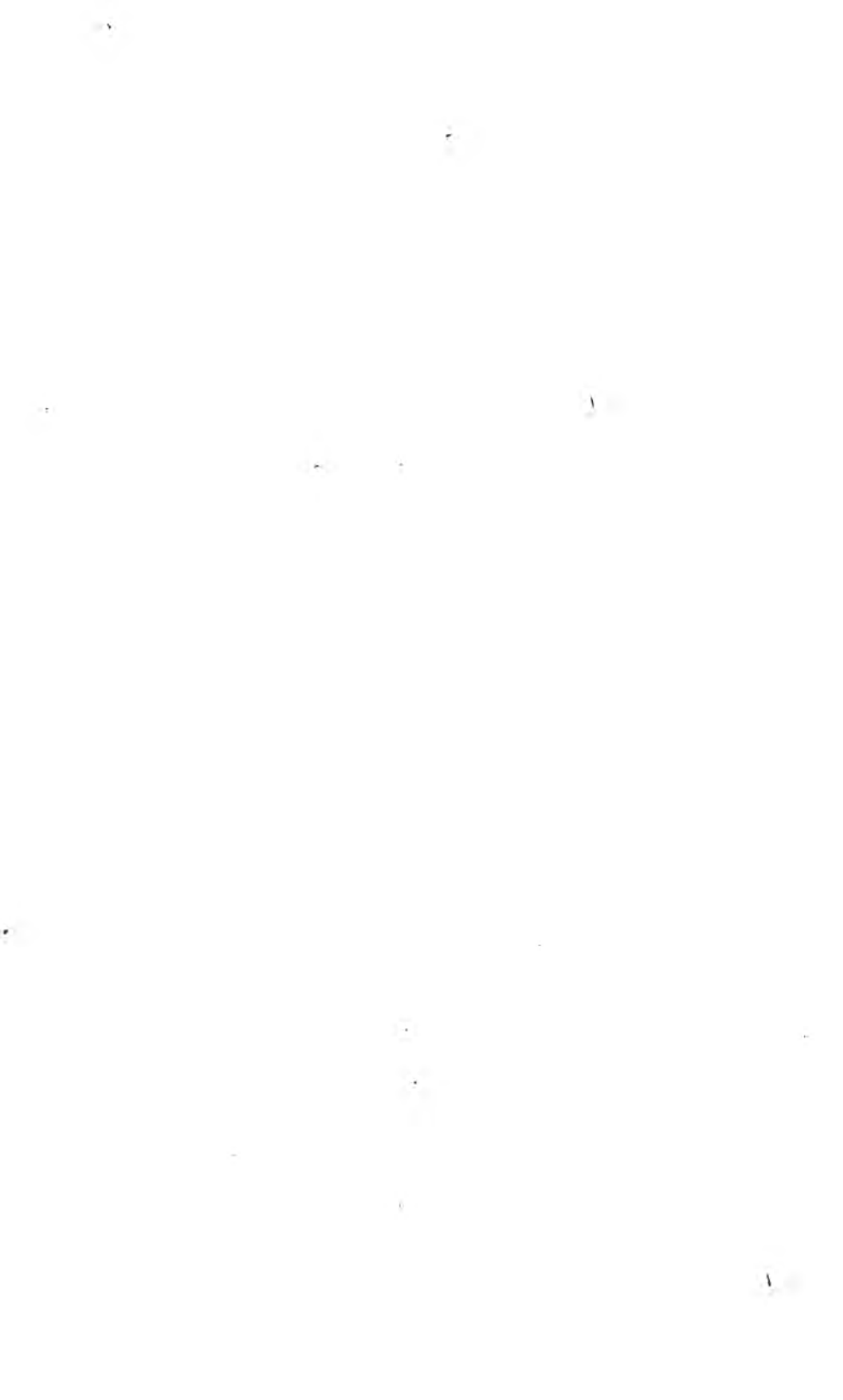
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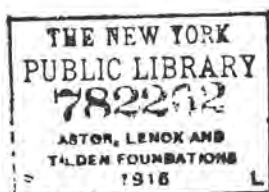
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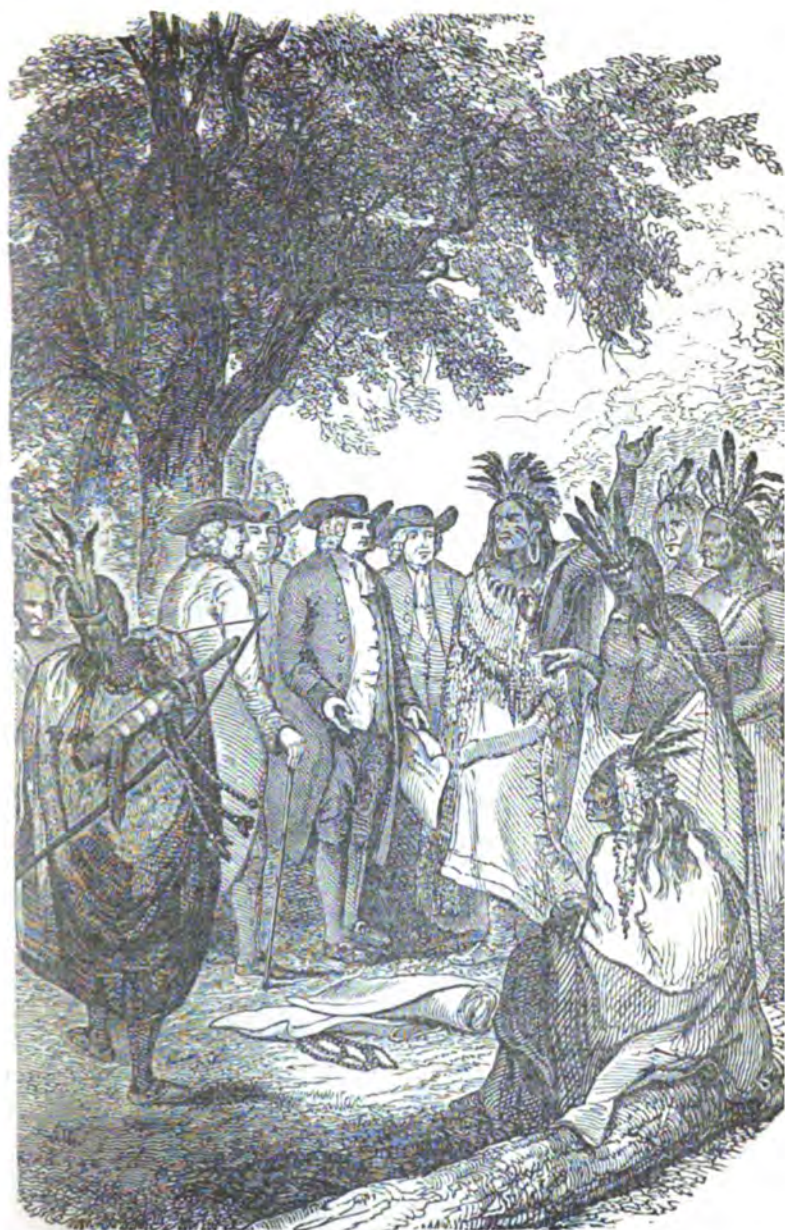
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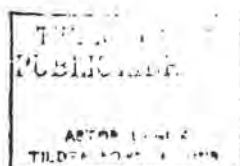


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PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.



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THE MUSEUM.

Mary, Queen of Scots.



F all the passages in the history of the celebrated Queen of Scots, that in which she appears with the most dignity and firmness is the closing scene. In the midst of the great hall of the castle had been raised a scaffold, covered with black serge, and surrounded with a low railing. About seven the doors were thrown open: the gentlemen of the county entered with their attendants; and Paulet's guard augmented the number to between one hundred and fifty and two hundred spectators. Before eight a message was sent to the queen, who replied that she would be ready in half an hour. At that time, Andrews, the sheriff, entered the oratory: and Mary arose, taking the crucifix from the altar in her right, and carrying her prayer-book in her left hand. Her servants were forbidden to follow; they insisted; but the queen bade them to be content, and turning, gave them her blessing. They received it on their knees, some kissing her hands, and others her mantle. The door closed; and the burst of lamentation from those within resounded through the hall.

Mary was now joined by the earls and her keepers; and descending the staircase, found at the foot, Melville, the steward of her household, who for several weeks had been excluded from her presence. This old and faithful servant threw himself on his knees, and wringing his hands, exclaimed, "Ah, madam! unhappy me! was ever man on earth the bearer of such sorrow

as I shall be, when I report that my good and gracious queen was beheaded in England!" Here his grief impeded his utterance; and Mary replied; "Good Melville, cease to lament: thou hast rather cause to joy than mourn; for thou shalt see the end of Mary Stuart's troubles. Know that this world is but vanity, subject to more sorrow than an ocean of tears can bewail. But I pray thee, report that I die a true woman to my religion, to Scotland and to France. May God forgive them that have long thirsted for my blood, as the hart doth for the brooks of water. Oh God, thou art the author of truth, and, truth itself. Thou knowest the inward chambers of my thoughts; and that I always wished the union of England and Scotland. Commend me to my son; and tell him I have done nothing prejudicial to the dignity or independence of his crown, or favorable to the pretended superiority of our enemies." Then bursting into tears, she said, "Good Melville, farewell, and pray for thy mistress and queen."

Drying up her tears, she turned from Melville, and made her last request, that her servants might be present at her death. But the Earl of Kent objected that they would be troublesome by their grief and lamentations, might practise some superstitious trumpery, perhaps might dip their handkerchiefs in her grace's blood. "My lord," said Mary, "I will give my word for them. They shall deserve no blame. Certainly your mistress, being a maiden queen, will vouchsafe, in regard of womanhood, that I have some of my own women about me at my death." Receiving no answer, she continued, "You might, I think, grant me a far greater courtesy, were I a woman of lesser calling than the Queen of Scots." Still they were silent: when she asked with vehemence, "Am I not the cousin to your queen, a descendant of the blood royal of Henry VII., a married Queen of France, and the anointed Queen of Scotland?" At these words the fanaticism of the Earl of Kent began to yield; and it was resolved to admit four of her men and two of her women servants. She selected her steward, physician, apothecary, and surgeon, with her maids, Kennedy and Curle.

The procession now set forward. It was headed by the sheriff and his officers; next followed Paulet and Drury, and the Earls

of Shrewsbury and Kent; and, lastly, came the Scottish queen with Melville bearing her train. She wore the richest of her dresses, that was appropriate to the rank of a queen dowager. Her step was firm, and her countenance cheerful. She bore without shrinking the gaze of the spectators and the sight of the scaffold, the block, and the executioner; and advanced into the hall with that grace and majesty, which she had so often displayed in her happier days, and in the palace of her fathers. To aid her, as she mounted the scaffold, Paulet offered his arm. "I thank you, sir," said Mary; "it is the last trouble I shall give you, and the most acceptable service which you have ever rendered me."

The queen seated herself on a stool which was prepared for her. On her right stood the two earls, on the left the sheriff and Beal the clerk of the council, in front the executioner from the Tower, in a suit of black velvet, with his assistant also clad in black. The warrant was read, and Mary in an audible voice addressed the assembly. She would have them recollect, also, that she was a sovereign princess, not subject to the parliament of England, but brought there to suffer by injustice and violence. She, however, thanked her God that he had given her this opportunity of publicly professing her religion, and of declaring, as she had often before declared, that she had never imagined, nor compassed, nor consented to, the death of the English queen, nor ever sought the least harm to her person. After her death, many things, which were then buried in darkness, would come to light. But she pardoned from her heart all her enemies, nor should her tongue utter that which might turn to their prejudice. Here she was interrupted by Dr. Fletcher, dean of Peterborough, who having caught her eye, began to preach, and under the cover, perhaps, through motives of zeal contrived to insult the feelings of the unfortunate sufferer. He told her that his mistress, though compelled to execute justice on the body, was careful of the welfare of her soul; that she had sent him to bring her to the true fold of Christ, out of the communion of that church, in which if she remained, she must be damned; that she might yet find mercy before God, if she would repent of her wickedness, acknowledge the justice of her punishment, and pro-

fess her gratitude for the favors which she had received from Elizabeth. Mary repeatedly desired him not to trouble himself and her. He persisted; she turned aside. He made the circuit of the scaffold, and again addressed her in front. An end was put to this extraordinary scene by the Earl of Shrewsbury, who ordered him to pray. His prayer was the echo of his sermon; but Mary heard him not. She was employed at the time in her devotions, repeating with a loud voice, and in the Latin language, passages from the book of psalms; and, after the dean was reduced to silence, a prayer in French, in which she begged of God to pardon her sins, declared that she forgave her enemies, and protesting that she was innocent of ever consenting in wish or deed to the death of her English sister. She then prayed in English for Christ's afflicted church, for her son James, and for Queen Elizabeth, and in conclusion, holding up the crucifix, exclaimed, "As thy arms, O God, were stretched out upon the cross, so receive me into the army of thy mercy, and forgive me my sins. "Madam," said the Earl of Kent, "you had better leave such popish trumperies, and bear him in your heart." She replied, "I cannot hold in my hand the representation of his sufferings, but I must at the same time bear him in my heart."

When her maids, bathed in tears, began to disrobe their mistress, the executioners, fearing the loss of their usual perquisites, hastily interfered. The queen remonstrated; but instantly submitted to their rudeness, observing to the earls with a smile, that she was not accustomed to employ such grooms, or to undress in the presence of so numerous a company. She then seated herself again. Kennedy taking from her a handkerchief edged with gold, pinned it over her eyes: the executioners led her to the block; and the queen kneeling down, said repeatedly with a firm voice, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." But the sobs and groans of the spectators disconcerted the headsman. He trembled, missed his aim, and inflicted a deep wound in the lower part of the skull. The queen remained motionless; and at the third stroke her head was severed from her body. When the executioner held it up, the muscles of the face were so strongly convulsed, that the features could not be recognized. He cried as usual, "God save Queen Elizabeth."



GUSTAVUS VASA.

The Wallace of Sweden.



OME three or four hundred years ago, the two small kingdoms of Denmark and Sweden were in a continual state of feud with each other, in much the same manner as England and Scotland used to be about the same period, and from very nearly the same causes. It was always a great object with the

Danes to add Sweden to their monarchy—an arrangement which the Swedes by no means liked, but which they more than once

had to submit to. Christian II., king of Denmark, usurped the Swedish crown in 1520, and was no sooner proclaimed king, than he set about destroying the dearly-cherished institutions of the country, and putting many of the noblest Swedes to death. One of his greatest atrocities was the beheading of ninety-four Swedish noblemen, in the course of a few days, in the market-place of Stockholm, besides consigning many more to dungeons in different parts of Denmark.

This conduct on the part of Christian was not relished by the people on whom he had imposed himself as king. They, very naturally, murmured at the loss of their liberty, and resolved on seizing the first favorable opportunity of restoring their national independence. It is to be remarked, that in almost all such cases of national disaster, whether in ancient or modern times, some daring spirit has arisen to combat with the usurper, and strike a patriotic blow for his unhappy country. Wallace of Scotland was one of these heroic men, and Sweden had such another, in the person of a young nobleman named Gustavus Vasa. This intrepid individual, who was a descendant of the old royal family of Sweden—a family which had enjoyed the sovereign power prior to the national misfortunes—was endowed with many excellent qualities of mind, and his handsome person and noble countenance preposessed every one in his favor. His artless eloquence was irresistible; and his prudence was equalled by his courage and the boldness of his conceptions. Having made himself conspicuous by his endeavors to avert the thralldom of his country, he was seized by order of Christian, and lodged in a Danish prison. In the solitude of his dungeon, he resolved that he would deliver Sweden from the usurper. He first directed his attention to the gaining of his own personal liberty, which he at length with some difficulty effected, and forthwith fled in the disguise of a peasant, taking a path which led him back to his native country.

The adventures of Gustavus are now full of interest. The narrow escapes which he made from his enemies, who were everywhere searching for him, resemble more those of romance than the events of sober history. It is mentioned that he wrought for some time in the iron mines as a common laborer; but being very

nearly discovered while in this situation, he consulted his safety by leaving the spot, and wandering towards the poor, hilly region of Dalecarlia, where he imagined he should find a secure retreat. The place to which he bent his steps was the residence of a disbanded military officer, named Peterson, whom he had formerly known and benefited. Peterson—we here quote the account given by Sir Robert Ker Porter in his *Travels in Russia and Sweden*—Peterson received him with every mark of friendship, nay, treated him with that respect and submission which noble minds are prone to pay to the truly great, when robbed of their external honors. He seemed more afflicted by the misfortune of Gustavus than that prince was himself; and exclaimed with such vehemence against the Danes, that, instead of awaiting a proposal to take up arms, he offered, unasked, to try the spirit of the mountaineers, and declared that himself and his vassals would be the first to set an example, and turn out under the command of his beloved general.

Gustavus was rejoiced to find that he had at last found a man who was not afraid to draw his sword in the defence of his country, and endeavored by the most impressive arguments, and the prospect of a suitable recompense for the personal risks he ran, to confirm him in so generous a resolution. Peterson answered with repeated assurances of fidelity: he named the gentlemen and the leading persons among the peasants whom he hoped to engage in the enterprise. Gustavus relied on his word, and, promising not to name himself to any while he was absent, some days afterwards saw him leave the house to put his design in execution.

It was indeed a design, and a black one. Under the specious cloak of a zealous affection for Gustavus, the traitor was contriving his ruin. The hope of making his court to the Danish tyrant, and the expectation of a large reward, made this second Judas resolve to sacrifice his honor to his ambition, and, for the sake of a few ducats, violate the most sacred laws of hospitality, by betraying his guest. In pursuance of that base resolution, he went straight to one of Christian's officers commanding in the province, and informed him that Gustavus was his prisoner. Having committed this treachery, he had not courage to face his

victim; and telling the Dane how to surprise the prince, who, he said, believed himself to be under the protection of a friend—shame to manhood, to dare to confess that he could betray such a confidence!—he proposed taking a wider circuit home, while they, apparently unknown to him, rifled it of its treasure. "It will be an easy matter," said he; "for not even my wife knows that it is Gustavus."

Accordingly, the officer, at the head of a party of well-armed soldiers, marched directly to the lake. The men invested the house, while the leader, abruptly entering, found Peterson's wife according to the fashion of those days, employed in culinary preparations. At some distance from her sat a young man, in a rustic garb, lopping off the knots from the broken branch of a tree. The officer went up to her, and said he came in King Christian's name to demand the rebel Gustavus, who he knew was concealed under her roof. The dauntless woman never changed color; she immediately guessed the man whom her husband had introduced as a miner's son, to be the Swedish hero. The door was blocked up by soldiers. In an instant she replied, without once glancing at Gustavus, who sat motionless with surprise: "If you mean the melancholy gentleman my husband has had here for these few days, he has just walked out into the wood on the other side of the hill. Some of those soldiers may readily seize him, as he has no arms with him."

The officer did not suspect the easy simplicity of her manner, and ordered part of the men to go in quest of him. At that moment, suddenly turning her eyes on Gustavus, she flew up to him, and, catching the stick out of his hand, exclaimed, in an angry voice: "Unmannerly wretch! What! sit before your betters? Don't you see the king's officers in the room? Get out of my sight, or some of them shall give you a drubbing!" As she spoke she struck him a blow on the back with all her strength; and opening a side-door: "There, get into the scullery," cried she; "it is the fittest place for such company!" and giving him another knock, she flung the stick after him, and shut the door. "Sure," added she, in a great heat, "never woman was plagued with such a lout of a slave!"

The officer begged she would not disturb herself on his account;

but she, affecting great reverence for the king, and respect for his representative, prayed him to enter her parlor while she brought some refreshment. The Dane civilly complied—perhaps glad enough to get from the side of a shrew; and she immediately hastened to Gustavus, whom she had bolted in, and, by means of a back-passage, conducted him in a moment to a certain little apartment, which projected from the side of the house close to the bank of the lake where the fishers' boats lay: she lowered him down the convenient aperture in the seat, and giving him a direction to an honest curate across the lake, committed him to Providence.

After making this narrow escape, Gustavus was not long in effecting the independence of Sweden. He took the opportunity of a festival, at which the peasants of the canton assembled, and appeared in the midst of them. His noble and confident air, his misfortunes, and the general hatred against Christian, all lent an irresistible power to his words. The people rushed to arms; the castle of the governor was stormed; and, emboldened by his success, the Dalecarlians—who may be called the Highlanders of Sweden—flocked together under the banners of the conqueror. From this moment, Gustavus entered upon a career of victory. At the head of a self-raised army, he advanced rapidly, and completed the expulsion of the enemy. The Estates first conferred upon him the title of administrator, and afterwards proclaimed him as king. Gustavus, however, was not ambitious of sovereignty, and would rather have remained an elective president, notwithstanding his claims of birth. It was not without a sufficient reason that he hesitated to accept the office of king. At this period, 1523, Europe was torn with religious dissensions, and the reigning monarchs had an extremely delicate and difficult task in preserving a balance betwixt the advocates of the reformed doctrines and their adversaries. The behavior of Gustavus on this occasion is acknowledged to have been exceedingly prudent. He effected the establishment of reformed usages to the satisfaction of all parties. After performing this important duty, he perfected the legislation, formed by his taste and judgment the character of the nation, softened manners, encouraged industry and learning, and extended commerce. After a glorious reign

of thirty-seven years, he died in 1560, at the mature age of seventy.

What became of Sweden after the death of this extraordinary man, is a question which may be asked. It continued a monarchy under his descendants till 1809, when the reigning monarch, Gustavus IV., was expelled from the kingly office for repeated acts of folly and bad government. A collateral branch of the family ascended the throne; but death carrying off the crown-prince, in 1810, the Estates made choice of Bernadotte, one of Bonaparte's generals, as sovereign, and this eminent individual became king of Sweden—which is now united to Norway—under the title of Charles XIV. His son is now the reigning monarch. In the meanwhile, the expelled imbecile, Gustavus IV., became an eccentric religious fanatic, and for some years furnished amusement to the courtly circles of the continent. His son, we believe, is a lieutenant-colonel in the Austrian service, and takes the name of Gustavason.



A Family of Crusoes.



It may not be generally known to the people of Scotland, that within the verge of that northern kingdom there exists, or very lately existed, a family of human beings in an almost desert island, removed out of sight of land, and holding communication with the rest of their species but twice in the twelve months. The name of this desolate island is Rona, or more correctly North Rona, and is situated in the Northern Ocean, at the distance of sixteen leagues west from the Butt of Lewis, one of the largest of the Hebridean Isles. This island, which measures about a mile in length, and half a mile in breadth, where widest, has been rarely visited either by ships or travellers, and has been the subject of a variety of fanciful descriptions. It might have remained much longer in this almost "undiscovered" condition, had it not been visited a few years ago by Dr John Macculloch, who made it the object of one of his mineralogical excursions, and who has presented us with a description of the island and its inhabitants. The doctor, it seems, found great difficulty in landing, in consequence of the most accessible point being the face of a precipitous cliff, fifty or sixty feet in height. The disembarkation of himself and boat's crew did not pass unobserved by the chief inhabitants, who, like his prototype Robinson Crusoe, in spying the landing of the savages, took care to keep aloof from the strangers; and who, on their surmounting the cliff, fairly took to his heels. Being, however, brought to by means of a well-directed blast of Gaelic, sent after him by one of the boatmen, and his friendship purchased by a roll of tobacco, the doctor found himself at liberty to inspect the territory in all its parts, and to extract an account of the mode of living of the single family by which it was tenanted. "The southern cliffs,"

says he, "range from thirty to sixty feet in height, running out into flat ledges at the western extremity; but on the north side they reach to 500 feet, and present a formidable aspect, whitened by the tremendous breach of the sea as it rolls on from the northward. Here, among other openings, there is an immense cave, with a wide aperture, into which the waves break with the noise of thunder. Over a large space, the whole ground, at an elevation of 200 feet, is washed away to the bare foundation; large masses of rock being frequently thrown up, and carried high along the level land, as if they were mere pebbles on a sea-beach. Rona can be no peaceful solitude, when it is thus under water, and the solid dash then made against it must cover the whole, in gales of wind, with a continual shower of spray. From the lower western angle, the land rises with a gentle and even swell towards the north and east; but having no inequality of ground to afford the least shelter, it is necessarily swept by every blast. The surface is, nevertheless, green, and everywhere covered with a beautiful compact turf, except where broken up for cultivation, for the space of a few acres in the middle and elevated part. The highest point is near the north-eastern end; and hence, in clear weather, the lofty hills of Sutherland are visible in the horizon. It is the total seclusion of Rona from all the concerns of the world, which confers on it that intense character of solitude with which it seemed to impress us all. No ship approaches in sight, and seldom is land seen from it. A feeling of hope never leaves the vessel while she can float, and while there is a possibility of return to society; but Rona is forgotten, unknown, for ever fixed immoveable in the dreary and waste ocean. There was at one period, according to doubtful tradition, a chapel in the island dedicated to St. Ronan, the patron saint of seals, which was fenced by a stone-wall, but of this there are now no remains. Whatever was the number of families once resident—and it is said there were always five—there is now but one. The tenant is a cotter, as he cultivates the farm on his employer's account. There seem to have been six or seven acres cultivated in barley, oats, and potatoes, but the grain was now housed. The soil is good, and the produce appeared to have been abundant. The family is permitted to consume as much as they please; and it

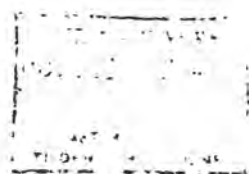
was stated that the average surplus paid to the tacksman amounted to eight bolls of barley. In addition to that, he is bound to find an annual supply of eight stones of feathers, the the produce of the gannets. Besides all this, the island maintains fifty small sheep. The wool of these is of course reserved for the tacksman; but as far as we could discover, the tenant was as unrestricted in the use of mutton as in that of grain and potatoes. Twice in the year, that part of the produce which is reserved is thus taken away, and in this manner is maintained all the communication which North Rona has with the external world. The return for all these services, in addition to his food and that of his family, is the large sum of 2*l.* a year. But this is paid in clothes, not in money; and as there were six individuals to clothe, it is easy to apprehend they did not abound in covering. I must add to this, however, the use of a cow, which was brought from Lewis when in milk, and changed when unserviceable. From the milk of his ewes, the tenant contrives to make cheese resembling those for which St. Kilda is so celebrated. There is no peat in the island, but its place is well enough supplied by turf.

During the long discussions whence all this knowledge was procured, I had not observed that our conference was held on the top of the house, roof it could not be called. It being impossible for walls to resist the winds of this boisterous region, the house is excavated in the earth, as if it was the work of the Greenlanders. What there is of wall rises for a foot or two above the surrounding irregular surface and the adjacent stacks of turf help to ward off the violence of the gales. The flat roof is a solid mass of turf and straw, the smoke issuing out of an aperture near the side of the habitation. The very entrance seemed to have been contrived for concealment or defence, and it could not be perceived till pointed out. This is an irregular hole, about four feet high, surrounded by turf; and on entering it, with some precaution, we found a long tortuous passage, somewhat resembling the gallery of a mine, but without a door, which conducted us into the penetralia of the cavern.

The interior resembled the prints which we have seen of a Kamtschatkan hut. Over the embers of a turf-tree sat the ancient

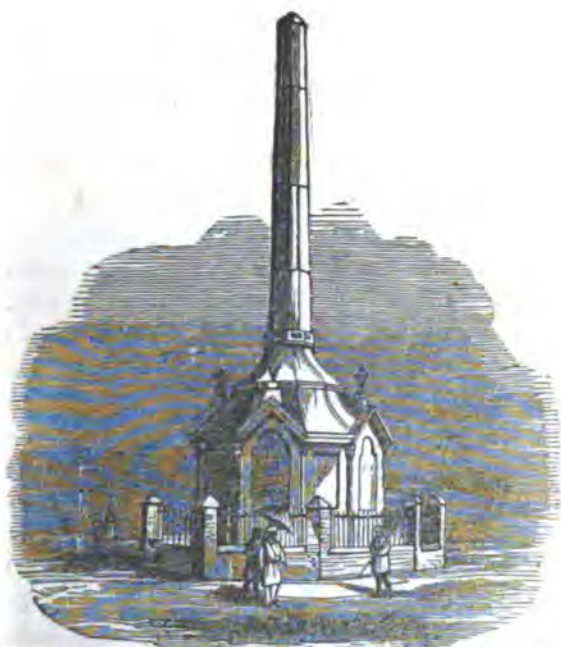
grandmother nursing an infant, which was nearly naked. From the rafters hung festoons of dried fish; but scarcely an article of furniture was to be seen, and there was no light but that which came through the smoke-hole. There was a sort of platform, or dais, on which the fire was raised, where the old woman and her charge sat; and one or two niches, excavated laterally in the ground, and laid with ashes, seemed to be the only bed-places. Why these were not furnished with straw I know not; and of blankets, the provision was as scanty as that of the clothes; possibly, ashes may make a better and softer bed than the straw; but it is far more likely that this insular family could not be forced to make themselves more comfortable. This was certainly a variety in human life worth studying. Everything appeared wretched enough: a smoky subterranean cavern; rain and storm; a deaf octogenarian grandmother; the wife and children half naked; and to add to all this, solitude, and a prison from which there was no escape. Yet the family were well fed, seemed contented, and expressed little concern as to what the rest of the world was doing. To tend the sheep, and house the winter firing; to dig the ground, and reap the harvests in their seasons; to hunt wild-fowl and to catch fish; to fetch water from the pools, keep up the fire, and rock the child to sleep on their knees, seemed occupation enough, and the society of the family itself, society enough.

The women and children, indeed, had probably never extended their notions of a world much beyond the precincts of North Rona; the chief himself seemed to have few cares or wishes that did not centre in it; his only desire being to go to Lewis to christen his infant—a wish in another year he could have gratified. Such is an abridgement of the interesting account given by Macculloch of this distant isle, and the human beings who inhabit it. My readers have here presented to their view the picture of a family which many may consider as the lowest and most hapless condition of any in Great Britain or its adjacent islands; yet the moralists will be delighted to discover, that with all the disadvantages of solitude and desertion, there is even a large amount of actual happiness, comfort, and virtue, in this remote and limited territory.





SURAJAH DOWLAH AND HIS SONS.



THE MONUMENT OF THOSE WHO PERISHED IN THE BLACK HOLE.

Surrender of Calcutta.

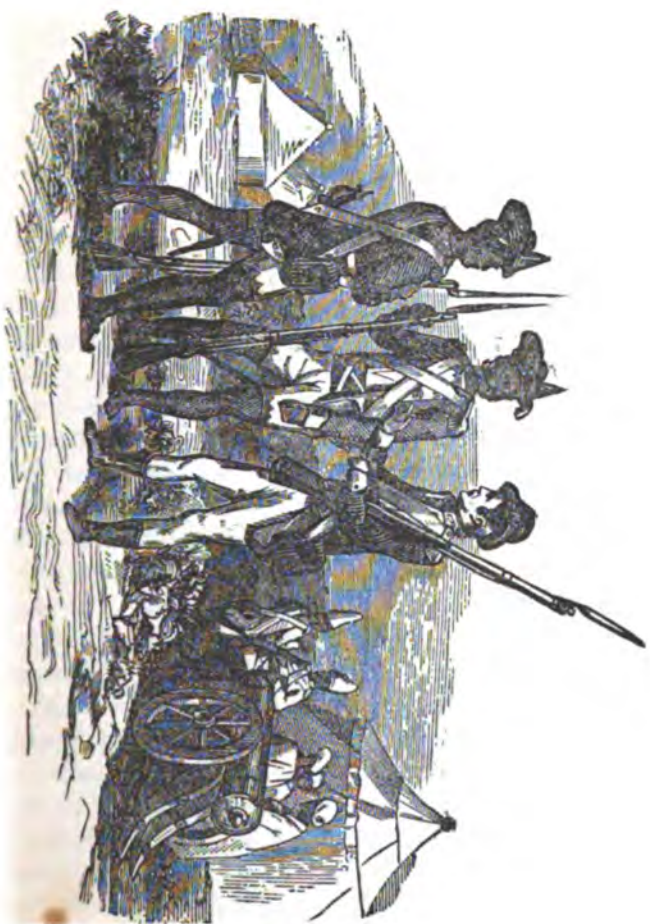


ALCUTTA, the capital of the British colony in India, and a place of wealth and fashion, did not come into the possession of the English without much suffering. Certain events connected with the early history of this splendid Indian metropolis are full of interest.

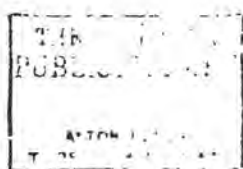
Bengal, in which Calcutta is situated, was the last settlement formed by the adventurous Britons in the eastern part of the Indian dominions, and was long held secondary in point of commercial importance to Madras and the more southern settlements along the coast of Coromandel, lying within that long extent of territory known by the name of the

Carnatic. It was not until the year 1656 that the merchants of Surat obtained leave from the nabob of Bengal to erect a factory at Hooghly, on the river of that name, considerably above the site of the more recent establishment of Calcutta. It was here, however, that the English first attempted to establish political and military power in India. Upon a detail of various wrongs sustained from the native rulers being transmitted home by the factors, the East India Company sent out in 1686 a formidable expedition—the first warlike demonstrations by the British against the Indian authorities—the object of which was no less than to levy war against the Great Mogul and the nabob of Bengal, and this only thirty years after the Company had first obtained a footing in their territories! The result of this rash and ill-advised step was, that the Company speedily lost every shadow of their previous power or importance in every part of India, and were only permitted, after the most humble submission, to retain their settlement in the island of Bombay. These disputes, however, were afterwards amicably settled, and the Company were allowed to re-establish themselves, and resume their traffic as before at Hooghly; nor did they again experience any serious annoyance until the commencement of hostilities between England and France in the year 1744. When this happened, one of the first and chief points against which the French directed their efforts, with the view of crippling Britain, were the Indian settlements—Pondicherry, on the coast of Coromandel, being as yet the only station of any importance which they themselves possessed.

It would be entirely out of place here to detail the continued struggle for the ascendancy in the East which ensued between the rival nations; contending, however, less by open force of arms than secret intrigue with the native rulers, who alternately inclined to the one party or the other as seemed best for their interests and convenience. Suffice it to say, that early in 1761 the French were finally expelled by the British arms from all that quarter of India by the fall of Pondicherry, which surrendered to Colonel Coote. For some years previous to this event the British establishment at Calcutta had been advancing in prosperity with rapid strides, under the friendly aid of Aliverd!



REPORTS.



Khan, an Afghan chief of great talent, who had wrested the viceroyalty or nabobship of Bengal from its legitimate ruler, a weak and impotent prince. Upon Alverdi's death, however, he was succeeded by his grandson, Surajah Dowlah—or, as sometimes spelled Sura-jud-Dowla—a dissolute and tyrannical prince, who, stimulated by the exaggerated reports of the great wealth amassed in the factory, seized the first plausible opportunity for coming to a rupture with the settlers, and commencing hostilities.

The pretext laid hold of for putting his design in execution was the erection of various fortifications, which were then in progress for the defence of Calcutta in case of any attack being made on it by the French, but which Surajah Dowlah chose to construe into preparations against himself. He immediately collected his army, and marched against that place, plundering the English factory of Cossimbazar by the way, and making the governor and members of council prisoners. The garrison of Calcutta at that time did not muster above five hundred and fourteen men, of whom three hundred and forty were sepoys, or native troops, and only one hundred and seventy four were Europeans, totally undisciplined; and attempts were therefore at first made to come to reasonable terms with the nabob, but the fate of Cossimbazar dispelled all hopes of a peaceful accommodation. The attack on Calcutta commenced on the 18th June 1756; and on the same day the whole of the outworks and the external fortifications fell into the hands of the Indians. Though all hope of a successful resistance was now gone, it was agreed in a council of war to hold out till the following night, in order to get time to convey the women and children on board of ship, which was safely accomplished the same night.

At daybreak next day the attack was renewed; and while the situation of the besieged became every hour more distressing, they had the mortification to see all the English, as well as neutral vessels then lying in the Hooghly, weigh anchor and proceed down the river. To complete the wretched dilemma of the troops, Drake the governor was seized with a panic, threw himself into the last remaining boat, and left them to their fate! Mr Holwell was chosen to fill his place, who endeavored to open negotiations for surrender: but the troops in the confusion having

gained access to the liquor, were soon in a state of complete intoxication, and the enemy learning how matters stood, stepped into the fort without resistance.

Of the harrowing event which took place in the fort the night succeeding its capture the following narrative, which originally appeared in a native East India publication, is at once the most correct and striking that has yet been given to the world :

At five o'clock the nabob entered the fort, accompanied by his general, Meer Jaffier, and most of the principal officers of his army. He immediately proceeded to the principal apartment of the factory, where he sat in state, and received the compliments of his court and attendants in magnificent expressions of his prowess and good fortune. Soon after he sent for Mr. Holwell, to whom he expressed much resentment at the presumption of the English in daring to defend the fort, and much dissatisfaction at the smallness of the sum found in the treasury, which did not exceed fifty thousand rupees. Mr. Holwell had two other conferences with him on this subject before seven o'clock, when the nabob dismissed him with repeated assurances, on the word of a soldier, that he should suffer no harm.

Mr. Holwell, returning to his unfortunate companions, found them assembled and surrounded by a strong guard: several buildings on the north and south sides of the fort were already in flames, which approached with so thick a smoke on either hand that the prisoners imagined their enemies had caused this conflagration in order to suffocate them between the two fires. On each side of the eastern gate of the fort extended a range of chambers adjoining to the curtain, and before the chambers a veranda or open gallery: it was of arched masonry, and intended to shelter the soldiers from the sun and rain, but being low, almost totally obstructed the chambers behind from the light and air; and whilst some of the guards were looking in other parts of the factory for proper places to confine the prisoners during the night, the rest ordered them to assemble in ranks under the veranda, on the right hand of the gateway, where they remained for some time with so little suspicion of their impending fate that they laughed among themselves at the seeming oddity of this disposition, and amused themselves with conjecturing

what they should next be ordered to do. About eight o'clock those who had been sent to examine the rooms reported that they had found none fit for the purpose: on which the principal officer commanded the prisoners to go into one of the rooms which stood behind them along the veranda. It was the dungeon of the garrison, who used to call it "The Black Hole." Many of the prisoners, knowing the place, began to expostulate, upon which the officer ordered his men to cut those down who hesitated—the prisoners then obeyed; but before all were within the room was so thronged that the last entered with difficulty: the guard immediately closed the door and locked it fast, confining one hundred and forty six persons in a room not twenty feet square, with only two small windows, and those obstructed by the veranda. It was the hottest season of the year, and the night uncommonly sultry even at this season. The excessive pressure of their bodies against one another, and the intolerable heat which prevailed as soon as the door was shut, convinced the prisoners that it was impossible to live through the night in this horrible confinement, and violent attempts were immediately made to force the door, but without effect for it opened inwards, on which many began to give loose to rage.

Mr. Holwell, who placed himself at one of the windows, exhorted them to remain composed both in body and mind, as the only means of surviving the night; and his remonstrances produced a short interval of quiet, during which he applied to an old *jemautdar*, who bore some marks of humanity about him, promising to give him one thousand rupees in the morning if he would separate the prisoners into two chambers. The old man went to try, but returning in a few minutes, said it was impossible; when Mr. Holwell offered him a larger sum, on which he retired once more, and returned with the fatal sentence, that no relief could be expected, because "*the nabob was asleep, and no one dared to wake him.*" In the meantime every minute had increased their sufferings. The first effect of their confinement was a continued sweat, which soon produced intolerable thirst, succeeded by excruciating pains in the chest, with difficulty of breathing little short of suffocation. Various means were tried to obtain more room and air. Every one stripped off his clothes

and every hat was put in motion ; and these methods affording no relief, it was proposed that they should all sit down on their hams at the same time, and, after remaining a little while in this posture, rise all together. This fatal expedient was thrice repeated before they had been confined an hour, and every time several, unable to raise themselves up again, fell, and were trampled to death by their companions. Attempts were again made to force the door, which, failing as before, redoubled their rage ; but the thirst increasing, nothing but "*Water ! Water !*" became soon after the general cry. The good *jemautdar* immediately ordered some skins of water to be brought to the windows ; but instead of relief, his benevolence became a more dreadful cause of destruction, for the sight of the water threw every one into such excessive agitations and ravings, that, unable to resist this violent impulse of nature, none could wait to be regularly served, but each man battled with the utmost ferocity against those who were likely to get before him ; and in these conflicts many were either pressed to death by the efforts of others, or suffocated by their own.

This scene, instead of exciting compassion in the guard without only awakened their mirth ; and they held up lights to the bars in order to have the diabolical satisfaction of seeing the deplorable contention of the sufferers within, who, finding it impossible to get any water whilst it was thus furiously disputed, at length suffered those who were nearest to the windows to convey it in their hats to those behind them. It proved no relief either to their thirst or other sufferings, for the fever increased every moment with the increasing depravity of the air of the dungeon, which had been so often respired, and was saturated with the hot and deleterious effluvia of putrefying bodies, of which the stench was little less than mortal.

Before midnight, all who were alive, and had not partaken of the air of the windows, were either in lethargic stupefaction or raving with delirium. Every kind of invective and abuse was uttered in hope of provoking the guard to put an end to their miseries by firing into the dungeon ; and whilst some were blaspheming their Creator with frantic execrations of torment in despair, Heaven was implored by others with wild and incoherent

prayers, until the weaker, exhausted by these agitations, at length lay down quietly and expired on the bodies of their dead and agonizing friends. Those who still survived in the inward part of the dungeon, finding that the water had afforded them no relief, made a last effort to obtain air, by endeavoring to scramble over the heads of those who stood between them and the windows, where the utmost strength of every one was employed for two hours either in maintaining his own ground, or endeavoring to get that of which others were in possession.

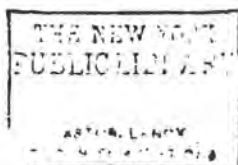
All regards of compassion and affection were lost, and no one would recede or give way for the relief of another. Faintness sometimes gave short pauses of quiet, but the first motion of any one renewed the struggle through all, under which ever and anon some one sunk to rise no more. At two o'clock not more than fifty remained alive; but even this number was too many to partake of the saving air, the contest for which and life continued until morn, long implored, began to break, and with the hope of relief gave the survivors a view of the dead. The survivors then at the window, seeing that their entreaties could not prevail on the guard to open the door, it occurred to Mr. Cook, the secretary to the council, that Mr. Holwell, if alive, might have more influence to obtain their relief; and two of the company undertaking the search, discovered him, having still some signs of life: but when they brought him near the window every one refused to quit his place, excepting Captain Mills, who, with rare generosity, offered to resign his, on which the rest likewise agreed to make room. He had scarcely begun to recover his senses before an officer, sent by the nabob, came and inquired if the English chief survived; and soon after the same man returned with an order to open the prison.

The dead were so thronged, and the survivors had so little strength remaining, that they were employed for nearly half an hour in removing the bodies which lay against the door before they could clear a passage to get out one by one; when of one hundred and forty six who went in, no more than twenty-three came out alive, the ghastliest forms that ever were seen on the earth! The nabob's troops beheld them and the havoc of death from which they had escaped with perfect indifference, but did

not prevent them from removing to a distance, and were immediately obliged, by the intolerable stench, to clear the dungeon, whilst others dug a ditch on the outside of the fort, into which all the dead bodies were promiscuously thrown.

The success of the barbarian who inflicted these sufferings was short lived. Calcutta was retaken a year after by Clive and others; as will be related in our next article. A monument has been erected to the memory of those who perished in the Black Hole, of which a correct representation is placed at the head of this article.







COLONEL OLIVE.

Successes of Colonel Clive in India.



THE French and English had both settled, for the sake of commerce, on the wealthy coasts of India. The English settlements were at Madras, on the Coromandel, or east coast of the Indian peninsula, and at Calcutta, in Bengal; the French were at Pondicherry, on the former coast, and at Chandernagore in the latter. The English, devoted only to trade, abstained from taking any share in the politics of the country, and the quarrels of the native princes; but the French, whose character it is to be restless, ambitious, and encroaching, could not long remain at repose. Dupleix, the governor of Pondicherry, by taking advantage of the circumstance of there being a dispute for two of the native thrones, to be able to extend the French influence over the greater part of the peninsula, and to expel the English. He, therefore, took part with the candidates whom he deemed best suited to his purpose, and there remained no choice for the English but to support their rivals, or submit to be driven out of the country.

In the contest which ensued, the great military talents of Robert Clive found a fitting opportunity for their developement. He was the son of a respectable attorney in Shropshire, and at the age of nineteen, he had come out to India in the civil service of the East India Company; but not relishing that service, he obtained a commission in their troops, and he soon distinguished himself on various occasions. One of the candidates supported by the Company, being reduced to a low state, and besieged by

his rival, Clive suggested, as the only means of his relief, to lay siege in return to Arcot, the capital of the latter. His proposal was accepted, and the task was committed to himself. At the head of a force, consisting of only two hundred Europeans and three hundred sepoy, or native troops, he set out to attack a fort garrisoned by eleven hundred men, and in a city with one one hundred thousand inhabitants. The garrison, however, retired at his approach, and the people received him favorably. Here, however, he soon found himself besieged by an army of ten thousand native troops, and one hundred and fifty French, well supplied with artillery, while his own force was reduced to one hundred and twenty Europeans and two hundred sepoy; and the works of the fort, which was a mile in extent, were in a ruinous condition. Yet he gallantly maintained the place for the space of fifty days, repelled every attack, and finally forced the enemy to raise the siege and retire! He afterwards gave the French and their allies two successive defeats; and the French influence and power sank as rapidly as they had risen.

When intelligence of the fall of Calcutta reached Madras, it was resolved to send an expedition to Bengal. The command was given to Clive, who had landed, on his return from England, on the very day that Calcutta was taken. The troops sent were nine hundred Europeans and fifteen hundred sepoy; the fleet was commanded by Admiral Watson. Calcutta was recovered at once. Surajah Dowlah then advanced toward it with a large army; but while he was trying to amuse Clive by offers of friendship, and promises to restore the property he had seized, the latter, who had discovered that he was insincere, made a sudden attack on his camp before daybreak one morning, which so frightened him, that he agreed at once to all the demands of the English.

Shortly after, Clive ascertained that Surajah Dowlah was preparing to unite his forces with those of the French; and as he had always been of opinion that it was impossible for the French and English to co-exist in India, and that one or the other must be expelled, he felt no scruple at taking part in a conspiracy for the dethronement of that prince by some of his principal officers. As he now lay at a place named Plassey, with an army of fifteen thousand horse and thirty-five thousand foot, Clive advanced

against him, though his forces did not exceed three thousand men, of whom not quite a third were Europeans. When he approached the enemy's camp, he posted his men in a grove, which was defended by mud-banks. The enemy advanced and cannonaded them till noon, and then retired to their fortified camp. Clive then attacked in his turn; he stormed an angle of the camp, routed the Indian army, and pursued it for a space of six miles. Its loss, however, was only five hundred men. This almost bloodless victory, as we may call it, secured the power of the English in India. Surajah Dowlah was slain as he was flying from his capital. His successor, Meer Jaffier, bestowed immense sums of money and revenues in land on Clive and on the Company; and Clive returned to England at the age of thirty-five, with an income of £40,000 a year, fairly and honorably acquired. He is justly regarded as the founder of the British empire in India; for, independent of what he gained for the Company at that time, he afterwards obtained for them, from the Emperor of Dehli, a grant of the provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa.

It is much to be lamented that most of the persons afterwards employed by the Company, thought more of enriching themselves than of obeying the dictates of justice and humanity, and of sustaining the honor of their country. The natives were pillaged in the most merciless manner; and immense fortunes were acquired in a very short space of time by men who had come out to India, in many cases penniless adventurers. These men, on their return to England, made the most offensive display of their wealth, exhibiting the luxury of the East with all the insolence of upstarts. They were generally called Nabobs, such being an eastern term for a prince. In the novels and dramas of the time they make a conspicuous figure.

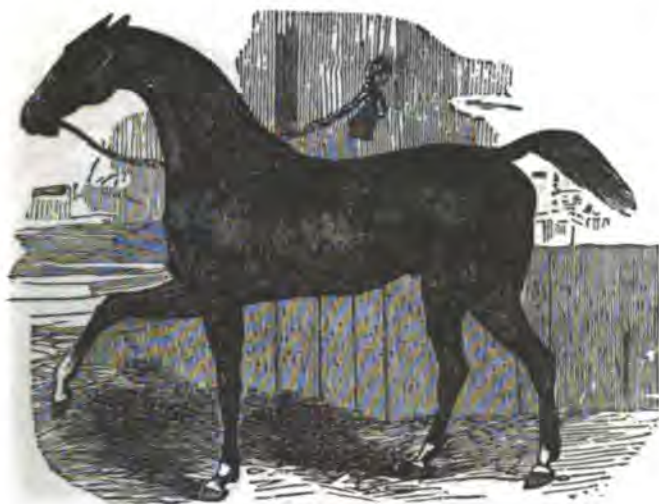
While the arms of England were thus triumphant in all parts of the world, George II., died suddenly of apoplexy, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. He was succeeded on the throne by his grandson of the same name.



Anecdotes of Horses.



THE feats of celebrated horses are duly chronicled in books devoted to sporting subjects, and we shall merely notice them incidentally. The most extraordinary instance, perhaps, of the stoutness, as well as speed of the race-horse, was afforded by Quibbler, who, in December, 1786, ran twenty-three miles round the flat at Newmarket, in fifty-seven minutes and ten seconds! In 1772, a mile was run by Firetail in one minute and four seconds, and Flying Childers ran over the Beacon Course (four miles, one furlong, one hundred and thirty-eight yards) in seven minutes and thirty se-



FLYING CHILDERS.

onds! On the 29th of September, 1838, a trial of speed took place between the Oural Cossacks and the Kerguise Kaisaks, over a course of eighteen versts, said to be equal to thirteen and a half English miles. The race was run by many horses of great speed, but gained by twins, who ran neck and neck the whole distance, arriving at the winning post in twenty-four minutes thirty-five seconds! And it is said that the Sultan's son rode a Kerguise Kaisak black horse over the same course in nineteen minutes.

In 1745, Mr. Thornton rode from Stilton to London, back, and again to London, making two hundred and fifteen miles, in eleven hours, on the turnpike road and uneven ground; and, when the wretched state of the roads at that period is considered, the feat was truly remarkable.

Perhaps the most singular struggle on record was that between Tarragon, Handel, and Astbury, at Newcastle Under-Lyne. Of the first *three* heats there was no winner, Tarragon and Handel being each time nose and nose; and although Astbury was stated to have been third in the first heat, yet he was so nearly on a level with the others that there was a difficulty in placing him as



GODOLPHIN ARABIAN.

such. After the second heat the steward requested two other gentlemen to look with him steadily as they came, to try to decide in favor of one of them, but it was impossible to do so. In the third dead heat, Tarragon and Handel, had struggled with each other until they reeled about as if they were drunk, and could scarcely carry their riders to the scales. Astbury who had lain by after the first heat, then came out and won.

One of the most celebrated race-horses England has seen was the Godolphin Arabian, who was bought in France when actually engaged in drawing a cart. Between this noble animal and a cat a most loving friendship existed. When in the stable, puss always either sat upon his back, or nestled as closely to him as she could; and at his death she refused her food, and pined away and died. Mr. Holcroft gives a similar relation of a racer and a cat, whom the horse used to take up in his mouth and mount on his back without hurting her, she perfectly understanding this singular mode of conveyance.

There was another celebrated horse of yore, called the "Mad Arabian," from his great ferocity and ungovernable temper. This

horse—Chillaby by name—savagely tore in pieces the figure of a man purposely placed in his way, and could only be approached by one groom. Yet with all this ferocity, he evinced the most tender affections for a lamb, who used to employ himself for many an hour in butting away flies that annoyed his friend.

It is well known how thoroughly racers enter into the spirit of the course. Of this a noble horse called Forrester presented a remarkable illustration. Forrester had won many a hardly contested race, but in an evil hour was matched against an extraordinary horse called Elephant. It was a four-mile course, and at the distancing post the horses were nose to nose. Between this and the winning post Elephant got a little ahead. Forrester made every effort to recover this lost ground, until, finding all his efforts ineffectual, he made one desperate plunge, siezed his antagonist by the jaw, and could scarcely be forced to quit his hold. A similar instance occurred in 1753, when a fine horse belonging to Mr. Quinn was rendered so frantic at seeing his antagonist gradually passing him, that he seized him by the leg, and both riders were obliged to dismount and combine their efforts to separate the animals.

The celebrated Eclipse, who never was beaten, was remarkably low in front, his hind-quarters even rising above his fore ones. As we have mentioned the name of this unrivalled runner, we cannot do less than give some particulars of his history.

He was bred by the Duke of Cumberland, and sold at his death to Mr. Wildham, a sheep salesman, for seventy-five guineas. Colonel O'Kelly purchased a share of him from Wildham. In the spring of the following year, when the reputation of this wonderful animal was at its height, O'Kelly wished to become the sole owner of him, and bought the remaining share for eleven hundred guineas.

O'Kelly, aware of his horse's powers, backed him freely on his first race in 1769. This excited curiosity among sporting men; they thought the colonel must have had some extraordinary reason for betting largely on a horse that no one had ever heard of before, and that had not given any public proof of his powers. Some persons, accordingly, tried to watch one of his trials; which the owner, no doubt, wished to keep as secret as possible. They



ECLIPSE.

were a little too late on the ground ; but they found an old woman, who gave them all the information they wanted. On their inquiring, whether she had seen a race, she replied, she could not tell whether it was a race or not, but she had just seen a horse with a white leg running away at a monstrous rate, and another horse, a great way behind, trying to run after him ; but she was sure he would never catch the white-legged horse if he ran to the world's end.

The first heat was easily won, when O'Kelly, observing that the rider had been pulling at Eclipse during the whole of the race, offered a wager that he would *place* the horses in the next heat (that is, that he would name the order in which they would be when the former reached the winning post.) This seemed a thing so highly improbable that he immediately had bets to a large amount. Being called on to declare, he replied—"Eclipse first, and the rest nowhere !" The event justified his prediction ; for all the others were *distanced* by Eclipse with the greatest ease (that is, he was at the winning post before they had reached another

two hundred and forty yards behind it, called the distancing post,) and thus, in the language of the turf, they had no place.

The pecuniary value of Eclipse and his progeny must have been something enormous. He was the sire of three hundred and fifty-four winners, and these netted to their owners more than £160,000, exclusive of plates and cups. Ten years after he was withdrawn from the turf; O'Kelly was asked at what price he would sell him. At first he peremptorily refused to accept any price; but after some reflection, he said he would take £25,000, with an annuity of £500, besides certain privileges. The seeming extravagance of this sum excited considerable remark, but O'Kelly declared he had already cleared more than £25,000 by Eclipse, and that the animal was still young enough to earn double that sum.

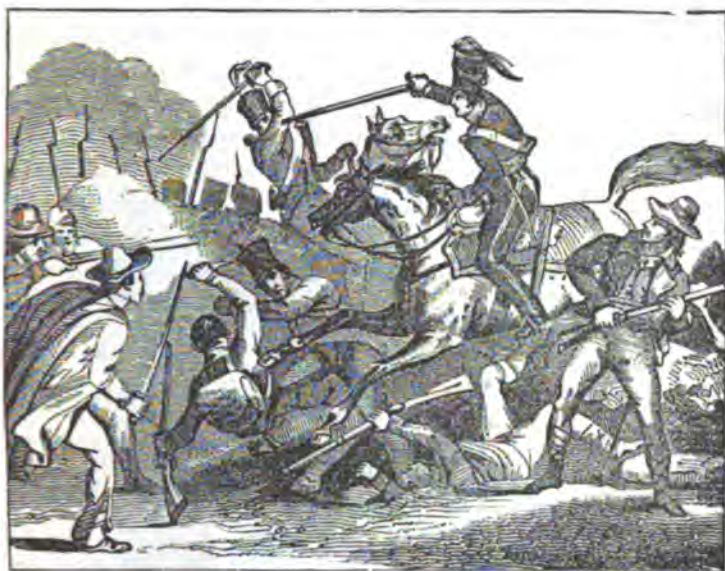




Sagacity of the Horse.



THE following anecdote, related by Professor Kugler, of Halle, proves the sagacity of the horse:—A friend of his, riding home, on a dark night, through a wood, struck his head against a branch of a tree, and fell stunned to the ground. The horse immediately returned to the house they had left, and which was now closed, for the family had gone to bed. He pawed at the door until some one rose and opened it, and then he turned about; and the man, wondering at the affair, followed him. The faithful and intelligent animal led him to the place where his master lay senseless. A still more interesting incident, of a similar kind, occurred in England:—A little girl, the daughter of a gentleman in Warwickshire, playing on the banks of a canal which runs through



HORSE, LEAPING OVER WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN A CHARGE.

his grounds, fell into the water, and would in all probability have been drowned, had not a small pony, which had long been kept in the family, plunged into the stream, and brought the child safely to land.

Mr. Jesse gives an instance of what may fairly be called the sensibility of the horse, and his keen perception of danger. A friend of his was riding a horse one day in India, attended by a spaniel which had long been its companion. The dog ran into some long grass, and came out crying and shaking its head; the horse, contrary to his usual custom, not only avoided the dog, but showed the utmost dread of his coming near him. The dog soon died, and upon examination it was found that he had been bitten in the tongue by a venomous snake.

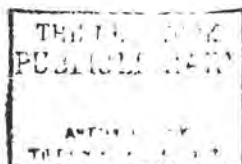
But the horse's sensibility is not a selfish quality; he often displays the most generous solicitude, to avoid injuring other creatures. It is not an uncommon thing for a fallen soldier to escape without one touch of a hoof, though a charge of cavalry pass over his prostrate body, every animal in the line leaping

clear over him. An old horse belonging to a carter in Strathnegie, Fifeshire, had become particularly familiar with the ways of children, for his master had a large family. One day, as this animal was dragging a loaded cart through a narrow lane near the village, a young child happened to be sprawling in the road, and would inevitably have been crushed by the wheels, if the sagacious old horse had not prevented it. He carefully took up the child by the clothes with his teeth, carried it for a few yards, and then placed it on a bank by the wayside, moving slowly all the while, and looking back to satisfy himself that the wheels of the cart had cleared it.





SIR ROBERT GILLESPIE AND THE TIGER.



Feat of Sir Robert Gillespie.



COURAGE is a quality of great importance in a horse, and some possess it in a high degree. It is worthy, too, of remark, that there is often something more than mere natural indifference to danger, something of an intellectual character in the courage of the horse.

He *learns* to overcome his fears. At the sight of a tiger a horse has been known to become wholly paralysed with terror, and incapable of resistance, or even of flight; and yet this instinctive dread of mortal foes can be eradicated by education, and a reliance on the protection of man. A remarkable proof of this is, that the hunting leopard is allowed by the well-trained horse to spring on his back, either behind or before his master, when he goes a-field in pursuit of game.

One of the most signal instances of courage on the part of horse and rider, and of perfect concert between both, is that recorded of the late Sir Robert Gillespie and his Arab. Sir Robert being present on the race-course of Calcutta during one of the great Hindoo festivals, when many thousands are assembled to witness all sorts of shows, was suddenly alarmed by the shrieks and commotion of the crowd. On being informed that a tiger had escaped from his keepers, he immediately called for his horse, and with no other weapon than a boar-spear snatched from a bystander, he rode to attack this formidable enemy. The tiger was probably amazed at finding himself in the middle

of such a number of shrieking beings flying from him in all directions; but the moment he perceived Sir Robert, he crouched in the attitude of preparing to spring upon him; and that instant the gallant soldier passed his horse in a leap over the tiger's back, and struck the spear through his spine. It was a feat requiring the utmost conceivable unity of purpose and movement on the part of horse and rider, almost realising for the moment the fable of the centaur. Had either swerved or wavered for a second, both had been lost. But the brave steed knew his rider. The animal was a small gray, and was afterwards sent home as a present to the Prince Regent.

Sir Robert fell subsequently at the storming of Kalunga. Another horse of his, a favorite black charger, bred at the Cape of Good Hope, and carried by him to India, was, at the sale of his effects, competed for by several officers of his division, and finally knocked down to the privates of the 8th dragoons, who contributed their prize-money, to the amount of £500 sterling, to retain this commemoration of their late commander. The charger was always led at the head of the regiment on a march, and at the station of Cawnpore was usually indulged with taking his ancient post at the color stand, where the salute of passing squadrons was given at drill and on reviews. When the regiment was ordered home, the funds of the privates running low, he was bought for the same sum by a gentleman, who provided funds and a paddock for him, where he might end his days in comfort; but when the corps had marched, and the sound of the trumpet had departed, he refused to eat, and on the first opportunity, being led out to exercise, he broke from his groom, and galloping to his ancient station on the parade, after neighing aloud dropped down and died.



Wild Horses of the Steppes.



ARE there any genuine wild horses in existence—that is to say, and that are not descended, like those of South America, from a domesticated stock? Naturalists have all concurred until very recently in answering this question negatively. They were of opinion that, as in the case of the sheep, the goat, and some other domestic animals, not a singular indication remains by which we can judge of the form, the color, or the habits, by which the horse was characterized before it became the servant of man, or how far it may have differed from the present domesticated races. But this opinion is entirely gratuitous, and unsupported by a single fact. They choose to assume, in defiance of probability and of testimony, that the herds of horses that roam over the vast unexplored regions of Central Asia are not wild but

feral (that is, sprung from a tame stock,) for no other reason than because they are not very unlike our ordinary domestic breeds. Colonel Hamilton Smith, a writer of great authority, has combated these notions with great force.

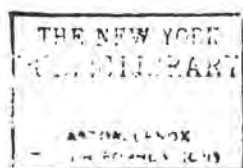
"Whatever," he says, "may be the lucubrations of naturalists in their cabinets, it does not appear that the Tahtar or even the Cossack nations have any doubt upon the subject; for they assert that they can distinguish a feral breed from the wild by many tokens, and naming the former *takja* and *muzin*, they denominate the real wild horse *tarpan* and *tarpani*. We have had some opportunity of making personal inquiries on wild horses among a considerable number of Cossacks of different parts of Russia, and among Bashkirs, Kirguise, and Calmucks, and with a sufficient recollection of the statements of Pallas and Buffon's information obtained from M. Sanchez, to direct the questions to most of the points at issue. From the answers of Russian officers of this irregular cavalry, who spoke French or German, we drew the general conclusion of their general belief in a true wild and untameable species of horse, and in herds that were of mixed origin. Those most acquainted with a nomadic life, and in particular an orderly Cossack attached to a Tahtar chief as Russian interpreter, furnished us with the substance of the following notice. The *tarpani* form herds of several hundreds, subdivided into smaller troops, each headed by a stallion; they are not found unmixed excepting towards the border of China; they prefer wide, open, elevated steppes, and always proceed in lines or files, usually with the head to windward, moving slowly forward while grazing, the stallions leading, and occasionally going round their own troop. Young stallions are often at some distance, and single, because they are expelled by the older, until they can form a troop of mares of their own; their heads are seldom observed to be down for any length of time; they utter now and then a kind of snort, with a low neigh somewhat like a horse expecting his oats, but yet are distinguishable by the voice from any domestic species, excepting the woolly Calmuck breed. They have a remarkably piercing sight, the point of a Cossack spear at a great distance on the horizon, seen behind a bush, being sufficient to make a whole troop halt; but this is not a token of alarm; it soon resumes its

march, till some young stallion on the skirts begins to blow his nostrils, moves his ears in all directions with rapidity, and trots or scampers forward to reconnoitre, the head being very high, and the tail out; if his curiosity is satisfied, he stops and begins to graze; but if he takes alarm, he flings up his croup, turns round, and with peculiarly shrill neighing warns the herd, which immediately turns round, and gallops off at an amazing rate, with the stallions in the rear, stopping and looking back repeatedly, while the males and foals disappear as if by enchantment, because, with unerring tact, they select the first swell of ground, or ravine, to conceal them, until they re-appear at a great distance, generally in a direction to preserve the lee-side of the apprehended danger. Although bears and wolves occasionally prowl after a herd, they will not venture to attack it, for the sultan-stallion will instantly meet the enemy, and, rising on his haunches, strike him down with his fore-feet; and should he be worsted, which is seldom the case, another stallion becomes the champion; and in the case of a troop of wolves, the herd forms a close mass, with the foals within, and the stallions charge in a body, which no troop of wolves will venture to encounter. Carnivora, therefore, must be contented with aged or injured stragglers.

"The sultan-stallion is not, however, suffered to retain the chief authority for more than one season without opposition from others, rising, in the confidence of youthful strength, to try by battle whether the leadership should not be confided to them, and the defeated party driven from the herd in exile. These animals are found in the greatest purity in the Kara Koom, south of the lake Aral, and the Syrdaria, near Kusneh, on the banks of the river Tom, in the territory of the Kalkas, the Mongoloian deserts, and the solitudes of the Gobi. Within the Russian frontier there are, however, some adulterated herds, in the vicinity of the fixed settlements, distinguishable by the variety of their colors, and a selection of residence less remote from human habitations. Real tarpans are not larger than ordinary mules; their color is invariably tan, Isabella, or mouse, being all shades of the same livery, and only varying in depth by the growth or decrease of a whitish surcoat, longer than the hair, increasing from midsummer and shedding in May; during the cold season it is long, heavy

and soft, lying so close as to feel like a bear's fur, and then is entirely grizzled; in summer much falls away, leaving only a certain quantity on the back and loins: the head is small; the forehead greatly arched; and the ears far back, either long or short; the eyes small and malignant; the chin and muzzle beset with bristles; the neck rather thin, and crested with a thick rugged mane, which, like the tail, is black, as are also the pasterns, which are long; the hoofs are narrow, high, and rather pointed; the tail, descending only to the hocks, is furnished with coarse and rather curly or wavy hairs, close up to the crupper; the croup is as high as the withers. The voice of the tarpan is loud, and shriller than that of a domestic horse; and their action, standing, and general appearance resembles somewhat those of vicious mules. Such is the general evidence obtained from the orderly before mentioned; a man who was a perfect model of an independent trooper of the desert, and who had spent ten or twelve years on the frontiers of China."

In spring the wild horses suffer much from the attacks of wolves on the strong glens from the herd. The wolves, have to indemnify themselves for the severe fast of the winter, and are just as desirous as the horses to get themselves into good condition again. The foals, too, are just then most delicate, and a wolf will any day prefer a young foal, to a sheep, or a calf. The wolf accordingly is constantly prowling about the tabooon during the spring, and the horses are bound to be always prepared to do battle, in defence of the younger members of the community. The wolf, as the weaker party, trusts more to cunning than strength. For a party of wolves openly to attack a tabooon at noon-day, would be to rush upon certain destruction; and however severely the wolf may be pressed by hunger, he knows his own weakness too well, to venture on so absurd an act of temerity. At night, indeed, if the tabooon happen to be a little scattered, and the wolves in tolerable numbers, they will sometimes attempt a rush, and a general battle ensues. An admirable spirit of coalition then displays itself among the horses. On the first alarm, stallions and mares come charging up to the threatened point, and attack the wolves with an impetuosity that often puts the prowlers to instant flight. Soon, however





WOLVES ATTACKING A HORSE.

if they feel themselves sufficiently numerous, they return, and hover about the taboo, till some poor foal struggle a few yards from the main body, when it is seized by the enemy, while the mother, springing to its rescue, is nearly certain to share the same fate. Then it is that the battle begins in real earnest. The mares form a circle, within which the foals take shelter. We have seen pictures in which the horses are represented in a circle, presenting their hind hoofs to the wolves, who thus appear to have the free choice to fight, or let it alone. Such pictures are the mere result of imagination, and bear very little resemblance to the reality; for the wolf has, in general, to pay much more dearly for his partiality to horseflesh. The horses, when they attack wolves, do not turn their tails towards them, but charge in solid phalanx, tearing them with their teeth, and trampling on them with their feet. The stallions do not fall into the phalanx, but gallop about with streaming tails, and curled manes, and seem to act, at once, as generals, trumpeters, and standard bearers. When they see a wolf, they rush upon him with reckless fury, mouth to mouth, or if they use their feet as weapons of defence, it is always with the front, and not with the hinder hoof, that the attack is made. With one blow the stallion often kills his enemy, or stuns him. If so, he snatches the body up with his teeth, and flings it to the mares, who trample upon it till it becomes hard to tell what sort of animal the skin belonged to. If the stallion, however, fails to strike a home blow at the first onset, he is likely to fight a losing battle, for eight or ten hungry wolves fasten on his throat, and never quit him till they have torn him to the ground: and if the horse be prompt and skilful in attack, the wolf is not deficient in sagacity, but watches for every little advantage, and is quick to avail himself of it; but let him not hope, even if he succeed in killing a horse that he will be allowed leisure to pick the bones: the taboo never fails to take ample vengeance, and the battle most invariably terminates in the complete discomfiture of the wolves, though not, perhaps, till more than one stallion has had his leg permanently disabled, or has had his side marked for life with the impress of his enemy's teeth.

These grand battles happen but seldom, but when they do occur

it is probably always against the wolf's wish. His system of warfare is a predatory one, and his policy is rather to surprise outposts, than to meditate a general attack. He trusts more to his cunning than his strength. He will creep cautiously through the grass, taking special care to keep to leeward of the taboo, and will remain concealed in ambush, till he perceive a mare and her foal grazing a little apart from the rest. Even then he makes no attempt to spring upon his prey, but keeps creeping nearer and nearer, with his head leaning on his fore feet, and wagging his tail in a friendly manner, to imitate, as much as possible, the movements and gestures of a watch dog. If the mare, deceived by the treacherous pantomime, venture near enough to the enemy, he will spring at her throat, and despatch her before she have time to raise an alarm; then, seizing on the foal, he will make off with his booty, and be out of sight perhaps before either herd or herdsman suspect his presence. It is not often, however, that the wolf succeeds in obtaining so easy a victory. If the mare detect him, an instant alarm is raised, and the wolf is trodden to death by the herd of horses. The wolf's only chance, on such occasions, is to make for the first ravine, down which he rolls head foremost.







CALMUCK COURTSHIP.

Adventures and Customs of the Calmucks.



THE Calmucks, a principal branch of the great Mongul stock, are more widely dispersed over the globe than any other, even the Arabs not excepted. Tribes of this people occur over all the country of Upper Asia, between thirty-eight and fifty-two degrees north latitude, and from the northernmost bend of the Hoang-ho to the banks of the Volga. They are the Hippophagi, or eaters of Horseflesh, of Pliny, and the more ancient historians. They have very large settlements in the neighborhood of Taganrok, and there Dr. Clarke had an opportunity of studying their habits and appearance. Calmuck men and women were continually galloping their horses through the streets of the town, or lounging in the public places. The women, he says, ride better than the men, and a male Calmuck on horseback looks as if he was intoxicated, and likely to fall off every instant, though he never loses his seat; but the women sit with much ease, and ride with extraordinary skill.

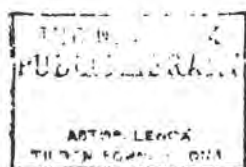
The ceremony of marriage among the Calmucks is performed on horseback. A girl is first mounted and rides off at full speed. Her lover pursues, and if he overtakes her she becomes his wife on the spot, and then returns with him to his tent. But it sometimes happens that the woman does not wish to marry the person by whom she is pursued, in which case she will not suffer him to overtake her; and Dr. Clarke was assured that no instance

occurs of a Calmuck girl being thus caught unless she has a partiality for her pursuer. If she dislikes him she rides, in English sporting phrase, *neck or nothing*, until she has completely escaped, or until the pursuer's horse is tired out, leaving her at liberty to return, to be afterwards chased by some more favored admirer.

It appears that some of the Persian women are not inferior to the Calmucks. During Sir John Malcolm's first mission to Persia, he, when riding one day near a small encampment of Afshar families, expressed doubts to his Mehmander, a Persian nobleman, as to the reputed boldness and skill in horsemanship of their females. The Mehmander immediately called to a young woman of handsome appearance, and asked her in Turkish, if she was a soldier's daughter. She said she was. "And you expect to be a mother of soldiers?" She smiled. "Mount that horse," said he, pointing to one with a bridle, but without a saddle, "and show this European Elchee the difference between a girl of a tribe, and a citizen's daughter." She instantly sprang upon the animal, and, setting off at full speed, did not stop till she had reached the summit of a small hill in the vicinity, which was covered with loose stones. When there she waved her hand over her head, and came down the hill at the same rate at which she had ascended it. Nothing could be more dangerous than the ground over which she galloped; but she appeared quite fearless, and seemed delighted at having the opportunity of vindicating the females of her tribe from the reproach of being like the ladies of cities.









CIRCASSIANS.

The Cossacks and Circassians.



UNDER the name of Cossacks of the Bug, of the Don, of the Ural, of Orenburg, of Astrakhan—Cossacks of the Black Sea—and Siberian Cossacks—this hardy and spirited race is disseminated over all the southern portions of European and Asiatic Russia. Every man of them, between the age of fifteen and fifty, is a soldier, eager for war, and ready

to engage in it, no matter at what extremity of the earth. The Russian empire is undoubtedly indebted to these tribes for the

vest extension of its dominion; and Europe has to thank them for the preservation of her civilization, when threatened by the ruthless Tartar invaders. Nature seems to have fitted the Cossack to become the conqueror of the Tribes of the Desert by endowments as peculiar as those which enable the camel to traverse it. Distance and climate vanish before his wandering and adventurous spirit; the regions where the burning sun destroys all life and vegetation, or those where "the frost burns froze and cold produces the effect of fire," have never stayed his purpose, or arrested his onward march. With singular versatility he adapts himself to all outward circumstances; as occasion requires, he combines with his warlike profession the labors of the husbandman, the fisher, the herdsman, and the trader, and readily abandons one character to adopt the other whenever it may be needful. It is not only at the point of the lance he has subdued the wild inhabitants of so large a portion of the globe; but by his wonderful facility in adapting himself to the customs of the wilderness, and establishing a commercial intercourse with its fiercest hordes. It required a mixture of the reckless and wandering spirit of the sons of Ishmael, with the intense love of gain peculiar to the children of Israel, both of which his character exhibits, to form the wandering merchant, who could trade and defend his merchandize, and who would penetrate, to effect his purpose, a thousand miles away from his station, either towards the hyperborean regions, or through the parched plains of the naked Steppes.

A Russian Czar might speedily collect from amongst this people a larger and more formidable force of cavalry than the whole of united Europe could bring together; and in all the regular cavalry of the Russian line, there never was a horseman, however laboriously drilled, whom the untutored Cossack would not charge, wheel round, and overcome, though armed *cap-a-pie*, with his mere *nagaica*, or whip. The Cossacks are invaluable as light cavalry; they are the most daring and intelligent foragers in the world, who can take care of themselves by instinct, and without taxing the foresight or the ingenuity of the general. Spreading on every side, they strike terror into the neighborhood and render it almost impossible to surprise a Russian force.

Brought up amongst turbulent tribes, the vigilant Cossack never exposes himself to be taken unawares, as all other light troops do, when scattered abroad; and thus he can act even in the midst of a guerilla peasantry.

France still remembers with shuddering rage the two irruptions of those terrible barbarians upon her soil. The fearful image of another Cossack invasion has been embodied by Beranger, the greatest poet of France, in his "Chant du Cosaque," thus vigorously translated by "Father Prout:"—

Come, arouse thee up, my gallant horse, and bear thy rider on!
The comrade thou, and the friend I trow, of the dweller on the Don:
Pillage and death have spread their wings; 'tis the hour to hie thee
forth,

And with thy hoofs an echo wake to the trumpets of the North.
Nor gems, nor gold do men behold upon thy saddle tree;
But earth affords the wealth of lords for thy master and for thee.
Then proudly neigh, my charger grey! Oh! thy chest is broad and
ample.

And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of
her heroes trample.

Europe is weak, she hath grown old, her bulwarks are laid low;
She is loath to hear the voice of war, she shrinketh from a foe:
Come, in our turn, let us sojourn in her goodly haunts of joy,
In the pillared porch to wave the torch, and her palaces destroy:
Proud as when first thou slak'st thy thirst in the flow of conquered
Seine,

Ay, thou shalt lave within that wave thy blood-red flank again:
Then proudly neigh, &c.

Kings are beleagued on their thrones by their own vassal crew,
And in their den quake noblemen, and priests are bearded too.
And loud they yelp for the Cossack's help to keep their bondsmen
down,
And they think it meet, while they kiss our feet, to wear a tyrant's
crown.

The sceptre now to my lance shall bow, and the crosier and the cross,
And shall bend alike, when I lift my pike, and aloft that sceptre toss
Then proudly neigh, &c.

In a night of storm, I have seen a form, and the figure was a giant,
And his eye was bent on the Cossack's tent, and his look was all
defiant.

Kingly his crest, and towards the West with his battle-axe he pointed ;
And the form I saw was—*ATTILA*—of this earth the scourge annointed :
From the Cossack's camp let the horseman's tramp the coming crash
announce ;

Let the vulture whet his beak sharp set on the carrion field to pounce !
And fiercely neigh, &c.

What boots old Europe's boasted fame, on which she sets reliance,
When the North shall launch its avalanche on her works of art and
science ?

Hath she not wept her cities swept by our herds of swarming stallions,
And tower and arch crushed in the march of our barbarous battalions ?
Can we not wield our father's shield, the same war-hatchet handle ?
Do our blades want length, or the reapers strength, for the harvest of
the Vandal ?

Then fiercely neigh, my charger grey ! Oh ! thy chest is broad and
ample,
And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of
her heroes trample.

The horses of the Cossacks, bred on the Steppes, though far inferior to those of the Circassians, are, nevertheless, a serviceable race, strong-boned, well-limbed, and with a good proportion of blood ; though their forms are angular and inelegant, and their necks ewed, they are fast and hardy. The Cossacks, like all equestrian nations, ride with very short stirrups, and they use only the snaffle bridle.

Why is it that all the regular armies of Europe, including that of England, have adopted a style of riding which has no one advantage except that of pleasing the eye, and, in reality, only the eye of those unacquainted with the true principles of equitation ? A rider sitting bolt upright, with his legs at full stretch, is in the worst possible position for grasping the animal's body by the pressure of his thighs, knees, and calves, for exercising an easy control over the mouth, and favoring the efforts of the horse by the motions of the rider's body. According to all the varieties

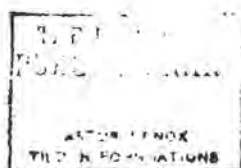
of the long or military system of riding, the horse requires as much teaching as the rider; and nearly every horse, of a vigorous and spirited breed, is ruined by this course of teaching. "All equestrian nations ride with the bended leg, or as it is commonly termed, *short*, simply because experience has taught them its advantages. The English jockies, fox-hunters, and steeple-chasers, who get the utmost speed out of their horse, who teach him to traverse, and assist him over the most tremendous leaps, all ride short. The South American Indians—men who live and die, as it were, on the backs of their horses—the Moors of the coast of Barbary—and the Bedouin Arabs of the Desert, all ride short. The extinct body of Mamelukes, who were Circassians, and the tribes of Circassians now inhabiting the Caucasus—the most dextrous men in the universe, in the use of their arms, and the management of their horses, for all the purposes of combat; who stop them in their wildest gallop, who wheel them round a hat, and who, not riding more than an average of eleven stone, can lift from the saddle the most brawny and burly riding-master as if he were a child—these men not only use nothing but a snaffle, but actually double up the leg and thigh almost in the following manner: <. One moment's examination of the limb in this position, will, by showing the muscles, both of the calf and inner thigh, brought to their utmost prominence, at once explain how singularly the powers of adhesion must be increased by it.

The seat of a Cossack, who is accustomed to back a horse from his earliest childhood, is about as short as that of the English fox-hunter. It is amusing, in the sham fights of Krasnoe Zelo, to see the contemptuous ease with which a single Cossack forager will disengage himself from a dozen or two of cuirassiers of the guard, raining the blows of his lance-shaft about their helms and shoulders, loosening in their saddles those who attempt to stop him, and then getting away from them like a bird, with a laugh of derision in an answer to the curses they mutter after him.

From the perpetual snows of Mount Elbrouz, the highest peak of the Caucasus, two rivers take their rise, the Kouban and the Terek. The former flows westward to the Black Sea, while the

latter runs in an opposite direction to the Caspian. The two together form a natural barrier against the inroads of the Caucasian mountaineers, who are hemmed in between the respective shores of those great waters. But this barrier, probably, all the Russian forces would be unable to defend, were it not for the Tchornomorskie, or Black Sea Cossacks, the most daring and warlike of their nation, and alone fitted to cope with the Circassians, to whom only they are inferior. Though in the predatory excursions, which have desolated both sides of the border, these Cossacks have, from time to time, carried off and intermarried with Circassian women, many of whose customs, habits, and part of whose language and national costume they have adopted; still the semi-relationship between the two races, has in nowise softened the unutterable hatred they bear each other. Nothing but the fierce hostility of the Cossacks could preserve all the Russian establishments on the northern bank of the Kouban, from utter destruction, by the inroads of the mountaineers, whose fleet and vigorous horses, bear them vast distances with inconceivable rapidity. Even now, guarded as it is, they sometimes force the passage, and mark their tracks with fire and blood, retaliating on the flat lands the injustice which the Russian columns have inflicted on their own hills and dales.

The Circassians are not tall in stature, but exquisitely proportioned, and of a strength and agility, which constant exercise has wonderfully developed. The costume of these brave mountaineers is such as to set off the nervous, though delicate, symmetry of their make. It consists of a close-fitting frock coat, with rows of cartridge pockets sewn down the breast, and tight trowsers, both vestments being generally of some subdued and sober hue. All the magnificence displayed is in the arms and the trappings of the steed. The head-dress worn in peace, is a round cap, surrounded by a thick border of black or white sheep-skin fur. The war garb, however, in which the Circassian is oftenest seen, is remarkable by the addition of an iron helm, surmounted by a spike, in lieu of a plume; a shirt of exquisitely finished mail, falling from the helmet over the shoulders, like a lady's lace veil; and steel armlets, which seem to form part of the forgotten gauntlet, worn by the knights of old.





CIRCASSIAN HORSEMEN.

Such is the outward appearance of that hardy and intrepid race of warriors, who have, for fifty years, maintained inviolate the freedom of their mountain land, withstood the continuous efforts of Russia, and baffled all the force and cunning of that gigantic empire. Their small but beautiful horses, which are thorough-bred (that is, derived in almost uncontaminated purity from the Arab,) are so accustomed to their rugged mountains as to carry the rider over places where he could not scramble on foot. Sure-footed and agile as the chamois, springing from rock to rock in a manner incredible to those who have not witnessed with their own eyes how the nature of the horse adapts itself to the localities in which he is bred.

As the tribes of the Caucasus are often at war with each other, Russia succeeds occasionally in procuring a hollow show of submission from some of them. The emperor has even a regiment of Circassian cavalry, all the members of which are princes or nobles, and may be considered in the light of hostages. Even under the yoke of foreign service, these men retain their fiery independent spirit, and the imperial despot himself finds it necessary to treat them with much indulgence; for there is an indomitable obstinacy about them, with which it is considered most politic not to meddle. They mix very little with the Russians, but live exclusively in their own circle, exciting an amusing degree of awe on the tame population which surrounds them. The Russian, in all his pride of uniform, whether he be officer, soldier, or policeman, has a salutary dread of interfering with this fierce race, so sensitive to insult, and so prompt to revenge it. In the street, whenever you see the crowd carefully making way, you may be sure that there is either a general, a police-man, or a Circassian coming.

Every shot from the rifles of these wild riders tells; and though their pistols are but indifferent, yet at full gallop they seldom miss their aim at a piece of paper lying on the ground. Some of the more dextrous hit with equal certainty a silver ruble piece, or strike the earth so close to it as to make it fly into the air. With the rifle they practise the Parthian mode of warfare, shooting behind them as they fly; and, in order to be able to turn round more readily, and place themselves in the only position in which

it is possible to acquire an accuracy of aim from the back of a galloping horse, they ride with one stirrup longer than the other. They also ride with a loose rein, which is found to be indispensable to secure the safe footing of their steeds over the precipitous ground which they traverse, because it leaves the animal to trust entirely to his own judgment and exertion. But on the plain this habit greatly impairs its speed, as the natural tendency of the horse is to take short rapid steps instead of long sweeping strides, which he can only venture on when accustomed, by the assisting hand of his rider, to gather himself together like the bent bow, ready for fresh distention.

The warfare waged by the Russians against the mountaineers of the Caucasus is one of blockade merely; the invading armies have never felt strong enough to advance beyond the protection of their own forts in the low grounds, or to make any decisive inroads into the territory of the natives. Death or captivity is the invariable fate of every Russian bold enough to separate two hundred yards from his column, even if no enemy should have previously been in sight. Often, when a Russian force is on the march, the Circassians dash through the lines and kill or carry off the officers, who consider all resistance so hopeless that, on such occasions, they seldom offer any. The mountaineers, penetrating their line of skirmishers, have been seen thus to pull them from their horses, and dash away with them as a cat carries off a mouse.



COSSACKS PURSUING THE FRENCH.



Hunting the Shetland Pony.



THE *sheltie*, or pony of the Shetland Isles, is a very diminutive animal, sometimes not more than thirty inches high, and rarely exceeding thirty-eight. He is often exceedingly beautiful, with a small head, good tempered countenance, a short neck, fine towards the throttle, shoulders low and thick—in so little a creature far from being a blemish—back short, quarters expanded and powerful, legs flat and fine, and pretty round feet. These ponies possess immense strength for their size; will fatten upon almost any thing, and are perfectly docile. Mr. Youatt says that one of them, three feet in height, carried a man of twelve stone forty miles in one day.

Pony hunting used to be one of the favorite amusements of the Welsh farmers and peasantry a century and a half ago, and it has not even now fallen altogether into disuse. The following story of one of these expeditions is related in the *Cambrian Quarterly Magazine*:

A farmer, named Hugo Garonwy, lived in the neighborhood of Llewyn Georie. Although he handled the small tilt plough, and other farming tools in their due season, yet the catching of the merlin, the fox, and the hare, were pursuits more congenial to his tastes; and the tumbles and thumps which he received, and from which no pony hunter was exempt, served but to attach him to the sport. Rugged, however, as were the Merioneddshire coast and its environs, and abounding with precipices and morasses, the hunter sometimes experienced worse mishaps, and so it happened with Garonwy.

He set out one morning with his lasso coiled round his waist, and attended by two hardy dependants and their grayhounds. The lasso was then familiar to the Welshman, and as adroitly managed by him as by any Guacho on the plains of South America. As the hunters climbed the mountain's brow, the distant ponies took alarm—sometimes galloping onward, and then suddenly halting and wheeling round, snorting as if in defiance of the intruders, and furiously pawing the ground. Garonwy, with the assistance of the servants and the grayhounds, contrived to coop them up in a corner of the hills, where perpendicular rocks prevented their escape.

Already had he captured three of the most beautiful little fellows in the world, which he expected to sell for £4 or £5 each at the next fair, to him a considerable sum, and amounting to a fourth of the annual rent which he paid for his sheep walk. There remained, however, one most untamable creature, whose crested mane, and flowing tail, and wild eye, and distended nostril showed that he was a perfect *Bucephalus* of the hills; nor, indeed, was it safe to attack him in the ordinary way. Many of the three year olds, had been known to break the legs of their pursuers, and some had been dismounted and trampled to death.

Garonwy was determined to give the noble fellow a chase over the hill, and so overcome him by fatigue before the lasso

was flung. The dogs were unslipped, and off they went swift as the winds, Garonwy following, and the two assistants posted in a neighboring eminence. Vain was the effort to tire the merlin. Hugo, naturally impatient, and without waiting to ascertain that the coils were all clear, flung the lasso over the head of the wild horse. The extremity of the cord was twisted round his own body, and tightening as the animal struggled, the compression became insupportable, and, at length, in spite of every effort to disengage himself, Garonwy was dragged from his horse.

The affrighted merlin, finding himself manacled by the rope, darted off with all the speed of which he was capable, dragging poor Garonwy over the rocky ground and stunted brushwood. This occurred at some distance from the men. They called in their dogs that the speed of the merlin might not be increased; but ere they could arrive at the spot at which the accident happened, the horse and the man had vanished. Whether the sufferings of the hunter were protracted, or he was dashed against a rock at the commencement of the horrible race, was never known; but the wild animal, frenzied and blinded by terror, rushed over a beetling cliff, at a considerable distance, overhanging the sea-shore, and the hunter and the horse were found at the bottom, a misshapen semblance of what they had been when living.





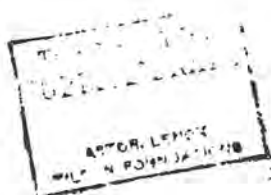
Adventures among the Indian Guachos.



HERE there is such a profusion of horses as in the Pampas of South America, the people cannot fail to be all riders, and such they are, bold, fearless, and expert beyond all comparison with other nations. The Indians of the Pampas and the Prairies, whose forefathers fled in horror and dismay from the fatal apparition of the Spanish horses, are now literally "incorpsed and demi-natured with the brave beast." Many of the tribes, from being constantly on horseback from their infancy, can scarcely walk. Their legs have become too weak, from long disuse, for that kind of progression, and they loathe and despise it. The proudest attitude

MOUNTED INDIANS.







GENERAL ROSAS.

of the human figure, as they declare, is when a man, bending over his horse, lance in hand, is riding at his enemy. The occupation of their lives is war, especially against "the Christians," as they pursue it for two objects,—to steal cattle, and for the pleasure of murdering the people; and they will even leave the cattle to massacre and torture their enemies, such is their ferocity, and their hereditary hatred to the descendants of the cruel oppressors of their fathers. The Guachos, who themselves ride so beautifully, declare it is impossible to vie with a mounted Indian; for that the Indians' horses are better than their own, and also that they have such a way of urging them on by their cries, and by a peculiar motion of their bodies, that even were they to change horses, the Indians would beat them. Mr. Darwin related a case in which this fact was proved.

At Cholechel, Bahia-Blanca, General Rosas' troops encountered a tribe of Indians, of whom they killed twenty or thirty. The cacique escaped in a manner which surprised every one; the chief Indians have always one or two picked horses, which

they keep ready for any urgent occasion. On one of these, an old white horse, the cacique sprung, taking with him his little son: the horse had neither saddle nor bridle. To avoid the shots the Indian rode in the peculiar method of his nation, namely, with an arm round the horse's neck, and one leg only on its back. Thus hanging on one side he was seen patting the horse's head, and talking to him. The pursuers urged every effort in the chase; the commandant three times changed his horse, but all in vain; the old Indian father and his son escaped, and were free. What a fine picture one can form in one's mind; the naked bronze-like figure of the old man with his little boy, riding like a Mazeppa on the white horse, thus leaving far behind him the host of his pursuers!

Colt breaking is managed by the Guachos, or Guassos, as they are called in Chili, with the lasso, much in the same way as by the Calmucks. Their skill in the use of this instrument is extraordinary, and it was a weapon of great power in their hands during the war of independence. They never failed to dismount cavalry with it, or to throw down the horses of those who came within their reach. There is a well authenticated story of eight or ten Guacho who had never seen a piece of artillery until one was fired at them in the streets of Buenos Ayres. Notwithstanding the effects of the fire they galloped fearlessly up to it, placed their lassos over the cannon, and by their united strength fairly overturned it.

Another anecdote is related of them, which may be true, though it does not rest on such good authority. A number of armed boats were sent to effect a landing at a certain point on the coast guarded solely by these horsemen. The party in the boat caring little for an enemy unprovided with fire-arms, rowed confidently along the shore. Guassos meanwhile were watching their opportunity, and the moment the boats came sufficiently near, dashed into the water and throwing their lassos round the necks of the officers, fairly dragged every one of them out of their boats.

The idea of being thrown, let the horse do what it likes, never enters the head of a Guacho: a good rider, according to them, is a man who can manage an untamed colt, or who, if his horse falls, alights unhurt on his own feet. "I have heard," says Mr.

Darwin, "of a man betting that he would throw his horse down twenty times, and that nineteen out these he would not fall himself. I recollect seeing a Guacho riding a very stubborn horse, which three times reared so excessively high as to fall backwards with great violence. The man judged with uncommon coolness the proper moment for slipping off, not an instant before or after the right time. Directly the horse rose, the man jumped on his back, and at last they started on a gallop. The Guacho never appears to exert any muscular force. I was one day watching a good rider, as we were galloping along at a rapid pace, and thought to myself, surely if the horse starts, you appear so careless on your seat, you must fall. At this moment a male ostrich sprang from its nest right beneath the horse's nose. The young colt bounded on one side like a stag; but as for the man, all that could be said was, that he started and took fright as part of his horse.

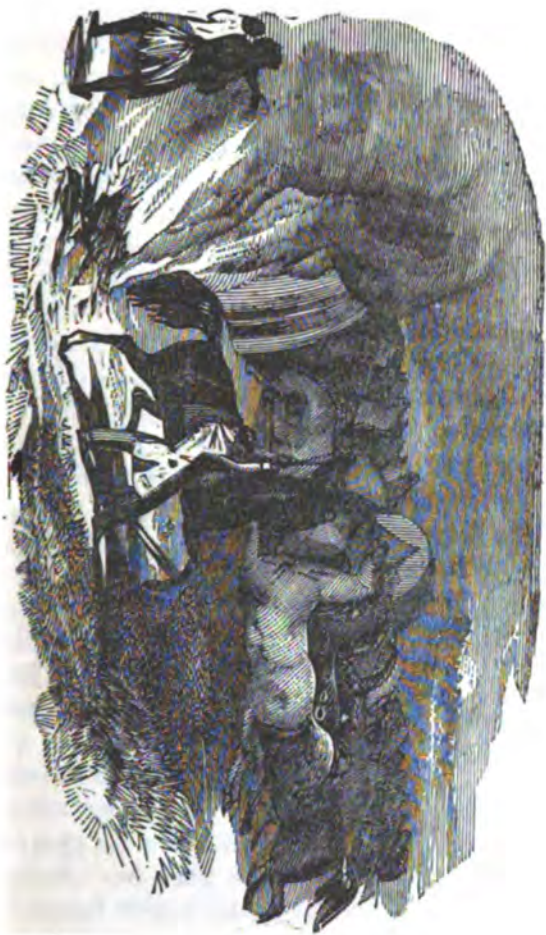
In Chili and Peru more pains are taken with the mouth of the horse than in La Plata, and this is evidently in consequence of the more intricate nature of the country. In Chili, a horse is not considered well broken till he can be brought up standing, in the midst of his full speed, on any particular spot; for instance, on a cloak thrown on the ground; or until he will charge a wall, and, rearing, scrape the surface with his hoofs. I have seen an animal bounding with spirit, yet merely reined with a fore-finger and thumb, taken at full gallop across a court-yard, and then made to wheel round the post of a verandah with great speed, but at so equal a distance, that the rider, with outstretched arm all the while, kept one finger rubbing the post, then making a demivolte in the air, with the other arm outstretched in a like manner, he wheeled round with astonishing force in an opposite direction.

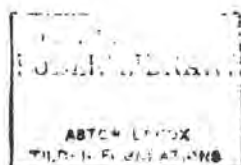
Such a horse is well broken, and though this may at first appear useless, it is far otherwise: it is only carrying that which is daily necessary into perfection. When a bullock is checked and caught by the lasso, it will sometimes gallop round and round in a circle, and the horse being alarmed at the great strain, if not well broken will not readily turn like the pivot of a wheel. In consequence, many men have been killed; for if the lasso once makes a twist round a man's body, it will instantly, from the power of the two opposed animals, almost cut him in twain.

In Chili I was told an anecdote which I believe was true, and it offers a good illustration of the use of a well broken animal. A respectable man, riding one day, met two others, one of whom was riding on a horse which he knew to have been stolen from himself. He challenged them; they answered by drawing their sabres and giving chase. The man on his good and fleet beast kept just ahead; as he passed a thick bush he wheeled round it, and brought up his horse to a dead check. The pursuers were obliged to shoot on one side and ahead. Then instantly dashing on right behind them, he buried his knife in the back of one, wounded the other, recovered his horse from the dying robber, and rode home. For these feats in horsemanship two things are necessary; a most severe bit, like the Mameluke, the power of which though seldom used, the horse knows full well; and large blunt spurs, that can be applied either as a mere touch, or as an instrument of extreme pain. I conceive that with English spurs, the slightest touch of which pricks the skin, it would be impossible to break a horse after the South American fashion.

Nothing is done on foot by the Guachos that can possibly be done on horseback. Even mounted beggarmen are to be seen in the streets of Buenos Ayres and Mendoza. The butcher, of course, plies his trade on horseback, in the manner thus described by Basil Hall:—"The cattle had been driven into an enclosure or corral, whence they were now let out one by one, and killed; but not in the manner practised in England, where they are dragged into 'a house, and despatched by blows on the forehead with a pole-axe. Here the whole took place in the open air, and resembled rather the catastrophe of a grand field-sport than a deliberate slaughter. On a level space of ground before the corral were ranged, in a line four or five Guachos on horseback, with their lassos all ready in their hands, and opposite to them another set of men, similarly equipped, so as to form a wide lane, extending from the gate of the corral to the distance of thirty or forty yards. When all was prepared, the leader of the Guachos drew out the bars closing the entrance to the corral, and, riding in, separated one from the drove, which he goaded till it escaped at the opening. The reluctance of the cattle to quit the corral was evident, but when at length forced to do so, they dashed forward with the ut-

A HERD OF WILD HORSES.





most impetuosity. It is said, that in this country even the wildest animals have an instinctive horror of the lasso; those in a domestic state certainly have, and betray fear whenever they see it. Be this as it may, the moment they pass the gate, they spring forward with all the appearance of terror. But were they to go ten times faster, it would avail them nothing against the irresistible lasso, which, in the midst of dust and a confusion seemingly inextricable, is placed by the Guachos, with the most perfect correctness over the parts aimed at. There can not be conceived a more spirited or a more picturesque scene than was now presented to us. Let the furious beast be imagined driven almost to madness by thirst and a variety of irritations, and in the utmost terror at the multitude of lassos whirling around him; he rushes wildly forward, his eyes flashing fire, his nostrils almost touching the ground, and his breath driving off the dust in his course. For one short instant he is free, and full of life and strength, defying, as it were, all the world to restrain him in his headlong course; the next moment he is covered with lassos; his horns, his neck, his legs are all encircled by those inevitable cords, hanging in long festoons, from the hands of the horsemen, galloping in all directions, but the next instant as tight as bars of iron, and the noble animal lying prostrate on the ground motionless and helpless. He is immediately despatched by a man on foot, who stands ready for this purpose with a long sharp knife in his hand; and as soon as the body is disentangled from the lassos, it is drawn on one side, and another beast is driven out of the corral, and caught in the same manner.

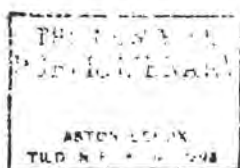
While the more serious business was going on, a parcel of mischievous boys had perched themselves on a pile of firewood close to the corral; and being each armed in his way, with a lasso made of a small strip of hide, or of whipcord, got the first chance to noose the animals as they rushed out. They seldom failed to throw successfully, but their slender cords broke like cobwebs. One wicked urchin, indeed, more bold than the rest, mounted himself on a donkey that happened to be on the spot; and taking the lasso which belonged to it—for no description of animal that is ever mounted is without this essential equipment—and placing himself so as not to be detected, by the men, he threw it gallantly

over the first bullock's neck. As soon as it became tight, away flew the astonished donkey and his rider: the terrified boy soon fell off; but poor Neddy was dragged along the ground, till a more efficient force was made to co-operate with his unavailing resistance.

The immense abundance of horses in South America cannot be more strongly exemplified than by the following statement:

"I have still in my possession," says Mr. Robertson, "a contract which I made in Goya, with an *estanciero*, for twenty thousand wild horses, to be taken on his estate at the price of a *medio* each; that is to say *threepence* for each horse or mare! The slaughter of them cost *threepence* a head more; the staking and cleaning of the hides, once more, *threepence*; and lastly, a like sum for the carting to Goya: making the whole not one shilling for each skin. Of this contract ten thousand animals were delivered; the skins were packed in bales and sold in Buenos Ayres at six reals, or three shillings each, and they sold ultimately in England for seven or eight shillings, that is, for about twenty-eight or thirty times the first cost of the horse from which the skin was taken. Such is the accumulative value sometimes of the produce which is taken from the hands of the grower in one country before it gets into the hands of the consumer in another.







OSTRICHES.

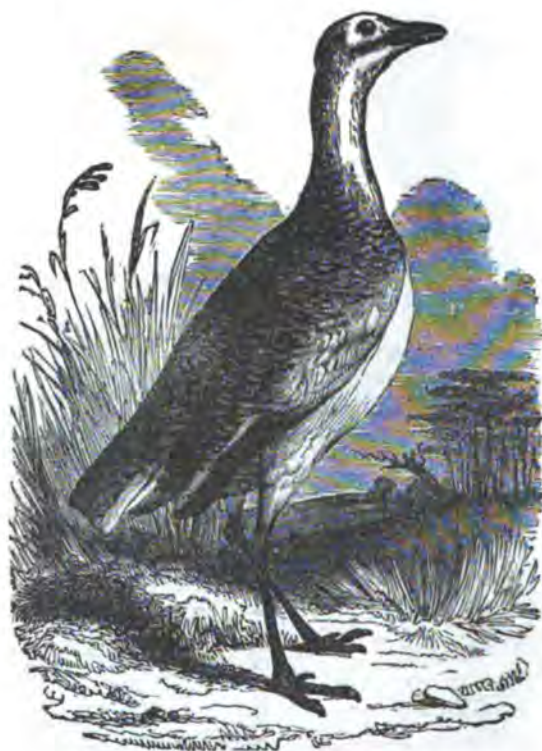


EUROPEAN BUSTARD. MALE.

Hunting Bustards and Ostriches.



THE family of birds, of which the ostrich forms the leading type, is remarkable for the wide dispersion of its various members; the ostrich itself spreads over nearly the whole of the burning deserts of Africa—the Cassowary represents it amid the luxuriant vegetation of the Indian Archipelago. The Dinornis, chief of birds, formerly towered among the ferns of New Zealand, where the small Apteryx



EUROPEAN BUSTARD. (FEMALE.)

now holds its place; and the huge *Æpyornis* strode along the forests of Madagascar. The Emu is confined to the great Australian continent, and the Rhea to the southern extremity of the western hemisphere; while in Europe, we find the class represented by the bustard, which, until within a few years, still lingered upon the least frequented downs and plains of England.

The European bustard, called by naturalists *Otis Tarda*, is a very large bird weighing thirty pounds. Brookes gives the following account of the mode of hunting it in France. There are also bustards in France, which frequent large open plains particularly near Chalons, where, in the winter-time, there are great numbers of them seen together. There is always one placed



EAST INDIAN BUSTARD.

as a sentinel, at some distance from the flock, which gives notice to the rest of any danger. They raise themselves from the ground with great difficulty; for they run sometimes a good way, beating their wings before they fly. They take with them a hook baited with an apple or flesh. Sometimes fowlers shoot them as they lie concealed behind some eminence, or on a load of straw; others take them with grayhounds, which often catch them before they are able to rise.

There is another species called *Otis Nigriceps*, found in the East Indies. Colonel Sykes observed it in the wide and open country of the Mahrattas where it lives in large flocks and where

it is considered one of the greatest delicacies as an article of food. It is indeed so abundant in the Deccan that Colonel Sykes records the fact that one gentleman shot nearly a thousand.

With the Arabs of the desert, the chase of the ostrich is the most attractive and eagerly sought of the many aristocratic diversions in which they indulge. The first point attended to, is a special preparation of their horses. Seven or eight days before the intended hunt, they are entirely deprived of straw and grass, and fed on barley only. They are only allowed to drink once a day, and that at sunset—the time when the water begins to freshen: at that time also they are washed. They take long daily exercises, and are occasionally galloped, at which time care is taken that the harness is right, and suited to the chase of the ostrich. “After seven or eight days,” says the Arab, “the stomach of the horse disappears, while the chest, the breast, and the croup remain in flesh; the animal is then fit to endure fatigue.” They call this training *techaha*. The harness used for the purpose in question is lighter than ordinary, especially the stirrups and saddle, and the martingale is removed. The bridle, too, undergoes many metamorphoses; the mountings and the ear-flaps are taken away, as too heavy. The bit is made of a camel rope, without a throat-band, and the frontlet is also of cord, and the reins, though strong are very light. The period most favorable for ostrich hunting is that of the great heat; the higher the temperature the less is the ostrich able to defend himself. The Arab describes the precise time as that, when a man stands upright, his shadow has the length only of the sole of his foot.

Each horseman is accompanied by a servant called *zemma*, mounted on a camel, carrying four goat-skins filled with water, barley for the horse, wheat-flour for the rider, some dates, a kettle to cook the food, and every thing that can possibly be required for the repair of the harness. The horseman contents himself with a linen vest and trowsers, and covers his neck and ears with a light material called *havuli*, tied with a strip of camel's hide; his feet are protected with sandals, and his legs with light gaiters called *trabag*. He is armed with neither gun nor pistol, his only weapon being a wild olive or tamarind stick, five or six feet long, with a heavy knob at one end.

Before starting, the hunters ascertain where a large number of ostriches are to be found. These birds are generally met with in places where there is much grass, and where rain has recently fallen. The Arabs say, that where the ostrich sees the light shine, and barley getting ready, wherever it may be, thither she runs, regardless of distance; and ten days' march is nothing to her; and it has passed into a proverb in the desert, of a man skilful in the care of flocks, and in finding pasturage, that he is like the ostrich, where he sees the light there he comes.

The hunters start in the morning. After one or two days' journey, when they have arrived near the spot pointed out, and they begin to perceive traces of their game, they halt and camp. The next day, two intelligent slaves, almost entirely stripped, are sent to reconnoitre; they each carry a goat-skin at their side, and a little bread; they walk until they meet the ostriches, which are generally found in elevated places. As soon as the game is in view, one lies down to watch, the other returns to convey the information. The ostriches are found in troops, comprising sometimes as many as sixty; but at the pairing season they are more scattered, three or four couple remaining together.

The horsemen, guided by the scout, travel gently toward the birds; the nearer they approach the spot the greater is the caution, and when they reach the last ridge which conceals them from the view of their game, they dismount, and two creep forward to ascertain if they are still there. Should such be the case, a moderate quantity of water is given to the horses, the baggage is left, and each man mounts, carrying at his side a *chebouta*, or goat-skin. The servants and camels follow the track of the horsemen, carrying with them only a little corn and water.

The exact position of the ostriches being known, the plans are arranged; the horsemen divide and form a circle round the game at such a distance as not to be seen. The servants wait where the horsemen have separated, and as soon as they see them at their post, they walk right before them; the ostriches fly, but are met by the hunters, who do nothing at first but drive them back into the circle; thus their strength is exhausted by being made to continually run round the ring. At the first sign of fatigue in the birds, the horsemen dash in—presently the flock

separates; the exhausted birds are seen to open their wings, which is a sign of great exhaustion; the horsemen, certain of their prey, now repress their horses; each hunter selects his ostrich, runs it down, and finishes it by a blow on the head with the stick above mentioned. The moment the bird falls the man jumps off his horse, and cuts her throat, taking care to hold the neck at such a distance from the body, as not to soil the plumage of the wings. The male bird, while dying, utters loud moans, but the female dies in silence.

When the ostrich is on the point of being overtaken by the hunter, she is so fatigued, that if he does not wish to kill her, she can easily be driven with the stick to the neighborhood of the camels. Immediately after the birds have been bled to death, they are carefully skinned, so that the feathers may not be injured, and the skin is then stretched upon a tree, or on a horse, and salt rubbed well into it. A fire is lit, and the fat of the birds is boiled for a long time in kettles; when very liquid, it is poured into a sort of bag made of the skin of the thigh and leg down to the foot, strongly fastened at the bottom; the fat of one bird is usually sufficient to fill two of these legs; it is said that in any other vessel the fat would spoil. When, however, the bird is breeding, she is extremely lean, and is then hunted only for the sake of her feathers. After these arrangements are completed, the flesh is eaten by the hunters, who season it well with pepper and flour.

While these proceedings are in progress, the horses are carefully tended, watered, and fed with corn, and the party remain quiet during forty-eight hours, to give their animals rest; after that they either return to their encampment, or embark in some new enterprise.

To the Arab the chase of the ostrich has a double attraction—pleasure and profit; the price obtained for the skin well compensates the expenses. Not only do the rich enjoy the pursuit, but the poor, who know how to set about it, are permitted to participate in it also. The usual plan is for a poor Arab to arrange with one who is opulent for the loan of his camel, horse, harness, and two-thirds of all the necessary provisions. The borrower furnishes himself the remaining third, and the produce of the chase is divided in the same proportions.

The ostrich, like many other of the feathered tribe, has a great deal of self-conceit. On fine sunny days a tame bird may be seen strutting backward and forward with great majesty, fanning itself with its quivering, expanded wings, and at every turn seeming to admire its grace, and the elegance of its shadow. Dr. Shaw says that, though these birds appear tame and tractable to persons well-known to them, they are often very fierce and violent to strangers, whom they would not only endeavor to push down by running furiously against them, but they would peck at them with their beaks, and strike with their feet; and so violent is the blow that can be given, that the doctor saw a person whose abdomen had been ripped completely open by a stroke from the claw of an ostrich.

To have the stomach of an ostrich has become proverbial, and with good reason; for this bird stands enviably forward in respect to its wonderful powers of digestion, which are scarcely inferior to its voracity. Its natural food consists entirely of vegetable substances, especially grain; and the ostrich is a most destructive enemy to the crops of the African farmers. But its sense of taste is so obtuse, that scraps of leather, old nails, bits of tin, buttons, keys, coins, and pebbles, are devoured with equal relish; in fact, nothing comes amiss. But in this it doubtless follows an instinct: for these hard bodies assist, like the gravel in the crops of our domestic poultry, in grinding down and preparing for digestion its ordinary food.

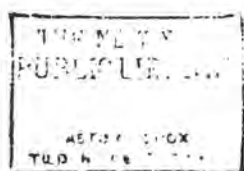
There was found by Cuvier in the stomach of an ostrich that died in Paris, nearly a pound weight of stones, bits of iron, and copper, and pieces of money worn down by constant attrition against each other, as well as by the action of the stomach itself. In the stomach of one of these birds which belonged to the menagerie of George the Fourth, there were contained some pieces of wood of considerable size, several large nails, and a hen's egg entire and uninjured, perhaps taken as a delicacy from its appetite becoming capricious. In the stomach of another, besides several large cabbage-stalks, there were masses of bricks of the size of a man's fist. Sparrman relates that he saw ostriches at the Cape so tame that they went loose to and from the farm, but they were so voracious as to swallow chickens whole, and trample

hens to death, that they might tear them in pieces afterward and devour them; and one great barrel of a bird was obliged to be killed on account of an awkward habit he had acquired of trampling sheep to death. But perhaps the most striking proof of the prowess of an ostrich in the eating way, is that afforded by Dr. Shaw, who saw one swallow bullet after bullet as fast as they were pitched, scorching hot, from the mould.

In speaking of bustards, at the beginning of this article, we omitted to notice a species found by Le Varillant, in South Africa, inhabiting the Caffre country. It is called the *Otis Carulescens*. Below is a correct engraving of it.



AFRICAN BUSTARD.





THE INDIAN AND HIS FRIEND.



The Indian and his Friend.

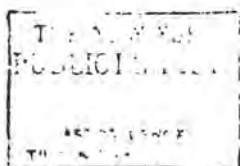


R. DWIGHT, in his travels in New England, states, that soon after the county of Litchfield began to be settled by the English, a strange Indian arrived at an inn, and asked the hostess, as the evening was advancing, to provide him some refreshment; at the same time observing, that from failure in hunting he had nothing to pay, but promising compensation whenever he succeeded.

The plea was, however, in vain; the hostess loaded him with opprobrious epithets, and declared that it was not to throw away her earnings on such creatures as himself, that she worked so hard. But as the Indian was about to retire, with a countenance expressive of severe suffering, a man who sat by directed the hostess to supply his wants, and promised her full remuneration.

As soon as the Indian had finished his supper, he thanked his benefactor, assured him that he should remember his kindness, and engaged that it should be faithfully recompensed whenever it was in his power. The friend of the Indian had occasion, some years after, to go into the wilderness between Litchfield and Albany, where he was taken prisoner by an Indian scout, and carried to Canada. On his arrival at the principal settlement of the tribe, it was proposed by some of the captors that he should be put to death; but, during the consultation, an old woman demanded that he should be given up to her, that she might adopt him for a son who had been lost in the war. Accordingly he was given up to her, and he passed the succeeding winter in her family, amidst the usual circumstances of savage hospitality.

While, in the course of the following summer, he was at work alone in the forest, an unknown Indian came and asked him to go to a place he pointed out, on a given day; and to this he agreed, though not without some apprehension that mischief was contemplated. His fears were increased, his promise was broken. The same person repeated his visit, and after excusing himself in the best way he could, he made another engagement and kept his word. On reaching the appointed spot, he found the Indian provided with ammunition, two muskets, and two knapsacks; he was ordered to take one of each, and he followed his conductor, under the persuasion that, had he intended him injury he might have despatched him at once. In the day-time they shot the game that came in their way, and at night they slept by the fire they had kindled; but the silence of the Indian, as to the object of their expedition, was mysterious and profound. After many days had thus passed, they came one morning to the top of an eminence, from whence they observed a number of houses rising in the midst of a cultivated country. The Indian asked his companion if he knew the ground, and he eagerly said, "It is Litchfield." His guide recalled the scene at the inn some years before, and bidding him farewell, exclaimed, "I am that Indian! Now I pray you go home."





GERARD, THE LION-SLAYER.



Lion Hunting in Algeria.



THE following narrative is translated from the *Journal des Chasseurs*, the Hunter's Journal, published in Paris. It is one of the thrilling adventures of a French officer, Jules Gerard, whose exploits in Algeria have procured for him, from the natives, the title of the Lion-

Slayer. I knew of a large old lion in the Smauls country, and betook myself in that direction. On arriving I heard that he was in the Bonarif, near Batnah. My tent was not yet pitched at the foot of the mountain, when I learned that he was at the Fed-Jong, where, on my arrival, I found he had gained the Aures. After travelling one hundred leagues in ten days in the track of

my brute, without catching a glimpse of anything but his foot-prints, I was gratified on the night of the 22nd of August, with the sound of my lord's voice. I had established my tent in the valley of Ousten. As there is only one path across this thickly covered valley, I found it an easy task to discover his track and follow it to his lair. At six o'clock in the evening I alighted upon a hillock, commanding a prospect of the country around. I was accompanied by a native of the country and my spahi, one carrying a carbine, the other my old gun. As I had anticipated, the lion roared under cover at dawn of day; but instead of advancing toward me, he started off in a westerly direction, at such a pace that it was impossible for me to come up with him. I retraced my steps at midnight, and took up my quarters at the foot of a tree upon the path which the lion had taken. The country about this spot was cleared and cultivated. The moon being favorable, the approach of anything could be descried in every direction. I installed myself and waited. Weary, after a ride of several hours over a very irregular country, and not expecting any chance that night, I enjoined my spahi to keep a good watch, and lay down. I was just about to fall asleep, when I felt a gentle pull at my burnous. On getting up I was able to make out two lions, sitting one beside the other, about one hundred paces off, and exactly on the path in which I had taken up my position. At first I thought we had been perceived, and prepared to make the best of this discovery. The moon shed a light on the entire ground which the lions would have to cross in order to reach the tree, close to which all within a circumference of ten paces was completely dark, both on account of the thickness of the tree and the shadow cast by the foliage. My spahi, like me, was in range of the shadow, while the Arab lay snoring ten paces off in the full light of the moon. There was no doubting the fact—it was this man who attracted the attention of the lions. I expressly forbade the spahi to wake up the Arab, as I was persuaded that when the action was over he would be proud of having served as a bait, even without knowing it. I then prepared my arms and placed them against the tree and got up, in order the better to observe the movements of the enemy. They were not less than half an hour traversing a distance of one hundred metres. Al-



GERARD THE LION-SLAYER.



though the ground was open, I could only see them when they raised their heads to make sure that the Arab was still there. They took advantage of every stone, and every tuft of grass, to render themselves almost invisible; at last the boldest of them came up crouching on his belly, to within ten paces of me, and fifteen of the Arab. His eye was fixed on the latter, and with such an expression that I was afraid I had waited too long. The second, who had stayed a few paces behind, came and placed himself on a level with, and about four or five paces from the first. I then saw for the first time that they were both full-grown lionesses. I took aim at the first, and she came rolling and roaring down to the foot of the tree. The Arab was scarcely awakened when a second ball stretched the animal dead upon the spot. The first bullet went in at the muzzle and came out at the tail; the second went through the heart. After making sure that my men were all right, I looked out for the second lioness. She was standing up within fifteen paces, looking at what was going on around her. I took my gun and levelled it at her. She squatted down. When I fired she fell down roaring, and disappeared in a field of maize on the edge of the road. On approaching I found by her moaning that she was still alive, and did not venture at night into the thick plantation which sheltered her. As soon as it was day I went to the spot where she had fallen, and all I found were bloodmarks marking her track in the direction of the wood. After sending the dead lioness to the neighboring garrison, who celebrated its arrival by a banquet, I returned to my post of the previous night. A little after sunset the lion roared for the first time, but instead of quitting her lair, she remained there all night, roaring like a madman. Convinced that the wounded lioness was there, I sent, on the morning of the 24th, two Arabs to explore the cover. They returned without daring to approach it. On the night of the 24th, there was the same roaring and complaining of the lion, on the mountain and under cover. On the 25th, at five in the evening, I had a young goat muzzled, and proceeded with it to the mountain. The lair was exceedingly difficult of access. Nevertheless I succeeded at last, by crawling now on my hands, and now on my belly, in reaching it. Having discovered certain indications of the presence of the inhabitants of this lo-

cality, I had the goat unmuzzled and tied to a tree. Then followed the most comical panic on the part of the Arabs, who were carrying my arms. Seeing themselves in the middle of the lion's lair, whom they could distinctly smell, and hearing the horrified goat calling them with all its might, was a position perfectly intolerable to them. After consulting together as to whether it were better to climb up a tree or clamber on a rock, they asked my permission to remain near the goat. This confidence pleased me, and obtained them the privilege of a place by my side. I had not been there a quarter of an hour when the lioness appeared; she found herself suddenly beside the goat, and looked about her with an air of astonishment. I fired, and she fell without a struggle. The Arabs were already kissing my hands, and I myself believed her dead, when she got up again as though nothing was the matter, and showed us all her teeth. One of the Arabs who had run towards her was within six paces of her. On seeing her get up, he clung to the lower branches of the tree to which the goat was tied, and disappeared like a squirrel. The lioness fell dead at the foot of the tree, a second bullet piercing her heart. The first had passed out of the nape of the neck without breaking the skull bone.





The Robber Reclaimed.



A YOUNG man was lately stopped in a little street, in one of the cities of France; his purse or his life was demanded. A courageous and sensible heart soon distinguishes between the voice of the unfortunate wretch whom misery drags to crime, and that of the villian whose wickedness prompts him to it. The young man feels that it is an unfortunate person whom he ought to save. "What do you ask, miserable creature, what do you ask?" said he in an imposing tone to his aggressor. "Nothing sir," answered a sobbing voice, "I ask nothing of you."

"Who are you, what do you do?"

"I am a poor journeyman shoemaker, without the means of supporting my wife and four children."

"I do not know whether you speak the truth." (He well knew that what the poor creature said was but too true.) "Where do you live?"

"In such a street, at a baker's house."

"We shall see,—lead the way," The shoemaker, awed by his firmness, led him to his abode as he would have led him to the bottom of a dungeon. They arrive at the baker's. There was no one but a woman in the shop. "Madam, do you know this man?"

"Yes sir; he is a poor journeyman shoemaker, who lives in the fifth story, and who has much difficulty in sustaining his numerous family."

"How can you let him want bread?"

"Sir, we are young people, newly established; we cannot give much; my husband does not wish me to give more than twenty-four cents credit to this man." "Give him two loaves of bread."

"Take these two loaves, and mount to your room."

The shoemaker obeys, as much agitated as if he were about to commit some crime; but in a very different kind of trouble. They enter. The wife and children eagerly take the food which is offered to them. The young man has seen too much. He goes out after giving two louis to the baker's wife, with orders to supply the family with bread according to their wants. Some days after he returns to see the children to whom he had given a second life, and he tells their father to follow him. He conducts his poor protégé into a shop well built and well furnished with tools and all the necessary materials for working at his trade. "Would you be contented and happy if this shop were yours?"

"Ah sir, but alas!"

"What?"

"I have not the freeman's right, and it costs——"

"Take me to the syndic jury." The license was bought, and the shoemaker placed in the shop.

The author of so fine an act of humanity was a young man about twenty-seven years old. It is calculated that the establishment of this workman cost him from three to four thousand livres. He is not known, and useless researches have been made to discover him.



ST. AMBROSE REPROVING THE EMPEROR.

St. Ambrose and Theodosius.



HE Emperor Theodosius, while at Milan, was informed that the Thessalonians, being refused an unreasonable request, had raised a tumult, in which Butharius, commander of the horse in Illyricum, and several others, were killed. He commanded the soldiers to be let loose upon them as a punishment. Ambrose, who was then bishop of Milan, hearing this, went immediately to Theodosius, and pleaded so effectually that he promised the affair should be entirely passed over

After his departure, however, the officers of the court persuaded the emperor to put his former design in execution; and the people being invited to the circus, on pretence of witnessing some public sports, the soldiers rushed in amongst them, and destroyed near seven thousand, the innocent as well as the guilty. Ambrose expostulated by letter with the emperor concerning this base conduct; telling him that he must publicly repent before he could be admitted to partake of the Lord's Supper; and on his return to Milan, when he came to the door of the church, Ambrose forbade him to enter.

The emperor, confounded at the reproof which accompanied the refusal of the bishop, mentioned by way of extenuation, the case of David in the matter of Uriah; to which Ambrose replied, "Him whom you have followed in the sin, imitate also in the repentance." Theodosius, convinced of the heinousness of his crime, returned to his palace, and passed eight months in sorrow and lamentations, wearing a mourning dress. When Christmas was at hand, he burst into tears before Ruffinus, the comptroller of his palace, who inquired the reason of his agony, he replied, "Thou little knowest the trouble which I feel; servants and beggars may go freely to the house of God, and pour out their prayers, while its doors, and consequently the gates of heaven, are shut against me." Ruffinus answered, "With your leave, I will go to the bishop, and pray him to release the sentence." "No," said the emperor; "I know the justice of it, and you will be unable to persuade Ambrose to disobey the commands of God out of respect to the imperial dignity."

Ruffinus went to Ambrose, and entreated him, saying that the emperor would shortly come himself. Ambrose answered, "I tell you plainly, that I shall forbid him entrance; and if he thinks proper to use force, I am ready to meet any death he may allot me." Ruffinus sent a messenger to acquaint the emperor with the bishop's resolution, to prevent his coming; but being on the way before he received the information, he replied, "I will go, and undergo the shame which I have so justly deserved." Being come near to the church, and addressing himself to Ambrose, who sat in a room hard by, he requested absolution. The bishop answered, "Your coming hither is fighting

against God, and trampling his laws under foot." Theodosius replied, "I do not wish to enter the holy doors contrary to law; I only desire to be released from the excommunication; and that you would consider and imitate the compassion of our Lord, and not shut those gates which he has opened to all penitents." The bishop then asked what signs of repentance he had shown? He answered, "It is your duty to prescribe, mine to submit." Ambrose replied, "Since you have let loose the reins to your rage, let a law be enacted, that all decrees made in haste, and under the influence of anger, be cancelled; that all warrants where life or loss of estate is concerned, be kept thirty days after signing, before they are executed, to give time for deliberation; and, after that, let those who drew up such warrant, present it to you again, that the case may be considered." The emperor agreeing, was immediately absolved, and entering the church, fell prostrate on the ground, crying out, "My soul cleaveth to the dust; quicken me, O Lord, according to thy word." Tearing his hair, and beating his forehead, he then begged pardon of God and all good men.

On his return to Constantinople, he told Nectarius, the bishop, "that it was with much difficulty he had found a teacher of truth; Ambrose being the only person he ever saw who deserved the name of a bishop."





GEORGE CATLIN.

Mr. Catlin, the Indian Traveller and Artist.



FEW American travellers have won more reputation than Mr. George Catlin. This gentleman spent many years in traveling among the wild Indians of the western part of our continent, where the foot of the white man had never trodden before. He painted a great number of portraits of their distinguished chiefs, and took sketches, illustrating the scenery, dresses, sports, wars, manners and customs of the Indian country; and



MR. CATLIN PAINTING PORTRAITS OF THE INDIAN CHIEFS.

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made an extensive collection of Indian curiosities, arms and costumes, which he is now exhibiting in Europe. His account of his travels is extremely interesting, and presents a remarkable view of savage society.

The following extract illustrates the curious prejudices with respect to having their portraits painted.

"After resting a few days, and recovering from the fatigue of my journey, having taken a fair survey of the Sioux village, and explained my views to the Indians, I commenced my operations with the brush, and first of all painted the portrait of the head-chief of the Sioux. This truly noble fellow sat for his portrait, and it was finished before any one of the tribe knew anything of it; several of the chiefs and doctors were allowed to see it, and at last it was talked of through the village; and of course the greater part of their numbers were at once gathered around me. Nothing short of hanging it out of doors on the side of my wigwam, would in any way answer them; and here I had the peculiar satisfaction of beholding, through a small hole I had made in my wigwam, the high admiration and respect they all felt for their chief, as well as the very great estimation in which they held me as a painter, and a magician, conferring upon me at once the very distinguished appellation *Ee-cha-zoo-kah-ga-wa-kon*, (the medicine painter.)

"After the exhibition of this chief's picture, there was much excitement in the village about it; the doctors generally took a decided and noisy stand against the operations of my brush; haranguing the populace, and predicting bad luck, and premature death, to all who submitted to so strange and unaccountable an operation! My business for some days was entirely at a stand for want of sitters; for the doctors were opposing me with all their force; and the women and children were crying, with their hands over their mouths, making the most pitiful and doleful laments, which I never can explain to my readers; but for some just account of which, I must refer them to my friends M'Kenzie and Halsey, who overlooked with infinite amusement, these curious scenes; and are able, no doubt, to give them with truth and effect to the world.

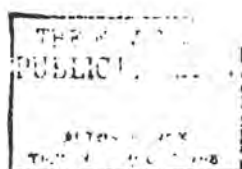
"In this sad and perplexing dilemma, this noble chief stepped

forward, and addressing himself to the chiefs and the doctors, the braves, and the women and children, he told them to be quiet, and to treat me with friendship; that I had been traveling a great ways to see them, and smoke with them; that I was great *medicine*, to be sure; that I was a great chief, and that I was the friend of Mr. Laidlaw and Mr. M'Kenzie, who had prevailed upon him to sit for his picture, and fully assured him that there was no harm in it. His speech had the desired effect, and I was shaken hands with by hundreds of their worthies, many of whom were soon dressed and ornamented, and prepared to sit for their portraits.

"The first who then stepped forward for his portrait was Ee-ah-sa-pa (the Black Rock) chief of the Nee-caw-wee-gee band a tall and fine looking man, of six feet or more in stature; in a splendid dress, with his lance in his hand; with his pictured robe thrown gracefully over his shoulders, and his headdress made of war-eagles' quills and ermine skins, falling in a beautiful crest over his back, quite down to his feet, and surmounted on the top with a pair of horns, denoting him head leader or war-chief of his band.

"This man has been a constant and faithful friend of Mr. M'Kenzie and others of the Fur Traders, who held him in high estimation, both as an honorable and valiant man, and an estimable companion.

"The next who sat to me was Tchandlee, (tobacco,) a desperate warrior, and represented to me by the traders, as one of the most respectable and famous chiefs of the tribe. After him sat To-ki-ee-to, (the stone with horns,) chief of the Yancton band, and reputed the principal and most eloquent *orator* of the nation. The neck, breast, and shoulders of this man, were curiously tattooed, by pricking in gunpowder and vermilion, which in this extraordinary instance, was put on in such elaborate profusion as to appear at a little distance, like a beautifully embroidered dress. In his hand he held a handsome pipe, the stem of which was several feet long, and all the way wound with ornamented braids of the porcupine quills. Around his body was wrapped a valued robe, made of the skin of the grizzly bear, and on his neck several strings of *wampum*, an ornament seldom seen amongst the Indians





BLACK ROCK.—FROM MR. CATLIN'S PAINTING.

in the Far West and the North. I was much amused with the excessive vanity and egotism of this notorious man, who, whilst sitting for his picture, took occasion to have the interpreter constantly explaining to me the wonderful effects which his oratory had at different times produced on the minds of the chiefs and people of his tribe.

"He told me that it was a very easy thing for him to set all the women of the tribe to crying: and that all the chiefs listened profoundly to his voice before they went to war; and at last summed up by saying, 'that he was the greatest warrior in the Sioux nation,' by which he undoubtedly meant the greatest in the world.

"The portraits of all the above dignitaries can be always seen, as large as life, in my very numerous Collection, provided I get them safe home; and also the portrait of a very pretty Sioux woman Wi-looh-tah-eeh-tcah-ta-mah-nee (the red thing that touches in marching.)

"She is the daughter of the famous chief called Black Rock, of whom I have spoken, and whose portrait has been taken. She is an unmarried girl, and much esteemed by the whole tribe, for her modesty, as well as beauty. She was beautifully dressed in skins, ornamented profusely with brass buttons and beads. Her hair plaited, her ears supported a great profusion of curious beads—and over her other dress she wore a handsomely garnished buffalo robe.

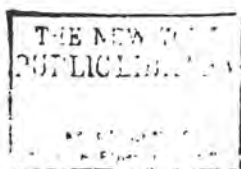
"So highly was the Black Rock esteemed (as I have before mentioned,) and his beautiful daughter admired and respected by the traders, that Mr. M'Kenzie employed me to make him copies of their two portraits, which he hung up in Mr. Laidlaw's trading house, as valued ornaments and keepsakes.

"Several years after I left the Sioux country, I saw Messrs. Chardon and Piquot, two of the traders from that country, who recently had left it, and told me in St. Louis, while looking at the portrait of this girl, that whilst staying in Mr. Laidlaw's fort, the chief Black Rock, entered the room suddenly where the portrait of his daughter was hanging on the wall, and pointing to it with a heavy heart, told Mr. Laidlaw, that whilst his band was out on the prairies, where they had been for several months

'making meat,' his daughter had died, and was there buried. 'My heart, is glad again,' said he, 'when I see her here alive; and I want the one the medicine-man made of her, which is now before me, that I can see her, and talk to her. My band are all in mourning for her, and at the gate of your fort, which I have just passed, are ten horses for you, and Ee-ah-sa-pa's wigwam, which you know is the best one in the Sioux nation. I wish you to take down my daughter and give her to me.' Mr. Laidlaw, seeing the *unusually* liberal price that this nobleman was willing to pay for a portrait, and the true grief that he expressed for the loss of his child, had not the heart to abuse such noble feeling; and taking the painting from the wall, placed it into his hands; telling him that of right it belonged to him, and that his horses and wigwam he must take back and keep them, to mend, as far as possible, his liberal heart, which was broken by the loss of his only daughter."



A CHIPPEWAY CHIEF, FROM MR. OATLIN'S PAINTINGS.

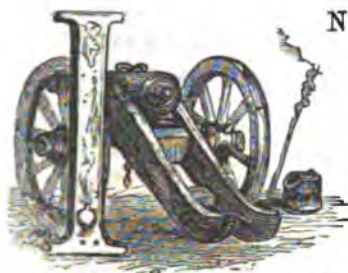




BLOWING UP A CROCODILE.



Blowing up a Crocodile.



IN the summer of 1846, when every body in England was crazy with railway gambling, I was sojourning on the banks of the Rohan, a small stream in one of the northwestern provinces of India. Here I first became acquainted with the Mugger, or Indian crocodile. I had often before leaving England, seen, in museums, stuffed specimens of the animal, and had read in "Voyages and Travels," all sorts of horrible and incredible stories concerning them. I had a lively recollection of Waterton riding close to the water's edge on the back of an American cayman, and I had a confused notion of sacred crocodiles on the banks of the

Nile. I always felt more or less inclined to regard the whole race as having affinities with Sinbad's "roc," and the wild men of the woods, who only refrain from speaking for fear of being made to work.

My ideas respecting the natural history of crocodiles were in this stage of development, when, one day, while paddling up the Rohan, I saw what appeared to be a half-burned log of wood lying on a sand-bank. I paddled close up to it. To my astonishment, it proved to be a huge reptile. The old stories of dragons, griffins, and monsters, seemed no longer fables; the speculations of geologists, concerning *mososaurians*, *hylæosaurians*, and *plesiosaurians*, were no longer dreams. There, in all his scaly magnificence, was a *real* saurian, nearly eighteen feet long. For a while I stood gazing at this, to me, new fellow-citizen of the world, and speculating on his mental constitution. The monster was, or pretended to be, asleep. I wondered if he dreamt, and what his dreams or reveries might be about; possibly he was dreaming of the same old world with which I associated him—possibly of the fish who were swimming in the waters below: or, he might be thinking of the men and women he had swallowed in the course of his existence. There was a snort; perhaps that was occasioned by the bugles and heavy brass ornaments which had adorned the limbs of some Hindoo beauty he had eaten, and which were lying heavy and indigestible on his stomach. But presently the brute lay so still, and seemed so tranquil and placid in his sleep, that it was difficult to imagine him guilty of such atrocities. He did not appear to be disturbed by remorse, or the twitching of a guilty conscience: it may have been all a slander. I felt so keenly disposed toward him, that I could not imagine it possible that if awake he would feel disposed to eat me. Let us see! so making a splash with my paddle, I awakened the sleeping beauty. He instantly started up, and opened, what appeared—what indeed proved to be—an enlarged man-trap; disclosing a red, slimy cavern within, fringed with great conical fangs. He closed it with a snap that made me shudder, and then plunged into the water, his eyes glaring with hate and defiance.

Some days after I had made this new acquaintance, I was

sitting at home talking with my brother, when a native woman came crying and screaming to the bungalow door, tearing her hair out in handfuls; she got down on the verandah floor and struck her head against it, as if she really meant to dash her brains out. A crowd of other women stood at a short distance, crying and lamenting as if they were frantic. What was the matter? Half a dozen voices made answer in a discordant chorus, that while the poor woman was washing her clothes by the river side, her child—an infant about a year old—had been seized and swallowed by a Mugger—Although convinced that aid was now impossible, we took our guns and hastened to the spot where the accident happened; but all was still there, not a wavelet disturbed the surface of the stream. A small speckled kingfisher was hovering overhead, as if balanced in the air, with its beak bent down on its breast, watching the fish beneath; presently it darted like an arrow into the water; returned with an empty bill, and then went off, with its clear, sharp, twittering note, as if to console itself for the failure.

One day I was sitting on the high bank of the river, taking snap shots with my gun at the large fish who were every now and then leaping out of the water. A favorite spaniel was bringing a fish out of the water that I had hit. It had swam already half way across the stream, when the water about six yards below her became suddenly disturbed; and, to my horror, up started the head and open jaws of an enormous crocodile. The dog gave a loud shriek, and sprang half out of the water. The Mugger swam rapidly, and got within a yard of his intended victim, when I raised my gun, and took aim at the monster's head. A thud, a splash, a bubble, and a dusky red streak in the water, was all that ensued. Presently, however, Juno's glossy black head emerged from the water; and, to my delight, began to make a rapid progress toward me, and landed safely. The poor brute, wet and shivering, coiled herself up at my feet, with her bright hazel eyes fixed on mine with ineffable satisfaction. Poor Juno subsequently fell a victim to the Muggers, when her master was not at hand to succor her. I mention these facts, to show that the diabolical revenge with which I afterwards

assisted in visiting these monsters, was not groundless. But the strongest occasion of it remains to be told.

Just as the "rains" were beginning, my neighbor, Mr. Hall, sent me word that he intended paying me a short visit, and requested me to send a groom, with a saddle-horse, to meet him at a certain place on the road. The groom, Sidhoo, was a smart, open-chested little fellow, a perfect model of a biped racer. He could run—as is the custom in the East—alongside his horse, at a pace of seven or eight miles an hour, for a length of time that would astonish the best English pedestrian that I ever heard of.

Toward evening, Mr. Hall rode up to the bungalow, dripping with water, and covered with mud. I saw at once that some accident had happened, and hastened to assist him.

As soon as he got inside, he said, in answer to my bantering about his "spill"—

"I am in no humor for jesting. Your groom is lost!"

"Drowned?"

"No; eaten!—by an enormous crocodile!"

He added that, on arriving at a small nulla about two miles off, he found it so much swollen by rain, that he had to swim his horse across it, holding one end of the cord which Sidhoo, in common with most Hindoos, wore coiled round his waist, and which was used in pulling water from the deep wells of the country. Hall got safely across, and then commenced pulling Sidhoo over by means of a cord. The black face with the white teeth and turban, were bobbing above the muddy water, when all at once the groom threw up his arms, gave a loud shriek, and sank below the surface. Mr. Hall, who had doubled the cord round his hand, was dragged into the water; where he got a momentary glimpse of the serrated tail of a Mugger, lashing the water a short distance ahead of him. In his efforts to save himself, he lost his hold of the string, and with much difficulty clambered up the slippery bank of the nulla. All was now still. Only Sidhoo's turban was to be seen floating loosely, a considerable way down the stream. Hall ran toward it, with the sort of feeling which makes a drowning man catch at a straw; and, by means of a stick he succeeded in fishing it out, and brought

it with him, as the only remnant of Sid'.oo he could give an account of.

Bad news soon spread in an Indian village, and Sidhoo's fate was soon made known to his wife; and in a short time she came crying and sobbing to the bungalow, and laid her youngest child at our friend's feet. The tears glistened in the poor fellow's eyes as he tried to soothe and console her; which he did by promising to provide for her and her children.

Although Hall was generally running over with fun, we smoked our cheroots that evening in silence; except when we proposed schemes for the destruction of crocodiles. A great many plans were discussed—but none that offered much chance of success. The next day, after breakfast, I was showing a visitor a galvanic blasting apparatus, lately received from England, for blowing up the stumps of trees which obstruct the navigation of the river. I was explaining its mode of action to him, when he suddenly interrupted me—

“The very thing! Instead of stumps, why not blow up the Muggers?”

I confessed that there could be no reason why we should not blast the Muggers. The difficulty was only how to manage it; yet the more we talked of it, the more feasible did the scheme appear.

The brutes kept pretty constant to the same quarters, when the fish were plentiful; and we soon ascertained that poor Sidhoo's murderer was well known in the neighborhood of the nulla. He had on several occasions carried off goats, pigs, and children, and had once attempted to drag a buffalo, whom he had caught drinking, into the water; but, from all accounts, came off second best in this rencontre. There not being enough water in the nulla to drown the buffalo, the Mugger soon found he had caught a Tartar; and after being well mauled by the buffalo's horns, he was fain to scuttle off and hide himself among the mud.

I had observed, when blasting the stumps, that the concussion produced by the discharge had the effect of killing all the fish within a range of twenty or thirty yards. After every explosion, they were found in great numbers, floating on the surface of the water with their bellies uppermost. It now occurred to

me, that if we could only get within a moderate distance of the Mugger, if we did not blow him to pieces, we would at all events give him a shock that would rather astonish him. An explosion of gunpowder under water communication a much severer shock to the objects in its immediate vicinity, than the same quantity of powder exploded in the air; the greater density of the water enabling it, as it were, to give a harder blow.

Having made our arrangements, Mr. Hall, my brother, and myself, got into a small canoc, with the blasting apparatus on board, and dropped down the stream to where the nulla discharged its waters into the Rohan. He then got out and proceeded to the village close by, where we obtained for a few annas, the carcass of a young kid. A flask with about six pounds of gunpowder, and having the conducting wires attached, was then sewn into the kid's belly. Two strong ropes were also tied to this bait; and, to one of these, the conducting wires was firmly bound with a small cord. The ropes were about thirty yards long, and had each attached to its extremities one of the inflated goat-skins used by water-carriers. Hall, with his goat-skin under his arm, and a coil of loose rope in his hand, took one side of the nulla, while my brother, similarly provided took the other. My brother's rope contained the wire: so I walked beside him, while two coolies, with the batteries ready charged, and slung to a pole which rested on their shoulders, accompanied me. A small float was also attached by a string to the kid, so as to indicate its position.

These arrangements being made, we commenced walking up the nulla, dragged the carcass of the kid in the stream, and moving it across from side to side, so as to leave no part of the bed untried; and, as the nulla was only about twelve yards wide, we felt pretty confident that, if the Mugger were in it, we could scarcely fail of coming in contact with him. We had proceeded only about a quarter of a mile, when the float suddenly dipt. My brother and Hall threw the loose coil of ropes they carried on the water, along with the inflated skins. These made it soon evident by their motion that the Mugger had seized the kid. He was dashing across, in a zig-zag direction, down the stream. I ran after him as fast as I could; and paying out the cord from

the reel, when I found it impossible to keep up with him. On reaching a place where the banks were steeper than usual, he came to a stand still. I got on the top of the bank, and commenced hauling in the rope. I did not, however, venture to lift the skin out of the water, for fear of disturbing him, until the coolies with the battery had time to come up. This was a very anxious time; for, if the Mugger had shifted his quarters before they came up, a fresh run with him would have ensued, with a chance of his breaking the wires with his teeth. After a while I heard the coolies approaching, and my brother scolding them, and urging them to hasten on. Just as they appeared above the bank, the foremost coolie tripped his foot and fell—I groaned with disappointment—presently, my brother came along with them, and brought the battery to my feet; a good deal of the acid had been spilt, but, with the aid of a bottle of fresh acid we had brought along with us, we soon got the battery up to the requisite power.

Every thing being now in order, I commenced pulling up the rope with the wire. I proceeded as cautiously as possible for fear of disturbing the Mugger; but, in spite of all my efforts, the inflated skin, in coming up the bank, dislodged some loose pieces of earth, and sent them splashing into the water. Fortunately, however, the Mugger made up his mind to digest the kid where he was. I could not help chuckling when I at length got hold of the end of the wires. Whilst my brother was fastening one of them to the battery, I got the other ready for completing the circuit. The Mugger all the while lying still at the bottom of the nulla with, most likely, a couple of fathoms of water over his head, unconscious of danger, and little dreaming that the two-legged creatures on the bank had got a nerve communicating with his stomach, through which they were going to send a flash of lightning that would shatter his scaly hulk to pieces.

Every thing being now ready, I made the fatal contact. Our success was complete! We felt a shock, as if something had fallen down the bank—a mound of muddy water rose, with a muffled, rumbling sound, and then burst out to a column of dark smoke. A splashing and bubbling succeeded, and then a great crimson patch floated on the water, like a variegated carpet pat-

tern. Strange-looking fragments of scaly skin were picked up by the natives from the water's edge, and brought to us amidst a very general rejoicing. The exploded Mugger floated down the stream, and the current soon carried it out of sight. We were not at all sorry, for it looked such a horrible mess that we felt no desire to examine it.

Our sense of triumphant satisfaction was, however, sadly damped about a week afterwards, when we received the mortifying announcement, that Sidhoo's Mugger was still alive, and on his old beat, apparently uninjured. It was evident that we had blasted the wrong Mugger! We consoled ourselves with the reflection, that if he were not Sidhoo's murderer, it was very likely he was not wholly innocent of other atrocities, and therefore deserved his fate.

Of course it was impossible to rest while Sidhoo's Mugger remained alive, so we were not long in preparing for a second expedition. This time we took the precaution of not charging the battery until we were certain that the bait was swallowed. The acid, diluted to the necessary strength, was, therefore, carried in one of those brown earthenware jars called gray-beards, which had come out to us full of Glénlivet whisky. We commenced dragging the kid up the stream, as before; but, having walked more than a mile without getting a bite, we were getting rather disheartened, and sat down to rest, struck a light, and smoked a cheroot. Hall lay down, having manufactured an impromptu easy chair out of his coil of rope, with the inflated goat-skin placed above it. My brother was not long in imitating his example, and I lay down under the shade of some reeds, near to the water's edge. The heat was oppressive, and we were discussing the probability of getting a bite that day, and lamenting that we had not brought some pale ale along with us, when, all at once, I got a sharp blow on the leg, while my brother came spinning down the bank like a teetotem—a companion picture to Hall, who was revolving down the opposite bank. The ropes and skins went rushing down the nulla at a tremendous pace. As soon as we recovered from the laughter into which we had been thrown by this droll contretemps, we set off in pursuit, guided by the tracks which the inflated skins made in

the water. On they went, dashing from side to side, as they had done in our first attempt. On coming to a place where the nulla made a sharp turn, they stood still under the high bank on the inner curve of the bend. It unfortunately happened that the bank, near to which the skins were floating, was too precipitous for us to get near them, without starting the Mugger from his present position. With much labor, we detached some loose sods from the top of the bank, and sent them with a loud splash into the water, directly over where we imagined him to have taken up his quarters. This had the desired effect, for the skins began to move slowly down the stream, as if the Mugger were crawling leisurely along the bottom.

Leaving my brother with the coolies in charge of the battery, I ran on to where the bank was more shelving. By good luck, the stream was rushing up, after its sudden sweep, and sent a strong current against this bank. I had not waited many minutes, before the skins came floating round the corner, to where I was standing. I seized the one to which the wire was attached, desiring my brother to charge the battery, and bring it down. This he did much sooner than I could have expected; for, as the battery was now empty, one coolie was able to carry it on his head, while my brother took the jar of acid in his hand. It was evident from the motion of the other skin in the water that the Mugger was still moving—so no time was to be lost. I made the connection with the battery with one of the wires; in an instant the circuit was complete, and the Mugger's doom sealed.

There was a momentary pause—owing, I suppose, to some slight loss of insulation in the wires—then came the premonitory shock, then the rumble, the smoke, and the sparks; and a great bloated mass of flesh and blood rose to the surface of the water. Hall called out to us to drag it ashore, and see if we could get any trace of poor Sidhoo. We tried by means of a bamboo pole to draw it to the bank, but the glimpse we got of it as it neared was so unutterably disgusting, that we pushed it off again, and allowed it to float away down with the current.

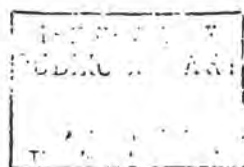
That this was Sidhoo's Mugger, there could be no doubt; for he was never seen or heard of afterwards in the neighborhood.

The following paragraph, cut from a newspaper, shows that electricity is beginning to be used as a destroyer not only of crocodiles, but of whales.

"We learn from the New Bedford Mercury, that Mr. Heiniken has recently received intelligence from Bremen, which is of much interest, relating to the success of his invention for stunning whales by electricity, as practically tested on board the Bremen whale ship *Averick Heiniken*, Captain Georken. In a letter, dated New Zealand, December 13, 1851, Captain Georken writes :

"The first experiment we made with the new invention was upon a shark, applying the electricity from the machine with one magnet. The fish, after being struck, instantly turned over on its side, and, after we had poured in upon him a stream of electricity for a few moments by turning the handle of the machine, the shark became stiff as a piece of wood. We next fell in with a black fish. As soon as the whale-iron was thrown into him and the machine handle turned, the fish began to sink. The operator then ceased turning the machine handle, and the fish immediately rose, when the machine was again set in motion, upon which the fish lay stiff upon the surface of the water, and was taken alongside of the ship. At this time we made use of the four magnet machine.

"We saw sperm and other whales, and lowered our boats, but were unsuccessful in getting fast to them, as they disappeared on our approaching them ; while at all other times the weather was too boisterous to permit us to lower our boats. Thus we had but one chance to try the experiment upon a whale, which was made with the four magnet machine. The whale, upon being struck, made one dash onward, then turned on his side, and was rendered perfectly powerless. Although I have, as yet, not been fortunate enough to test the invention in more instances, I have the fullest confidence in the same, and doubt not to be able to report the most astonishing results on my return from the Arctic Seas, where I am now bound."





HIPPOPOTAMUS AND CROCODILE HUNT



A CROCODILE UPSETTING A BOAT.

Hippopotamus and Crocodile Hunt.



THE Crocodile is now not found in Egypt, though, it formerly abounded in the lower regions of the Nile. It is nearly the same size as the rhinoceros, has an enormously large head, the mouth armed with strong tusks; and though its habits are in general quiet and inoffensive, its rage and strength, when it is roused, render it very dangerous, especially in the water.

The hippopotamus of South Africa appears to be more timid than the hippopotamus of Dongola, of which Dr. Ruppell speaks; but this difference is probably owing to the fire-arms of the Cape colonists. Dr. Smith speaking of the *hippopotamus capensis*, or sea-cow of the colonists, says, "It was formerly found in most

of the large rivers of Southern Africa. It is now almost extinct within the colony, the firing of the hunters have scared away those which escaped death; but great numbers are still found in the rivers of those parts in which the use of firearms is wholly or almost unknown. They seem to prefer the sea to the fresh-water rivers for their abode, during the day, in situations where they have the choice. They feed on grass, and chiefly during the night; retiring at day-break to the water, where they remain until the dusk again invites them forth to graze.

Unless when their own safety or that of their young is threatened, the hippopotami are so timid that they betake themselves to the water at the mere approach of mankind; but if attacked and wounded in the water, they often swim to the hunter's boat, rise suddenly beneath it, and seriously damage, if not destroy it. Their flesh is much in request as food, both among the natives and the colonists; and the epicures of Cape Town do not disdain to use their influence with the country farmers to obtain a preference in the matter of *Sea Cows' Speck*, as the fat which lies immediately under the skin is called, when salted and dried.

The hippopotami are usually captured by means of pitfalls formed along the banks of rivers, and which are daily covered with fresh grass, that no withered appearance may excite the animal's suspicion. It unfortunately happens that this artifice sometimes deceives the horses and oxen of travellers, as more than once happened to our expedition, some of whose oxen were killed and others seriously injured, by falling into these pits.

The last paragraph of this description seems to explain the 24th verse of the chapter in which the behemoth is mentioned—"his nose pierceth through snares"—unless we adopt the marginal reading, which varies the meaning—"will any take him in his fight," or "bore his nose with a ginn." On the whole, though some intelligent commentators rather incline to the opinion that "behemoth" is now an extinct animal, there is considerable probability that the hippopotamus is described under that name.

The description of "leviathan" is longer and involves more difficulty than that of "behemoth." The questions are asked, "Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook, or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down? Canst thou fill his skin with

barbed irons, or his head with fish-spears? Who can open the doors of his face? His teeth are terrible round about. His scales are his pride, shut up together as with a close seal." These certainly describe the crocodile; but there are other expressions, which, unless we make allowance for the hyperbolical style of Oriental composition, seem to point to a creature more terrible and dangerous even than the crocodile. Dr. Good, however, considers leviathan to be the crocodile. The crocodile, he says, "is a natural inhabitant of the Nile and other Asiatic and African rivers; of enormous voracity and strength, as well as fleetness in swimming; attacks mankind and animals with the most daring impetuosity; when taken by means of a powerful net, will often overturn the boats that surround it; has proportionally the largest mouth of all monsters whatever; moves both its jaws equally, the upper of which has not less than forty, and the lower than thirty-eight large teeth; and is furnished with a coat of mail so scaly and callous as to resist the force of a musket-ball in every part, except under the belly. Herodotus expressly states that one of the modes by which this unconquerable monster was occasionally taken, in his time, was by means of a hook which was baited with a hog's chine, and thrown into the river; the crocodile having swallowed which, it was drawn on shore and despatched.

Dr. Good's description of the "unconquerable monster" is rather strongly expressed. Dr. Ruppell says, "If I had not seen the fact with my own eyes, I could not have believed that two men could draw out of the water a crocodile fourteen feet long, fasten his muzzle, tie his legs over his back, and finally kill the beast." Most of our readers are also acquainted with Mr. Waterton's amusing description of his capture of a cayman (a species of alligator, which is a subgenus of the crocodile, peculiar to America,) as related by himself in his "Wanderings." Still, both the crocodile of the old world and the alligator of the new, are very fierce and dangerous creatures; and we may imagine the terror which the crocodile inspired in earlier times, when, secured in his scaly armor, he could almost be said to "esteem iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood. The arrow cannot make him flee; slingstones are turned with him into stubble; he laughed at the shaking of a spear."

Our wood cut is from a print after Rubens, and is intended to represent a scene on the banks of the Nile. A hippopotamus and crocodile engaged in combat are surprised by the hunters, who, notwithstanding the peril of the adventure, seem to charge with great spirit. We need hardly to point out to our readers the inconsistencies and absurdities in the design. One of the qualities of Rubens was his versatility; and, especially when roused by the imputations of rivals, displayed this often at the expense of probability and consistency. But Rubens left the stamp of ability on all he undertook; and, unnatural though the scene in the wood-cut above may be, there is great energy and expression of the figures.









SPANISH COSTUMES.

Wild Bull Hunting and Fighting.

THE Spanish bull-fight has been often described, but that species of bull-fight which, while it affords pastime to the people, subdues the noble animal to be a partaker of the labors of the husbandmen is, we believe, little or not at all known in this country. The Peninsula abounds with extensive forest lands, which, though reaching over a wide extent of country, is sufficiently open to afford pasture and food to herds of wild cattle who roam almost unmolested among their shades. The great forest of the Alemtajeo is an apt illustration. In this some hundreds of square miles

of country are occupied by growing timber ; but within its bounds large open spaces exist which serve for pasturages, and occasionally a farm, a vineyard, or an olive grove may be seen struggling as it were, for existence amidst the vast solitudes. But though occasional glimpses of culture appear, they are too few and far between to offer any serious check to the increase and independence of the herds which roam around them undisturbed. It was in this forest that I witnessed for the first time the method of capturing the wild bulls. I had received intimation that the village of Alcoxete, on the Tagus, was to be the scene of a bull-fight, and that the villagers for many miles round were invited to join in the hunt, which was to take place on the following day ; I accordingly crossed the river in company of about twenty persons, mostly military, each being provided with a long pole, having a small spike fixed in one end, and mounted as inclination or ability suited. When we arrived on the opposite bank, a little before day-break, we found about two hundred and fifty or three hundred persons assembled, some mounted on different sorts of quadrupeds, from the noble Andalusian horse to the humble hack donkey, and very many on foot. They were all armed in a similar manner to ourselves. As soon as daylight began to appear we all marched off towards the forest. The morning was peculiarly fine, and the interest of the beautiful scenery was heightened by the varied costumes of the persons by whom we were surrounded. As soon as we had advanced some distance into the wood we halted for the purpose of refreshment, before the arduous and somewhat perilous duties of the day began. After a hasty meal we divided into two parties, one stretching in a long line to the right and the other to the left. We had not advanced far in this manner before we fell in with a herd of cattle having twelve bulls with it, which no sooner descried us than they bounded off with the speed of lightning. The sport had now began ; we put our horses to the utmost speed, threading our way amongst the tall pine-trees as well as we could, and endeavoring by wild cries to drive the bulls towards the other party. At length, after about an hour's chase, some half-dozen of us who were better mounted than the rest came up with them, and commenced the attack with our long poles. The manner was this : one person riding at full speed

gave the bull nearest him a sharp prick with the goad, which it no sooner felt than it turned upon its assailant and gave chase; another horseman then coming up attacked it on the other side, when, leaving its first assailant, it turned upon the second; he in like manner was rescued by a third, and so on. The attention of the infuriated animal thus distracted prevented his escape, and gave the other hunters time to come up. The bulls were thus at length separated from the herd. A sufficient number having arrived to form a circle round them, we commenced operations for the purpose of driving them towards the town: all the skill of the riders was now necessary, and all the activity possessed by both man and horse, to keep clear of the pointed horns which on every side were directed against him, as well as to prevent the herd from breaking through the living net with which it was surrounded. This was perhaps the most difficult part, and was attained by keeping each bull separately engaged, and thus preventing united action; for what line was sufficient, armed as we were, to resist the simultaneous rush of these most powerful animals. The continued activity and exertion requisite had knocked up many of the poor jades who had started in the morning, and the circle became smaller and smaller as the day advanced; several, too, had been carried off severely gored and wounded by the horns and feet of the bulls. I, however, and the party with whom I started, were resolved to see the conclusion, and redoubling our efforts we at length, about four o'clock in the afternoon, succeeded in driving them into an enclosure where were a number of oxen (all at one time wild) with bells, quietly grazing. Here they were kept till required for the next day's sport.

The square of Alcoxete had been fitted up in the form of an arena, with seats or rather standing places all round; the centre was carefully cleaned, all stones removed, and fresh sand strewed. At one side a cart was stationed for a purpose to be presently described; at the other a pen was fitted up for the reception of each bull as it was to make its appearance, communicating by a door with the place where the herd was enclosed. The difficulty of bringing the bulls from their temporary resting-place to the scene of their humiliation was not less than that of their original capture. Through the forests they had only the trees and shrubs

before them, to which they were accustomed; and if the line of huntsmen alone was sufficient to awaken their rage and terror amidst scenes familiar to them, how much more must those feelings have been excited when passing through the streets of a town crowded with people, the houses gaily decorated with red, blue, white, and green hangings, and greeted with a thousand tongues in the joyfulness of expectation? Twice the terrified and furious herd turned and dashed through the assembled crowd, tossing and goring all who ventured to oppose them, and twice the circling horsemen brought them back. One fine black bull took to the river and swam out about two miles before a boat could be put off to recapture it. Several of the English soldiers who were quartered near the town swam after it, and one of them an excellent swimmer had nearly reached it, when a fishing boat came up, and fixing a cord round the bull's horns towed it in. The soldier, however, was resolved not to have his trouble for nothing, and mounting on its back, was landed safely amidst the shouts of the spectators. The sport of baiting the bulls for the purpose of taming them, began at three in the afternoon, when the heat of the sun had somewhat abated. Six of the wild animals were ushered into the circus, surrounded by a band of mounted picadores, and accompanied by several tame cattle with cords, when one by one they were secured with cords to the cart, and a leathern cap placed on the points of the horns, after which they were all driven into the pen. The circus was then cleared, and the Spaniards entered, gaily attired in the Andalusian costume, the grace and elegance of which must be seen to be properly understood. The hair, which is worn long, is confined in a black silk bag, which is fastened with bows of black riband: the light-colored velvet jacket covered with gold lace and silver gilt buttons, the velvet vest richly embroidered, the lace shirt, red silk sash, velvet breeches and silk stockings; all harmonizing in color and form, set off the figure to the best advantage and add to the grace and elegance for which the Andalusian is so justly celebrated. These men, of whom there were five or six, are accustomed from their infancy to the dangerous employment of bull-fighting, and the agility and dexterity displayed in evading the furious attacks of the bulls are astonishing. After carefully examining the arena they each

armed themselves with four short barbed darts, and waited for the coming of the bull: they had not to wait long; the door was thrown open and the animal rushed into the centre, greeted by the shouts and vivas of the spectators, One of the Spaniards advancing invited the attack, when the bull, who at first, bewildered and amazed, had stood tearing up the earth with its feet till almost hid from view by the cloud of dust, lashing itself into fury with its tail, rushed upon its opponent. All who were not accustomed to such spectacles thought the man must inevitably have perished; but just as the long and powerful horns seemed to touch his body he stepped nimbly aside, and turning smartly round, planted all four darts in the animal's neck just behind the horns. Loud shouts of applause rewarded his dexterity, and the bull, more enraged than ever, ran round the area tearing up the earth and bellowing with rage, until encountered by a second picadore with like success. After the Spaniards had exhausted themselves in exciting the rage of the bull, they quitted the area and the populace were admitted to throw the bull: this was generally done by one man leaping between the horns, upon which he supported himself in an upright posture till relieved by his companions, who threw the bull to the ground. The cry of "largo, largo" was the signal for its liberation, when some tame cattle being admitted it was led by them to the pen. Six bulls were thus baited the first day, the other six on the day following. Three weeks afterward I had these very animals under my charge as baggage oxen, as tame and gentle oxen as could be desired.





GULIA.

BEBE.

Human Phenomena.



THE man called in England the Porcupine Man, is a striking example of the vagaries to which nature sometimes yields. The following description is given by Dr. Ascanius, of the Royal Society of London.

This man, born of healthy parents, presented nothing remarkable in his appearance at his birth; but a few months afterwards, an infinite number of little excrescences began to appear on his body, which were at

first supposed to be caused by an eruption. It was afterwards discovered that they were of a horny substance, whose progress nothing could arrest. With the exception of the head, the palms of the hands, and the soles of the feet, his whole body was covered with these bristles, that resembled the ends of quills seen on a fowl when stripped of his feathers. They were six "lignes" in length and four in thickness. Like the bristles of the hedgehog, they were planted perpendicularly in the skin. They were of a livid hue, and seemed transparent, when seen opposite to the light. When dressed and wearing gloves, this man appeared in no respect different from his fellow-creatures. His hair and beard were black—his figure well-made and graceful. The bristles were shed every fall and renewed, so that he resembled an animal in hair and skin. By some accident a piece of flesh was torn away from his body, and on this place these horns never appeared again. At the age of twenty-two, he was attacked with the small-pox. The skin peeled entirely off, but on his recovery his bristles reappeared. With this exception, he always enjoyed good health. He married, and had six children, all of whom were of the same singular constitution, and, like himself, covered with horns. There was but one, (a boy) living when the doctor published this account.

On the 31st of December, 1752, were born in the parish of Brassiere, in Poitou, two female children, united from the top of the neck to the waist inclusive. They had but one body between them, in which were placed two hearts, two wind-pipes, and two grand arteries. The heads were well proportioned and were placed face to face. The union began just below the ears and the lower jaw. One of the children had the right arm before, the other the left arm behind. There was a third arm placed between the vertebral columns which grew out of a shoulder-blade, formed by two parts ossified together. There was only a single humerus in the arm, a cubitus and a radius in the fore-arm. It was only at the wrist that the united hands could be distinguished, having ten distinct fingers, separated by the thumbs, which touched each other.

What is most wonderful in phenomena of this nature is, that they lived to an age advanced enough to reply to questions that

are put to them. This was the fact in the two following examples, and merits the greatest attention.

The first relates to two children united in one, natives of Wales, and who attained an age beyond mere infancy. It is said that they wept when they thought of the consequences of one dying before the other; thus proving that they lived long enough to reflect upon their future fate, which inspired them with such anxiety. The work from which this fact is taken, does not inform us at what period this took place, but limits itself to stating that the children died, happily, the same day. The second account presents more details.

In the year 1704, two children were born at Presburg, who were united together, and who lived until April, 1724. One of them was then attacked by an illness of which she died; the other survived her but a few days. They were joined together at the end of the thorax, so that they could not see each other. They were placed in the convent of Silesian nuns, in their native city, where they were supported by the bounty of the Cardinal de Saxe-Zeits, with a female who served them as a governess and never quitted them; for these twins, as different in disposition as in face, often quarrelled, and her presence was needed to quell and soothe them.

They had each two arms and two legs. The sensation of hunger was not felt by them sympathetically, and their wants were supplied at different times. One of them, stronger than the other, by resting on her side, could raise her sister, with as much ease as lift her arm. The other could not perform this feat without much difficulty. Sometimes one was sick, while the other retained her health. One was beautiful, graceful, and gentle; the other ugly, ill-tempered, and quarrelsome. The latter often became excited against her sister, and the governess was obliged to put an end to disputes which otherwise might have resulted in fatal consequences.

We read in a letter of Manajetta's to Dr. Junguis, that a president of the parliament of Dijon, who was about sixty years old, when recovering from a severe fever, had a tumor on the vertebræ of the two lower ribs, about the size of a chestnut, rough, hard, and extremely sensitive, and which during ten years re-

mained in the same state. At the end of that time, a considerable enlargement took place, so that it resembled the horn of a young stag. It afterwards grew so rapidly that had it not been cut from time to time, leaving always about a finger's length from the skin where the part became sensitive to the touch it would have been more than six inches long.

In the year 1828, the barque sachem brought to Boston, two young Siamese, about eighteen years old, who have been joined together since their birth. Their height is about five feet, their bodies well-proportioned, their countenances expressive and agreeable. They are strong, active, gentle, intelligent, and full of sensibility; perfectly well-formed, with the exception of a ligament of cartilaginous substance, which issuing from the breast holds them firmly together. This ligament is about seven inches in circumference and four in length; it is elastic and allows them to turn freely. They show that each has a will of his own, by frequently directing their attention to different objects. It is said that on such occasions they pull one another like two dogs under one collar. Though each has a distinct mind, yet their organization endows them with great sympathy, for they sleep nearly at the same time. They enjoy an excellent appetite, and are very vivacious. They walk with their arms twined around each other's necks like two friends. They play chess, and have often beaten strangers at this difficult game. They will also converse separately with different persons at the same time. One is named Chang, the other Eng; but they are frequently called together Chang-Eng.

Finally, the dwarf Gulia, who astonished all Paris, on his appearance there, completes this series of wonderful creatures.

Gulia was presented to the Academy of Sciences, on his arrival, being twenty-one years old and only thirty-nine inches in height, about six inches taller than the famous dwarf Bebe. He was born in Illyria, a town not far from Trieste. His parents were well proportioned, and Gulia himself was so until his fifth year, when he ceased growing. He was distinguished among other individuals of this kind by his refined appearance and graceful figure; he spoke five languages, viz: the two in use along the Adriatic Sea, the German, French, and Italian. He was well versed in

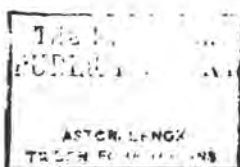
the fine arts, performed on the violin, was an excellent horseman, and showed much dexterity in the chase.

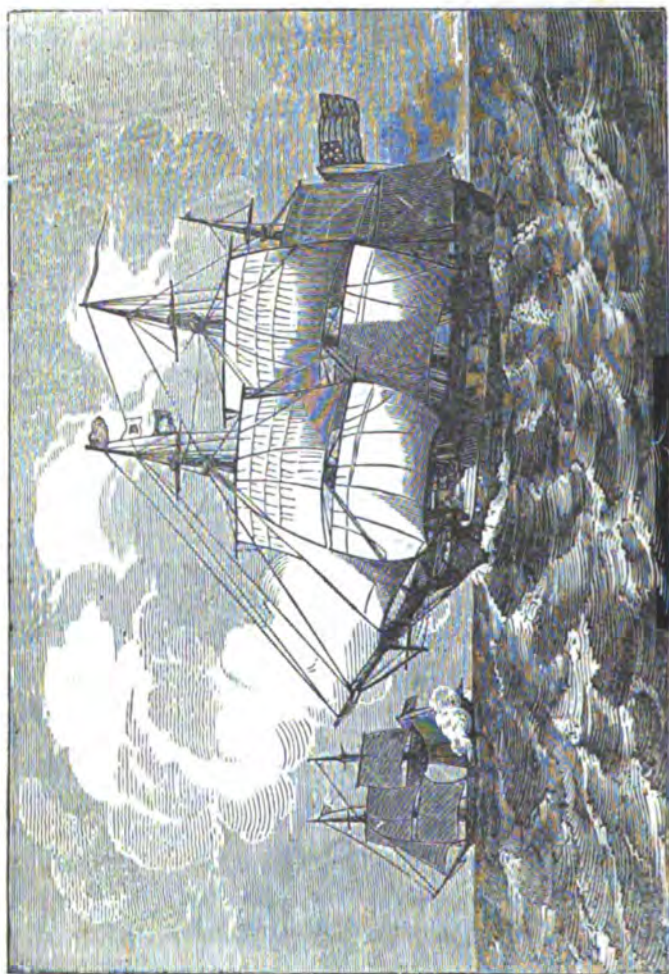
This diminutive creature excited the most lively interest; all were struck with the grace and dignity of his manners, as well as the perfection of his figure. His articulations were acute, and his face bore a serious expression far removed from anything childish. The most remarkable fact which Gulia presented, was the splendid developement of the cranium, above all, the projection of the forehead. It has been compared to the head of Jupiter on the body of Apollo; always remembering that it is in miniature. Gulia had all the tastes and passions of other men, and love, which brings distances together, can also level heights. Gulia is going to be married. Happily, he has found at Vienna, a lady of the same height as himself, with all the social virtues and attractions that he could desire,

It is a striking fact in the history of this dwarf, that his father, mother, brothers and sisters are all remarkably tall. He ceased growing at the age of five years, but we can hardly say that his growth was stopped, for the state of the bones and the proportions show that there was nothing more to be developed.

Gulia never had an illness or even a slight indisposition. He has borne the fatigues of travelling, which have affected more robust persons, with great ease. His refined manners have gained him access to the best society of the European courts; he has played billiards with the King of Prussia and the Emperor of all the Russias.







CRUISE OF THE ALFRED.



Thomas Johnson.

THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE CREW OF "THE BONHOMME RICHARD."



THIS venerable sailor is in the 92d year of his age ; nearly sixty years of which he has spent on the ocean, and thirty-five under the stars and stripes of his adopted country. Although almost helpless from age, his mind is clear and his memory retentive. He remembers distinctly many interesting incidents during his cruisings with that eccentric but intrepid officer, John
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Paul Jones, and narrates many of the daring exploits in which he was a participator under the direction of this extraordinary man.

Thomas Johnson is a Norwegian by birth, the son of a pilot at Mandal, a seaport on the coast of Norway, where he was born in the year of 1758. Having been engaged in that occupation for nearly twenty years, he was consequently accustomed to a seafaring life; and in the absence of his father towed the first American vessel into the harbor of Mandal. This vessel was the *Ranger*, from Boston, carrying eighteen guns, under the command of Captain Jones. The sight of a ship from a country which was at this time struggling for its independence, and of which they knew so little, caused no little sensation among the inhabitants of the town. After their arrival in port, Jones sent for the young pilot, and presenting him with a piece of gold, expressed his pleasure at his expert seamanship, which he had minutely watched during the towing of his ship into the harbor.

He also observed that he had made the port of Mandal, in order to enlarge his crew, not having sufficient men for the long cruise he was about to make; and added, that if the father of the young pilot would permit, he would be glad to engage him. Satisfactory arrangements were made, and Johnson was received as a seaman on board the *Ranger*.

It will be remembered that Captain Jones had been cruising the last two years as the first lieutenant of the *Alfred* flag ship, the first privateer fitted out by congress to cruise against British commerce. In this ship he hoisted with his own hands the American flag, the first time it was ever displayed on the ocean; its emblems were a pine tree, with a rattlesnake coiled at its root, as if about to strike.

The *Alfred* was very successful, and brought home several valuable prizes. Congress, therefore, determined on the purchase of three other ships for the same purpose, and Captain Jones was permitted to make choice of either; he chose the *Ranger*, and was invested with the command by the following resolution:

“Resolved. That Captain John Paul Jones be appointed to command the ship *Ranger*, and that William Whipple, Esq.,



THE FIRST HOISTING OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.

member of Congress, and of the Marine Committee, John Langdon, Esq., continental agent, and the said John Paul Jones, be authorized to appoint lieutenants and other officers and men necessary for the said ship; and that blank commissions and warrants be sent them to be filled up with the names of the persons they appoint, returns whereof to be made to the Navy Board in the eastern department."

"*Resolved*, That the flag of the thirteen United States, henceforth be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; and the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

Jones immediately commissioned the *Ranger*, and, singular to say, was the first to display the new flag of the republic, as he did the original one on board the *Alfred*, about two years previous. The *Ranger* was intended to carry twenty-six guns; but Jones begged to exercise his own judgment, believing that she would be more serviceable with only eighteen, and accordingly mounted that number, for which he had often occasion to congratulate himself on his judicious forethought; for the ship proved to be exceedingly crank, and with the whole number, would have been nearly useless.

His first cruise with his new ship was to the coast of France,

and on his voyage there he chased a fleet of ten sail, under a strong convoy, took two prizes, and carried them safely into Nantes.

From thence he took a short cruise on the coast of Norway, and putting into the port of Mandal, as we before stated, engaged the services of Thomas Johnson, the subject of this sketch.

After completing his arrangement, Jones returned to Nantes, and from thence proceeded to Quiberon Bay, giving convoy to some American vessels which were desirous of joining the French fleet commanded by Admiral La Mott Piquet, who had been ordered to keep the coast of France clear of British cruisers.

Writing to the Marine Committee on the 22d February, 1778, he says, "I am happy in having it in my power to congratulate you on seeing the American flag, for the first time, recognized in the fullest and most complete manner by the flag of France; and it is my greatest desire to render useful service to the American cause, I would suggest that, as the field of cruising being thus extended, and the British navy, in numbers, so superior to ours, it would be well to surprise their defenceless places, and thereby divert their attention, and draw it from our coasts." These suggestions contained the plan of annoyance which was eventually adopted in Paul Jones's cruises in the European seas. It was about the middle of April, 1778, as our hero relates, that they found themselves on the coast of Scotland, immediately in the vicinity of the birth-place of Jones, and in sight of the port of Whitehaven, upon which he had determined to make his first descent.

It was near the break of day, when Jones ordered two boats, and a plentiful supply of combustibles to be prepared, with thirty-one men, to leave the *Ranger* and make for the outer pier. Jones commanded the first boat himself, the other was under the command of Simpson, his first lieutenant, conveying the combustible matter, and charged with firing the vessels, about seventy in number, lying on the north side of the pier, while he undertook the rest. They found two batteries at Whitehaven, which Jones, with ten of his men, Johnson being one of the number, scaled, taking the soldiers prisoners, and spiking the guns. He then, with his party, started for the other



THE LANDING AT WHITEHAVEN.

battery, about a quarter of a mile distant, which he served in the same way.

On his return he met his lieutenant, with the remainder of the sailors, who stated that he had not done as he requested him, having a reluctance to destroy the undefended property of poor people, he had hesitated until his candles had burned out, and then found it impossible to execute his orders.

Jones was exceedingly angry, and vented his rage in the most insulting language, saying at the same time, "that if the accomplished Lord Howe would commit deeds of burning, pillage, and slaughter, upon the persons and property of the Americans, the right of retaliation belonged to us." In making such hasty remarks, he forgot that this enterprise was one of an entirely different nature; the scheme, if it may be so called, was one of his own forming, the American government not being apprised of any thing of the kind, neither had he received any orders to that effect. The whole affair must be allowed to be one of the most audacious of its kind, and will ever attach a lasting stain upon the memory of its originator.

It was now daylight, and the frightened inhabitants were beginning to collect; still Jones was unwilling to depart without carrying any of his intended depredations into effect, after surmounting so many difficulties

He posted to the nearest house and demanded a light, which, having obtained, he deliberately kindled a fire in the steerage of a large ship which was surrounded by others lying dry upon the shore, pouring a barrel of tar into the flames; during this operation, Johnson, with several other sailors, stood sentinel against any surprise he might receive from the inhabitants, who by this time were attracted by the flames, and had assembled to the pier in great numbers. On seeing them approach in such formidably numbers, he seized his pistols, one in each hand, and standing between them and the ship on fire, ordered them to retire to their homes, which they did with precipitation. At length he and his party entered their boats and rowed quietly to their ship, where, from the deck, he could see the panic-stricken inhabitants running in vast numbers to their forts, which was no little amusement to him, as he had spiked their guns.

Jones afterwards ascertained, much to his chagrin, that only the ship which he himself had fired was destroyed, the surrounding ones were saved by the exertions of the people. He consoled himself by saying, "that he had done enough to show England that all her boasted navy could not protect her own coasts, and that the scenes of distress which she had caused the Americans to pass through, might soon be brought home to her own doors." On his return to the *Ranger*, Jones informed his officers and men that he had not yet done with Scotland, that he had another project in his head, which he intended to carry into effect; that was, to obtain possession of the person of the Earl of Selkirk, a nobleman residing at Selkirk Abbey, on a beautiful promontory called St. Mary's isle, running out into the river Dee, and not more than two miles distant from where they then were.

Jones conceived that if he could obtain possession of this nobleman's person, he could demand an exchange for some distinguished American prisoner. He remained in the Bay of Kirkcudbright till the following morning, when he started with two boats and about twenty men, among whom was Johnson, who relates the particulars of this singular adventure. Johnson was in the first boat with Jones, who commanded it himself; the other was commanded by Simpson, his first lieutenant. They

THE
POLICE
ASTORIA, OREGON
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JONES SENDING OFF THE PLATE TO LADY SELKIRK.



COMMODORE JOHN PAUL JONES.

landed on part of the grounds, not more than two hundred yards from the house; some laborers were at work near by, of whom they inquired if Lord Selkirk was at home; they were informed that he was in London, consequently, his end was frustrated. On receiving this information they prepared to return to their boats, when his officers, of whom there were four, expressed a wish to repair to the Abbey and demand the family plate, pleading as an excuse, that it was the universal custom of the English on the American coast. Jones, in his official report says, after some hesitation, he reluctantly consented, charging them to insult no person on the premises, especially Lady Selkirk. During this delicate embassy, Jones withdrew behind some trees, where he could perceive what was going on. Simpson, with ten of his sailors, went to the house. Lady Selkirk was at breakfast when they presented themselves at the window, and supposing them to be the crew of the revenue cutter, sent a servant to inquire their business, and to offer them some refreshment. Simpson entered the room on the return of the servant, and stated his errand to Lady Selkirk.

Her ladyship made no resistance, but sent the servant to collect the remainder of the plate, requesting that the teapot, which was then on the table, might be emptied and placed with it. After being collected, it was carefully packed in baskets, and the party, having performed their errand, withdrew to their boats, where Paul Jones met them. They soon regained their ship, when the prize they had made was carefully repacked, and they set sail for the coast of France.

During their voyage from Scotland to France, he fell in with an English vessel called the *Drake*; a sharp conflict ensued, which lasted more than an hour, when the *Drake* surrendered, and was towed in safety into Brest, a seaport of France. On the very day of his arrival at Brest, Jones wrote an epistle to Lady Selkirk, promising to return the plate. The plate, after many difficulties and delays, was finally restored, some seven or eight years after it was taken.

The French government being at this time on the eve of embracing the American cause, overwhelmed Jones with congratulations upon his late achievements. He received a letter from the French minister, offering him the command of the "*Bonhomme Richard*," with permission to choose his own cruising ground, either in the European or American seas, and to cruise under the flag of the United States. Jones accepted the offer, and accordingly prepared to form his crew by enlisting raw French peasants and volunteers, having only thirty Americans in the whole, these he transferred from the *Ranger*, with Johnson, our veteran sailor. He commenced his cruising on the coast of Norway, from thence to the west coast of Ireland, during which he made many valuable prizes.

He now determined to cruise around the English coast, to intercept the colliers bound to London, many of which he destroyed. It was during this cruise that he was joined by the *Alliance*, the *Pallas*, and the *Vengeance*, these, with the *Richard*, formed the squadron of which he was commander. On the 23d of September, the squadron was standing to the northward, toward Flamborough Head, with a light breeze, when they discovered a fleet of forty-one sail running down the coast, very close in with the land. Jones soon discovered that this was the Baltic fleet

CAPTURE OF THE DRAKE.





which he had been so anxious to encounter, but had never before had the chance. This fleet was under convoy of the *Serapis*, a new ship, mounting four-four guns, and the *Countess of Scarborough*, of twenty guns. Early in the evening the *Serapis* was observed to haul round and place herself between her convoy and the *Richard*, as if preparing to engage her; she soon came within pistol-shot, when the captain of the *Serapis* demanded, "What ship is that?" and, in reply, a shot was fired from the *Richard*. This was the commencement of a battle more famous for cool courage and heroic daring than perhaps the world ever knew. The biographers of this eccentric but gallant officer have so often described this triumphant conflict, that we shall content ourselves with a few incidents with which our veteran sailor was more intimately connected. He relates that the *Richard* suffered severely at the first of the battle, till Jones ordered the ships to be laid across the hawse of the enemy; in doing so the two ships swung broadside and broadside, the muzzles of the guns touching each other. Jones sent one of his men to lash the two ships together, and commenced with his own hand in making fast the jib-stay of the *Serapis* to the *Richard's* mizzenmast; when the sailors saw what he was about to do, Johnson, with two others, ran to his assistance, and soon performed the task. The firing continued from the starboard sides of both vessels for more than an hour, the effect of which was terrible to both ships. There was much skirmishing with pistols and pikes through the ports, but no effort was made from the *Serapis* to board the *Richard*, although they must have observed her crippled condition, she had begun to leak fast.

It was near ten o'clock when the *Richard* had sunk considerably from the water she had received through the shot-holes, which were now below the surface. Some of the subordinate officer believing that she was sinking, cried out lustily for "Quarter!" when Jones, in great anger, threw a pistol at one of them, which he had just discharged at the enemy, fractured the poor fellow's skull, and sent him reeling down the hatchway. Jones ordered all the hands that could be spared to the pumps, and shortly afterwards the *Serapis* surrendered. At this moment there was much confusion, as several of the crew, who were

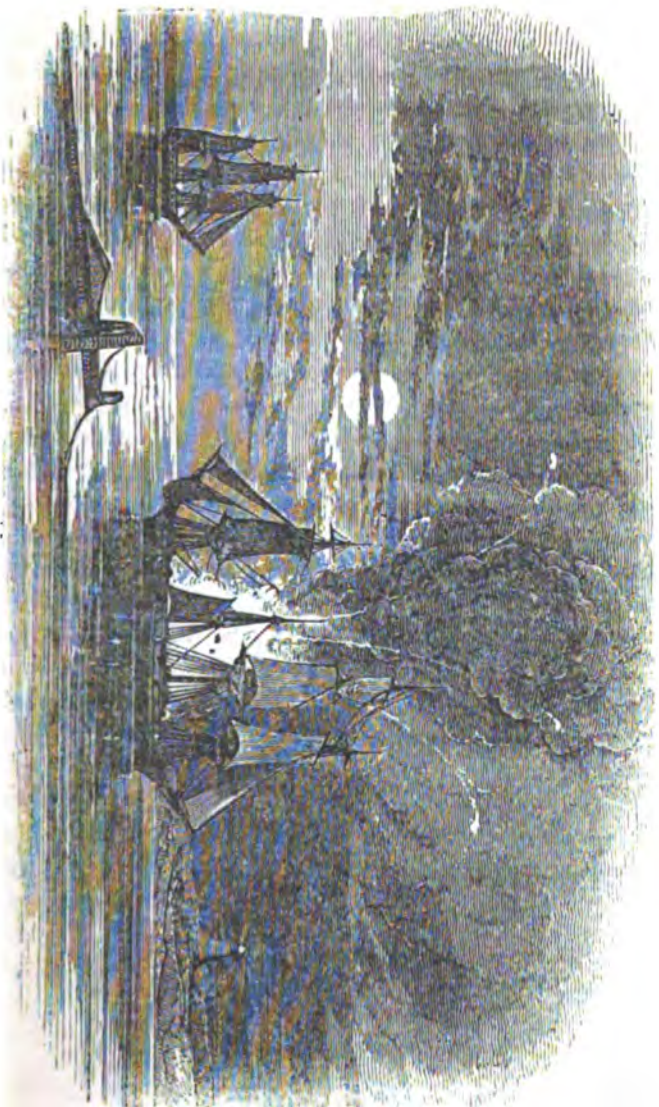
Englishmen, and near their homes, took advantage of the disorder to desert in a small boat toward Scarborough. Our hero well remembers seeing one of the lieutenants of the *Richard* appear on the deck and present several of the officers of the *Serapis* to Commodore Jones as prisoners.

The action had now ceased, all hands were ordered to assist in separating the two ships which had been so long in deadly embrace, and to extinguish the flames which were now raging in both vessels. It was daylight in the morning when the carpenters were ordered to examine the *Richard*. After a deliberate examination, they were of opinion that she could not be kept afloat sufficiently long to reach any port. Jones was not willing to abandon her till the last moment, and kept a lieutenant with a party of sailors at the pumps for twenty-four hours; Johnson says he worked for nine successive hours, and at last, when all hopes were extinguished, they commenced removing the wounded and the stores to the *Serapis*. They had not finished their operations more than half an hour, when she sunk to rise no more.

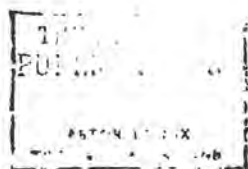
The next cruise was to the Texel, and from thence to Amsterdam, where they received great kindness from the Dutch. Jones still continued his cruising with satisfaction to the American government until the beginning of the year 1781, when he was sent with the ship *Ariel* to Philadelphia with stores for the army which had been waiting in France for more than a year, no suitable conveyance having been provided. They arrived at Philadelphia in February, 1781, the first time Johnson had seen the land of his adoption. Here he received his prize-money, and having disengaged himself from the *Ariel*, determined to remain a short time in order to become master of the English language, of which at that time he knew but little.

At this time Congress was sitting in Philadelphia, and several of the members were removing their families to that city. Application was made to Captain Jones to furnish a man to take charge of a sloop to Boston, to convey the furniture of John Adams to Philadelphia; he accordingly appointed Johnson, who brought the furniture safe to that city.

This circumstance often brought Johnson in contact with Mr.



CAPTURE OF THE SERAPIS.



Adams, who knew that he was one of the crew of Captain Jones, and consequently must have been in the conflict of the *Serapis* and *Richard*, which having occurred so recently, was a subject of general conversation. Many of the sailors frequented the halls of Congress, and Johnson became interested in listening and observing what was so new to him that he was a daily visitor. When the members found that the sailors were a part of the crew of Captain Jones, they frequently left their seats, and came over to them to inquire the particulars of the recent engagement. Mr. Adams particularly engaged the attention of Johnson; to use the veteran's own words, he says, "a nervous sensation seemed to pervade the patriot as he listened to the description of the battle given by the sailors, fire flashed from his eyes, and his hair seemed perfectly erect;" he would clasp his hands and exclaim, "What a scene!"

During the time they remained in Philadelphia, General Washington arrived, and was presented to Congress; Johnson was present and listened to the introduction by Hancock, and the reply by the general. Some days after, when the sailors were in the hall, Mr. Adams brought General Washington to them, who kindly shook each by the hand, calling them "Our gallant tars!" and asking them questions relative to the many successful adventures they had recently achieved.

Johnson soon after left the navy, and engaged in the merchant service for some years, but eventually returned to it again, where he remained till, near the end of his life's voyage, age obliged him to ask repose and protection in that asylum provided for the grateful and worn-out mariner.



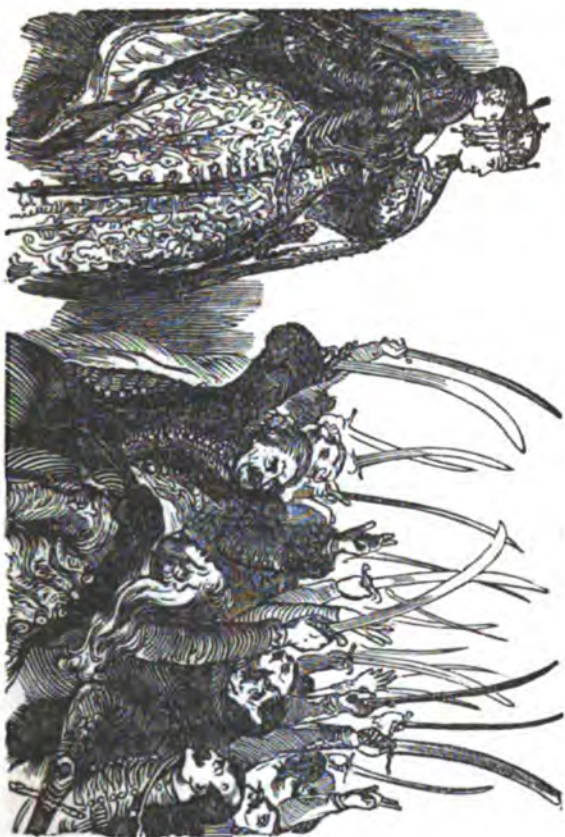


MARIA THERESA.

Celebrated Women.



IT often happens that a single well judged action fixes the future destiny of the agent. This was remarkably the case on that memorable occasion where the celebrated Maria Theresa, "the queen, the beauty," made her appeal to her nobles, and won the hearts of half Europe in a moment. She was indeed a wonderful woman. Her character and actions divided the attention of the world with those of her illustrious antagonist, Frederick the Great, during the whole of his brilliant career; and she has left on the imperishable records of history one among a thousand examples, which serve to illustrate the intellectual



MARIA THERESA PRESENTING HER SON TO THE HUNGARIAN NOBLES.





FREDERICK THE GREAT.

equality of the sexes, by exhibiting a female as the counterpart to the man, who is the master spirit of his age. Pericles had such a counterpart; and so had Cæsar. Peter the Great had his Catharine; and the spirit of Napoleon itself quailed under the terrible denunciations of de Stael. We have chosen as one of the subjects of illustration in this article a most striking incident in female biography—Maria Theresa presenting her son to the Hungarian Diet. We copy from a foreign journal the following notice of her life.

Maria Theresa, Empress Queen of Bohemia and Hungary, was the daughter of the Emperor Charles VI, who, losing his only son, constituted her the heiress of his dominions. She was born in 1717, and at the age of nineteen, married Francis of Lorraine; and, on the death of her father, in 1740, ascended the throne. No sooner had she attained that envied, though dangerous position, than the neighboring princes invaded her domains on all sides; and she, being no longer in safety at Vienna, fled for protection to her Hungarian subjects. She assembled the states, and presenting herself before them, with her infant in her arms, addressed them in Latin in the following memorable words: "Abandoned by my friends, persecuted by my enemies, attacked by my nearest

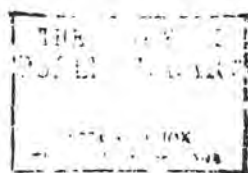
relations, I have no other resource than in your fidelity, in your courage, and my own constancy. I commit to your care the son of your king, who has no other safety than your protection." At the spectacle of beauty and distress of their young queen, the Hungarians, a warlike people, drew their swords, and exclaimed as with one voice; "We will die for our king, Maria Theresa!" An army was assembled; and the queen, who had two powerful supports in her rare talents, and the love of her people, recovered several important places; the kings of England and Sardinia espoused her cause; and, after eight years of war, Maria Theresa was confirmed in her rights by the peace of 1748. She then directed her attention to repairing the evils which the war had occasioned; the arts were encouraged, and commerce extended. The ports of Trieste and Turin were opened to all nations, and Leghorn extended her commerce to the Levant and the East Indies. The city of Vienna was enlarged and embellished; and manufactures of cloth, porcelain, silk, &c., were established in its vast suburbs. To encourage science, the empress erected universities and colleges throughout her dominions, one of which, at Vienna, bears her name. She founded schools for drawing, sculpture, and architecture; formed public libraries at Prague and Inspruck, and raised magnificent observatories at Vienna, Gratz, and Tiernan.

In 1756 the torch of war was again kindled, and was not extinguished till 1763, when the treaty of Hubertsburg placed the affairs of Germany on nearly the same footing as before the war. The only advantage Maria Theresa reaped was, electing her son Joseph king of the Romans in 1764. The next year she experienced a great domestic misfortune in the loss of her husband, to whom she had been tenderly attached; the mourning she assumed was never laid aside during her life; and she founded at Inspruck a chapter of nuns, whose office was to pray for the repose of the soul of this beloved husband. Vienna beheld her every month water with tears the tomb of this prince, who, for thirty years, had been her support and adviser.

After a long and glorious reign, and having beheld her eight children seated on the thrones, or united to the monarchs of some of the most flourishing states of Europe, and after having merited



MARIA THERESA REVIEWING HER TROOPS.



the title of Mother of her Country, Maria Theresa descended to the tomb in 1780. Her last moments were employed in shedding benefits upon the poor and orphans; and the following were some of the last words she uttered: "The state in which you now behold me," said she to her son, "is the termination of what is called power and grandeur. During a long and painful reign of forty years, I have looked and sought after truth; I have been mistaken in my choice, my intentions may have been ill understood, and worse executed; but He who knows all, has seen the purity of my intentions, and the tranquility I now enjoy is the first pledge of his acceptance, and emboldens me to hope for more. One of the most consoling thoughts on my death bed," said she, "is, that I have never closed my heart to the cry of misfortune."



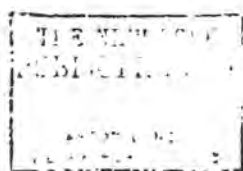


EUROPEAN BISON ATTACKED BY WOLVES.

Bisons and Bison Hunting.

BISONS herd in countless thousands upon the great western prairies of the United States. Their size and strength are sometimes enormous, and the hunting of them is full of peril. The European bison, which is found in the Lithuanian forest, and perhaps in those of Moldavia, Wallachia, and the neighborhood of the Caucasus is usually called the Buffalo, and it is thought by Cuvier to be of a distinct species. It is a large and massive animal, possessing great strength and ferocity. Besides man, it has an enemy in the wolf. Flocks of wolves frequently attack

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THE AMERICAN BISON.



AMERICAN BISONS. FEMALES. A BULL IN THE DISTANCE.

a single bison, and usually with success. Of course, some of the assailants are gored to death; but their number and perseverance secures them the victory. These bisons are sometimes called Aurochs.

The American bison has many points of similarity with the bison of Europe. In both we have the huge head, and the lengthened spinous processes of the dorsal vertebræ for the attachment of the brawny muscles that support and wield it. In both we have the conical hump between the shoulders in consequence, and the shaggy mane in all seasons; and each presents a model of brute force formed to punch and throw down. Pennant says, "In America, these animals are found in the countries six hundred miles west of Hudson's Bay; this is their most northern residence. From thence they are met with in great droves as low as Cibole, in latitude thirty-three degrees, a little north of California, and also in the province of Mivera, in New Mexico; the species instantly ceases south of these countries. They inhabit Canada to the west of the lakes; and in great abundance in the rich savannas, which border the great rivers, falling into the Mississippi from the west. The most

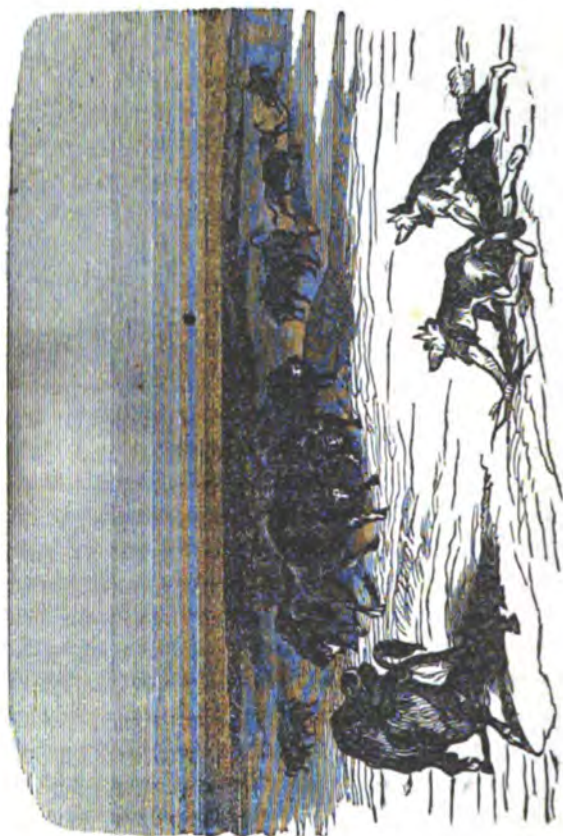


AMERICAN BISON. BULL.

northern situation in which they were observed by Captain Franklin's party was Slave Point, on the north side of Great Slave Lake. In Sabine's Appendix to "Franklin's Narrative," it is asserted that the natives say that the wood buffaloes, as they are called, are larger than those of the plains, but the difference is not material.

The American male bison, when at its full size, is said to weigh two thousand pounds. Dr. Richardson gives eight and a half feet as its length, exclusive of the tail, which is twenty inches, and upwards of six feet as its height at the fore-quarters. The head is very large, and carried low; the eyes are small, black, and piercing; the horns are short, small, sharp, set far apart, for the forehead is very broad, and directed outwards and backwards, so as to be nearly erect, with a slight curve towards the outward pointing tips. The hump is not a mere lump of fatty secretion, like that of the zebu, but consists exclusively of a deposit of fat, which varies much in quantity, of the strong muscles attached to the highly developed spinous processes of the last conical and first dorsal vertebræ, forming fit machinery





INDIAN STRATAGEM.

for the support and movement of the enormous head. The chest is broad and the legs are strong. In winter, the whole body is covered with long shaggy hair, which, in summer, falls off, leaving the black wrinkled skin exposed, except on the forehead, hump, and fore-quarters, under-jaw and throat, where the hair is very long and shaggy, and mixed with much wool.

The bisons are a wandering, restless race, the activity of the hunters and the necessity of seeking new pasture, being the motives of their migrations. Some of the wandering herds contain twenty thousand bisons. Fierce and terrible are the fights among the bulls in the rutting season, and perilous is the condition of the man who then approaches them. For the greater part of the year the bulls and cows live in separate herds; but at all seasons, according to Dr. Richardson, one or two old bulls generally accompany a large herd of cows.

Bison hunting is exciting as well as dangerous sport. The Indians have several modes of pursuing them. Setting fire to the prairie around the herd, and thus compelling the animals to huddle together, so that they may be easily shot is a very common method. Stealing among a herd in the disguise of wolves, driving the bisons over a precipice, or luring them into a pound or great trap are methods often adopted with success.

An expert hunter, when well mounted, dashes at the herd, and chooses an individual which he endeavors to separate from the rest. If he succeeds, he contrives to keep him apart by the proper management of his horse, though going at full speed. Whenever he can get sufficiently near for the ball to penetrate the beast's hide he fires, and seldom fails of bringing the animal down; though, of course, he cannot rest the piece against the shoulder, nor take a deliberate aim. On this service the hunter is often exposed to considerable danger from the fall of his horse in the numerous holes which the badgers make in these plains, and also from the rage of the buffalo, which, when closely pressed, often turns suddenly, and, rushing furiously on the horse, frequently succeeds in wounding it, or dismounting the rider. Whenever the animal shows this disposition, which the experienced hunter will readily perceive, he immediately pulls up his horse and goes off in another direction.

When the buffaloes are on their guard, Captain Franklin observes, horses cannot be used in approaching them; but the hunter dismounts at some distance and crawls in the snow towards the herd, pushing his gun before him. If the buffaloes happen to look towards him he stops, and keeps quite motionless, until their eyes are turned in another direction; by this cautious proceeding a skilful person will get so near as to be able to kill two or three out of the herd. It will easily be imagined that this service cannot be very agreeable when the thermometer stands thirty or forty degrees below zero, as sometimes happens in this country.

Mr. Catlin, whose "Indian Gallery" is so famous, tells of a bison adventure of his friend, Mons. Chardon, as follows:

As we were mounted and ready to start, M'Kenzie called up some four or five of his men, and told them to follow immediately on our trail, with as many one-horse carts, which they were to harness up, to bring home the meat; "ferry them across the river in a scow," said he, "and following our trail through the bottom, you will find us on the plain yonder, between the Yellow Stone and Missouri rivers, with meat enough to load you home. My watch on yonder bluff has just told us by his signals, that there are cattle a plenty on that spot, and we are going there as fast as possible." We all crossed the river, and galloped away a couple of miles or so, when we mounted the bluff; and to be sure, as was said, there was in full view of us a fine herd of some four or five hundred buffaloes, perfectly at rest, and in their own estimation (probably) perfectly secure. Some were grazing, and others lying down and sleeping; we advanced within a mile or so of them in full view, and came to a halt. Mons Chardon "tossed the feather" (a custom always observed, to try the course of the wind,) and we commenced "stripping" as it is termed (*i. e.* every man strips himself and his horse of every extraneous and unnecessary appendage of dress, &c., that might be an incumbrance in running;) hats are laid off, and coats, and bullet pouches; sleeves are rolled up, a handkerchief tied tightly around the head, and another around the waist—cartridges are prepared and placed in the waistcoat pocket, or a half a dozen bullets "throwed into the mouth," &c., &c., all of which takes up some ten or fifteen m

A HIND CHARGING MONS. CHARDON.





notes, and is not, in appearance or in effect, unlike a council of war. Our leader lays the whole plan of the chase, and preliminaries all fixed, guns charged and ramrods in our hands, we mount and start for the onset. The horses are all trained for this business, and seem to enter into it with as much enthusiasm, and with as restless a spirit as the riders themselves. While "stripping" and mounting, they exhibit the most restless impatience; and when "approaching"—(which is, all of us abreast, upon a slow walk, and in a straight line towards the herd, until they discover us and run,) they all seem to have caught entirely the spirit of the chase, for the laziest nag amongst them prances with an elasticity in his step—champing his bit—his ears erect—his eyes strained out of his head, and fixed upon the game before him whilst he trembles under the saddle of his rider. In this way we carefully and silently marched, until within some forty or fifty rods; when the herd discovering us, wheeled and laid their course in a mass. At this instant we started! (and all *must* start, for no one could check the fury of those steeds at that moment of excitement,) and away all sailed, and over the prairie flew, a cloud of dust which was raised by their trampling hoofs. M'Kenzie was foremost in the throng, and soon dashed off amidst the dust and was out of sight—he was after the fattest and the fastest. I had discovered a huge bull whose shoulders towered above the whole band, and I picked my way through the crowd to get alongside of him. I went not for "meat," but for a *trophy*; I wanted his head and horns. I dashed along through the thundering mass, as they swept away over the plain, scarcely able to tell whether I was on a buffalo's back or my horse—hit, and hooked, and jostled about, till at length I found myself alongside of my game, when I gave him a shot, as I passed him. I saw guns flash in several directions about me, but I heard them not. Amidst the trampling throng, Mons. Chardon had wounded a stately bull, and at this moment was passing him again with his piece levelled for another shot; they were both at full speed and I also, within the reach of the muzzle of my gun, when the bull instantly turned and receiving the horse upon his horns, the ground received poor Chardon, who made a frog's leap of some twenty feet or more over the bull's back, and almost under my horse's heels. I wheeled

my horse as soon as possible and rode back, where lay poor Chardon, gasping to start his breath again; and within a few paces of him his huge victim, with his heels high in the air, and the horse lying across him. I dismounted instantly, but Chardon was raising himself on his hands, with his eyes and mouth full of dirt, and feeling for his gun, which lay about thirty feet in advance of him. "Heaven spare you! are you hurt, Chardon?" "Hi—hic—hic—hic—hic—hic—no,—hic—no,—no, I believe not. Oh, this is not much, Mons. Cataline—this is nothing new—but this is a hard piece of ground here—hic—oh! hic!" At this the poor fellow fainted, but in a few moments arose, picked up his gun, took his horse by the bit; which then opened *its* eyes, and with a hic and a ugh—UGHK! sprang upon his feet—shook off the dirt—and here we were, all on our legs again, save the bull, whose fate had been more sad than that of either.

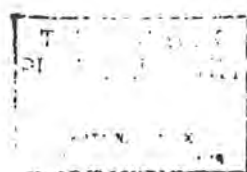
Mr. John Mills, Esq., an adventurer upon the prairies of North America, gives us the following stirring account of a bison hunt:—Stripped of all superfluous garments, and fully equipped for the expedition, my companions mounted their horses, with their lassoes uncoiled and trailing upon the ground, as invariably is the rule in war or hunting, for the purpose of facilitating the re-capture of the animal should an unlucky separation take place between the rider and his saddle. Alike eager for the sport, both horses and men seemed to be moved by a desire to let no "impotent delay" stand between them and the consummation of their hopes, and, as we moved forward to give chase to the herds which were known to be in the vicinity, I thought that a finer set of Osage hunters, albeit the last of the race, never, perhaps, drew a bowstring or couched a lance.

As my wild colt had successively given me the slip at the moment of anticipating his services in carrying me "to buffalo," I was fain still to depend upon Nigger, who, Hawkeye swore by the shades of his fathers, would outstrip the best of the herd, "if I only drove my spurs well in, and held them there."

Without evincing any emotions of deep chagrin, Adonis was left behind to guard such goods, chattels, and provisions as would have proved useless to have been carried forward, and as it was

CHASING THE BISON.





expected that we should be enabled to return to the encampment before nightfall, he was directed to hold all things in readiness, and more especially to withstand temptation in keeping his mouth from the bung of my nearly exhausted whisky-keg. In an extended line, or by the familiar description of Indian file, we began this march as usual just at ruddy daybreak, and were not far advanced on the great prairie stretching before us like a vast and limitless ocean, when Blackwolf, who headed the force, reined in his dark iron-gray horse with a sudden jerk which sent him nearly upon his haunches. In an instant all was commotion. Arrows were drawn from their quivers, bowstrings tried and thrummed, lances poised, and every eye directed to the spot on which the chief fixed his earnest and flashing gaze.

Not two miles distant, and grazing in fancied security on a piece of table land as level as a bowling-green, a large herd of buffalo was descried, looking at the distance like so many black specks on the waste. It was decided that we should head the herd, and endeavor to drive them back towards the encampment, in order to waste as little time and trouble as possible in getting the meat and skins to that quarter. In prosecuting this scheme, we had to make a wide circle from the direct course, and, indeed, it would have been impossible to approach them in any other way, as we were down the wind, and their powers of scent, like those given to the denizens of the wild in general, are of the most acute order.

Taking every precaution to prevent an exercise of these powers upon the force now approaching their precincts, our head and front of the party, Blackwolf led us, with consummate generalship, close to the rear of the unsuspecting animals, and we were upon them without a single head being disturbed. At first, as we gave ourselves to view from behind the bluffs, a few of the nearest jerked up their heads, and after a stare, remarkable for its brevity, erected their tufted tails over their backs and moved off not rapidly, but evidently prepared for a bolt. This example was soon followed by several others; but as the main body, consisting of upwards of a hundred, still remained undisturbed, the signal for attack was reserved, as the first object



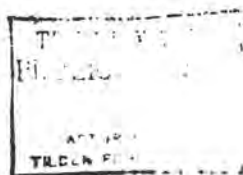
HAWKEYE.

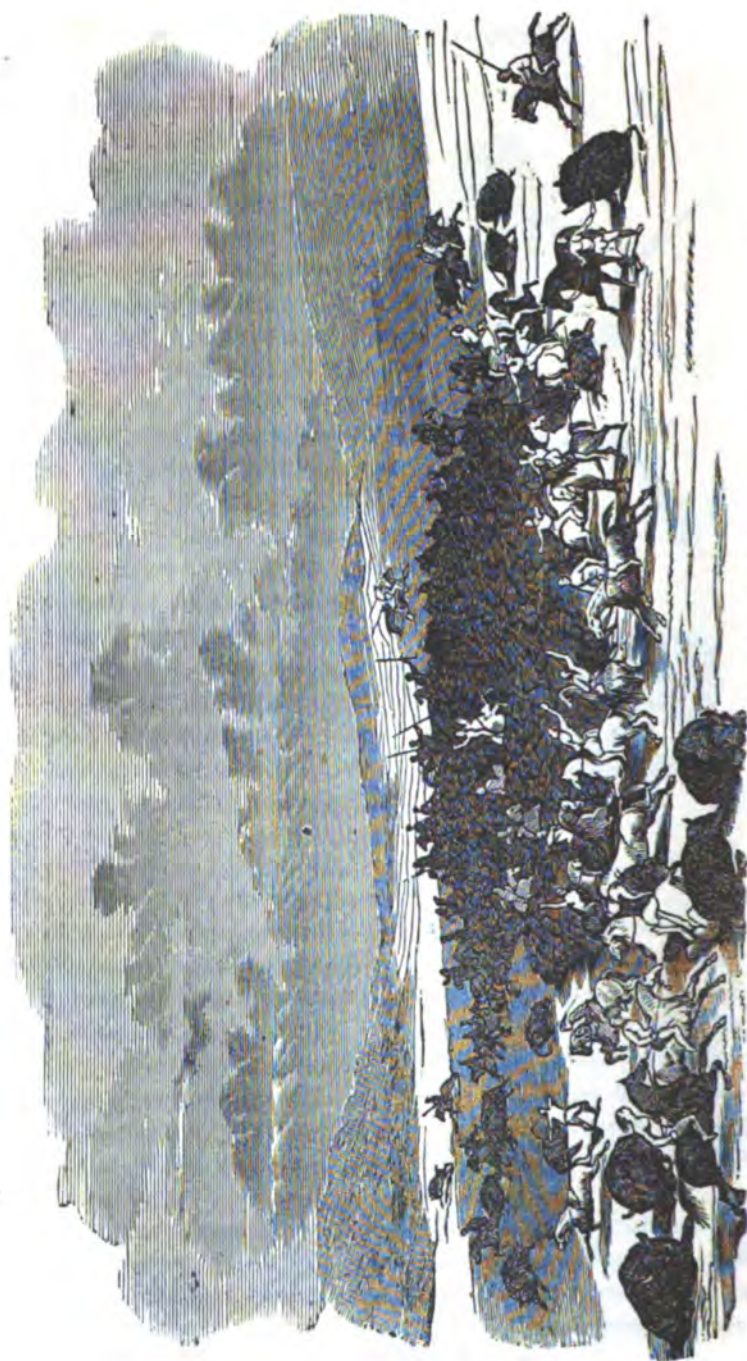
in buffalo hunting appears to be precisely that in fox hunting—to get on good terms with the chase.

The pickets having been driven in, I noticed an animal of striking appearance surrounded by a knot of others, suddenly throw up his head, and elevating his tail simultaneously with his pericranium, wheel suddenly in an opposite direction and gallop away, doubtlessly, as fast as his legs and hoofs would carry him.

This praiseworthy precedent of self-preservation was immediately adopted by the entire family, and the patriarch, leading the way, found ready followers at a pace corresponding with his own.

It was a moment of the most thrilling excitement of my life, as with a swoop the Indians dashed ahead, and with halter and rein dangling free, to see their horses strain their utmost powers to outstrip the fugitives, and bring them within reach of bow





A GREAT BUFFALO HUNT.

and lance. Nigger, I may confidently state, did his best without the aid of Hawkeye's cruel suggestion, although in a very short distance, it was conclusively obvious that he could not long live the pace we were going at. The pony, however, rattled away with his ears thrown back like a racehorse, at his final effort, and we were within a few score yards at the moment of Blackwolf's bearing close to the right side of the nearest buffalo, and drawing his bow at the moment of passing, buried the arrow to the feather. In an instant the horse wheeled to avoid the thrust which the wounded buffalo often makes; but Blackfoot's victim was stricken in a vital part, and he rolled over struggling and bleeding in the throes of deadly agony. Right and left the Indians scoured the plain in pursuit of the doomed and frightened animals, and never halting in the chase, but rushing from one to another as the huge beasts shouldered along in their ungainly gallop down the valleys and over the bluffs, and across huge gaping rents in the prairies, caused by the winter torrents, brought them to the ground like skittles from well-directed hands.

There appeared to be no chance for me to flesh my maiden lance, and I began to despair of adding a single head to the number slain, when I caught sight of a solitary fugitive stealing away through a stony ravine much to the left of the line which the others had taken, and from his action I concluded that he had met with a wound which materially interfered with his speed. With an unequivocal disposition to refuse taking any other course than the one he was pursuing, Nigger began to wrestle for the mastership, and being encumbered with my lance I had some difficulty in pricking him towards the point where the buffalo, alone in his flight, was using his best energies to escape. The pointed iron, however, prevailed, and the plucky little horse, seeing the animal scramble over a conical shaped hillock in the distance, settled himself again in his best pace, and carried me forward in winning style.

We were, in nautical phraseology, coming up with the chase hand over hand, and after floundering over a spongy bottom, in which were several wallows of some dozen feet in diameter made by the buffaloes, I found myself near enough to try the effect of lead, and dropping my lance to trail along the ground by a thong

attached to my wrist, for I was not expert enough to handle both it and my rifle, as an Indian would have done without inconvenience, I brought the barrels to bear and gave the contents of both just as Nigger's nose was on a level with the haunch of one of the largest and blackest bulls that ever ranged over a western plain.

With due regard for the preservation of himself, and possibly his rider, Nigger made an abrupt curve, and sheering off, almost at a right angle, avoided an ugly, vicious thrust, which the bull might have made much more effective than my brace of bullets, had not the sagacity of the pony taught him to avoid it. Upon reining in my gallant and discreet little steed, and turning his head towards the buffalo, I saw that he was standing still, and giving as bold a front as was ever offered to an enemy. Coming to a corresponding attitude, I deliberately reloaded my rifle, and approached him with the greatest caution; for whether he intended to await my second attack, or plunge forward and send me and Nigger skimming to some unknown corner of the earth, appeared a matter of doubt not quite made up. After a few brief moments for reconnoitring, I urged Nigger to advance to within less than thirty paces of where the bull stood glaring at us, with his curling mane and beard sweeping below his knees, and his distended jaws dropping foam, scarlet dyed with blood. Nothing, indeed, can be imagined more ferocious than the wounded animal looked, fixing the peculiar white balls and black iris of his eyes upon us, under his shaggy frontlet, with the expression of the devil in a mood far from funny. Thinking it expedient to bring the contest to a conclusion without further waste of time, I essayed a manœuvre in order to obtain a sight at a more vulnerable part of my victim's carcass than that which, as I had been given to understand by Hawkeye, his head presented. But, as the baited grimalkin turns to the worrying cur, so did the bull turn exactly with my movements, ever presenting his head, and nothing but his head. This proving exceedingly wearisome, and quickly exhausting the slender stock of patience, with which nature supplied me at my birth, I resolved to try what a shot would do in the centre of his forehead, and steadying Nigger for a moment, snapped my left barrel at him, when

with the crack down he dropped, and spurring forward in the belief that I had given him his *coup-de-grace*, I was not a little surprised to see him again stagger to his feet, ready to receive me on his two short black horns, curved in the best possible shape for the ripping business.

Perceiving, however, that notwithstanding the last bullet had only flattened on his *os frontis*, he was fast sinking from the internal hemorrhage caused by the two first, which brought him to a check, I determined to expend no more valuable ammunition upon him, but inflict a final thrust or two of cold steel. Re-sliding my rifle across my shoulders, I for the first time couched a lance for a deadly object, and rode at the bull's flank; but he was too quick for me, and turned round as if upon a pivot. Round and round we went, Nigger, with pricked ears and nimble limbs, keeping a steady look upon the buffalo's movements, and far from liking the loud snorts of mingled rage and pain which he momentarily sent forth as we whirled about him. But the attempts of the enemy to foil our purpose grew gradually weaker, and at length, failing to twist with his former adroitness, I plunged the shaft to the head in his body, and, as I plucked it out, the crimson current of his life poured forth, and falling on his knees, he rolled over dead without a struggle.

Dismounting from Nigger, who steamed and rocked, probably from the combined effects of fear and exertion, I commenced a close inspection of my victim, and found that an arrow had passed into the fleshy part of the near thigh, not far from the hock, and, breaking within a few inches of the barbed point, left it buried there. The beast was certainly a noble specimen of the wild bull of the prairie, and might, from his huge size, patriarchal beard, and luxuriant mane, which almost imbedded his head, ears, and horns, have roved many successive years as the chieftain of his clan. But in a luckless hour, the Osage hunters espied his whereabouts, and within a short half an hour of the discovery, not a single herd lived, not a remnant was left.



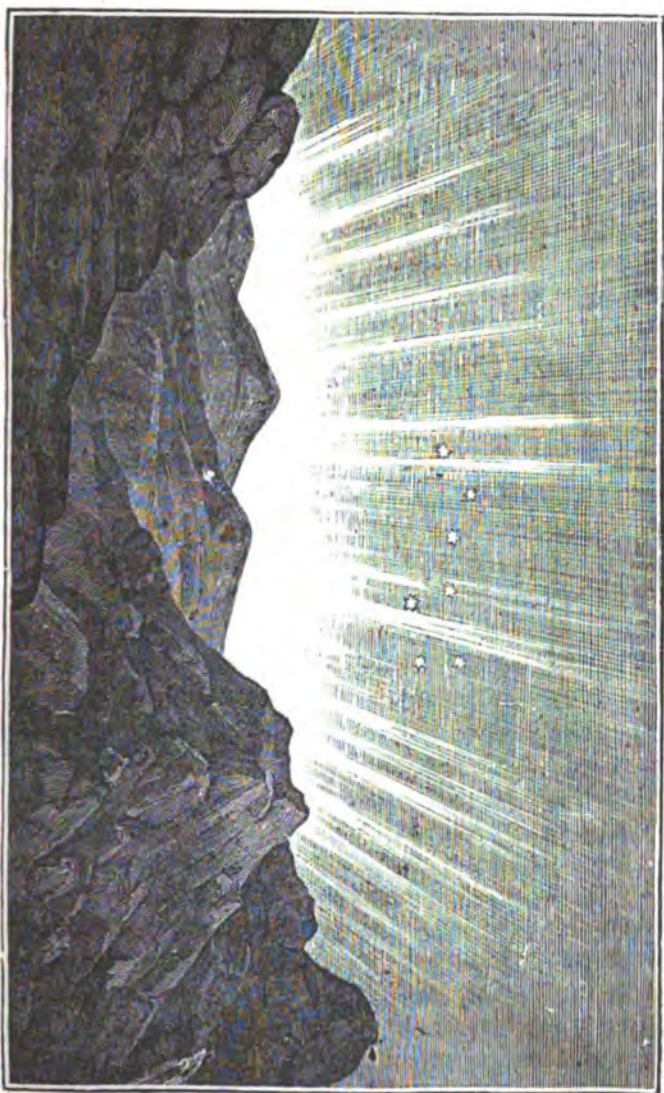
The Arctic Regions.



THE scenery and natural features peculiar to the regions near the North Pole render it an attractive field for exploration and scientific study. Within the last twenty years, much interesting information has been obtained concerning this portion of the globe, through the

daring and indomitable exertions of Captains Ross, Parry and Franklin, who have penetrated as far north as the ice would permit. It is believed that Sir John Franklin and his party have perished while endeavoring to extend the knowledge of the world in regard to the polar regions. They have not been heard of since 1847.

The peculiarities of Arctic scenery are vast fields and hills of



AURORA BOREALIS.





HUNTING THE SEAL.

snow and ice; towering icebergs, which often threaten the ships of navigators with destruction, a twilight during a part of the year, and the brilliant aurora borealis, with its silver-shooting fires. The various shades and tints assumed by the aurora borealis are strange as well as beautiful. Sometimes it appears as a great bow or arch, from which streams of light descend. Again, it assumes a spotted, rose-tinted appearance, and sometimes it looks like a vast fire with the purity of the light of the moon and stars. The position of the aurora in a majority of cases, has been rather towards the west than the east, and it is more frequently seen in calm than in windy nights. The aurora borealis is said to be frequently accompanied by a sound, which has been variously described as a hissing, a murmuring, a rumbling and a crackling noise. The various theories which have been proposed to account for the aurora give nothing satisfactory. Beccaria, Canton, Franklin and others advocate the electrical solution. Others attribute the phenomena to the watery vapors of the atmosphere, as there is always a copious formation of dew during the light, and as the most brilliant instances have occurred after a sudden thaw. Accurate observations remain to be made.

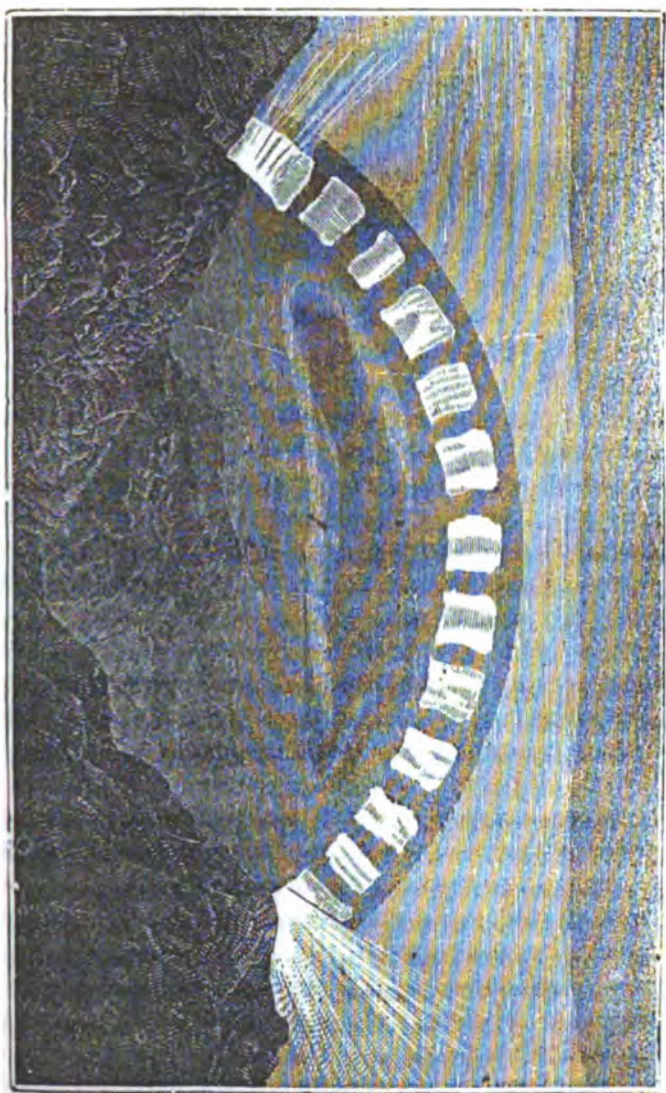
But few and stunted are the specimens of vegetation, while the animals to be met with are white bears, musk ox, rein-deer, foxes,



THE WALRUS.

seals, whales, walruses and narwhals. The bears are fierce and formidable, perhaps, the only animals in that region to be dreaded by man. Seals are found in great plenty, and the adventurous seamen delight in the sport of hunting them.

The privation of light forms a singular and gloomy feature in the arctic regions. For two, three, or four months, the sun never appears above the horizon. Yet there are not wanting objects to cheer this lengthened gloom. The moon and stars shine with a lustre unknown where the atmosphere is warmer and more moist. Haloes and other luminous meteors are more frequent than in lower latitudes. The long days of summer during which the sun never sets, can scarcely be named as a compensation for wintry gloom; yet, during a period of spring and autumn, when it wheels in a perpetual circle immediately above the horizon, it paints the skies with hues more brilliant and varied than those which adorn those of any other climate. Snow falls occasionally in the very heart of summer, and before the end of autumn it begins to fall in a continued succession of showers, till every object is buried beneath it, and nature exhibits only a monotonous surface of dazzling white, which remains according to the latitude, for six, seven, or eight months. At the same early period, ice begins to bind, first the streams and fresh-water lakes, then the enclosed bays and arms of the sea, till, at length it fixes its chains even upon the surface of the broad ocean. In June and July, indeed, when the sun becomes vertical, and constantly above the horizon, the icy masses dissolve, and bursts asunder, often with a tremendous crash; but some portions, more firmly consolidated than the rest, remain unmolested and produce remarkable



AUROREA BOREALIS.





THE SEAL.

phenomena. In particular situations on the coast, the ice of successive years is piled into glaciers, which rise, often, to a great height, till, their foundation being undermined by the waves, they descend into the water and are carried out by wind and tide into the sea. There they form to the mariner a bright and fearful spectacle, reflecting the rays of light in varied and beautiful tints, but threatening by their contact to crush his vessel. Sometimes they are borne to a great distance, and even into the lower latitudes, when they appal the navigator sailing through the temperate seas. In other cases, portions of the frozen surface of the sea remaining firm, while all around them is melted, become fields or *floes*, which float through the deep, and, being often driven by the tempest with terrific violence, cause instant destruction to the stoutest vessel.

Human society, in this bleak extremity of the earth, exists in the rudest form, and on the most limited scale. The ungrateful soil refuses to man any support, but the huge amphibia, particularly the seal and the walrus, with which the shores are crowded, being attacked with a skill and diligence prompted by necessity, yield a precarious yet not a scanty subsistence. The narwhal also constitutes a portion of the food of man in this region. The natives go upon their fishing excursions in light skin boats which defy the waves, and arm them with a sort of spear or harpoon. They consider the narwhal good eating. All the arctic regions



THE NARWHAL.

are peopled by that peculiar race called Esquimaux. They are, on the whole, peaceable and friendly, and display no small degree of industry and ingenuity in providing for their wants, and against the rigors of the climate. When they have laid in a stock of provisions, they indulge enormously, bringing on themselves the distresses of repletion, soon followed by those of famine.

The skins of captured animals, particularly bears, skilfully fitted to the shape, make rich and warm clothing sufficient to defend them against the cold. The summer habitations are tents made of skins with the bones of large animals answering as posts. But the winter houses are most singularly constructed without any other material except snow. This substance, when duly hardened by the first cold of winter, is cut into slabs, which are put together so skilfully as to form structures of a conical shape, that remains durable till melted by the heat of the following summer. Each apartment is accommodated with a lamp, fed with the blubber of the seal or walrus; and which serves at once for light, heat, and cookery. It preserves immediately around it a temperature of thirty-eight degrees; but on the bench around the wall, where the inmates sit and sleep, does not exceed twenty-three degrees; and they are preserved from the cold only by large quantities of clothing. The inhabitants of Iceland, at the present day, are very different from the natives, who were of the Esquimaux tribe. The Icelanders are now civilized, enlightened, and industrious. The Laplanders of northern Europe resemble the Esquimaux in their general features.

Adventurers in the polar regions frequently have contests with the cunning and ferocious white bear. This animal is ge-



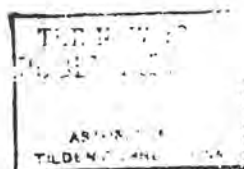
ICELANDERS.

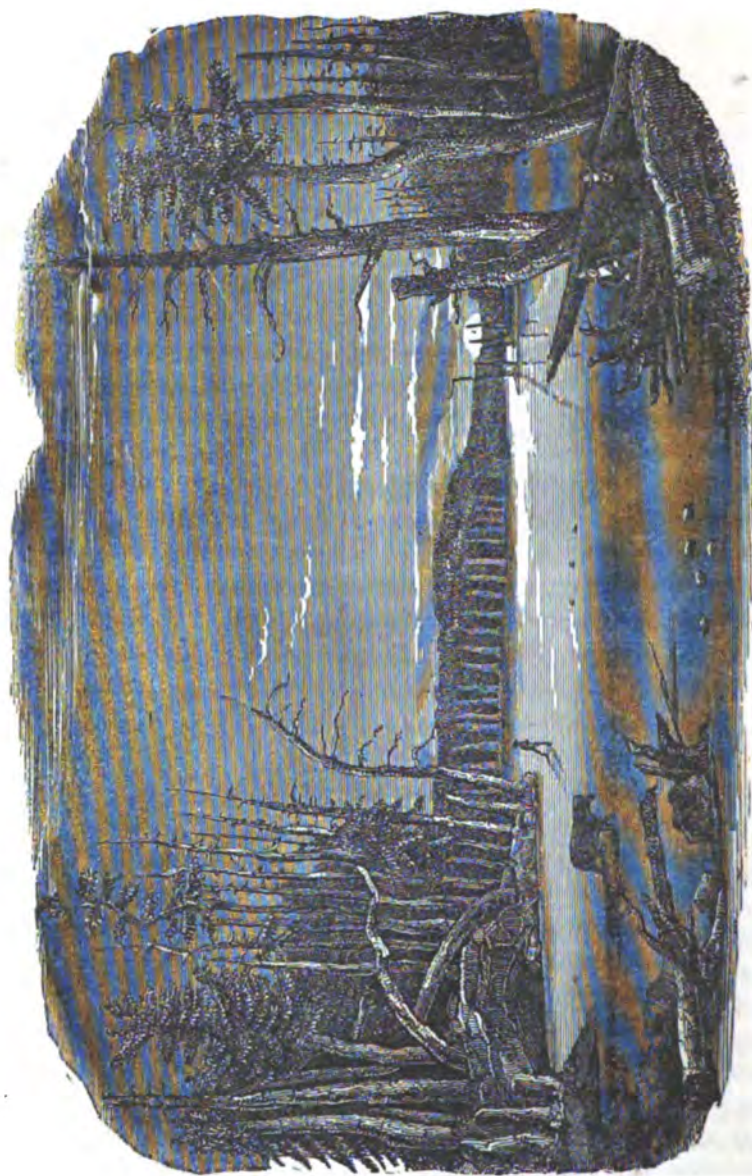
nerally from six to eight feet long. The fur is long and white, with a tinge of yellow, which becomes darker as the animal advances in age; the ears are small and round, and the head long. It walks heavily and clumsily. Its senses of hearing and seeing appear very dull, but its smell is very acute; and it is quite cunning. A few years since, the crew of a boat, belonging to a ship engaged in the whale fishery, shot at a bear at a short distance, and wounded it. The animal immediately set up the most dreadful yells, and ran along the ice towards the boat. Before it attained its object, a second shot was fired and hit it. This served to increase its fury. It presently swam to the boat; and in attempting to get on board, reached its forefeet upon the gunnel; but one of the crew having a hatchet, cut it off. The animal, however, continued to swim after them till they arrived at the ship; and several shots were fired at it, which also took effect; but on reaching the ship, it immediately ascended the deck; and the crew having fled into the shrouds, it was pursuing them thither, when a shot from one of them laid it dead on the deck.



BEAR APPROACHING A SHIP TO ATTACK THE CREW.

The following is among the many instances of maternal affection displayed by the female polar bear. Early in the morning, the man at the mast-head gave notice that three bears were making their way very fast over the ice, and directing their course toward the ship. They had probably been invited by the blubber of a sea-horse, which the men had set on fire, and which was burning on the ice at the time of their approach. They proved to be a she-bear and her two cubs; but the cubs were nearly as large as the dam. They ran eagerly to the fire, and drew out from the flames part of the flesh of the sea-horse, which remained unconsumed, and ate voraciously. The crew from the ship threw great pieces of the flesh, which they had still left, upon the ice, which the old bear carried away singly, laid every piece before her cubs, and dividing them, gave each a share,





BEAR HUNTING IN NORTHERN RUSSIA.

reserving but a small portion for herself. As she was carrying away the last piece, they leveled their muskets at the cubs, and shot them both dead; and in her retreat, they wounded the dam, but not mortally.

It would have drawn tears of pity from any but unfeeling minds, to have marked the affectionate concern manifested by this poor beast, in the last moments of her expiring young. Though she was sorely wounded, and could but just crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh she had fetched away, as she had done the others before, tore it to pieces, and laid it down before them; and when she saw that they refused to eat, she laid her paws first upon one, and then upon the other, and endeavored to raise them up. All this time it was piteous to hear her moan. When she found she could not stir them, she went off, and when at some distance, looked back and moaned; and that not availing to entice them away, she returned, and smelling around them began to lick their wounds. She went off a second time as before; and having crawled a few paces looked again behind her, and for some time stood moaning. But still her cubs not rising to follow her, she returned to them again, and with signs of inexpressible fondness went round first one and then the other, pawing them, and moaning. Finding at last that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship, and growled her resentment at the murderers; which they returned with a volley of musket balls. She fell between her cubs, and died licking their wounds.

In that portion of Northern Russia which may be considered as arctic in its situation and character, bear hunting is a sport as well as a necessity. Bears are numerous in the bleak wilds and vast forests which are to be found in that region. The hunters are fearless and untiring. Clothed in their warm suits made of deer and bear skins, they defy the severities of the winter, and follow the track of their prey over the snow-covered fields and frozen lakes, and enter into the conflict with the formidable beasts with admirable daring and consummate skill. The bear will not stand and wait the approach of the hunters, unless rendered ferocious by hunger, and then he is to be dreaded. The hunters prefer the exercise of their skill in strategy to the use



THE MUSK OX.

of force, when the game is large, strong, and courageous. It may be questioned if any other chase has equal hardships and perils. To one unaccustomed to the climate it would seem appalling. Those bred among the far northern wilds love the risk as well as the game.

The musk ox (*bos muschatus*) has been considered as holding an intermediate station between the ox and the sheep; the horns and part of the form connecting it with the one, and the woolly hair allying it with the other. They belong to the treeless and barren lands of America, from sixty degrees northern latitude to Melville's Island. Their size is nearly that of a small Highland bullock, rather shorter in the legs; the head is large, the horns very broad, bending backward, and almost joined at the root, cover the brow and crown of the head; the upper lips and part of the lower is covered with short white hair; on the remainder of the head and on the neck and between the shoulders, the hair is long and somewhat curled, of a brown color; on the back and hips it is smooth, and on the shoulders, sides, and

thighs it is so long as to hang down to the middle of the legs; the hair on the throat and chest is very straight, and together with the hair of the lower jaw, hangs down like a beard or dew-lap; the tail is so short as to be concealed by the fur of the hips. The cow is less in size, and has shorter hair on the crest and throat. Their smell is exquisite, and warns them of danger, before it can otherwise be perceived. Its temper is rather placid. They are seldom captured. The Esquimaux cannot bring them down without the use of the fire-arms of the civilised people. The musk ox can run swiftly, and is very hardy. By nature, this animal is admirably fitted to live in the barren and frigid countries where they are found.

Much remains to be investigated and explained concerning the arctic regions. To that quarter, the attention of scientific and daring explorers is now directed, and we expect great additions to our stock of knowledge at an early day. The supposed loss of Sir John Franklin and his gallant party, has not been sufficient to daunt the adventurous and inquisitive. The various expeditions in search of Franklin, though they have failed in their great purpose, have discovered many important points in relation to the polar regions before unknown, and have thus stimulated enterprise.





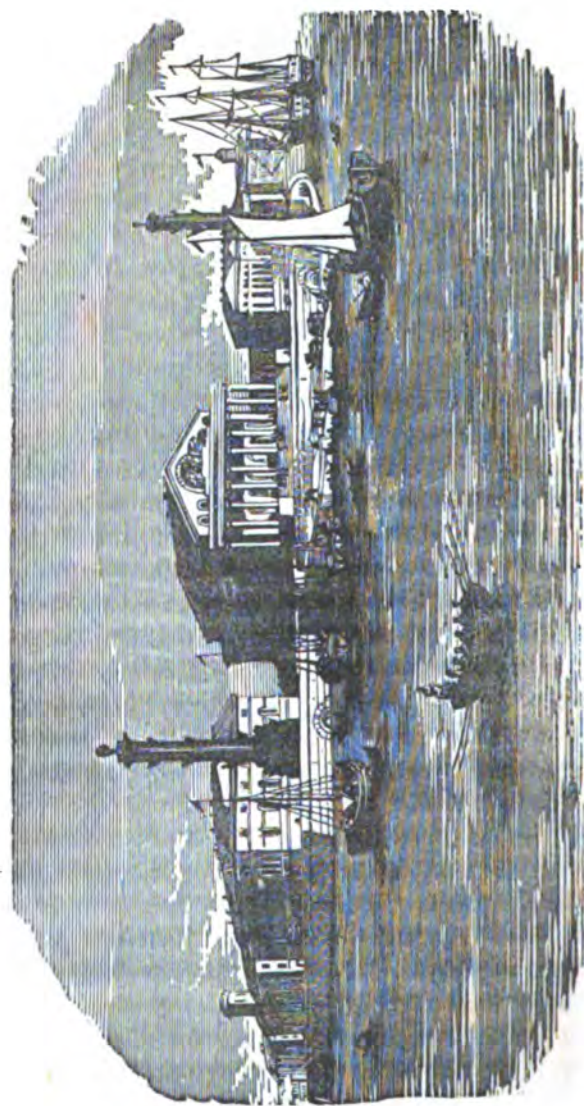
PETER THE GREAT.

Russia and its Sovereigns.



IBBON remarks that Russia first became known to the world in the ninth century, when one of its sovereigns sent an embassy to Constantinople. The empire is of rapid modern growth. Whatever may have been its extent and population, it did not appear upon the theatre of European politics as a power of importance until the time of Peter I., surnamed the Great; and with justice, as he was a benefactor to his people and one of the ablest of monarchs. Peter ascended the Russian throne in conjunction with his weak brother
(222)





MERCHANT'S EXCHANGE, ST. PETERSBURG.

Iwan. After 1689, he ruled alone, having received from Iwan a surrender of his claims to the government. Russia then extended from Archangel to Azoph; but was as yet separated from the Baltic. The inhabitants of this country formed one vast territory, united by the ties of language and religion. Peter made the Russians, Europeans, as Philip of Macedon made his countrymen Greeks. He enjoyed no advantages of education. He was surrounded by an ignorant court, and his enemies had made every effort to stifle his natural desire for knowledge, while he was yet a child. But Peter early discovered great qualities. He was daring and inflexible in will, powerful in passion and inquisitive in mind. He was fond of military exercises, and one of his first schemes was for the formation of an army.

In 1698, Peter sent an embassy to Holland; and went *incognito* in the retinue, and visited England as well as Holland, to inform himself fully in the art of ship-building. At Amsterdam, he worked in the yard as a private ship-carpenter, under the name of Peter Michaeloff. In 1700, Peter had collected an army of thirty thousand foot, and then he began to develope his vast projects. He opened his dominions, which till then had been shut up, having first sent the chief nobility of his empire into foreign countries to improve themselves in knowledge. He gave great encouragement to learned or skilful foreigners to settle in his dominions. In 1700, being strengthened by the alliance of Augustus, King of Poland, the czar made war on Charles XII., King of Sweden. At first, he was unsuccessful. But patience and perseverance at length gave him the upper hand, and at Pultowa, he utterly routed the forces of the King of Sweden.

Peter then turned his attention to the internal affairs of his kingdom. He determined to found a new and splendid city at the mouth of the Neva, and St. Petersburg, the present magnificent capital of the Russian empire, was laid out. An equestrian monument in this city perpetuates with honor the memory of the illustrious czar. St. Petersburg now ranks among the greatest capitals in the world, and many consider it superior to all others in beauty.

In 1712, Peter having invaded Turkey, was enclosed by the Turks on the banks of the Pruth. Destruction impended over



EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT.

him. But the czarina Catharine, proved his guardian angel. She bribed the grand vizer, who was in command of the Turkish forces, and the czar's prudence completed his deliverance. The czarina was one of the most remarkable women of her time, and her fortunes were peculiar. She is said to have been the daughter of a Lithuanian peasant, named Samuel. She removed to Marienburg, at an early age, and entered the service of a clergyman named Glück, who caused her to be instructed in the Lutheran religion. Here she was married to a Swedish dragoon. A few days after the marriage, the husband was called to the field, and his wife was made prisoner by General Scheremetzeff, who relinquished her to Prince Menzikoff. While in Menzikoff's possession, she was seen by Peter the Great, who made her his mistress. She became a member of the Greek Church, and assumed the name of Catharine Alexiewena. In 1713, the emperor publicly acknowledged her as his wife, and she was subsequently crowned as empress, at Moscow. Peter even deemed her worthy of being his successor, and she did succeed to the sole authority in the empire.

In 1716, Peter made a tour through Germany and Holland, and visited the royal academy of science at Paris. It would be



CATHARINE I.

endless to enumerate all the establishments for which the Russians are obliged to him. He formed an army, according to the manner of the politest and most experienced nations; he fitted out fleets in all the four seas which border upon Russia; he caused many strong fortresses to be raised after the best plans; he made convenient harbors; he freed religion from many superstitions; he made laws, built cities, cut canals—in short, he created a vast and powerful empire as is recorded in his epitaph. His chief fault was a savage temper, which none but the empress Catharine knew how to manage. The prince Alexis, is supposed to have been poisoned through his connivance, while under the influence of a furious passion. Peter the Great died January 28th, 1725, and Catharine, by the aid of Menzikoff and other influential



ANNA IWANOWA.

persons, continued to have herself confirmed in the succession. She reigned for a while with considerable ability. But at length, the pernicious influence of favorites was felt in the administration. Catharine died suddenly on the 17th of May, 1727, in the forty-second year of her age. Her death was probably hastened by excess in the use of Tokay wine and ardent spirits.

Catharine I., was succeeded by Peter II. The Dolgorucky, who had overthrown Menzikoff, and seized the reins of power, found enough to occupy them in the domestic affairs of the country. The foreign relations of Russia were neglected, and therefore her

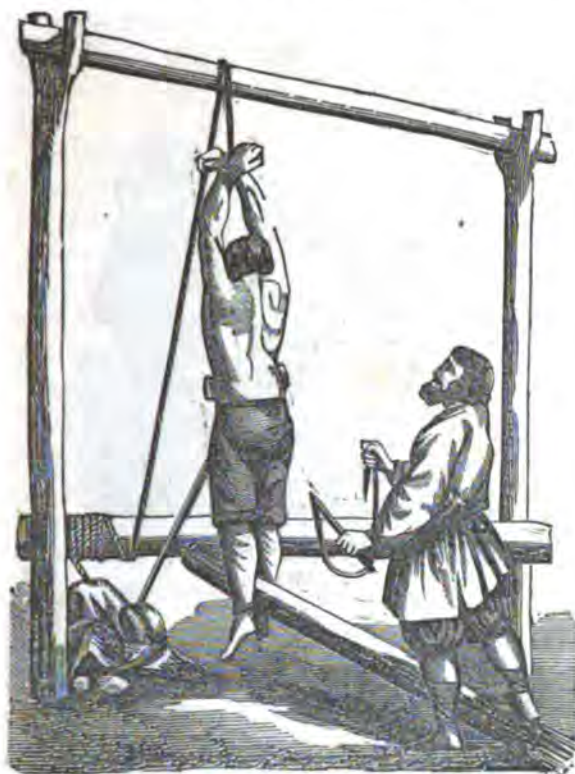
influence was not felt in Europe. When Anna Iwanowa, neice of Peter I., and, from 1711, widow of Frederic, duke of Courland, ascended the throne, the nobles endeavored to limit the power of the sovereign; but their plans were frustrated, and a cabinet composed of foreigners was the consequence. Münnich and Ostermann, of Peter's school, turning their attention to extending the power of the empire. They placed Augustus III. on the throne of Poland. Münnich took Azoph and Oczakow by storm. The victory of Stewatchan, in 1739, threw Chorzim and Moldavia into the Russian power—advantages, however, which were lost, in consequence of the unfortunate campaign of the Austrians and the peace of Belgrade. Russia, nevertheless, had acquired by these conquests, much influence among the powers of Europe; and her armies were vastly improved. Anna died in 1740, and Iwan III. was placed on the throne, under the guardianship of Biron. But on the 6th of December, 1741, Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Peter the Great, who was notorious for gross and open licentiousness, ascended the throne, imprisoned Iwan III. and sent the chancellor Ostermann and field-marshal Münnich to Siberia. The German language had, till then, prevailed at court and in the chief schools; but the French now gradually gained the ascendancy.

Russia took an active part in the European wars, brought about by the conflicting claims of Maria Theresa and Frederic the Great, at one time upon the side of Austria and then upon the side of Prussia. Elizabeth died January 6, 1762, and her successor, Peter III., the friend and admirer of Frederic the Great, immediately concluded a peace and alliance with him. But the famous Catharine II. deprived her husband of the throne and his life, July 9, 1762, and confirmed only the peace with Frederic, and not the alliance. With the reign of this able, artful, and licentious woman, begins a new era in Russian history. As soon as she had relieved the country from an exhausting war, she invited all kinds of colonists into it, and collected around her distinguished foreigners to assist her plans; schools, laws, commerce, industry, every thing received a new impulse. In 1764, she caused Stanislaus Poniatowski, who had been one of her lovers, to be elected king of Poland. But the Poles united



PUGATSCHEW.

and resisted the authority of Catharine for six years. Russia was victorious by land and sea against the Porte, and would have been able to humble Poland, had not the breaking out of the plague at Moscow, the insurrection of Pugatschew, or Pugatscheff, and the revolutions in Sweden, given so much employment to her force. Yemelka Pugatschew was a Cossack, who after serving against the Prussians and the Turks, deserted from the army, and after spending some time among some Polish hermits, appeared in Russia and laid claim to the crown, as the real Peter III. He met with some success, and might have seized Moscow; but at last the cruelties which he exercised upon the inhabitants of the places which he passed, caused his



LOG AND KNOT PUNISHMENT.

own followers to revolt, and he was delivered up to the officers of Catharine. He was conveyed in an iron cage to Moscow, and there beheaded, (January 21, 1775.) In his last moments, he showed as much weakness as he had displayed vigor and intrepidity at the head of his desperate adherents. A number of those concerned in the rebellion were condemned to the log and knout punishment, but most were pardoned.

Catharine took a chief part in the infamous business of dividing Poland. On the 22d of July, 1774, she concluded peace with the Turks, by which she acquired Kinburn, Azoph, part of the Crimea and Kabarda. In 1776, she divided the empire into governments. The remainder of the reign of Catharine was occupied by wars against the Turks and the insurgent Poles, under



RUSSIANS.

Kosciusko and Madalinski. Poland was completely crushed, and Russia took a large share of the territory of the vanquished nation. Catharine died November 17, 1796, having added to the empire two hundred and ten thousand square miles of land, and many beneficial institutions.

Paul I., the only son of Catharine II., succeeded her upon the Russian throne. He was assassinated on the 22d of March, 1801, being obnoxious to the majority of the nobles. Alexander I. succeeded to the throne. He was a bold, active, and sagacious sovereign, and did much to strengthen and develop the resources of his empire, and establish the supremacy of Russian influence in Europe. He caused the laws to be revised and improved, strove to mitigate the rigors of serfdom, encouraged science, and established universities, colleges and schools. Under his reign, Russia took part in the European wars, consequent upon the ambition of Napoleon Bonaparte, and was invaded by that mighty conquerer. However, the burning of Moscow caused the French to retreat. The vast army of Napoleon was almost annihilated. Fortune favored Russia; and from that invasion may be dated

her influence throughout Europe. Her greatness and power was acknowledged in every court. Alexander founded and supported the Holy Alliance, which aided his plans of aggrandisement. After the death of this emperor, on the 1st of December, 1825, his brother, Nicholas ascended the throne, Constantine Cæsarowitch having renounced his right.

Nicholas I. soon proved that he possessed both energy and ability. On the 26th of December, 1825, three regiments of the guard, who had taken the oath to Constantine, refused to take the oath to support Nicholas. A tumult ensued, which was at length repressed by the mingled firmness and moderation of the emperor. The investigation of this matter brought to light a conspiracy which had existed for years, founded, as would appear, partly on crude political ideas, and partly on the offended pride of the old Russian nobility. A number of those implicated were hanged, and others were exiled to Siberia. Banishment to the wilds of Siberia is a common mode of punishment in Russia, and occupies the place in the code of that empire that transportation does in the code of England.

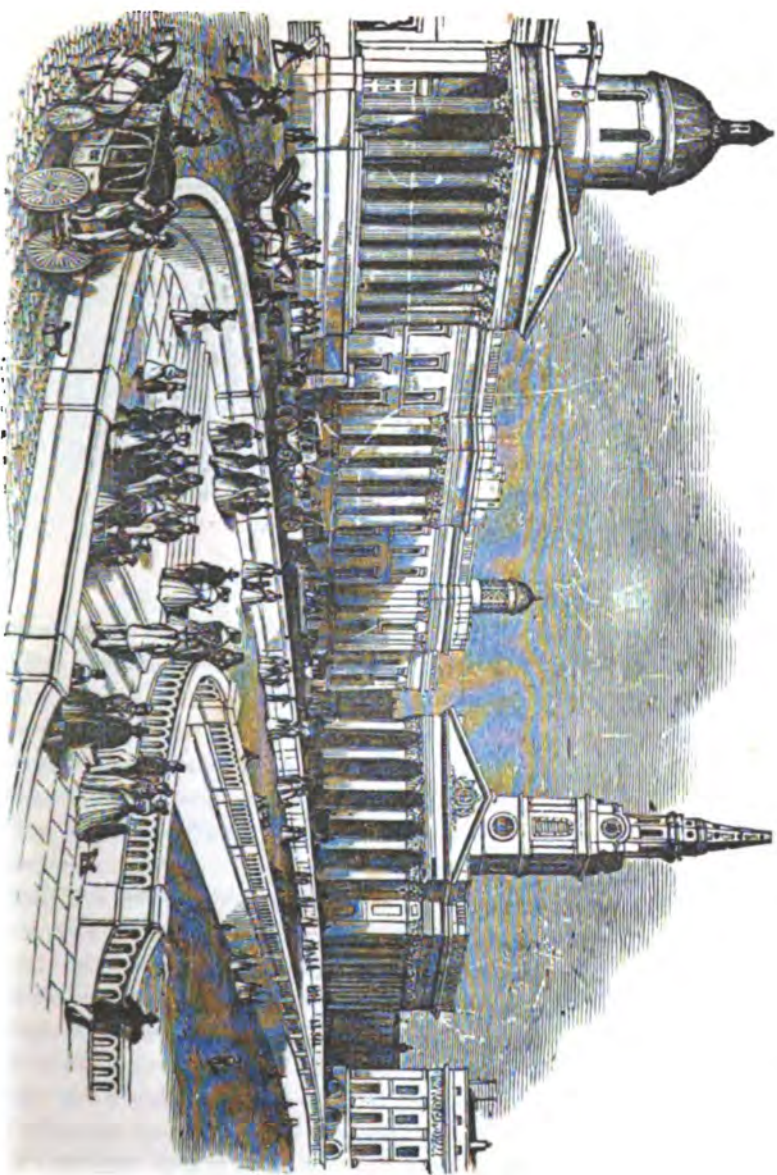
In March, 1828, Nicholas declared war against the Porte, and soon afterwards a great Russian army invaded Turkey. Various battles and sieges occurred, in which the Russian superiority was clearly evident. Turkey tottered on the verge of ruin, when, in September, 1830, a peace was concluded, by which Russia obtained many great advantages. In the next year, the Poles arose against the Russian authority, and fought valiantly. But Marshal Diebitch, who had successfully conducted the war with the Turks, defeated the Poles near the walls of their capital, and in spite of the victories of the heroic Skrzynecki, Dembinsky, and others, the whole country was soon subdued by the overwhelming forces of the Russians. Many distinguished Poles were driven into exile, and many emigrated of their own accord. Some escaped with a few lashes, from the knout, a Russian instrument of punishment in common use. It is applied to all ranks, but in various modes, and with various degrees of severity.

Nicholas has since taken a leading part in European politics. He is unquestionably one of the ablest sovereigns who ever sat

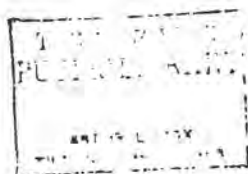


PUNISHMENT WITH THE KNOT.

upon any throne, by right of legitimate succession. It is true that the government is a despotism, and that all the efforts of the autocrat have been tainted by a desire to maintain and extend the power of that despotism. Nicholas gave the death-blow to the hopes of the Poles, and assisted in crushing the Hungarians in 1849. But he has striven to improve the physical and mental condition of the people; he has taken up the cause of the serf population, against the oppressions of the nobles; and he has encouraged science and learning by fine institutions and liberal rewards. Nesselrode, his chief minister, is superior in ability to any diplomatist in Europe, not excepting Prince Metternich. By his skilful measures, he has obtained a dominant influence in almost every court in Europe. Nothing can save the remainder of Europe from being subjected to Russian sway but the maintenance of the entire independence of Turkey and the restoration of either Poland or Hungary to nationality. The empire of Russia includes many different nations. The original Russians are, however, very numerous. The resources of the vast territory under the sway of the czar can scarcely be estimated at present, as they have hardly entered upon their



GRAND CANAL, ST. PETERSBURG.



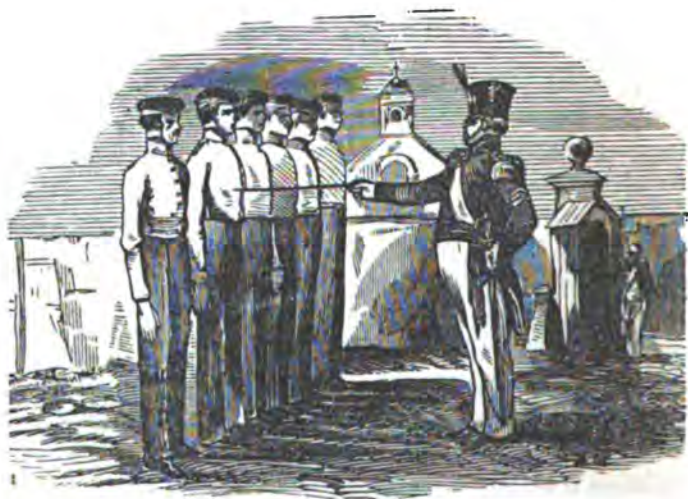


MODE OF TRAVELLING IN RUSSIA.

development. It is certain, however, that they are equal to all the schemes of aggrandizement entertained by the government. Under the present czar, the people have been brought into closer communication with each other by the construction of numerous railroads and canals, as well as by the improvement of the old roads used for sleighing and sledging in winter.

The cities of Russia have generally increased in size and splendor. Moscow, the old capital of the empire, has some magnificent edifices, but its life and glory have fled to the new centre of Russian intelligence and fashion, St. Petersburg. The present capital has a population of almost six hundred thousand inhabitants, which amount, considering the date of the city's foundation is astonishing. The public buildings are in the highest and most imposing styles of architecture. The streets are broad and regularly laid out. The grand canal is a beautiful as well as an extensive structure, and merits all the encomiums that have been passed upon it. The society is considered equal to that of Paris, in brilliancy and gaiety. But for the continual presence of the hovels, near the palace, which reminds one of

the poverty and subjection of that great body called serfs, whose condition, in spite of successive emperors, is still miserable, St. Petersburg would be a model metropolis in every respect. Throughout Russia, the grand distinction of noble and serf, or master and slave, is preserved. Superstition and veneration are leading traits in the Russian character, and they regard the civil and religious authorities with a sort of awe. Rebellion seldom shows its threatening head in this great empire. The army is the dread of Europe. Its infantry is famed for obstinate valor, its cavalry for activity.



THE NEW
PUBLICATION

ASTORIA, OREGON
TULDEN & SONS



THE EAGLE'S NEST.



The Eagle's Nest.

IN a cottage in the valley of Sallanches near the foot of Mont Blanc, lived old Bernard and his three sons. One morning he lay in bed sick, and, burning with fever, watched anxiously for the return of his son, Jehan, who had gone to fetch a physician. At length a horse's tread was heard and soon after the Doctor entered. He examined the patient closely, felt his pulse, looked at his tongue, and then said,

patting the old man's cheek, "It will be nothing, my friend—nothing!" but he made a sign to the three lads, who open-mouthed and anxious, stood grouped around the bed. All four withdrew to a distant corner, the doctor shook his head, thrust out his lower lip, and said, "'Tis a serious attack—very serious—of fever. He is now in the height of the fit, and as soon as it abates he must have sulphate of quinine."

"What is that, doctor?"

"Quinine, my friend, is a very expensive medicine, but which you may procure at Sallanches. Between the two fits your father must take at least three franc's worth. I will write the prescription. You can read, Guillaume?"

"Yes, doctor."

"And you will see that he takes it?"

"Certainly."

When the physician was gone, Guillaume, Pierre, and Jehan looked at each other in silent perplexity. Their whole stock of money consisted of a franc and a half, and yet the medicine must be procured immediately.

"Listen," said Pierre, "I know a method of getting from the mountain before night three or four five franc pieces."

"From the mountain?"

"I have discovered an eagle's nest in a cleft of a frightful precipice. There is a gentleman at Sallanches, who would gladly purchase the eagles; and nothing made me hesitate but the terrible risk of taking them; but that's nothing when our father's life is concerned. We may have them now in two hours."

"I will rob the nest," said Guillaume.

"I have the best right to venture," said Pierre, "as it was I who discovered it."

"No, no, let me," said Jehan, "I am the youngest and lightest."

"Come," said Pierre, "let us decide by drawing lots. Write three numbers, Guillaume, put them into my hat, and whoever draws number one will try the venture."

Guillaume blackened the end of a wooden splinter in the fire; tore an old card into three pieces; wrote on them one, two, three, and threw them into the hat.

How the three hearts beat! Old Bernard lay shivering in the

cold fit, and each of his sons longed to risk his own life, to save that of his father.

The lot fell on Pierre, who had discovered the nest; he embraced the sick man.

"We shall not be long absent, father," he said, "and it is needful for us to go together."

"What are you going to do?"

"We will tell you as soon as we come back."

Guillaume took down from the wall an old sabre, which had belonged to Bernard when he served as a soldier; Jehan sought a thick cord which the mountaineers use when cutting down trees; and Pierre went toward an old wooden cross, reared near the cottage, and knelt before it for some minutes in fervent prayer.

They set out together, and soon reached the brink of the precipice. The danger consisted not only in the probability of falling several hundred feet, but still more in the probable aggression of the birds of prey, inhabiting the wild abyss.

Pierre, who was to brave these perils, was a fine athletic young man of twenty-two. Having measured with his eye the distance he would have to descend, his brothers fastened the cord around his waist and began to let him down. Holding the sabre in his hand, he safely reached the nook that contained the nest. In it were four eaglets of a light yellowish-brown color, and his heart beat with joy at the sight of them. He grasped the nest firmly in his left hand, and shouted joyfully to his brothers, "I have them? Draw me up!"

Already the first upward pull was given to the cord, when Pierre felt himself attacked by two enormous eagles, whose furious cries proved them to be the parents of the nestlings.

"Courage, brother! defend thyself! don't fear!"

Pierre pressed the nest to his bosom, and with his right hand made the sabre play around his head.

Then began a terrible combat. The eagles shrieked, the little ones cried shrilly, the mountaineer shouted and brandished his sword. He slashed the birds with its blade, which flashed like lightning, and only rendered them still more enraged. He struck the rock and sent forth a shower of sparks.

Suddenly he felt a jerk given to the cord that sustained him.

Looking up he perceived that, in his evolutions, he had cut it with his sabre, and that half the strands were severed !

Pierre's eyes, dilated widely, remained for a moment immovable, and then closed with terror. A cold shudder passed through his veins, and he thought of letting go both the nest and the sabre.

At that moment one of the eagles pounced on his head, and tried to tear his face. The Savoyard made a last effort, and defended himself bravely. He thought of his old father, and took courage.

Upward, still upward, mounted the cord : friendly voices eagerly uttered words of encouragement and triumph ; but Pierre could not reply to them. When he reached the brink of the precipice, still clasping fast the nest, his hair, which an hour before had been as black as a raven's wing, was become so completely white, that Guillaume and Jehan could scarcely recognize him.

What did that signify ? the eagles were of the rarest and most valuable species. That same afternoon they were carried to the village and sold. Old Bernard had the medicine, and every needful comfort beside, and the doctor in a few days pronounced him convalescent.







LION HUNTING.



Lion Hunting.



THE strength and courage of the lion is so great that, although he is seldom four feet in height, he is more than a match for fierce animals of three or four times his size, such as the buffalo. He will even attack a rhinoceros or an elephant, if

provoked. He possesses such extraordinary muscular power, that he has been known to kill and carry off a heifer of two years old in his mouth, and, after being pursued by herdsmen on horseback for five hours, it has been found that he has scarcely ever allowed the heifer to touch the ground during the whole distance. But here is an instance of strength in a man—a different sort

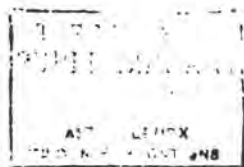
of strength—which surpasses all we ever heard of a lion. Three officers in the East Indies—Captain Woodhouse, Lieutenant Delamain, and Lieutenant Laing—being informed that two lions had made their appearance, in a jungle, at some twenty miles distance from their cantonment, rode off in that direction to seek an engagement. They soon found the “lordly strangers,” or natives, we should rather say. One of the lions was killed by the first volley they fired; the other retreated across the country. The officers pursued, until the lion, making an abrupt curve, returned to his jungle. They then mounted an elephant, and went to search for him. They found him standing under a bush, looking directly towards them. He sought no conflict, but seeing them approach, he at once accepted the first challenge, and sprang at the elephant’s head, where he hung on. The officers fired; in the excitement of the onset their aim was defeated, and the lion only wounded. The elephant, meanwhile, had shaken him off, and, not liking such an antagonist, refused to face him again. The lion did not pursue, but stood waiting. At length the elephant was persuaded to advance once more, seeing which the lion became furious, and rushed to the contest. The elephant turned about to retreat, and the lion, springing upon him from behind, grappled his flesh with teeth and claws, and again hung on. The officers fired, while the elephant kicked with all his might; but, though the lion was dislodged, he was still without any mortal wound, and retired into the thicket, content with what he had done in return for the assault. The officers had become too excited to desist; and in the fever of the moment, as the elephant, for his part, now directly refused to have any thing more to do with the business, Captain Woodhouse resolved to dismount, and go on foot into the jungle. Lieutenant Delamain and Lieutenant Laing dismounted with him, and they followed in the direction the lion had taken. They presently got sight of him, and Captain Woodhouse fired, but apparently without any serious injury, as they saw “the mighty lord of the woods” retire deeper into the thicket “with the utmost composure.” They pursued, and Lieutenant Delamain got a shot at the lion. This was to be endured no longer, forth came the lion, dashing right through the bushes that in

tervened, so that he was close upon them in less than no time. The two lieutenants were just able to escape out of the jungle to re-load, but Captain Woodhouse stood quietly on one side, hoping the lion would pass him unobserved. This was rather too much to expect after all he had done. The lion darted at him in an instant, "as though by a stroke of lightning," the rifle was broken and knocked out of his hand, and he found himself in the grip of the irresistible enemy whom he had challenged to mortal combat. Lieutenant Delamain fired at the lion without killing him, and then again retreated to re-load. Meantime, Captain Woodhouse and the lion were both lying wounded on the ground, and the lion began to craunch his arm. In this dreadful position Captain Woodhouse had the presence of mind, and the fortitude, amid the horrible pain he endured, to lie perfectly still,—knowing that if he made any resistance now, he would be torn to pieces in a minute. Finding all motion had ceased, the lion let the arm drop from his mouth, and quietly crouched down with his paws on the thigh of his prostrate antagonist. Presently, Captain Woodhouse, finding his head in a painful position, unthinkingly raised one hand to support it, whereupon the lion again seized his arm, and craunched it higher up. Once more, notwithstanding the intense agony, and yet more intense apprehension of momentary destruction, Captain Woodhouse had the strength of will and self-command to lie perfectly still. He remained thus, until his friends, discovering his situation, were hastening up, but upon the wrong side, so that their balls might possibly pass through the lion, and hit him. Without moving, or manifesting any hasty excitement, he was heard to say, in a low voice, "To the other side!—to the other side!" They hurried round. Next moment the magnanimous lion lay dead by the side of a yet stronger nature than his own.

Diedrik Müller, during his hunting time in South Africa, came suddenly upon a lion. The lion did not attack him, but stood still, as though he would have said, "Well, what do you want here in my desert?" Müller alighted from his horse, and took deliberate aim at the lion's forehead. Just as he drew the trigger, his horse gave a start of terror, and the hunter missed his aim. The lion sprang forward: but, finding that the man

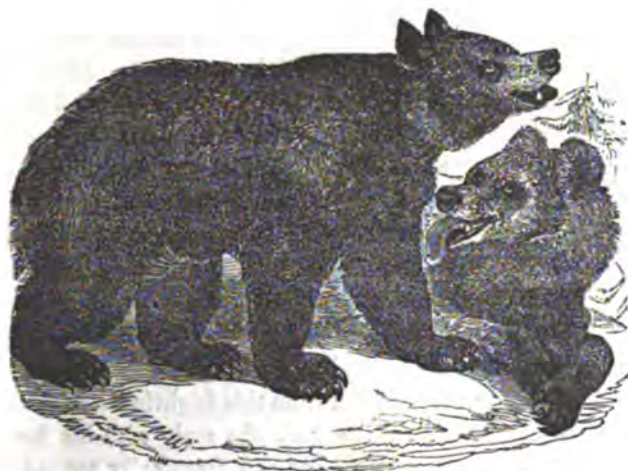
stood still—for he had no time either to remount his horse, or take to his heels—the lion stopped within a few paces, and stood still also, confronting him. The man and the lion stood looking at each other for some minutes; the man never moved; at length the lion slowly turned, and walked away. Müller began hastily to re-load his gun. The lion looked back over his shoulder, gave a deep growl, and instantly returned. Could words speak plainer? Müller, of course, held his hand, and remained motionless. The lion again moved off, warily. The hunter began softly to ram down his bullet. Again the lion looked back, and gave a threatening growl. This was repeated between them until the lion had retired to some distance, when he bounded into a thicket.

A hunter, in the wilds of Africa, had seated himself on a bank near a pool, to rest, leaving his gun, set upright against a rock, a few feet behind him. He was alone. Whether he fell asleep, or only into a reverie, he did not know, but suddenly he saw an enormous lion standing near him, attentively observing him. Their eyes met, and thus they remained, motionless, looking at each other. At length the hunter leaned back, and slowly extended his arm toward his gun. The lion uttered a deep growl, and advanced nearer. The hunter paused. After a time, he gradually repeated the attempt, and again the lion uttered a deep growl, the meaning of which was not to be mistaken. This occurred several times, until the man was obliged to desist altogether. Night approached; the lion never left him the whole night. Day broke; the lion was still there, and remained there the whole day. The hunter ceased to make any attempt to seize his gun, and saw that his only hope was to weary the lion out by the fortitude of a passive state, however dreadful the situation. All the next night the lion remained. The man, worn out for want of sleep, dared not to close his eyes, lest the lion, believing him to be dead, should devour him. All the provision in his wallet was exhausted. The third night arrived. Being now utterly exhausted, and having dropped off to sleep, several times, and as often came back to consciousness with a state of horror at finding he had been asleep, he finally fell backward, and lay in a dead slumber. He never awoke till broad day, and then found that the lion was gone.





BRUIN EMBRACING THE DOG.



BLACK BEARS.

Bear Hunting.



THE black bear is a favorite object with hunters both civilized and savage. There are bears in almost every part of the world, where there are extensive forests. The black bear of North America is hunted with great earnestness by the Indians. In the border regions of New England and Canada, the white people hunt them with guns and dogs: and the bears often give the dogs a very affectionate reception, squeezing them in a too loving embrace, as represented in the engraving.

Black bears are also found in Russia, Norway, Siberia, and Sweden.

At a hunt in Sweden, an old soldier was charged by a bear. His musket missed fire, and the animal being close upon him, he made a thrust, in the hope of driving the muzzle of his piece down the bear's throat. But the thrust was parried by one of his huge paws with all the skill of a fencer, and the musket wrested from the soldier's hand, who was forthwith laid prostrate. He lay quiet, and the bear, after smelling, thought he was dead, and then left him to examine the musket. This he seized by the stock, and began to knock about, as though to discover wherein its virtue consisted, when the soldier could not forbear putting forth one hand to recover his weapon. The bear immediately seized him by the back of the head, and tore his scalp over his crown, so that it fell over the soldier's face. Notwithstanding his agony, the poor fellow restrained his cries, and again pretended death. The bear laid himself upon his body, and thus remained, until some hunters coming up relieved him from this frightful situation. As the poor fellow rose, he threw back the scalp with his hand, as though it had been a peruke, and ran frantically toward them exclaiming—"The bear! the bear!" So intense was the apprehension of his enemy, that it made him oblivious of his bodily anguish. He eventually recovered, and received his discharge in consequence of his loss of hair. There is another bear story, which savors—just a little—of romance. A powerful bull was attacked by a bear in a forest, when the bull succeeded in striking both horns into his assailant, and pinning him to a tree. In this situation they were both found dead—the bear of his wounds; the bull (either fearing, or, from obstinate self-will, refusing, to relinquish his position of advantage) of starvation!





CÆSAR BORGIA.

REMARKABLE MEN.

Cæsar Borgia.



THE annals of crime have few names of darker note than that of Cæsar Borgia. Other princes have shed more blood, and have displayed more atrocious cruelty; but with Borgia all was coolly calculated, and he profaned whatever was most holy for the attainment of his purposes. At a time when the court of Rome was a school of falsehood and licentiousness, and oaths and compacts gave no security, he reduced crime to a system. Cæsar Borgia was a natural son of an ecclesiastic, who afterwards became infamously known to the world as Pope Alexander VI, and of a Roman lady, named Vanozza. While he was still very young, his father, the pope, invested him



CHARLES VIII.

with the purple. When Charles VIII. of France, made his entry into Rome, Alexander was obliged to treat with him, and delivered Cæsar Borgia into his hands as a hostage. Cæsar escaped, however, after a few days, from the camp of the king.

In 1497, Alexander bestowed the duchy of Benevento, together with the counties of Terracino and Ponte-Corvo, on his eldest son, who had already received from the King of Spain the duchy of Gandia. Cæsar became jealous of the elevation of his brother, and when the Duke of Gandia was murdered, a few weeks after his investiture, public opinion accused the young Borgia of the deed. His father permitted him to lay aside the purple, and devote himself to the profession of arms, and sent him to France, to carry to Louis XII. the bull for divorce and dispensation for marriage which he had long desired to obtain. Louis rewarded Borgia, for the compliance of his father, with the duchy of Valentinen, a body guard of one hundred men and twenty thousand livres a year, and promised to aid him in his projects of conquest.

In 1499, Cæsar married a daughter of King John of Navarre, and accompanied Louis XII. to Italy. He then undertook the conquest of Romagna, expelled the lawful possessors of the land, caused them to be treacherously murdered, and himself to be

appointed by his father Duke of Romagna, in 1501. In the same year, he wrested the principality of Piombino from Jacopo d'Apiano. He also endeavored, though in vain, to make himself Duke of Bologna and Florence. In 1502, Borgia announced that he was about to attack Camerino, and demanded for that purpose, soldiers and artillery from Guidobaldo of Montefeltro, Duke of Urbino. Camerino was taken by storm, and Julius of Parma, the lord of the city, with both his sons, was strangled at the command of the cruel Borgia. This fate he prepared for all whom he robbed. Those who did not fall into his hands, he pursued with poison or the dagger.

Meanwhile all the petty princes had united and collected all their forces for defence. But Borgia terrified some by means of three thousand Swiss, whom he called to Italy, and gained over others by advantageous offers. Thus he dissolved their alliance, seized their lands, and saw no further obstacle to his being made, by his father, King of Romagna, of March, of the Umbria, when Alexander VI. died, August 17, 1503. At the time when Borgia needed his whole activity and presence of mind, he was attacked by a severe disease. He found means, indeed, to get the treasures of his father into his possession, assembled his troops in Rome, and formed a closer alliance with France; but enemies arose against him from all sides, one of the most bitter of whom was the new Pope, Julius II. Borgia was arrested and carried to Spain, where he remained in prison two years. He at length made his escape to his brother-in-law, the King of Navarre, went with him to the war against Castile, and was killed by a shot before the castle of Bianco, March 12, 1507.

Cæsar Borgia possessed talents which would have made him eminent in any science or art, to which his attention was directed. But, unhappily, his will was depraved. He was temperate, loved and protected the sciences, wrote verses himself, and possessed so much eloquence that he seduced even those who were most on their guard against his treacherous designs.



Cardinal Alberoni.



If men were measured by the greatness of their plans and their efforts to carry them out, instead of by the usual criterion of opportunity and success, Cardinal Alberoni would rank as the equal of Richelieu and Mazarin. His schemes were those of a profound statesman, and calculated to change the aspect of European affairs; but circumstances prevented their execution.

Julius Alberoni was the son of a gardener, and was born in 1664, at Ficenzuola, a village of Parma. He was educated for the church, and his first office was that of bell-ringer in the cathedral of Piacenza. From that he arose to the dignity of canon; when the poet Campistron, the favorite of the Duke of Vendome, was plundered on his way to Rome, and in his distress was relieved by the charitable ecclesiastic, who supplied him with clothes and money for his journey. The kindness was not for-

gotten. Campistron informed the duke of Alberoni's generosity, and the latter soon after gained protection and confidence. He accompanied his patron to the army in Spain, where, in the capacity of secretary, his abilities were employed to negotiate between the duke and the princess of Ursino, whose wit and intrigues had gained an ascendancy over the Spanish monarch. Alberoni behaved with such consummate skill, that he became the favorite of the princess; and to appear with greater dignity, he assumed the character of agent of the Duke of Parma at the court of Madrid, and employed his influence to raise a daughter of that house to the throne of Spain. Alberoni used all possible despatch in this delicate affair. The treaty was signed, and Philip V. received his new queen. Alberoni's fortune was now secured. The princess obtained great influence over the king, and she gave the ecclesiastic her complete confidence. Alberoni quickly rose to be prime minister and grandee of Spain.

The gigantic mind of the cardinal had now full scope for action. He infused new life into the Spanish nation, which had sunk into a lethargy. Activity and enterprise were seen on all sides. Madrid became the centre of negotiation and intrigue. The cardinal formed the design of seizing Sardinia and Sicily, of replacing the Pretender on the English throne by the hands of Charles XII. and the czar of Russia, whilst in the east the Turks were to arm against Germany, whose sceptre in Italy was to be broken, and whilst the duke of Orleans was to be deprived of the regency of France. These vast projects were defeated, however, by the arts of Orleans, who with George I. declared war against Spain, (1719,) and made it one of the conditions of peace that the cardinal should be banished from the court. Alberoni yielded to the storm and retired to Italy. There he was falsely accused of intriguing with the Turks, and confined for a year. He, however, still retained some share of influence at Madrid; but died at Placentia, on the 26th of June, 1752, in his 89th year, leaving behind him the character of a great, ambitious, but, latterly, unfortunate statesman.



Charles Emmanuel of Savoy.



CHARLES EMANUEL I., Duke of Savoy, acquired the surname of the Great by his vast schemes of ambition, and his talents for war and politics. He was born at the castle of Rivoli in 1562. At an early age, he was distinguished for excellence in military exercises, and for daring courage. At the battles of Montbrun, Vigo, Azti, Chatillon, Ostage, at the siege of Berne, and on the walls of Suza, he proved his qualities, and won a high reputation. In 1590, Charles Emmanuel formed the plan of uniting Provence to his dominions. Philip II. of Spain, his father-in-law, forced the Parliament of Aix to acknowledge him as the protector of this province, in order, by this example, to induce the King of France to acknowledge the King of Spain

protector of the whole realm. The Duke of Savoy was as ambitious as Philip himself. He not only aimed at the crown of Provence but sought to be chosen Emperor of Germany, after the death of Mathias. Among other projects, Charles Emanuel intended to conquer the kingdom of Cyprus, and to take possession of Macedonia the inhabitants of which being oppressed by the Turks, offered him the sovereignty.

The citizens of Geneva were obliged to defend their city against this ambitious prince in 1602, when he fell upon them by night, without previous indication of hostility. The attempt failed, and the citizens instituted an annual festival to commemorate the escalade. In the next year, a treaty was concluded, by which Charles Emanuel renounced his claims upon Geneva. Henry IV., who had good reason to complain of the duke, and whose general, the Duke of Lesdiguiere, had beaten Charles Emanuel several times, entered at last into a treaty of peace with him, not disadvantageous to the Duke of Savoy. It was now expected that Charles would remain quiet, at least for a time. But his restless and ambitious spirit could not slumber. He found occasion to begin a war with France, Spain and Germany. But although he displayed unquestionable talent, he was unsuccessful in a contest with the overwhelming forces of his enemies. The disappointment of his ambition preyed upon the heart of Charles Emanuel, and he died of chagrin at Savillon, in 1680. Charles did much to improve his dominions; he loved and patronized the sciences, and strove to enlighten his people. But he was cruel and treacherous, his policy was that of Philip II. of Spain; nothing but superior force could check his ambitious schemes. He violated all oaths, contracts and principles to reach a desired end.



FRANCIS, DUKE OF GUISE.

The Dukes of Guise.



UISE was the name of a famous noble family of France, a branch of the House of Lorraine. It was founded by Claude de Guise, fifth son of Rene, Duke of Lorraine, who married Antoinette de Bourbon in 1518. His valor, military skill and other noble qualities obtained for him high consideration. In 1527, for the sake of doing him honor, his county of Guise was changed to a duchy; and made a peerage. At his death in 1550, he left six sons and five daughters, of whom the eldest married James V. of Scotland. The reputation of the house was chiefly supported by the eldest son, Francis, born in 1519, and called *Le Balafre*, or the Scarred, from a wound which he received in 1545, at the siege of Boulogne, which left a permanent scar on his face.

Francis of Guise possessed great courage, activity and military



HENRY, DUKE OF GUISE.

skill. In 1553, he defended Metz against the Emperor Charles V., and thus saved France from being overrun. In the battle of Renti, August 13th, 1554, he displayed astonishing intrepidity. He also fought with success in Flanders and in Italy, and was named lieutenant-general of the royal troops. While he continued at the head of the army, France was triumphant. In eight days, Calais was taken, with the territory belonging to it, from the English, after the latter had held it for two hundred and ten years. Francis afterwards took Thionville from the Spaniards, and proved that the good or ill fortune of whole states often depends upon one man. Under Henry II. whose sister he had married, and still more, under Francis II., he was the virtual ruler of France. The Protestants entered into a conspiracy for his destruction, but this attempt upon his life only increased his popularity. The parliament gave him the title of "saviour of his country." After the death of Francis II., the power of the duke began to decline, and then grew up the factions of Condé and Guise.

Francis of Guise was a zealous Catholic, and he determined to pursue the Protestants sword in hand. An affray at Bassi, March, 1562, lighted the flames of civil war. The Duke of Guise took Rouen and Bourges, and won the battle of Dreux, December 19th.



CATHARINE OF MEDICIS.

1562. On the evening after this victory, he remained with entire confidence, in the same tent with his prisoner, the prince of Condé, and slept with his rival. Francis had reached the summit of his fortune. He was preparing for the siege of Orleans, the central strong-hold of the Protestant party, when he was killed by a pistol shot, fired by Poltrot de Mercy, a Huguenot nobleman, (February 24, 1563.)

The rank and the talents of Francis, le Balafre descended to his eldest son, Henry, born in 1550. This nobleman displayed his courage for the first time at the battle of Jarnac, in 1569. His prepossessing appearance and agreeable manners, made him a great favorite. He put himself at the head of the army, under the pretence of defending the Catholic faith, and advised the massacre of St. Bartholomew. This atrocious crime is supposed to have been planned by the Duke of Guise and Catharine de Medicis. From motives of personal revenge, the duke took upon himself the assassination of the Protestant leader, Admiral Coligni, whom he called the murderer of Francis le Balafre.

In 1576, the Catholic League was formed under the leadership of the Duke of Guise, it having been projected by his uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine. This league was merely an instrument

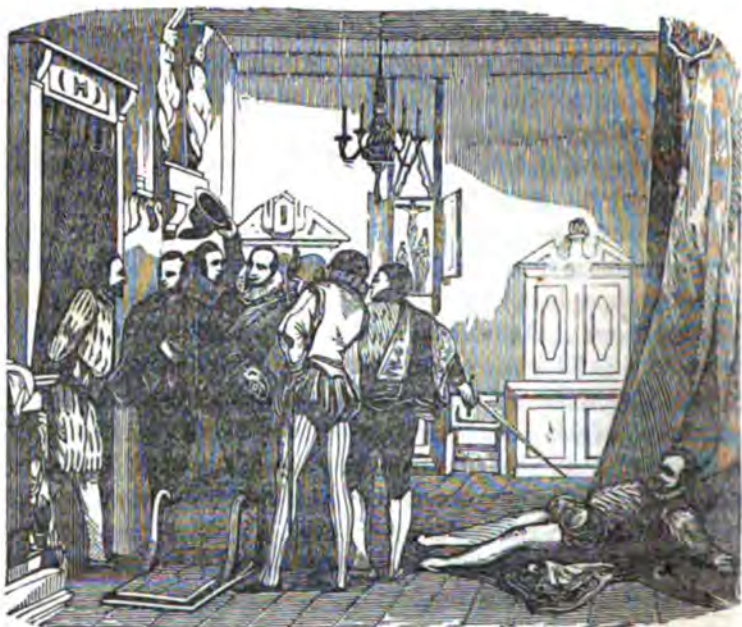


ADMIRAL COLIGNI.

of the ambitious duke to raise his power above that of the king. At the same time, his family was intriguing to get possession of the thrones of England and Scotland, and several other countries. The duke obtained a number of victories over the Huguenots, and found himself in a condition to prescribe laws to his prince. He obliged Henry III. to annul all the privileges of the Huguenots, and carried so far his imperious demands, that the king at last forbade him to come to Paris. Nevertheless, he appeared there 1588, and obliged the king to leave the city and conclude a treaty with him. Flushed by this triumph, he became imprudent, and clearly showed that he aimed at the highest power. In consequence of the treaty the estates were assembled at Blois.

The king, informed of the ambitious designs of the duke, held a council of his friends, and came to the conclusion, that the assassination of the duke would be justifiable, and therefore should be attempted. It was impossible to bring the duke to a regular trial, while it was agreed among all the friends of the throne, that he was guilty of open treason. Henry III. entrusted the commission of the deed to his first chamberlain, Lignac, who chose nine of his most resolute guards to aid him. The duke was warned of his impending fate, but he refused to leave

Blois. On the 23d of December, 1588, he went to the king, and had just entered the cabinet, where he was stabbed with several daggers, and before he could draw his sword, he fell dead, exclaiming, "God have mercy on me!" At the time of his death, he was thirty-eight years of age. On the day following, the Cardinal of Lorraine was also assassinated; but far from extinguishing the flames of civil war this double murder only increased the hatred of the Catholics against the king. The high-minded Henry of Navarre said, upon hearing of the assassination of the Duke of Guise, "Had Guise fallen into my hands, I should have treated him differently. Why," added he, "did he not join with me? We should have conquered, together, all Italy." When Henry III. was assassinated by James Clement, not long afterwards, the Catholics considered it as a just retribution for the murder of Henry of Guise.



ASSASSINATION OF THE DUKE OF GUISE.



CONFUCIUS.

Confucius and the Chinese.



As the Christians strove to form all their practices and institutions in accordance with the principles of Christianity, the Chinese seek to make their public and private actions and customs agree with the doctrines of Confucius. For thousands of years, they have maintained the same general mode of life. All attempts at innovation have been violently opposed, and most of them defeated. The natives of China of the present day, move, think, and act nearly in the same manner as those did who lived immediately after the time of Confucius, their great teacher in religion, politics, and morality.

Confucius, who is also known as Kon-fu-tse, and Kung-fu-tsu, lived about five hundred and fifty years before Christ. He was of royal descent, and held the rank of a mandarin at court, in

his native land, the kingdom of Lu. As the king would not follow his advice, Confucius resigned his dignity, went to the kingdom of Sun and became a teacher of morals. He led a quiet and temperate life, and was distinguished for his wisdom. He neither attempted to overthrow existing establishments, nor to gain dominion by deceit over the minds of men; but only to disseminate precepts of virtue and wisdom. He taught in the cities, and at royal courts. Many hearers assembled about him, and he became the founder of that numerous sect, which exists in China, and has even extended to Cochin China. His religious opinions are doubtful. It does not appear that he purified and improved the prevailing faith. It is believed, however, with strong reason, that he taught the immortality of the soul, and favored and propagated the existing belief in fate and soothsaying, and in the worship of certain good spirits who watch over the elements and various parts of the earth. It is certain that he inculcated it as a duty on his disciples to revere their ancestors. We are better acquainted with that part of his doctrines which relates to common life, and contains precepts of practical utility. In the most impressive manner, he enjoined universal benevolence, justice, virtue, and honesty, and the observance of all usages and customs which have been once introduced; it being proper that they who live together should live in the same manner, and sympathize in each other's pains and pleasures. Sometimes he inculcates reverence for old age; sometimes he shows how the tendencies of children should be guided, and their rising passions corrected. Sometimes he speaks of the peaceful virtues of domestic life, and sometimes he exhorts monarchs to exercise justice and humanity. He praises the delights of friendship, and teaches the forgiveness of offences.

As a law-giver, he deserves less honor. It cannot be denied that he extended the limits of parental authority too far; for he allowed parents the right to sell their children. It was a sophism unworthy of his great mind, to say, as children can sell themselves, no one should hesitate to give the right to the authors of their existence. Confucius erred especially in viewing legislation as nothing but a branch of morals, and was satisfied, therefore, with giving general precepts on this subject. More-

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BURNING OF THE ENGLISH FACTORIES.

over, esteem for the early law-givers of his people hindered him from making careful investigations for himself. His conduct is worthy of praise, inasmuch as he encouraged marriage, and recommended agriculture. Trade he did not positively denounce, but he was less favorable to it.

Of the works ascribed to Confucius, the *Shu-king* or *Shanshu*, is the most important. These were arranged and revised by the famous Mencius, who lived a short time before Socrates. They have been translated into English and German. As a moralist, Confucius ranks superior to either Mahommed or Zoroaster, while as the founder of a religion and as a law-giver, he holds an inferior place.

Within the last fifteen years, the Chinese have been compelled to make some changes in their treatment of foreigners, and have adopted some improvements in their civil and military systems suggested by contact with Europeans. The opium war with the English, which began with the burning of the opium factories at Canton in 1840, ended in the complete humiliation of the Chinese governments, and a developement of its weakness, which had been little expected. By the terms of the treaty which was concluded, when the English were advancing on Peking, five ports were opened to the British merchants, and Hong Kong was ceded to Great Britain forever. The intimate communication between the English and Chinese may lead to many reforms in the customs and practises of the latter people, while it will extend the knowledge of the Europeans in regard to a country, of which too little is known.





Castruccio Castracani.



THE life of Castruccio Castracani, of Lucca, was worthy of the pen of Machiavelli, the famous Florentine secretary, who thought proper to transmit an account of it to posterity. The fortunes of Castruccio were singular, and his career was adorned by great and honorable actions. He was a foundling. In the city of Lucca, in 1284, there lived a brother and sister of the ancient house of Castracani, named Antonio and Dianora. The brother was a Canon of St. Mitchel, in Lucca. The sister was a widow. Behind the house in which they dwelt, was a vineyard, to which there were several ways of access. One morning, about sunrise, Madame Dianora, walking out in the vineyard to gather herbs for a salad, heard a rustling under the leaves, and stopping to examine, she

found a naked infant. She took it home, gave it the name of Castruccio, and brought it up as if it had been her own.

Antonio intended Castruccio for the church. But the natural indication of the boy was in an opposite direction. He was fond of all kinds of athletic sports, and discovered a passion for military exercises. A gentleman, named Francisco of the house of Guinigi, distinguished as a warrior, observing Castruccio's superiority among his companions, took a great fancy to him, and succeeded in inducing Antonio and Dianora, to let him take the boy, and educate him according to his natural disposition. Under this gentleman's tuition, Castruccio rapidly improved in all the accomplishments then considered honorable. He was eighteen years of age when the Guelf faction drove the Ghibellines out of Pavia, and he was then made a lieutenant in the troops sent to the aid of the Ghibellines. He became distinguished for courage and conduct, and on his return, was regarded with admiration by all Lucca. Francisco Guinigi, died, leaving to Castruccio the care of his estate, and only son, Pagolo. The Opizi faction seeking to tyrannize over the city, Castruccio obtained the assistance of the governor of Pisa, and put their leader to death. A large number of obnoxious persons were driven into exile. Soon afterwards, Castruccio took command of the Ghibelline army, and by masterly exertions, succeeded in giving the Guelfs a terrible defeat, though before the battle they taunted the Ghibellines with having no general. This established his reputation. Escaping from the machinations of numerous enemies, Castruccio secured the chief power in Lucca, caused himself to be chosen captain-general of the forces, took several towns, which added to his fame, and was then chosen sovereign prince by the Lucchesses. Obtaining the favor of Frederich de Baviare, king of the Romans, he was then appointed lieutenant for all Tuscany. The Pisans, revolting against their ruler, applied to Frederic for a new one, and he gave the sovereignty to Castruccio. From this time, this able and fortunate man was regarded as the head of the Ghibelline party in Italy. He was a most efficient ruler, and governed all under his sway, with justice and moderation. Occasionally, rebellion drove him to severity, but this was not of long duration. Studying constantly to make himself more powerful, he conde-

ascended to act treacherously to gain possession of the town of Pistoia. He defeated the Florentine Guelfs at Seravalla, and even threatened Florence. The Guelfs raised an army of forty thousand men, while Castruccio could only collect twenty-four thousand men. But Castruccio was undaunted. He took up a masterly position at Fucechio, and after a hard fought action totally routed the enemy on the banks of the Arno, killing or wounding nearly one half of them. This was the final triumph of Castruccio. He was soon afterwards seized with a fever, which terminated his glorious life, in the forty-fourth year of his age. Castruccio deserves to be considered one of the greatest men of his age. His talents were equal to all the duties of a general and statesman, while his activity and resolution were indomitable.





Hunniades.



HUNGARY and Poland were the bulwarks of Christendom in the middle ages. Their great commanders were revered as heroes throughout Europe. The princes and warriors of Hungary were particularly distinguished for their steady and determined resistance to the progress of the

Turks and Mahommedanism, and many glorious victories over greatly superior forces are recorded in the annals of that country. Among the most meritorious and celebrated of these heroes was John Corvinus, surnamed Hunniades, waiwode, or governor of Transylvania, and general as well as regent of Hungary, about 1440.

The Turks, taking advantage of the infancy of Ladislaus,
(275)

King of Hungary, raised a powerful army and invaded that country. Hunniades valiantly opposed them, although he could collect but a comparatively insignificant force. In 1442 and 1443, he gained important advantages over the generals of Sultan Amurath, and obliged that prince to retire from Belgrade, after besieging it six months. After the conclusion of this war, Hunniades was in the highest esteem in Hungary, and might easily have made himself king; but he was a patriot, and would have laid down his life in defence of his country and her lawful king. While he was still in command, in 1456, the Turks renewed the war, and Mahommed II. besieged Belgrade. But Hunniades advanced, and after a short struggle, forced the sultan to raise the siege and retire. Hunniades died September 10th of the same year. He was at that time regarded as the hero of Christendom, and not less esteemed by his enemies than regretted by his friends. He left two sons, the younger of whom, Matthias, was afterwards King of Hungary. They were not equal either in virtue or valor to their famous sire.





Gustavus III. of Sweden.



USTAVUS III., of Sweden, deserves to be ranked as one of the greatest sovereigns of that country. As a politician, he was even superior to Gustavus Adolphus. Whatever may have been the motives of his designs they were skilfully formed and boldly and circumspectly executed, and effected important changes in the Swedish political system.

Gustavus III. was the son of Adolphus Frederic, Duke of Holstein-Gottorf, (chosen to succeed to the Swedish throne in 1753,) and was born in 1746. His mother was sister of Frederic the Great of Prussia. Counts Tessin and Scheffer, to whom the care of the young prince was entrusted, endeavored to form his mind and character with a constant view to his future destina-

tion. Gustavus, under docility of disposition, affability of manners, and gentleness, concealed an ardent thirst for power and action. Sweden was then torn by factions. All parties, however, were united in their efforts to weaken the royal party as much as possible. The father of Gustavus had found his sovereignty quite perplexing. But upon his accession to the throne, in February, 1771, the young king displayed great courage and art in encountering the political difficulties of his situation. He established the order of Vasa, to gain over some enterprising officers of the army, and a party was formed, consisting principally of young officers, devoted to him. A new plan was devised, and the parts so distributed that the king's brother was to begin the revolution in the country, while the king himself should commence operations in the capital. Gustavus played his part admirably. The decisive blow was struck against the old constitution, without bloodshed, the new constitution was proclaimed, and the revolution was complete. The king, who had now full power over the restless nobles, exerted himself to promote the prosperity of the country. But while he was absent on a visit to Germany, a famine occurred among the people; the nobility took advantage of the popular discontent to rise against the policy of the king, and the estates opposed nearly all his propositions.

A war breaking out between Russia and Turkey, Gustavus determined to attack the former, the Empress Catharine having encouraged the dissension in Sweden. War was declared in 1788; but when the king attempted to commence operations, he was deserted by the greater part of his army, which refused to engage in an offensive war. Gustavus then collected an army of determined defenders of their country, and delivered Gothenburg. The Finnish army continued in insurrection. The critical situation of the kingdom demanded the convention of the estates, which was done. The opposition continued powerful. But Gustavus arrested the chiefs, and obliged them to sign an act, giving the monarch more extensive powers than he had ever before possessed. The war was now prosecuted with energy and success. Gustavus valiantly contended with superior forces, yet the desperate state of his kingdom and the proceedings of the

congress at Reichenbach inclined him to peace, which was concluded on the plains of Werelæ, August 14, 1790.

Gustavus next determined to take part in the French revolution, to restore Louis XVI. to his throne. He was in the midst of a successful coalition of Sweden, Russia, Prussia, and Austria, when death overtook him by the hand of the assassin, Ankarström, at a masquerade, in Stockholm, on the night of the 15th of March, 1792. When mortally wounded, the king, with remarkable presence of mind, immediately took all the necessary measures for securing the succession to his son. He died calmly and with resignation.





COLBERT.

John Baptist Colbert.



THE age of Louis XIV. is regarded by the French in the same light as the age of Elizabeth is regarded by the English. They believe it to have been a "golden age;" and assuredly, the great names which adorn politics, the military history, and the science and literature of the period shed a glory over it, unequalled in the records of France. Among the great men who adorned this "golden age," John Baptist Colbert deserves, perhaps, the first place, as, to his talents, enlarged views and activity, France owes the developement of most of her sources of wealth and prosperity. Colbert was born in 1619, at Rheims, and was the son of a draper and wine merchant. In 1648, he entered the service of Le Tellier, secretary of state, by



CARDINAL MAZARIN.

whom he was made known to Cardinal Mazarin, who discovered his talents, and made him his intendant, while he frequently consulted him in regard to the financial affairs of the kingdom. In 1654, Mazarin rewarded him with the office of secretary to the queen, and recommended him, at his death, to the service of the king.

Louis XIV. made Colbert intendant of the finances. From ambition and envy, Colbert and Le Tellier united to overthrow Fouquet, which they effected. Colbert then, with the title of *controleur-general*, assumed the direction of the finances. The work before him was worthy of the utmost efforts of his gigantic mind. He found fraud, disorder and corruption prevailing everywhere. The domains were alienated. Burdens, privileges and exemptions were multiplied without measure. The state was the prey of the farmers-general, and at the same time, maintained only by their aid. The jealous and impetuous Louvois and the ambition and prodigality of Louis XIV. increased his difficulties.

Colbert began with establishing a council of finances, and a chamber of justice, the first that he might have an oversight of the whole, and the second that he might watch the embezzlements of the farmers-general and liquidate the debts of the state. He

abolished many useless offices, retracted burdensome privileges, diminished salaries, put a stop to the infamous trade in offices, and the injurious custom of making courtiers interested in the revenue. He established a loan bank, diminished the interest of money, re-established the king in the possession of his domains, and appropriated suitable funds for each expenditure. The taxes were reduced one half. The happiest success crowned his wise and boldly-executed measures. Commerce and manufactures flourished. Public roads were improved and new ones laid out. The canal of Languedoc was built. New colonies were acquired, and a powerful navy was created for their maintenance and protection. Ports were opened and harbors fortified. Several academies were founded for the encouragement of the arts and sciences. The civil and criminal legislation was improved.

Colbert was ambitious but honest, and living in a continual struggle with intrigue and jealousy, enjoyed no tranquillity. He died in 1683, at the age of sixty-four years, exhausted by incessant labor, worn out with anxiety and grief, remedying with difficulty, the present embarrassments of his king, and filled with apprehensions for the future. The people of Paris, embittered by new taxes on provisions, disturbed his funeral and threatened violence to his remains; but the misfortunes which soon after afflicted the state, opened the eyes of his enemies, and obliged them to respect the memory of him whom they had so unjustly persecuted.





TURENNE.

Turenne.



TURENNE was ranked by Napoleon among those seven generals of history whose campaigns should be studied by military men. To rival the bold and fortunate Condé and the skilful Monticuculi, he must have possessed the highest talents for war; while the records of his career prove that in knowledge of tactics he was superior to either of the great commanders we have named.

Henry de la Tour d'Auvergne, viscount de Turenne, the second son of the Duc de Bouillon, by Elizabeth, daughter of William I. of Nassau, prince of Orange, was born at Sedan, September 11, 1611. From his earliest years, he was fond of military exercises, and found particular delight in reading the exploits of Alexander the Great. He entered the army, and in 1685, reduced with astonishing rapidity, the castle of Solre, in Hainault. In the next year he distinguished himself at the taking of Bri-



CARDINAL DE RETZ.

sach. Richelieu, admiring his valor, offered him his niece in marriage, which, as he was a Protestant, he declined. Italy was, in 1639, the scene of his valorous exertions. In 1642, he assisted in the conquest of Rousillon, and, two years after, in reward for his services during seventeen years, under various generals, he was made marshal of France and appointed commander-in-chief of the army in Germany.

Turenne crossed the Rhine with a small force, and though defeated at Mariendal, in 1645, recovered within three months, by the victory of Nordlingen, the honor of the army. In 1645, he re-established the elector of Treves in the possession of his dominions, and in the following year, he formed an union with the Swedish army, under Wrangel, after a march of one hundred leagues, and by this manœuvre, forced the Duke of Bavaria to sue for peace. The duke soon after violated the peace he had made with France; and, Turenne again attacking him, gained the famous victory of Zumarthausen, and forced the duke to quit his dominions.

Civil war soon distracted France. The policy of Cardinal Mazarin and Anne of Austria was opposed by the Frondeurs, under the lead of John Paul de Gondi, afterwards Cardinal de Retz, and the prince of Condé. Turenne at first joined the party of the rebellious princes, and was defeated near Retel in 1650,

by du Plessis-Prassin, but the following year he was reconciled to the court and obtained the command of the royal army. He was successfully employed in checking the progress of the great Condé, to whom he was opposed, and after some skilful manœuvres on the Loire, Seine and the Marne, he went in 1654, to raise the siege of Arras, which was pressed by the Spaniards. In the following year, he took Condé, Guillian and some other towns. In 1657, he took St. Venant and Mardick, and joined the forces of Cromwell in taking Dunkirk, which was followed by the fall of Oudenarde, Ypres and other Flemish towns. The peace of the Pyrenees, in 1659, put an end to the war between France and Spain.

In 1669, the struggle was renewed. Turenne was placed at the head of the French army, and had the honor of instructing the young king, Louis XIV., in the art of war. His success was so rapid that the Spaniards were compelled to sue for peace in the next year. About the same time, Turenne renounced the tenets of the Protestant for the Catholic faith. In the war against Holland, this great general captured forty Dutch troops in twenty-two days, and in 1672, he pursued to the gates of Berlin, the elector of Brandenburg, who had come to the aid of the Dutch, and obliged him to sue for peace. This conquest of Franche Comte, in 1674, occasioned a powerful league in the empire against Louis XIV.; but Turenne, ever vigilant and active, suddenly marched into the Palatinate, and defeated, at Sintzein, a German army under the Duke of Lorraine, and laid waste the country so terribly, that from the top of his castle at Manheim, the elector Palatine could see two cities and twenty-five villages around him in flames. Humanity shudders at such devastation; and this portion of the campaign is usually considered as a stain upon the character of Turenne. It is urged, however, that such a measure alone could strike terror into the enemies of France. Turenne retreated to Lorraine, defeated the imperialists at Mulhausen and Turkheim, and compelled them to recross the Rhine. (1675.)

The cabinet of Vienna was not disheartened. Montecuculi, a prudent, skilful, and victorious commander, was placed at the head of the imperial forces. The two generals were about to

decide the question of superiority, after a long series of masterly manœuvres, near the village of Saltbach, when the French hero examining a spot on which to erect a battery, was killed by a cannon-ball, (July 27, 1675,) at the age of sixty-five.

Few generals have performed as many splendid exploits as Turenne, or have been victorious for so great a length of time. His exterior was rough, and his manners unassuming. His great mind scorned all affectation, and pompous parade. At the treaty of Pyrenees, the kings of Spain and France introduced to each other the chief persons of their court. Turenne was found concealed among the crowd, and when presented to the Spanish monarch, Philip observed to his sister, Anne of Austria, "that is the man who has made me pass so many sleepless nights."

At the taking of the Castle of Solre, the soldiers having found a beautiful woman, led her to Turenne. The marshal praised them for the regard which they had shown him, and caused a diligent search to be made for her husband, and immediately restored her to him.





Charles of Bourbon.



HE duke or constable of Bourbon, born in 1489, was one of the greatest men of his time, being equally renowned as a general and politician. He was the son of Gilbert, Count of Montpensier and Clara of Gonzaga. In his early years, Charles was fond of athletic sports and martial exercises. At the age of twenty six, he received the sword of constable from Francis I. By the coolness with

which he faced death in posts of the greatest hazard, he excited the admiration of his fellow soldiers. When viceroy of Milan, he won all hearts by his frankness and affability. His fame was bright, when the injustice of Francis deprived him of his offices, banished him from France, and brought the family of Bourbon into disgrace, in which state it continued until the conclusion of the reign of Henry III.

Some historians declare that the duchess of Angouleme, mother of Francis I. had fallen in love with the young constable, and could not endure the contempt with which he treated her passion : others relate, that, influenced by avaricious motives, she laid claim to the estates of Charles of Bourbon, and obtained possession of them by a judicial process. Whatever may have been the motives of her conduct, it is certain that she strove to invalidate a formal donation of Louis XII. The constable enraged at seeing himself deprived of his estates by the mother of the king he had served so faithfully, listened to the proposals made him by Charles V. and the king of England, and left the service of France.

Charles now experienced the usual fate of deserters. He was well received while his services were needed, but narrowly watched, in order to secure his fidelity. Exposed as he was to the contempt of the Spanish nobility, and the jealousy of the generals of Charles V., nothing remained to him but his courage and repentance. His ability, however, induced the emperor to bestow upon him the command of an army, and to treat him with honor. He was already beyond the confines of France, when Francis I. sent to demand the sword he bore as constable, and the badge of his order. His answer displays the anguish of his heart. "The king took from me my sword at Valenciennes, when he gave to d'Alençon the command of the vanguard, which belonged to me : the badge of my order I left under my pillow at Chantelles." The glory of France seemed to fly with him. The expedition of Francis into Italy was arrested. Charles made an unsuccessful attack upon Marseilles, but contributed greatly to the victory of Pavia, at which the French king was made prisoner.

When Francis was carried to Madrid, Bourbon went there that he might not be forgotten in the treaty between the two monarchs. He found he could not trust in the promises of the emperor. But compelled to smother his resentment, he returned to Italy, and, by the terror of his arms obtained so much authority, that Charles V. became jealous of him, and even refused to grant him the necessary supplies. In order to prevent the dispersion of his army, Bourbon took it to the siege of Rome, the plunder of which city he promised them. He was the first to mount the breach, and was killed while leading on his troops, May 6



FRANCIS I.

1527. He died, excommunicated, without issue, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. His body being conveyed to Gaeta, his soldiers erected over it a monument, which was afterwards destroyed. As far as his ill fortune would permit, Bourbon showed that he possessed abilities of the first order. While still a youth he was considered one of the first captains of the age. His short career did not allow a full developement of his powers.

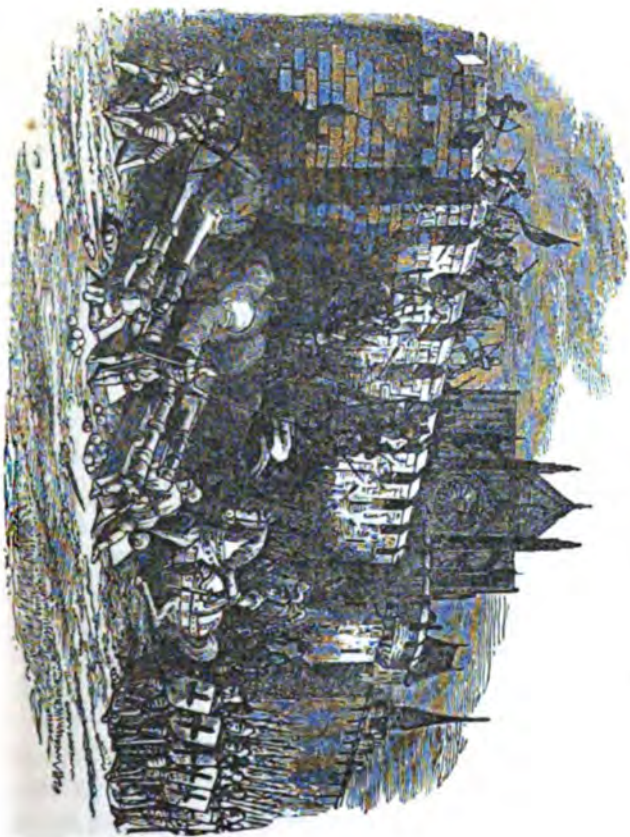


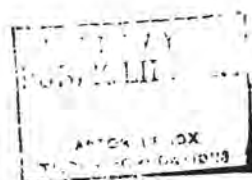
Joan of Arc.



AFTER the death of Charles VI. King of France, in 1422, Henry VI. of England, then a child of nine months old, was proclaimed King of France, according to the treaty of Troyes. His uncle, the able Duke of Bedford acted as regent. France had been torn for forty-two years by civil dissensions. On one side were Queen Isabella, the Duke of Burgundy, and England; on the other, the dauphin Charles, who had been abandoned by his own mother, was supported by the Orleans party. This division, and the talents of the English generals, had reduced nearly all France to the dominion of England. The dauphin, a youth of nineteen, was crowned at Poitiers, as Charles VII. He main-

THE SIEGE OF ORLEANS.





tained a struggle in France for seven years. But, at length, Bourges and its territory were all that remained to him. The Earl of Salisbury had been besieging Orleans from October 12, 1428. The city was bravely defended by Gaucour. Its fall would have ruined the cause of Charles VII. A singular deliverer appeared at this moment.

In the valleys of the Vosges, on the frontiers of Lorraine, in the village of Domremy la Pucelle, on the banks of the Meuse, lived a peasant girl, called Joan of Arc. In the midst of timid and superstitious persons, in continual trouble and alarm at the misfortunes of their country, Joan was quietly occupied in domestic employment. She was of a delicate frame and uncommon sensibility of mind, and filled with religious enthusiasm. While her companions were sporting beneath the Fairies' tree, the beautiful May, not far from the fountain of Domremy, Joan was singing and dancing by herself, in pious enthusiasm, and binding garlands for the Holy Virgin, in the little chapel of "our lady of Bellemont," which she was accustomed to visit. She also had habits of solitary meditation, during which she saw strange visions. At the age of eighteen, she asserted that she was commanded by a vision of "our lady of Bellemont," to raise the siege of Orleans, and to conduct Charles to Rheims to be crowned; and in February, 1428, she presented herself to the governor of Vaucouleur, Robert of Baudricourt, who at first thought her possessed, and twice dismissed her; but upon her returning a third time, he sent her to Chinon, with letters of recommendation. Here the dauphin ordered her to be examined by the Bishop of Meaux and John Morin. She is also said to have immediately pointed out the king, whom she had never before seen. Her examination was rigid and thorough.

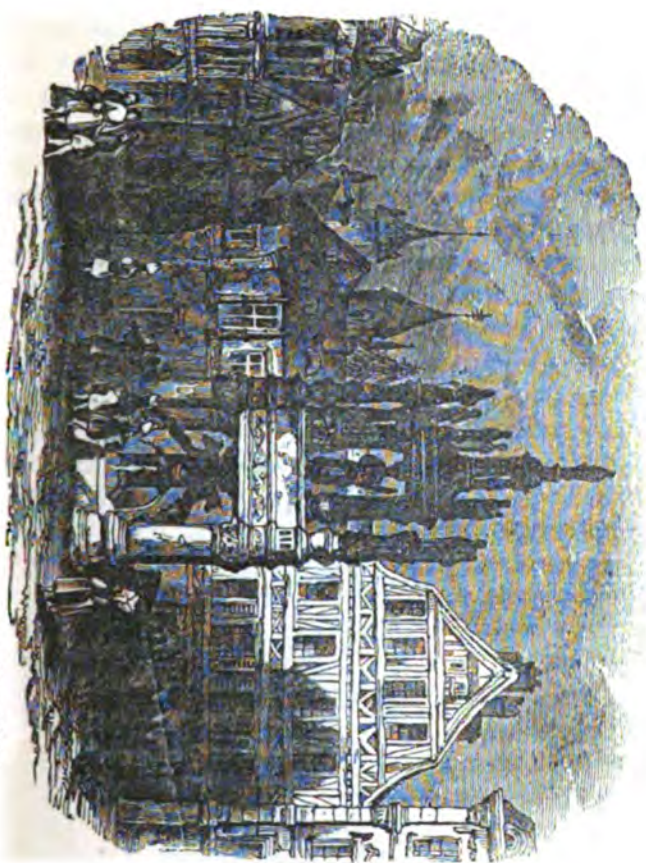
At length, being satisfied of the truth of Joan's claims, D'Aulon, the most virtuous man at court, was appointed to be her constant attendant and brother-in-arms, and she received permission to hasten with Dunois to the relief of Orleans. In a male dress, armed *cap-a-pie*, she bore the sword and the sacred banner, as the signal of victory at the head of the army. Still, no unfeminine cruelty ever stained her conduct. She was wounded several times herself, but never killed any one, or shed any blood with

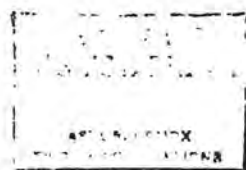
her own hand. There appears to have been no other earthly passion in her heart, than devotion to her country, to the descendant of St. Louis, and the sacred lilies. The general belief of her lofty mission, of which she herself was piously persuaded, produced the most extraordinary effects. Resolute, chivalrous, pious, and daring, she was skilfully employed by the generals to animate the army, while they implicitly followed her counsels.

The first enterprise was successful. With ten thousand men, under the command of St. Severre, Dunois, and La Hire, she marched for Blois, and on the 29th of April, 1429, entered Orleans with supplies. By bold sallies, to which she animated the besieged, the English were driven from their entrenchments, and forced to abandon the siege. (May 8, 1429.) Joan next took several places from the enemy, and defeated them in a battle near Patay, where General Talbot was captured, and the valiant Fastolfe himself was forced to fly. Charles entered Rhiems in triumph. At the anointing and coronation of the king, on the 17th of July, Joan stood at his side. In full armor and bearing the banner, she took the office of a constable, and held a sword over the king. Her commission having thus been fulfilled, she wished to return home, but was prevailed upon to stay. All France now acknowledged Charles as king, and the Duke of Bedford could only maintain himself by valor and prudence. He repulsed, in September, an assault on Paris, in spite of the utmost efforts of Joan, who was here wounded.

A title of nobility was now conferred upon the heroine and her family. She was first called *Dalis*, then *Dulis*, and finally, *Dy Lys*. Her coat of arms contained two golden lilies, and a sword pointing upward and bearing a crown. Meanwhile Bedford was collecting new forces. He laid siege to Compiegne. The Maid threw herself into the town as she had done at Orleans; but in a sally, May 25th, 1431, was taken prisoner by the Burgundians. Joan was first imprisoned at Crottoy, but afterwards at Beaurevoir. Hearing that she was to be delivered to the English, she attempted to escape, but failed, and was seriously injured. In this condition the English obtained possession of her. Charles VII. made no exertion to save her life. Indeed, it was at the instigation of her own countrymen, that

MONUMENT TO JOAN OF ARC, IN THE MARKET PLACE OF ROUEN.





the Bishop of Beauvais instituted a process against her. The university of Paris demanded her execution as a sorceress and heretic, and she was condemned to be burnt at a slow fire, which cruel sentence was executed on the 30th of May, 1431, at Rouen. Her ashes were thrown into the Seine. She died with lofty faith and fortitude. When they were putting the inquisition cap on her head, before going to the pile, she said to her attendant, "Master, by the grace of God, I hope to live in Paradise." In 1456, an ecclesiastical court revised the process, and pronounced the twelve charges upon which Joan was condemned, entirely false, and declared her pure and innocent. Her memory is enthusiastically cherished by the French, and numerous monuments have been erected to her honor, while poets and novelists have chosen her history as a worthy theme for composition.



TALBOT.

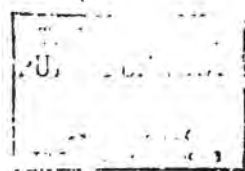


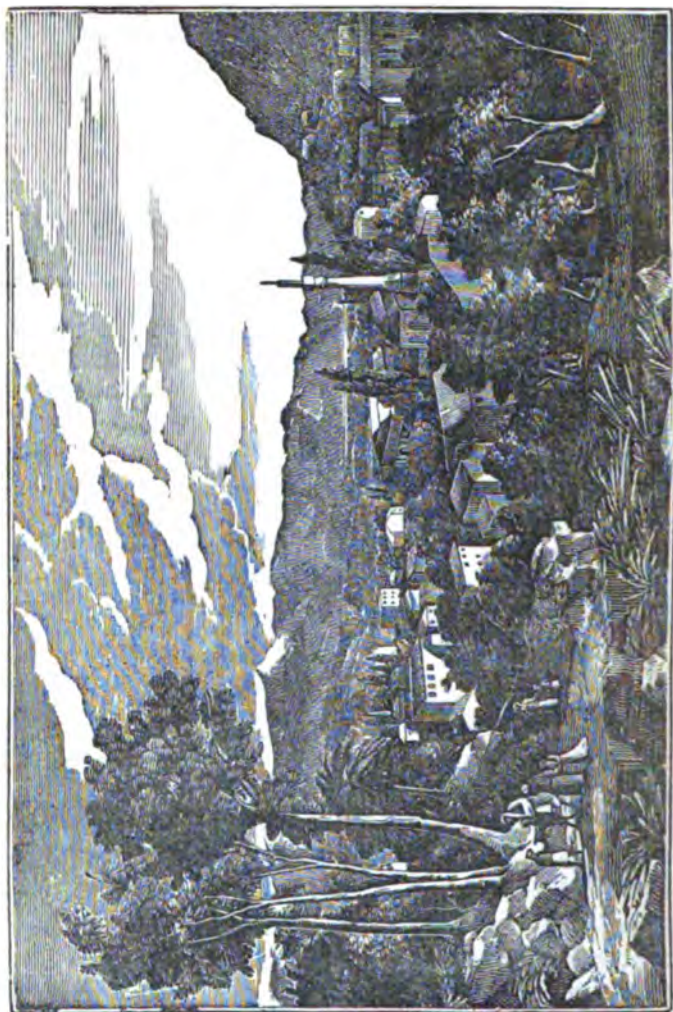
MALE COSTUME OF MODERN GREECE.

The Traveller in Greece.



THE glorious events of which Greece has been the theatre, and the genius and heroism to which it has given birth, invest its scenes with peculiar charms for the traveller. Every spot he treads in that bright land has a chain of interesting associations. Every stream and fountain has its legend. He who is thoroughly acquainted with Grecian history moves through the country as if he was among scenes of enchantment. The past comes back again. The temples and mansions of marble, glowing with the sculptures of Phidias and Praxiteles take the place of the crumbling ruins, and through the streets move the stately forms of the sages, heroes, warriors, orators, and politicians, who adorned





SPARTA—NOW MISTRA.

the prosperous ages of Greece. Fleets ride forth from the harbors, to explore and rule the seas. Battles are fought and victories won as of old. Imagination conjures up throngs of characters and events, so brilliant and potential that time can never blot them from the annals of the world.

The celebrated Chateaubriand, whose works are destined to immortal admiration, visited Greece, while making a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and has given to the world his impressions, while among some of that country's most famous scenes. These are communicated with the writer's characteristic force and brilliancy of language. Of his first sight amidst the ruins of Sparta, he gives the following interesting account:

After supper Joseph brought me my saddle, which usually served for my pillow. I wrapped myself in my cloak, and slept on the banks of the Eurotas under a laurel. The night was so clear and serene, that the milky way formed a resplendant arch, reflected in the waters of the river, and by the light of which I could read. I slept with my eyes turned toward the heavens, and with the constellation of the Swan of Leda directly above my head. Even at this distance of time I recollect the pleasure I experienced in sleeping thus in the woods of America, and still more in awakening in the middle of the night. I there heard the sound of the wind rustling through those profound solitudes, the cry of the stag and the deer, the fall of a distant cataract, while the fire at my feet, half extinguished, reddened from below the foliage of the forest. I even experienced a pleasure from the voice of the Iroquois, when he uttered his cry in the midst of the untrodden woods, and by the light of the stars, amidst the silence of nature, proclaimed his unfettered freedom. Emotions such as these please at twenty years of age, because life is then so full of vigor, that it suffices as it were for itself, and because there is something in early youth which incessantly urges towards the mysterious and unknown: *ipsi sibi somnia fingent*; but in a more mature age the mind reverts to more imperishable emotions; it inclines, most of all, to the recollections and examples of history. I would sleep willingly on the banks of the Eurotas and Jordan, if the shades of the three hundred Spartans, or of the twelve sons of Jacob, were to visit my dreams; but I would no longer set out to visit

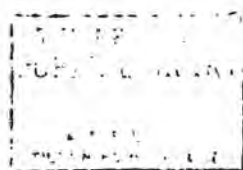
lands which had never been explored by the plough. I now feel the desire for those old deserts which shroud the walls of Babylon or the legions of Pharsalia: fields of which the furrows are engraven on human thought, and where I may find, man as I am, the blood, the tears, and the labors of men.

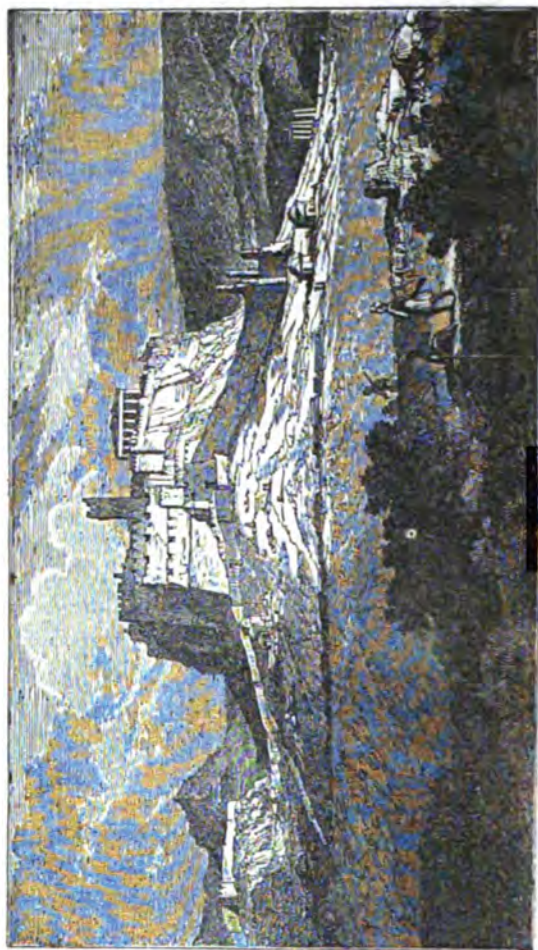
From Laconia, Chateaubriand directed his steps by the isthmus of Corinth to Athens. Of his first feelings in the ancient cradle of taste and genius he gives the following beautiful description;

Overwhelmed with fatigue, I slept for some time without interruption, when I was at length awakened by the sound of Turkish music, proceeding from the summits of the Propyleum. At the same time a Mussulman priest from one of the mosques called the faithful to pray in the city of Minerva. I cannot describe what I felt at the sound; that Iman had no need to remind one of the lapse of time: his voice alone in these scenes announced the revolution of ages.

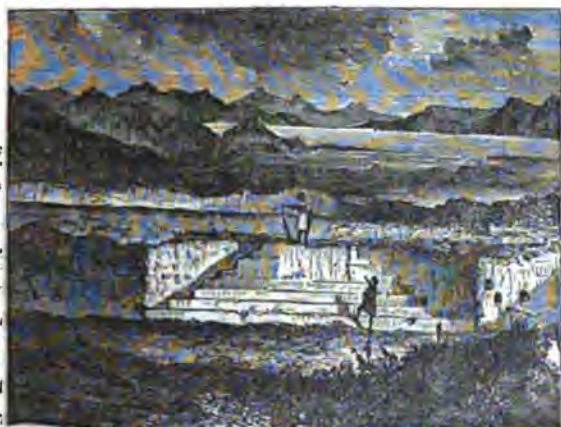
This fluctuation in human affairs is the more remarkable from the contrast which it affords to the unchangeableness of nature. As if to insult the instability of human affairs, the animals and birds experience no change in their empires, nor alteration in their habits. I saw, when sitting on the hill of the Muses, the storks form themselves into a wedge, and wing their flight towards the shores of Africa. For two thousand years they have made the same voyage—they have remained free and happy in the city of Solon, as in that of the chief of the black eunuchs. From the height of their nests, which the revolutions below have not been able to reach, they have seen the races of men disappear; while impious generations have arisen on the tombs of their religious parents, the young stork has never ceased to nourish its aged parent. I involuntarily fell into these reflections, for the stork is the friend of the traveller: "it knows the season of heaven." These birds were frequently my companions in the solitudes of America: I have often seen them perched on the wigwams of the savage; and when I saw them rise from another species of desert, from the ruins of the Parthenon, I could not avoid feeling a companion in the desolation of empires.

The first thing which strikes a traveller in the monuments of Athens, is their lovely color. In our climate, where the heavens





ACROPOLIS.



THE PNYX, AT ATHENS.

are charged with smoke and rain, the whitest stone soon becomes tinged with black and green. It is not thus with the atmosphere of Athens. The clear sky and brilliant sun of Greece have shed over the marble of Paros and Pentelicus a golden hue, comparable only to the finest and most fleeting tints of autumn.

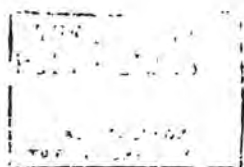
Before I saw these splendid remains, I had fallen into the ordinary error concerning them. I conceived they were perfect in their details, but that they wanted grandeur. But the first glance at the originals is sufficient to show that the genius of the architects has supplied in the magnitude of proportion what was wanting in size; and Athens is accordingly filled with stupendous edifices. The Athenians, a people far from rich, few in number, have succeeded in moving gigantic masses; the blocks of stone in the Pnyx and the Propyleum are literally quarters of rock. The slabs which stretch from pillar to pillar are of enormous dimensions: the columns of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus are above sixty feet in height, and the walls of Athens, including those which stretch to the Piræus, extending over nine leagues, and were so broad that two chariots could drive on them abreast. The Romans never erected more extensive fortifications.

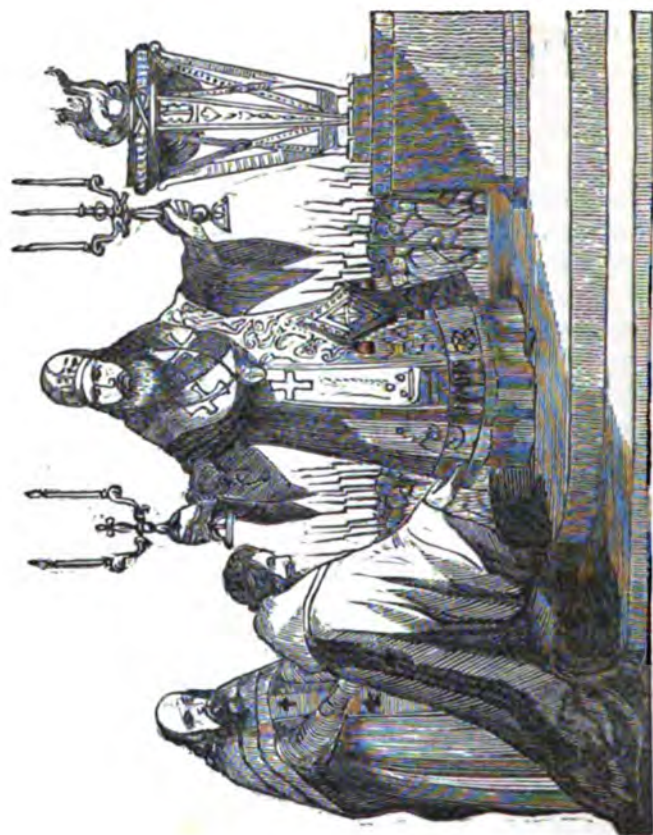
By what strange fatality has it happened that the chefs d'œuvre of antiquity, which the moderns go so far to admire, have owed their destruction chiefly to the moderns themselves?

The Parthenon was entire in 1687; the Christians at first converted it into a church, and the Turks into a mosque. The Venetians, in the middle of the light of the seventeenth century, bombarded the Acropolis with red hot shot; a shot fell on the Parthenon, pierced the roof, blew up a few barrels of powder, and blew into the air great part of the edifice, which did less honor to the gods of antiquity than the genius of man. No sooner was the town captured, than Morosini, in the design of embellishing Venice with its spoils, took down the statues from the front of the Parthenon; and another modern has completed, from love for the arts, that which the Venetian had begun. The invention of fire-arms has been fatal to the monuments of antiquity. Had the barbarians been acquainted with the use of gunpowder, not a Greek or Roman edifice would have survived their invasion; they would have blown up even the pyramids in the search for hidden treasures. One year of war among the moderns will destroy more than a century of combats among the ancients. Every thing among the moderns seems opposed to the perfection of art; their country, their manners, their dress; even their discoveries.

We give the description of the unrivalled scene viewed from the Acropolis, by the same poetical hand:

To understand the view from the Acropolis, you must figure to yourself all the plain at its foot; bare and clothed in a dusky heath, intersected here and there by woods and olives, squares of barley, and ridges of vines; you must conceive the heads of columns, and the ends of ancient ruins, emerging from the midst of that cultivation; Albanian women washing their clothes at the fountains or the scanty streams; peasants leading their asses, laden with provisions, into the modern city: those ruins so celebrated, those isles, those seas, whose names are engraved on the memory, illumined by a resplendent light. I have seen from the rock of the Acropolis, the sun rise between the two summits of Mount Hymettus: the ravens, which nestle around the citadel, but never fly over its summit, floating in the air beneath, their glossy wing reflecting the rosy tints of the morning: columns of light smoke ascending from the villages on the sides of the neighboring mountains marked the colonies of bees on the





BISHOP AND PRIESTS OF THE GREEK CHURCH.

far-famed Hymettus; and the ruins of the Parthenon were illuminated by the finest tints of pink and violet. The sculptures of Phidias, struck by a horizontal ray of gold, seemed to start from their marbled bed by the depth and mobility of their shadows; in the distance, the sea and the Piræus were resplendent with light, while on the verge of the western horizon, the citadel of Corinth, glittering in the rays of the rising sun, shone like a rock of purple and fire.

"The columns of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus produced the same effect on the enthusiastic mind of Chateaubriand as they do on every traveller—But he has added some reflections highly descriptive of the peculiar turn of his mind.

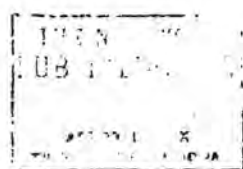
"At length we came to the great isolated columns placed in the quarter which is called the City of Adrian. On a portion of the architrave which unites two of the columns, is to be seen a piece of masonry, once the abode of a hermit. It is impossible to conceive how that building, which is still entire, could have been erected on the summit of one of these prodigious columns, whose height is above sixty feet. Thus this vast temple, at which the Athenians toiled for seven centuries, which all the kings of Asia labored to finish, which Adrian, the ruler of the world, had first the glory to complete, has sunk under the hand of Time, and the cell of a hermit remained undecayed on its ruins. A miserable cabin is borne aloft on two columns of marble, as if Fortune had wished to exhibit on that magnificent pedestal, a monument of its triumph and its caprice.

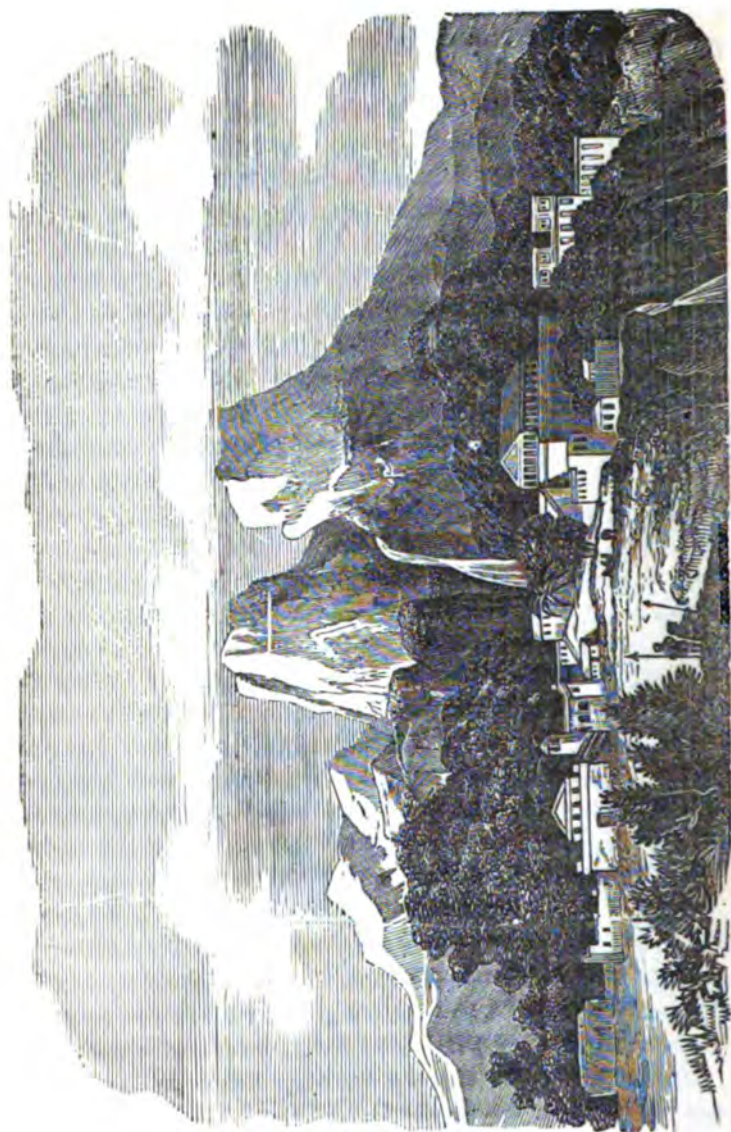
"These columns, though twenty feet higher than those of the Parthenon, are far from possessing their beauty. The degeneracy of taste is apparent in their construction; but isolated and dispersed as they are on a naked and desert plain, their effect is imposing in the highest degree. I stopped at their feet to hear the wind whistle through the Corinthian foliage on their summits; like the solitary palms which rise here and there amidst the ruins of Alexandria. When the Turks are threatened by any calamity, they bring a lamb into this place, and constrain it to bleat, with its face turned to heaven. Being unable to find the voice of innocence among them, they have recourse to the new-born lamb to mitigate the anger of heaven."

He followed the footsteps of Chandler along the Long Walls to the Piræus, and found that profound solitude in that once busy and animated scene, which is felt to be so impressive by every traveller.

"If Chandler was astonished at the solitude of the Piræus, I can safely assert that I was not less astonished than he. We had made the circuit of that desert shore; three harbors had met our eyes and in that space we had not seen a single vessel! The only spectacle to be seen was the ruins and the rocks on the shore—the only sounds that could be heard were the cry of the sea-fowl, and the murmur of the wave, which, breaking on the tomb of Themistocles, drew forth a perpetual sigh from the abode of eternal silence. Borne away by the sea, the ashes of the conqueror of Xerxes repose beneath the waves, side by side with the bones of the Persians. In vain I sought the Temple of Venus, the long gallery, and the symbolical statue which represented the Athenian people; the image of that implacable democracy was forever fallen, beside the walls, where the exiled citizens come to implore a return to their country. Instead of those superb arsenals, of those Agoræ resounding with the voices of the sailors: of those edifices which rivalled the beauty of the city of Rhodes, I saw nothing but a ruined convent and a solitary magazine. A single Turkish sentinel is perpetually seated on the coast; months and years revolve without a bark presenting itself to his sight. Such is the deplorable state into which these ports, once so famous, have now fallen—Who has overturned so many monuments of gods and men? The hidden power which overthrows every thing, and is itself subject to the Unknown God whose altar St. Paul beheld at Phalera."

Since the visit of Chateaubriand, the aspect of Athens and the Piræus has undergone a great change, consequent upon the revolution and the achievement of Grecian independence. Piræus is now a busy port, and Athens a large and growing city. The mosque no longer intrudes upon the Christian church. The bishops and priests of the Greek church now exercise the holy functions, without the fear of molestation, and Athens under the guidance of Christianity, promises to become once more a great and powerful city.





DELPHI.

Among the most interesting places, the traveller can visit in Greece, is Delphi, at the foot of Parnassus, where was situated the most celebrated of the ancient shrines.

Delphi had every attribute that could invest it with interest and inspire awe. It was supposed to be situated in the centre of the world, was built on the declivity of the mountain on successive terraces formed of Cyclopean masonry, and rising above each other like the seats in a theatre; overhanging the city on the north, rose the two famous peaks of Parnassus, the chasm between them affording an outlet for the waters of the Castalian spring, the source of poetical inspiration. If we add to these natural advantages the fact, that Delphi was the chosen abode and principal oracle of Apollo; that she was the seat of council of the Amphictyons, and the place where the Pythian games were celebrated, we need not wonder at the extraordinary respect and veneration in which she was held.

The origin of this famous city, and of the oracle to which it owed all its glory, are buried in impenetrable obscurity. The most probable account seems to be, that a mephitic vapor, similar in some degree, perhaps, to that of the Grotto del Cane, at Naples, having issued from one of the clefts of the rock, violently affected those by whom it was inhaled, making them utter strange, incoherent sayings. On this narrow foundation was built one of the most extraordinary fabrics ever raised by superstition, fraud, and imposture. The ravings of those affected by the vapor were believed to be indications of future events; they were said to be inspired; and the ejaculations which they uttered were affirmed to have been owing to their being filled with the breath or spirit of Apollo, the guardian god of the place! The fame of the oracle rapidly increased, and it was soon seen how rich a harvest might be derived from it. The sacred cavern was forthwith enclosed; a tripod was placed over the chasm whence the vapor issued; priests and priestesses were appointed for the service of the god; and a series of temples, each more magnificent than its predecessor, were erected in his honor. States and princes were anxious to learn their fate, or the success of any contemplated enterprise, from the responses of the oracle; and private individuals crowded to the city for the same purpose. The

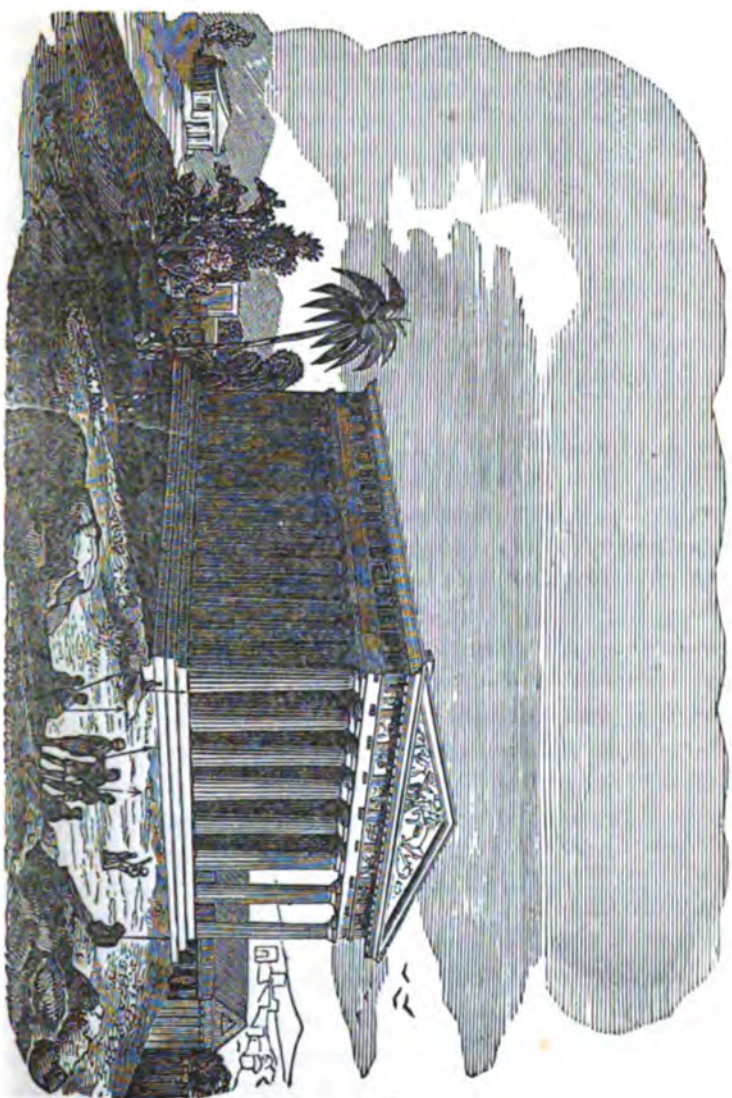
answers of the god were not gratuitous; and it would seem that an opinion had early gained ground that the nature of the responses was to a considerable extent dependant upon the value of the offering! Hence there arose a kind of competition among those consulting the oracle who should be most liberal; and the wealth accumulated in Delphi, came, in the course of time, to be prodigiously great. The responses were, apparently at least, delivered by a priestess. After being purified by bathing in the Castalian spring, she mounted the tripod, and having inhaled the intoxicating or stupifying vapor, she became violently convulsed:

"Subito non vultus, non color unus
Non comptæ mansere comæ; sed pectus anhelum,
Et rabie fera corda tument; majorque videri,
Nec mortale sonans; afflata est numine quando
Jam propiore dei." *Æneid*, vi., line 46, &c.

The incoherent scraps of sentences which the Pythia uttered during this paroxysm, having been collected and arranged in verses by the priests, formed the desired response.

The responses of the Pythia were said to be comparatively precise; and she was sometimes resorted to in order to clear away the mystery in which those of other oracles were involved. It may, indeed, be reasonably enough supposed that superior address and information, on the part of the Delphic priests, might enable them, in many instances, to give pretty distinct responses, that could not fail frequently to square with the event. But, even if no evidence of the kind had come down to us, we might have been assured that, speaking generally, their responses would be ambiguous, and so contrived that, however the event might turn out, the credit of the oracle would be preserved.

The credit of the oracle had been materially impaired before Christianity obtained an ascendancy in the ancient world; and the triumph of the latter was destructive of this as well as other oracles. Constantine carried off some of the finest and most costly ornaments of the Delphian temple to decorate his new capital. And there is still to be seen in Constantinople the brazen pillar, formed of three serpents twisted together, that



THE TEMPLE OF DELPHI.



supported the golden tripod which, after the defeat of Xerxes, was consecrated in the temple of Delphi by the victorious Greeks.

The vast wealth of the temple of Delphi exposed it to many attacks. A party sent by Xerxes to plunder the sacred edifice are said to have been defeated by the manifest interposition of Apollo himself. But on other occasions, the god was less vigilant or less successful. The fane was successively plundered by the Phocians under Philomelus, by the Gauls under Brennus, by Sylla, &c. ; and Nero is reported to have deprived it of no fewer than five hundred bronze statues ! And yet, despite of all these deductions from its ancient stores, it had, when visited and described by Pausanias, a vast number of statues and ornaments of all sorts. But its treasure had disappeared long previously ; and the rich offerings of Gyges, Alyattes, Croesus, and Midas were no longer to be seen.

Except its grand natural features, every thing at Delphi has undergone a total change. Not a vestige remains of the great temple, by which even to form a satisfactory conjecture as to its position. The prophetic cavern is searched for in vain : *antraque mœsta silent, inconsultique recessus*. The village of Castri, that occupies a part at least of the site of the ancient city, is poor and miserable, and does not contain above four or five hundred inhabitants.

Olympia, the scene of the celebrated Olympic Games, is another place the traveller in Greece should visit. It is a town in ancient Elis, now western Morea, and is now in ruins. The little plain of Antilola, which measures but an English mile and a quarter from east to west, contains traces of buildings which Fauvel and Pocqueville consider the remains of the Hippodrome, where the triumphal garland was once awarded. This little plain is bounded on the east by the steep banks of the Cladeus. On the west of the river lies Miracca. On the north are hills ; and on the south Alpheus surrounds the valley. Between the Typœon—a steep rocky mountain—and the Alpheus, to which it reaches, lie the ruins which have been taken for those of the Hippodrome. Towards the south, enclosed by the Altis, lies the *Stadium*, upon a low and now marshy spot on the mountain, Pisa was situated six leagues from Olympia. The people of

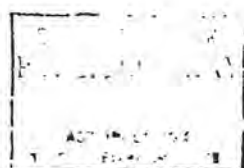
that town had charge of the games during the first years of their celebration. After Pisa was destroyed by the Eleans, the latter took charge of the games. They also acted as umpires, a solemn oath compelling them to the strictest impartiality. From all parts, spectators streamed to Olympia to attend the games. However, the priestesses of Ceres excepted, only men were allowed to be present. Females who violated this law were thrown from a rock. The games generally continued five days. The competitors prepared themselves during ten months previous, at Elis. The games consisted of races on horseback and on foot, in leaping, throwing the discus, wrestling and boxing. Musical and poetical contests concluded the whole. The honor of having gained a victory in the Olympic Games was very great. It extended from the victor to his country, which was proud of owning him.

The celebrated plain of Platæa cannot escape the traveller's attention. It is situated in Eastern Hella, west of Thebes. There Grecian valor baffled the mighty power of the haughty Xerxes, and obtained a splendid victory. Dr. Clarke seems to have discovered the site of the city, and near it some ancient sepulchres, which may be supposed to have been erected immediately after the great battle, to the honor of the gallant dead. On the opposite side of a ridge of hills, is the plain of Leuctra, the scene of that Theban victory, which subverted the dominion of Sparta over Greece.



BATTLE OF PLATANA.







Anecdotes of Sharks.



HARKS, of which there are several varieties, are the most formidable creatures met with in the wide ocean. The white shark, as it is called, is the most celebrated of the tribe; being, from its size and voracity, the terror of mariners in the seas it inhabits. It frequents warm latitudes, but has occasionally visited the British shores. This terrible creature has been known to attain thirty feet in length, and to weigh from three to four thousand pounds. The opening of the jaws in the larger individuals is sufficient with ease to admit the body of a man. The mouth is placed on the under surface of the head, from which circumstance the fish cannot bite while in the act of swimming forwards, so that a dexterous person, by diving, may evade his attack. So acute and strong are the teeth, that they are used by many savage nations as the armature of their weapons.

pons. The shark possesses the sense of smell in a remarkable degree; for it seems conscious by this faculty that there are sick persons on board of vessels, and that their bodies at death will be consigned to the deep. For the chance of picking up what may be thrown overboard, and particularly when disease is in the ship, they will follow vessels hundreds of miles.

The appearance of the shark playing about a vessel in anticipation of his prey, suggests feelings of horror. With rows of teeth erect, open jaws, goggling eyes, large and bristly fins agitated like the mane of a lion, his whole aspect is an emphatical picture of the fiercest, deepest, and most savage malignity.

A few passages from "Bingley's Animal Biography," may be given as illustrative of the character of this ferocious denizen of the deep. The master of a Guinea-ship informed Mr. Pennant, that a rage for suicide prevailed among his slaves, from an opinion entertained by the unfortunate wretches that, after death, they should be restored to their families, friends, and country. To convince them that their bodies could never be re-animated, he ordered the corpse of one that had just died to be tied by the heels to a rope, and lowered into the sea. It was drawn up again as quickly as the united forces of the crew could do it; yet, in that very short time, the sharks had devoured every part but the feet, which were secured by the ends of the cord.

In the pearl-fisheries of South America, every negro, to defend himself against these animals, carries with him a sharp knife, which, if the fish offers to assault him, he endeavors to strike into its belly; on which it generally swims off. The officers who are in the vessels keep a watchful eye on these voracious creatures; and, when they observe them approach, shake the ropes fastened to the negroes, to put them on their guard. Many, when the divers have been in danger, have thrown themselves into the water, with knives in their hands, and hastened to their defence; but too often all their dexterity and precaution have been of no avail.

We are told that, in the reign of Queen Anne, a merchant ship arrived at Barbadoes, from England, some of the men of which were one day bathing in the sea, when a large shark appeared, and sprang forwards directly at them. A person from

A SHARK ATTACKING A MAN.





the ship called out to warn them of their danger, on which they all immediately swam to the vessel, and arrived in perfect safety, except one poor fellow, who was cut in two by the shark almost within reach of the oars. A comrade and most intimate friend of the unfortunate victim, when he observed the severed trunk of his companion, was seized with a degree of horror that words cannot describe. The insatiable shark was seen traversing the bloody surface in search of the remainder of his prey, when the brave youth plunged into the water, determining to make the shark disgorge, or to be buried himself in the same grave. He held in his hand a long and sharp-pointed knife, and the rapacious animal pushed furiously towards him: he had turned on his side, and opened his enormous jaws, in order to seize him, when the youth, diving dexterously under, seized him with his left hand somewhere below the upper fins, and stabbed him several times in the belly. The shark, enraged with pain, and streaming with blood, plunged in all directions in order to disengage himself from his enemy. The crews of the surrounding vessels saw that the combat was decided; but they were ignorant which was slain, till the shark, weakened at length by loss of blood, made towards the shore, and along with him his conqueror, who, flushed with victory, pushed his foe with redoubled ardor, and, with the aid of an ebbing tide, dragged him on shore. Here he ripped up the bowels of the animal, obtained the severed remainder of his friend's body, and buried it with the trunk in the same grave. This story, however incredible it may appear, is related in the history of Barbadoes, on the most satisfactory authority.

The West Indian negroes often venture to contend with the shark in close combat. They know his power to be limited by the position of his mouth underneath; and as soon as they discover him, they dive beneath, and, in rising, stab him before he has an opportunity of putting himself in a state of defence. Thus do boldness and address unite in triumph over strength and ferocity.

The South-Sea islanders are not in the least afraid of sharks, but will swim among them without exhibiting the least signs of fear. Captain Portlock says he has seen five or six large sharks

swimming about the ship, when there have been upwards of a hundred Indians in the water, both men and women; they were quite indifferent about them, and the sharks never offered to make an attack on any of them, and yet at the same time would seize our bait greedily; whence it is manifest that they derive their confidence of safety from their experience, that they are able to repel the attacks of those devouring monsters.

An Indian on the coast of California, on plunging into the sea was seized by a shark; but by a most extraordinary feat of activity, cleared himself, and, though considerably wounded, threw blood and water at the animal, to show his bravery and contempt. But the voracious monster seized him with horrid violence a second time, and in a moment dragged him to the bottom. His companions, though not far from him, and much affected by the loss, were not able to render him any assistance whatever.

The vitality of the shark is very remarkable. After being mangled and apparently killed, it seems to possess the power of doing injury. While lying as if dead on the deck of a vessel, its jaws will make a sudden snap at any thing near it. Acquainted with these unlooked for and deadly proceedings, the sailors jocularly call the shark a "sea-lawyer."

In some parts of the world, sharks are hunted as a kind of sport, and though we cannot believe it to be commendable to take pleasure in the death of any animal, there seems a reasonable ground for taking every available means to rid the sea of this ferocious creature. Shark-hunting is carried on as a sporting exercise on the coasts of Sumatra, and is described in Egan's "Book of Sports," from the account of a traveller. "I was walking," observes this writer, "on the bank of the river, at the time when some up-country boats were delivering their cargoes. A considerable number of coolies was employed on shore in the work, all of whom I observed running away in apparent trepidation from the edge of the water—returning again, as if eager, yet afraid, to approach some object, and again returning as before. I found, on inquiry, that the cause of all this perturbation was the appearance of a large and strange-looking fish, swimming close to the bank, and almost in the midst of the

boats. I hastened to the spot to ascertain the matter, when I perceived a huge monster of a shark sailing along—now near the surface of the water, and now sinking down, apparently in pursuit of his prey. At this moment, a native on the choppah roofs of one of the boats, with a rope in his hand, which he was slowly coiling up, surveyed the shark's motions with a look that evidently indicated he had a serious intention of encountering him in his own element. Holding the rope, on which he had made a sort of running knot, in one hand, and stretching out the other arm, as if already in the act of swimming, he stood in an attitude truly picturesque, waiting the reappearance of the shark. At about six or eight yards from the boat, the animal rose near the surface, when the native instantly plunged into the water, a short distance from the very jaws of the monster. The shark immediately turned round, and swam slowly towards the man, who in his turn, nothing daunted, struck out the arm that was at liberty, and approached his foe. When within a foot or two of the shark, the native dived beneath him, the animal going down almost at the same instant. The bold assailant in this most frightful contest soon reappeared on the opposite side of the shark, swimming fearlessly with the hand he had at liberty, and holding the rope behind his back with the other. The shark, which had also by this time made his appearance, again immediately swam towards him; and while the animal was apparently in the act of lifting himself over the lower part of the native's body, that he might seize upon his prey, the man, making a strong effort, threw himself up perpendicularly, and went down with his feet foremost, the shark following him so simultaneously, that I was fully impressed with the idea that they had gone down grappling together. As far as I could judge, they remained nearly twenty seconds out of sight, while I stood in breathless anxiety, and, I may add, horror, waiting the result of this fearful encounter. Suddenly, the native made his appearance, holding up both his hands over his head, and calling out with a voice that proclaimed the victory he had won while under the wave, "*Tan, tan!*" The people in the boat were all prepared; the rope was instantly drawn tight; and the struggling victim, lashing the water in his wrath, was dragged

to the shore and despatched. When measured, his length was found to be six feet nine inches, his girth, at the greatest, three feet seven inches. The native who achieved this intrepid and dangerous exploit bore no other marks of his enemy than a cut on his left arm, evidently received from coming in contact with the tail, or some one of the fins of the animal."

Captain Basil Hall, mentions some interesting peculiarities in sharks. He tells us that such is their voracity, they will swallow almost any thing they observe floating in the sea, provided it be not too large to take a mouthful. When a shark is killed by sailors, they always show a lively curiosity to learn what it has stowed away in its inside. Generally, the stomach is empty; but, says Captain Hall, I remember one famous exception, indeed, when a very large fellow was caught on board the *Alceste*, in Anjeer Roads, at Java, when we were proceeding to China with the embassy under Lord Amherst. A number of ducks and hens, which had died in the night, were, as usual, thrown overboard in the morning, besides several baskets, and many other minor things, such as bundles of shavings and bits of cordage, all of which things were found in this huge sea-monster's inside. But what excited most surprise and admiration was the hide of a buffalo, killed on board that day for the ship-company's dinner. The old sailor who had cut open the shark stood with a foot on each side, and drew up the articles one by one from the huge cavern into which they had been indiscriminately drawn. When the operator came at last to the buffalo's skin, he held it up before him like a curtain, and exclaimed, 'There, my lads, d'ye see that! He has swallowed a buffalo, but he could not digest the hide.' "



LONG-TAILED SHARK.



The Polish Jew Boy.



OLAND is the chief modern seat of the scattered Jewish race, for while those interesting people were persecuted throughout every part of Europe, the noble sympathising Pole gave them refuge, and treated them as men and brethren. Under this kind protection, the Jews in time multiplied, and their hamlets soon rose to the condition of populous villages and towns, presenting to the modern world the spectacle of a second Judæa. These Polish Jews were permitted to govern themselves by their own laws, which they did in their fullest extent, adopting all the Mosaical and Rabbinical ceremonies, and even dispensing with surnames, according to ancient usage. They also adhered to their own peculiar costume, and continue to do so. Their bodies are covered with a tightly fitted black silk robe, fastened with a band and tassel round the waist; on their head they wear a skull-cap, both in and out of the house, a rigid Jew never having his head uncovered, as, like other Eastern people, he requires to say prayers and graces on many occasions, and is obliged, when addressing the Almighty, to wear his hat upon his head; a long flowing beard, and a staff, complete the outline of their appearance. Napoleon made many innovations on the Jewish customs, though with little advantage to

himself. He enrolled the young men into cavalry and infantry troops, making them take surnames, and insisting that they should never wear the costume of their race. The mixing with the natives of other territories contributed to enlighten the Jews, but war gave them an insight into the riches of the neighboring countries, and made them anxious to participate in that wealth, which they do by the only means left in their power. Being prevented by the illiberal and odiously selfish laws of most Christian powers from devoting their attention to ordinary professional pursuits, or trying to gain distinction and opulence by any of the common modes in practice, they have in this, as in every other instance, devoted their abilities to various mercantile transactions, generally dealing in articles of great value. The way in which industrious young Jews set out upon their wanderings is in no small degree affecting.

After procuring the blessing of their parents, which, in general, is all that they have to bestow, they leave their native home at the tender age of thirteen, and in Scripture phrase, girding up their loins, they address themselves to their travels into far countries, in search of what fortune may be pleased to reward them with. A certain portion of mankind are still disposed to hoot and persecute the Jews, and to allow them no good property whatever; but we defy any civilized nation to produce such striking instances of intrepidity, honest industry, and humility, as are here exemplified. The circumstances of boys of thirteen years of age voluntarily abandoning the houses of their parents, to depend for their support on their own unassisted, unadvised efforts, among total strangers, is quite unparalleled in the history of the most chivalric people which the earth ever produced. We, no doubt, find Italian and Swiss boys wandering over most parts of Europe, but, it will be remarked, it is chiefly in the character of mendicants, or something nearly allied to it; while the Jew boy sets forth with the determination to pursue some branch of lucrative industry, requiring no small degree of ingenuity and wisdom.

It may be mentioned, that the Jews become of age on the Sabbath after they attain the age of thirteen. On this solemn occasion, they read a portion of the Scriptures aloud in the sy-

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POLISH JEWS.

nagogue, and dedicate themselves to their Maker, by swearing to keep the commandments. After the ceremony, the morning is celebrated with a breakfast party. At thirteen, the young Jews are required to wear phylacteries every morning while at their devotions. They consist of two strips of leather, one being made to fit the head, the other the left arm, with large knots, emblematic of Almighty God. Enclosed in this knot are the ten commandments, and the prayer, "Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one God," &c.

These observations on the condition and manners of the Polish Jews, are preliminary to the following account, which we have received, of the history of one of them, named Joshua Mendelsohn, who emigrated in the manner we have mentioned, and speedily raised himself from indigence to affluence, simply by perseverance and successful speculations in valuable articles of commerce. We give the account nearly in his own words, as he related it to a friend.

"Well, den, when I did first come to be a man at terteen years of age, den I did have all de grand desire to go away to seek my fortune; so I did go to my fader and moder for der blessings, and dey did give me dem, and I did ask my fader for his assistance, and he did say unto me: Mine dear son, all dat I can give you is a clean shirt, and may de God of Israel bless you! Den I did leave mine own country widout one farding, and my goods did consist of mine clothes on my back, and my prayer-book, and my phylacteries. I did not know vere I should go; but my feet did take me to Frankfort; and behold der was de grand fair, and I did look me about, and I was astonished to see so much fine merchandise; so I did stand for long while admiring de goods. Now, when I did stand looking, a shentleman did ask me if I was a Jew. I say, Yes. He den ask me if I be honest, and I say, Yes, also. He den took me for to assist him in selling his merchandise, and was much satisfied, and he did give me about two pounds in dis country money. Oh, dis was a grand beginning of my fortune! So I did consider me what to buy, and, as luck would have it, I did buy all cornelian stones, but could not sell dem again; so I did take me to Italia; den I did show dem to an honest Catholic jeweller, and

he did give me twenty pounds. I was den very glad of dis great sum of moneys, and did lay out de whole on cameos. I next went again to Frankfort, and was so fortunate as to sell dem for one hundred pounds. I now did buy all mine moneys in stones, and took dem again to Italia; but dish time I had 'a large box, which cause de custom-house officers to stop me, and took away all mine riches and put me to jail. When I was brought to de judge, they did search me, and found only my phylacteries; and de judge ask me what I do wid dese tings. And I told him they were for me when I pray to mine God. And he, being a good Catholic, say to me: You be a good Jew man, and he did give me back all my goods, which I sold for dis time two hundred pounds. After dis, I went to Turkey, and dat was very good luck; for a Turk did show me a bag full of green and pink stones, and he ask me to buy dem; but for a grand speculation, I did say, if I make my fortune I do; if I lose, I no worse dan when I set out. So I did make a prayer, and he did sell me dem for my own price, two hundred pounds. He ask me three hundred; but I say, I have no more riches. So the Turk gave me the whole for my price. I now took my bag of green and pink stones to a person dat was a judge, and he say, they be all emeralds and rubies, and worth a great sum. So I did sort dem, and went to Genoa, where I did never go before, and showed dem to a Jew-broker, and he ask me mine price, I say, he must show dem to de diamond merchants, and dey must put der highest price, for I did not let him know dat I did not know de value of dem. De Jew-broker came de next day, and tell me he can get two thousand pounds for one parcel, and, if I sent to-morrow, he will pay dem. As soon as I left de Jew-broker, I jump for joy at my good luck, and did tank my God for his goodness to de poor Jew-boy. When next day did come, I did take all de moneys, two thousand pounds, for a part of my precious stones; and out of gratitude, I did take for my wife de broker's pretty daughter Rachel. So dis all over, I pay me a visit to all de grand cities, and sell more and more of mine emeralds and rubies for very much moneys."

To bring this autobiographical sketch to a conclusion, it has to be added, that after these various speculations, Joshua ven-

tured on dealing in diamonds, in which he was still more successful. He thus pursued a lucrative traffic in precious stones for many years, and became one of the richest men in Europe. His home was at Genoa, where his wife and family lived in the first style, with carriages and other luxuries of the most expensive description. Yet, when he was last heard of, he was still pursuing his unvarying avocations, almost in his original humble condition. He was travelling through every continental country, and visiting all the principal cities in his professional capacity. He also, in general, carried about his person property to the amount of one hundred thousand pounds and upwards, in precious stones, all of which were stowed in about fifty different pockets in various parts of his dress.





Life on the Prairies.



THE stirring and thrilling character of a life upon the vast plains of the "far west," can scarcely be conceived by those who have never lived beyond the boundaries of civilization. It is a constant round of excitement. When not engaged in the chase of the buffalo, or the trapping of the beaver, the hardy and daring hunters, usually have some human foes to encounter, or



SCENE AT A TRADING POST.



some reprisal exploit to achieve. These men are of a stamp to which the rest of the world offers no parallel. They are almost insensible to fear or fatigue—fierce and unrelenting foes, but generous and unshrinking friends. They have all the best and most useful qualities of the red men in an intensified form, and other traits which are peculiar. One white hunter considers himself equal to several Indians, and will not turn from his path to keep clear of them, while frequently two or three of these daring men will fearlessly hunt and scout in the vicinity of a whole hostile tribe. The hunters generally attach themselves to particular tribes, by marriage and services, and share in all their friendships and enmities. In winter, the hunters are trappers, white and red carry the fruits of their toil and skill to the trading-posts, which are numerous on the plains, there dispose of them, and feast and frolic till all their profits are exhausted. Drinking and gambling are common practices at these stations.

In opening a trade, a quantity of liquor is first given “on the prairie,” as the Indians express it in words, or by signs in rubbing the palm of one hand quickly across the other, holding both flat. Having once tasted the pernicious liquid, there is no fear but they will quickly come to terms; and not unfrequently the spirit is drugged, to render the unfortunate Indians still more helpless. Sometimes, maddened and infuriated by drink, they commit the most horrid atrocities on each other, murdering and mutilating in a barbarous manner, and often attempting the lives of the traders themselves. On one occasion a band of Sioux, while under the influence of liquor, attacked and took possession of a trading fort of the American Fur Company, stripping it of every thing it contained, and roasting the trader himself over his own fire.

The principle on which the nefarious trade is conducted is this, that the Indians, possessing a certain quantity of buffalo robes, have to be cheated out of them, and the sooner the better. Although it is expressly prohibited by the laws of the United States to convey spirits across the Indian frontier, and its introduction among the Indian tribes subjects the offender to a heavy penalty; yet the infraction of this law is of daily occurrence perpetrated almost in the very presence of the government officers

who are stationed along the frontier for the purpose of enforcing the laws for the protection of the Indians.

The misery entailed upon these unhappy people by the illicit traffic must be seen to be fully appreciated. Before the effects of the poisonous "fire-water," they disappear from the earth like "snow before the sun." Although aware of the destruction it entails upon them, the poor wretches have not the moral courage to shun the fatal allurements it holds out to them, of wild excitement and a temporary oblivion of their many sufferings and privations. With such palpable effects, it appears only likely that the illegal trade is connived at by those whose policy it has ever been, gradually but surely, to exterminate the Indians, and by any means to extinguish their title to the few lands they now own on the outskirts of civilization. Certain it is that large quantities of liquor find their way annually into the Indian country, and as certain are the fatal results of the pernicious system, and that the American government takes no steps to prevent it. There are some tribes who have as yet withstood the great temptation, and have resolutely refused to permit liquor to be brought into their villages. The marked difference between the improved condition of these, and the moral and physical abasement of those which give way to the fatal passion for drinking, sufficiently proves the pernicious effects of the liquor trade on the unfortunate and abused aborigines; and it is matter of regret that no philanthropist has sprung up in the United States to do battle for the rights of the red men, and call attention to the wrongs they endure at the hands of their supplanters in the lands of their fathers.

Robbed of their homes and hunting-grounds, and driven by the encroachments of the whites to distant regions, which hardly support existence, the Indians, day by day, gradually decrease before the accumulating evils, of body and soul, which their civilized persecutors entail upon them. With every man's hand against them, they drag on to their final destiny; and the day is not far distant when the American Indian will exist only in the traditions of his pale-faced conquerors.

Horse-racing, gambling, and ball-play, serve to pass away the time until the trade commenced, and many packs of dressed

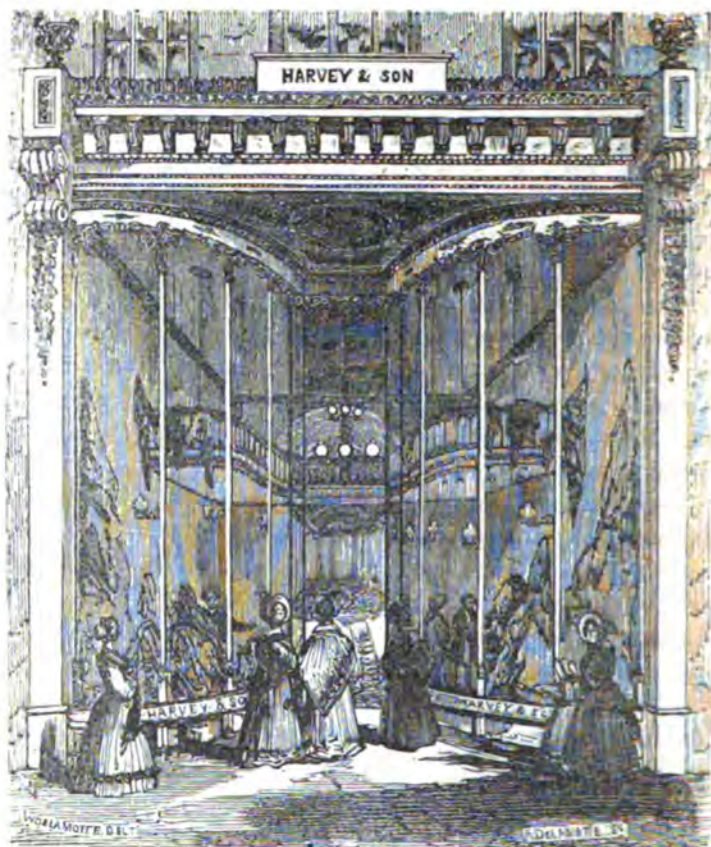


robes change hands among themselves. When playing at the usual game of "*hand*," the stakes, comprising all the valuables the players possess, are piled in two heaps close at hand, the winner at the conclusion of the game sweeping the goods toward him, and often returning a small portion "on the prairie," with which the loser may again commence operations with another player.

The game of "*hand*" is played by two persons. One, who commences, places a plum or cherry-stone in the hollow formed by joining the concaved palms of the hand together then shaking the stone for a few moments, the hands are suddenly separated, and the other player must guess which hand now contains the stone.

Among the tribes of the north-western plains, the custom of burning and torturing captive enemies is still found. It is a particular gratification to one of these tribes to take alive a foe who is renowned for his exploits against them. If they have this fortune, they first tie the warrior to the stake, at which he is to die, and set the old men, women, and boys, to reviling and taunting him, with the view of provoking an ebullition of passion. During this scene, a firm warrior preserves an air of cool contempt and often boasts of the injuries he has inflicted upon his enemies. By this course, the captive often provokes his enemies to kill him upon the instant with a knife or tomahawk; if not, he is put to death with all the lengthened tortures which savage ingenuity can devise. Yet even amidst the agonies of this terrible time, the unfortunate warrior makes it his pride to repress every groan or murmur, and to sing his triumphant death-song. The influence of the whites has done much towards abolishing the custom of burning captives, and it is now more common to tomahawk and scalp a vanquished enemy at once.





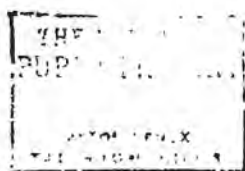
A LONDON SHOP.

London.



THE following description of London is written by my esteemed friend, the late Professor John Sanderson. It is the most graphic delineation I have ever met with.

London in its present state may be considered as a monster among cities. It now counts its population over two millions, of which one-eighth has accrued since the battle of Waterloo. It entertains, besides its own citizens





LONDON.

thirty thousand French; it has more Scotch than Edinburgh, more Irish than Dublin, and more Jews than Jerusalem. Thirty thousand strangers come in daily on a flying visit, and increase the town no more sensibly by their accession, than the thirty thousand tea-pots, poured daily in the Delaware, increase the great ocean.

To have a full view, I will ask you to step up into the ball of St. Pauls, at about four in the morning. It is in the centre of the city, upon an eminence, and four hundred and eighty feet in air above the pavement. At this hour the vapors are condensed in the coolness of the night, and the great Babylon lies unshrouded underneath. Its veins, yesterday so teeming with life, are dried up, and the pulse, exhausted with the fatigues of pleasure and business, ceases awhile to throb. The war of human noises and sounds of industry and occupation are hushed; the river is at ebb and unrippled, the immense fleet lines its shores, as a motionless forest, and the flags, some with stripes, blue and red, with stars, hang drooping at the mast-top, and a few lights only over the vast city are faintly blinking in the obscure and solitary alleys. It is an amazing spectacle! No wonder it swelled the poetic soul of Wordsworth;

Dear God, (he exclaimed) the very houses seem to sleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

It is but the brief repose of an hour, and symptoms of returning life are again visible—first around the great markets, the blood gathering to the heart, and returning by degrees to the extremities, yet cold. The little skiff is seen rowing along its finny treasure to the Hungerford Stairs; the donkey, like a rat in the distance, slowly drags its cart, heaped high with vegetables, to Covent Garden, and the brisk milk-maid with her pail, runs about, and measures out the snowy beverage at the gates. At six a stir is seen at the hotels and stage-coach offices; bells of steam-boats and the factories raise their noisy tintinabulation: the rare equipage, too, rolls through Hyde Park, on its morning airings, and ladies on horses gather bloom and appetite from the healthy breezes. Shopmen are opening their windows at seven—and from

a few scattered chimneys the thick smoke creeps lazily upwards—and droves of oxen and sheep are plodding on their way towards Smithfield. The lesser objects have become indistinct, and the great city has shouldered on its dim and hazy mantle for the day; the crowd thickens at ten through every avenue, the noise of business is rekindled, and the gentler noises and echoes are smothered in the general din. At eleven the great giant has awoken, braced on his panoply, and stands forth in all the energy of his mighty limbs.

Open your first two fingers towards the west. They will represent to you the two great thoroughfares converging here at St. Pauls, under their different names, Fleet Street, Strand, Picadilly, Holborn, and Oxford. They will touch the north and south corners of Hyde Parke, the western boundary of London, and a line drawn across the first joint from the nail, will represent to you the noted Regent Street, terminating towards the north in Regent's Park. Just behind you, like the tail of a Y, is the famous Cheapside, with outlets through Cornhill and White Chapel Road to the eastern suburbs. The river is, at the one-third of a mile south, five hundred yards wide, and traverses the city from west to east. The surface is relieved by near a hundred squares, of the size of our Washington Square, enclosed with tasteful iron balustrades, and with trees and shrubbery, gravel-walks, and occasional statuary, and surrounded generally with sumptuous dwellings. All the rest is a wilderness of houses, dim with age and smoke, with here and there a church and its lofty steeple and a palace overlooking its rabble neighbors with great majesty.

It is delightful, upon the sunny tops of the Blue Mountains to hear the thunder, and to look upon the clouds and lightning underneath. The scene there is sublime. Here it is at least picturesque. The sun is bright upon the dome, and its beams are plunging as if to bathe themselves in the sea-coal mist, denser and denser towards the pavement, where the indistinct crowd are perpetually shifting and fluctuating as the visions of a magic-lantern. The great brew-horse scarce seeming to move, and dragging onwards the ponderous dray, is no grosser than a nag. A ballad-singer at Amen Corner, stands open-mouthed

and pours his inaudible notes upon the air, and the waiter of the London Tavern is blacking his boots in the clouds.

Paris is seen distinctly from many of its heights, but London, even from this lofty and central position, bewilders the eye and is lost in the distances. Towards the west, where you perceive the rich equipages roll through Regent Street, Parliament Street, St. James, and Picadilly, and where vast fields or parks stretch themselves still farther towards the setting sun, there is the aristocratic West End. And squat in the south-west corner is Westminster, lately a distinct and now an integral part of London. Towards the north your prospect lies over the execrable Smithfield, the butcheries and beggars' nest of St. Giles, happily interspersed by Gray's Inn and a rank of elegant squares, Bedford, Russel, and Tavistock reaching continuously to the suburbs. And to the south of the river you see the lowly Southwark in irregular clusters of smutty and mean houses, unrelieved by gardens, or lawns, or any rural imagery.

Nature was originally driven out from here by sheer and brutal violence, and has not retrieved a foot of territory. Three hundred thousand inhabitants are assigned to this district alone. This is an English borough.

Towards the east your view lies over the harbor and immense navies, and the entire scene of the commercial operations; a fleet, three deep, lying at anchor in a continued line of five miles; ships with expanded sails, coming in and going out upon their voyages; steamboats with their smoking chimneys, and innumerable small craft moving in all directions, and wharves and docks excavated far into the earth—on their margin warehouses containing rich treasures from all parts of the habitable globe.

With these splendid images you have Ragfair, Billingsgate, Wapping, the Minorities, and other shabby districts intermixed—and instead of the beautiful Parisian quays on the Seine, storehouses running up into the water's edge, pushing one another into the river, as at Philadelphia and New York. When to all this you have added the ten thousand streets, and lanes, and alleys, and narrow causeways, which intersect each other directly or obliquely, in curves or straight lines, and the dozen of bridges



QUEEN ELIZABETH. (QUEEN BESS.)

which span the river, and invest the whole with an atmosphere of dense fogs, mists, and coal-smoke, and frequent and drizzly rains, you have, as nearly as I can describe them to you, the great lineaments of London.

Many streets, once in favor of the fashionable world, have, in the vicissitudes of time, become vulgar. Who would now suppose the centre of fashion, where the magnificent Raleigh, Leicester, and Essex, paid their lowly reverence to the sumptuous and haughty Queen Bess, to have been in the neighborhood of the Tower—now occupied by brewers, chandlers, soap-boilers, and other rude mechanicals? The yeomen of the guard seated about the Tower steps, are the only remaining monuments of the ancient gentility. Bond Street, once so famous, is swallowed by the new Regent Street; and Leicester Place, formerly the very

court of fashion, has surrendered to showmen, gamblers, and French cooks. There are several streets, once distinguished and beautiful, of which it is now thought rather ungenteeled for fashionable people to know the name. Others again from very vulgar have got up into the upper-story of gentility. Duck Street is now Duke Street, and Tyburn and Grub Street, both so famous once for culprits, literary and political, belong now to the elegant West End. These one hundred pretty squares, which are sprinkled about as green spots upon the sand, have their present dignities well defined, with which it behoves you to be well acquainted when visiting London. Grosvenor turns up its nose even at Portland, and at upstart Belgrave, notwithstanding its magnificence. Cavendish acknowledges Soho only in the way of business; Russel is very nice about admitting the acquaintance of Bedford, and still more of Bloomsbury; Blackfriars has a fairer reputation than Whitefriars; and who ever heard of any decent person visiting the rabble square of the Red Lion? When seated in your coach you are to put your head out of the window and in a loud voice order yourself to be driven to St. James'; it will give the coachman and standers-by a high opinion of your respectability. The two emphatic divisions, as every body knows, are the East and the West End, which are sufficiently remote. But in many places the genteel and vulgar almost hold each other by the hand. Field Lane has its narrow and frightful entrance from the decent Holborn, and blackguard Tot-hill Street issues from the reverend Abbey. The line of gentility that marks out the West End from the East is almost as accurately defined as the meridian at Greenwich. If you will, you can straddle it, you can have one leg genteel and the other quite vulgar—not fit to keep company with each other. People starve on the west of this line upon twenty-five thousand a year. Among these squares there is one which deserves a particular notice. It stands apart and contains about five acres and holds about the same rank in the city that the hangman does in the community. It is perhaps the most execrable spot upon this earth—a “damned spot!” that all the perfumes of Arabia cannot sweeten.—It is Smithfield.

A gas-lamp in the centre marks out the stake where the mar-



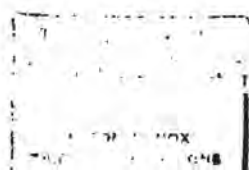
DEATH OF WAT TYLER.

tyrs were chained. How vivid the impressions of youth! The victim—the nine children—the one at the breast! They seemed to me not pictures in the primer, but living individuals, standing before me in all the colors and shapes of their mortal identity. It was here that Latimer and Cranmer burnt their victims and were burnt. Queen Elizabeth burnt two, the rest she only hung, leaving a balance in favor of her august sister of one hundred and nine—the whole number who suffered, two hundred and seventy-seven.

It was here that a martyr of a different kind—the mob's martyr, Wat Tyler, was slain by the Lord Mayor Walworth. Now eighty-six thousand oxen, and a million and a half of sheep are slaughtered upon this place annually; and of hogs and calves, twenty thousand. The greatest slaughter-house in the world,



BISHOP LATIMER.



and in the centre of London ! It was here that gentlemen usually determined their suits by duel, and ladies their honesty by red-hot ploughshares. There are none of these fire-proof ladies living here now.

It was here, also, that the Englishman knocked his wife down to the highest bidder. What an advantage over us had our ancestors ! They found a wife and a ploughshare to try her honesty at the same stall, as one finds now a leg of mutton and a pair of scales. The custom of selling women is still continued, but they are becoming rather a poor article in the market. The maximum of sales has not exceeded, for several years, one per week. (Nobody to buy !) One of the customs of the place, not yet fallen into disuse, is Bartholomew fair. Three days of each year are devoted to this fete, during which are immense cookeries and feastings, theatrical exhibitions, menageries, and wax-works ; the adjoining houses being illuminated, resound with every species of noisy merriment—harlequins, puppet-shows, and phantasmagoria, representing images of John Bull and his august consort. The whole of the five acres is filled with a compact mass—the elite of St. Giles', Wapping, Ragfair, and other like districts ; a relaxation for the unhappy poor, not very refined, but still, better than the desolate home and solitary gin-shop.

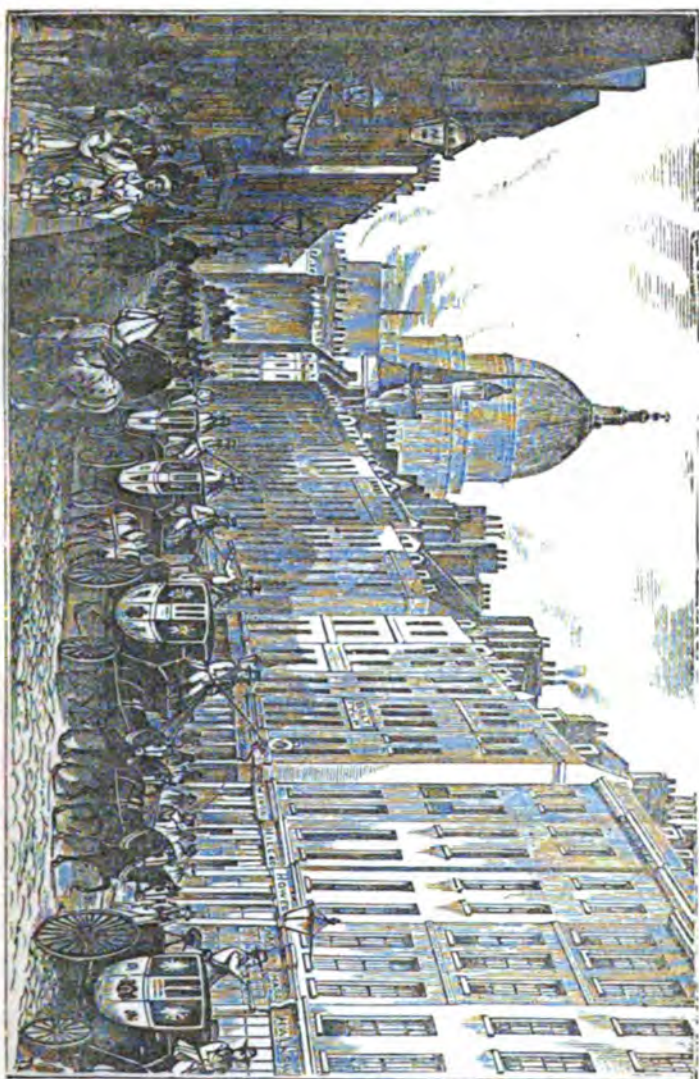
To any one who has just alighted from our side of this planet, the streets, at our right and left, are wonderful curiosities. One hundred thousand persons stand upon Cheapside daily ; a street not wider than Market street, and not four hundred yards long. It is an abominable street. A, for example, gives you a push against B, who, if ill-humored, knocks you down, and A walks on unmolested. An impudent fellow takes liberties with a woman who slaps you in the face, and there you are smarting, your hand on the wound, the crowd laughing and listening to the wench abusing you, innocent as the babe unborn. A pickpocket, in the meantime has rifled your pocket-handkerchief, and you stand wiping your eyes with the corner of your coat-tail. Next you run foul of a gouty man, who carries a stick, and you might as well run against a snag in the Mississippi ; then you will encounter St. Vitus' dance, who flies in your face, or a knock-kneed person, with a sprawl a yard wide, and you fall over one of his legs. A

woman of spirit gets into a passion at being jostled by greasy butchers and smutty coal-heavers; she is not going to have her ribs stove-in in Cheapside, or to be milled to hominy in Cornwall; she puts herself in a flurry, making the thing worse, and comes out with no more shape than an English shilling.

Fleet street, on the other side, is also, to a stranger, one of the mysteries of the place. The crowd on Cheapside is mostly pedestrians; but here you see spread out before you, an army, looking like the departure of the Israelites, of hacks, vans, trucks, drays, hackney coaches, omnibuses, and here and there a mammoth wagon with wheels the size of a watermill, winding along, with horses like elephants—and all these choked up—some with their wheels interlocked, others with upreared and abutting fronts, struggling often from ten to twenty minutes to be loosened from their entanglement.

This spectacle is often a good scene for a Dutch painter of the picturesque. Here an omnibus is on its first efforts of a start; the horses slipping, and sprawling, and gathering up their feet, as in the first lesson of skating; and a man with a piebald horse and cab, as if pitted with the varioloid, goes bumping by: or is upset, and the passenger on his hands and knees, in the act of scrambling out, his wardrobe strewed about, carpet-bag, hand-box, the lid off, his wife's things exposed, while the cabman is looking at his watch, and the horse, trained in his duty, is lying quietly. A little beyond, a nag, which, taking advantage of the rider alighting to see the caricature at the window, has put his leg through the bridle, and is waltzing about the pavement; and a woman who stands screaming at the edge of the walk, her lag-dog having escaped among the wheels of an omnibus, has her share in the general effect.

The vehicles of this street are some of them worthy of description. The hackney coach is a unique affair—a square box, a coat of arms, and usually green wheels. The horses perform with a speed of two miles an hour. The report of a London coach having run away would require the confirmation of reputable witnesses. The old English cab is also a phenomenon. You may imagine a doctor's gig, and make a little box on the right ear of it, and stick the driver into this box, and yourself



FLEET STREET, LONDON.





A LONDON CAB.

inside to balance him, and this will be something like it. It has the marked fare according to law ; but usually made indistinct, or the modest word, as if ashamed of its monosyllable littleness, hides behind a corner of the calico curtain. The broken-horse in front was once the steed which paraded magnificently in Hyde Park, smooth as the ermine and fleeter than the roe, with princes in his train. He now comes here to be whipped by this libel of a coachman to his speed ; but the flickerings of life have glimmered into smoke, and he falls dead upon the street, pitching the passenger upon his nose. No one of the natives takes a cab, unless he has settled his affairs and taken leave of his wife ; they are for the accommodation of strangers. Besides the innumerable private carriages, and cabriolets, and wagons, and carts, there were always in motion, by day and by night, five years ago, twelve thousand cabs, six hundred hackney coaches, and four hundred omnibuses ; from this you may imagine the confusion and racket of London thoroughfares.

On the side-walks the world gets along with the speed of ter-rapins. This is not the reason they call it Fleet Street. Here you find currents and counter-currents. If you navigate carelessly you have to row against the rugged stream. A person of full English obesity moves always with the crowd. The lean American slips through the cracks occasionally and outspeeds the current. This huddling together has had its effects upon the national character. The fondness of the English for squeezing one another, and their flocking together for this express purpose, are matters of history. In a fashionable party, a squeeze is the chief luxury of the entertainment, and the quantity of pressure enjoyed, the measure of its gentility. You know the distress of English travellers who come to America, where, the ordinary pressure being removed, they feel as fish transferred from their denser medium to our atmosphere; Mrs. Trollope was very unhappy. On the other hand, you may imagine the American, who can scarcely find elbow room in the Oregon Territory, transferred suddenly to Cheapside.

One of the evils of this crowd is the difficulty of getting into notice. If you throw an advertisement into the "Times" or other newspaper, it will be there getting the blue devils, at the rate of two dollars a day, for six months; and puffs are not admitted until the advertisement has run out its time. Hence the infinite expedients. Every leg of mutton on the stalls has a bill of the play or other notice pinned to it. The hawkers of bills are as the locusts of Egypt, and assassinate you at every two steps with a quack medicine thrust under your nose; or a fellow bearing the intelligence at the end of a pole overhead, walks the day long, up and down, being grave from a sense of his literary functions; you would think he carried the sacred things of Mother Vesta. Another with an ass and a wagon, bearing vertically a platform of twenty feet square, and placarded with notices in prodigious letters on each side, moves slowly along the middle of each street. "Cockle's Pills, gilded, and rounded, and tasteless; under the patronage of her Serene Highness, Landgrave of Saxe-Homburg," &c. The number of persons doing something "To the Royal Family," nobility, and gentry, is remarkable. One sells milk "to the Duke of York," and some

body else goes up in balloons, and makes wooden-legs "to Her Majesty."

Day and Martin's trick of sending their five hundred agents off through the kingdom, to ask for their own blacking, is known to every one; and we read of ————, who paid carriage hire for two females who used to call for him, where he had made his visits, under names of distinguished noblewomen. Sometimes he would even call for himself; hurrying home, (after taking leave,) he would clap on a hood, scarf, and mask, step into a hackney-coach, and drive back to the door, send in for himself—then he waited for himself, and, what is more, not finding himself, would leave a letter for himself. But let us now descend from our giddy height and look a little closer into details.

It is not a little to the credit of London, that its most conspicuous monument, besides having a religious character, should stand in the centre of the town and upon a hill. Think only of twelve acres of church!—with room enough in its nave for half the honest worshippers of the three kingdoms. The houses in the neighborhood seem to squat down with humility in its presence.

In looking around at my first view of this church, I was bound, as if by a spell, by the familiarity of names, and the revival of youthful associations. What I know of the alphabet I learned on the banks of the Juniata, in a Dilworth's Spelling-Book, printed in Paternoster Row, and here it was staring me in the face. I was taught, too, this branch of human knowledge, by a very clever man named Butler, yet living, who, when a boy, used to take the toll upon the London Bridge—to which I paid an early visit on his account. How could I have supposed, as I slipped out to read Sandford and Merton, by the sunny side of a little hill in the Tuscarora, I should one day stand here to stare at Mr. "Newbury's Shop," corner of St. Paul's Church-yard, which used to figure so conspicuously on the title-page! The names of the place were as old acquaintances recognised after a long absence. It seemed to me as if I knew them before I was born. I was almost tempted to believe with the Platonists, that the soul is omniscient as well as immortal, and that it had, from all eternity, an idea of Paternoster Row and Amen Corner, only to be revived on occasion.

Just knock at the little wicket-gate, and a serious person, with a "memento mori" kind of face, will open it a jar, putting himself in the crack, and when you have paid two pence will introduce you inside. At the wicket of St. Peter's, in good Catholic times, the fare was but a penny; to see the entire church you pay a dollar and a half. The French churches, with much more costly furniture, are open at all hours of the day, without money and without price. When inside, you will stand stock-still with stupid wonder at the immense size of the monster—nearly half-a-mile in circumference—and you will feel no bigger than the church-mouse. If Sunday, you will find a small portion of the nave fenced in like a sheep-fold, in which the congregation is pent-up during the service. You will soon grow weary of looking around upon the desolate nakedness of the walls. Nothing can save such a church but an immense crowd, ten or twelve thousand, or numerous and splendid embellishments. Reynolds laid a plan, by uniting his own skill with that of other eminent artists, for adorning it with paintings. Though the church itself is built in imitation of the Mother Catholic Church, it was alleged by her clergy of London, that the paintings would give it too much of a Romish air, and the project was defeated. To give the Catholics the best music, and paintings, and church-ornaments, is to give them a most effectual advantage over the other denominations. We are beings of instincts and affections as well as reason. In religion and in love nature is the reason, even of the wise; so says Socrates. The organ here is solemn and impressive; but after a visit to the continent the heart longs for the more vivid impressions and the majesty of the Catholic choir. It seems to me the Miserere of Alegri will alone maintain the ascendancy of the Romish religion in both hemispheres.

It is the money-getting world. Of course all the great temples of the deity of the place are assembled here—the Bank, Exchange, Post-Office, East India House, Custom House, wharves and docks, with the palace of her cockney king, the Mansion House, Newgate, and the Tower. A thousand merchants, more than six hundred brokers, besides bankers, agents, solicitors, notaries, and shopkeepers innumerable, are within five minutes of the Bank. Space is hoarded here with the same economy as money. Here

are great throughfares, and streets of business, three yards wide, and streets with dark and covered entrances, like the mouths of a coal-drift, where a stranger fears to enter till encouraged by a native, and where he finds numerous counting-houses trading to the four corners of the earth, eight feet in diameter; and crooked, rambling courses are drilled among the tall houses, such as engineering worms work into a rotten plank. Here are merchants of all sorts of trades, bent under the weight of cares—the fall of stocks, notes dishonored, and ships perishing at sea; barristers withered in the hard service of the law, with all the train of Guild Hall, and Old Bailey, and Doctors' Commons; also, blue-coat school-boys, forced in the holiday of life, in their stubborn, in docile youth, to pore over their grave wisdom of the schools, are set loose upon the plays; coal-heavers, Wapping sailors, and

“Jews from St. Mary Axe for jobs so wary,
That for old clothes, they'd axe St. Mary.”

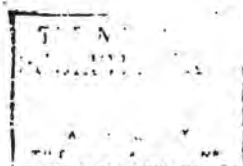
The Bank, during my first stay in London, was almost my bed-fellow. Think of sleeping in the next room to a monster, fed on the bowels of Hindostan or Peru. Its revenue annually is above a million of pounds, chiefly from interest upon loans to government, and to individuals upon mortgages and commercial bills. It divides about eight per cent. Its notes in circulation are chiefly of fifty, one hundred, two hundred, and one thousand pounds. I have read of two being abroad of fifty thousand, and two others of one hundred thousand, (five hundred thousand dollars.) These are the English shinplasters. It would do your hearts good to see the little pounds sterling riding about here upon their railroad and looking so healthy. Here a pile of sovereigns, there a litter of little pigs from Mexico, and obelisks, and pyramids, and rhomboids, all expressed in guineas. Any one used to our paper currency has about the same notion of this spectacle of the precious metals, as the miser's horse, in the epigram, had of oats.

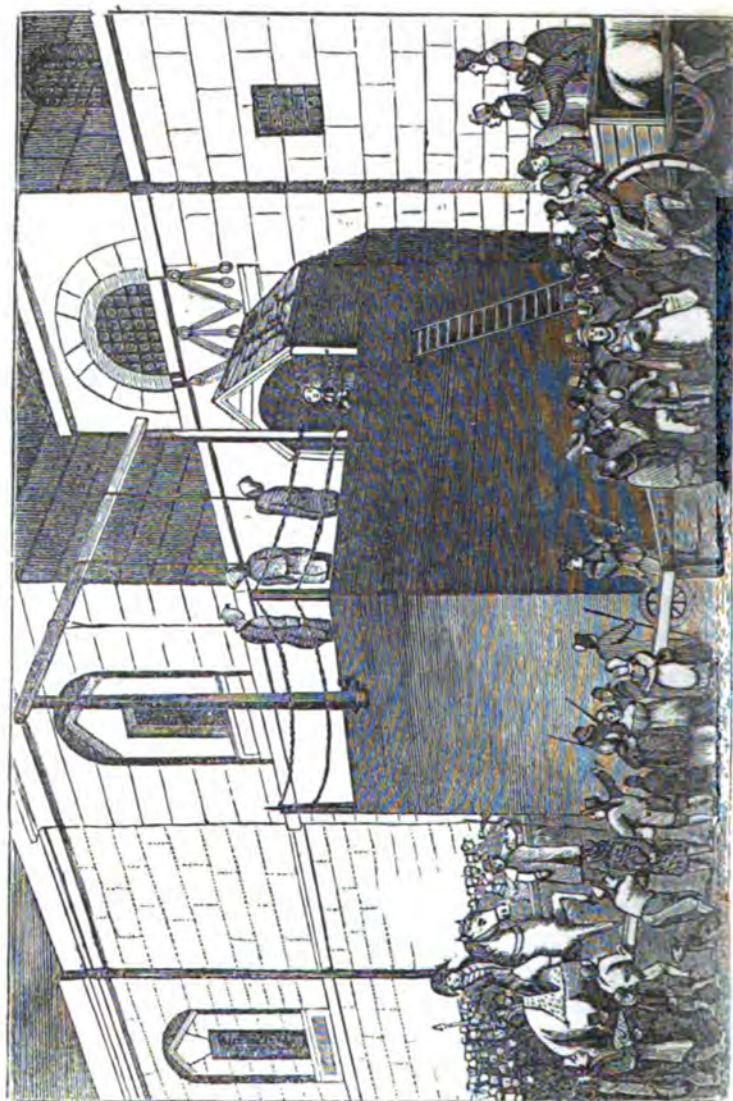
The building is one of the most splendid in London. The motley assemblage of both sexes, on payment-day—of ladies and gentlemen, misers and prodigals, and even beggars, crowding

here to receive their interests, is one of the spectacles of the metropolis.

The Royal Exchange, burnt two years ago, was a quadrangular building, with an immense court or hollow square open to the heavens. The merchants congregate in a squad, according to their several businesses, surrounded by a covered piazza, a provision against the rain, and overlooked from the balustrade by twenty-one of the British sovereigns, and by allegorical figures; Lloyd's Coffee House, up stairs. The exchange hours were from four to five, when the swarm of the great hive gathered, and four or five thousand were in a buzz of speculation at once, dispersed at the end of the hour by the ringing of a bell. In our exchanges, we have promenading up and down, lounging about in reading-rooms, sitting upon chairs, and slow and gentle approaches to a bargain. In the London Exchange, the business of the most commercial community of the world is despatched in an hour.

I must say a word of the Stock-Broker's Exchange, one of the issues of which lies through the hotel in which I lodged. Their treatment of strangers is worthy of notice. When any one, by accident or otherwise, enters and is discovered, the alarm is given by some watchword well understood, and from the whole flock, about nine hundred, a shout not unlike the Indian war-whoop, or the laugh of so many hyenas, is raised about his ears. Then he is twisted about, and jerked with violence, now on this side, now on that; his hat is pulled over his eyes, the skirts of his coat are cut off, and, finally, when sufficiently exercised by this kind of champooing, and his pockets picked of any loose cash he may chance to have about him, he is kicked out, to be laughed at by the street passengers, and without a possibility of redress. What an anomaly in a civilized community! Such a custom in the United States would be put down, with justice, by English travellers, in the same category with lynching, gouging, tar and feathering, whittling, and chewing tobacco; while here it is only noticed as a curious custom. The pastimes too of the brokers are in keeping with their other customs. They relieve the fatigues of business by setting off crackers, knocking off hats, leap-frog, chalking each other on the back, and such polite recreations. Standing at the mouth of the den, one hears





HANGING OF WILTON, THE FORGER, AND OTHERS, AT NEWGATE.

a cry continually of names—Mexico! Spanish! Exchequer! not unlike that of an American pond of bull-frogs. On the day of delivery this yelling increases, and comes forth louder and louder at intervals like the wailings of perturbed spirits. The price is this day to be determined—the fatal price by which hundreds are to be elevated to fortune, and as many others reduced to despair. What agony of suspense! what horrible decision! To be now courted to the base earth by flatterers, and now shunned with contumely:

“Now buoyant on the flood,
Now numbered with the puppies in the mud,”

The most noted victims I recollect of this gambling-house, are the suicide Goldsound, and Wilton, the forger, hung at Newgate. It is common for ten or twelve millions here to change hands in a few hours. Rothschild himself often gambled three or four millions of a day. The mother, who, to nourish her babe, steals a loaf, is transported or hung on a gibbet, while those robbers of millions walk abroad with defiance in the face of Old Bailey. The public are active to root out the thieves, the robbers, and banditti, and the greatest nest of banditti in the kingdom keep their den open under the beard of the Lord Mayor, and carry on their robberies with respectability. The Northumberlands and Percies, whose rich nobility has circulated through twenty generations, are less honored by the immortal deeds of their ancestors, than is the Jew Rothschild by his gold.

After the reception these fellows give strangers inside the Temple of Mammon, to flay them alive outside is a just retribution.

I am now going to lead you to that great novelty, the Tower. The famous tower-builder, Julius Cæsar, is said to have had a share in its erection. It is a town with seven hundred inhabitants, and occupies twelve acres. The outbuildings are barracks and officers' lodgings. The main structure, the “White Tower,” is a square, surmounted at its four corners with turrets, and with embattled walls, and a ditch and moat, and is a good specimen of the old fortified castles. The gates close at

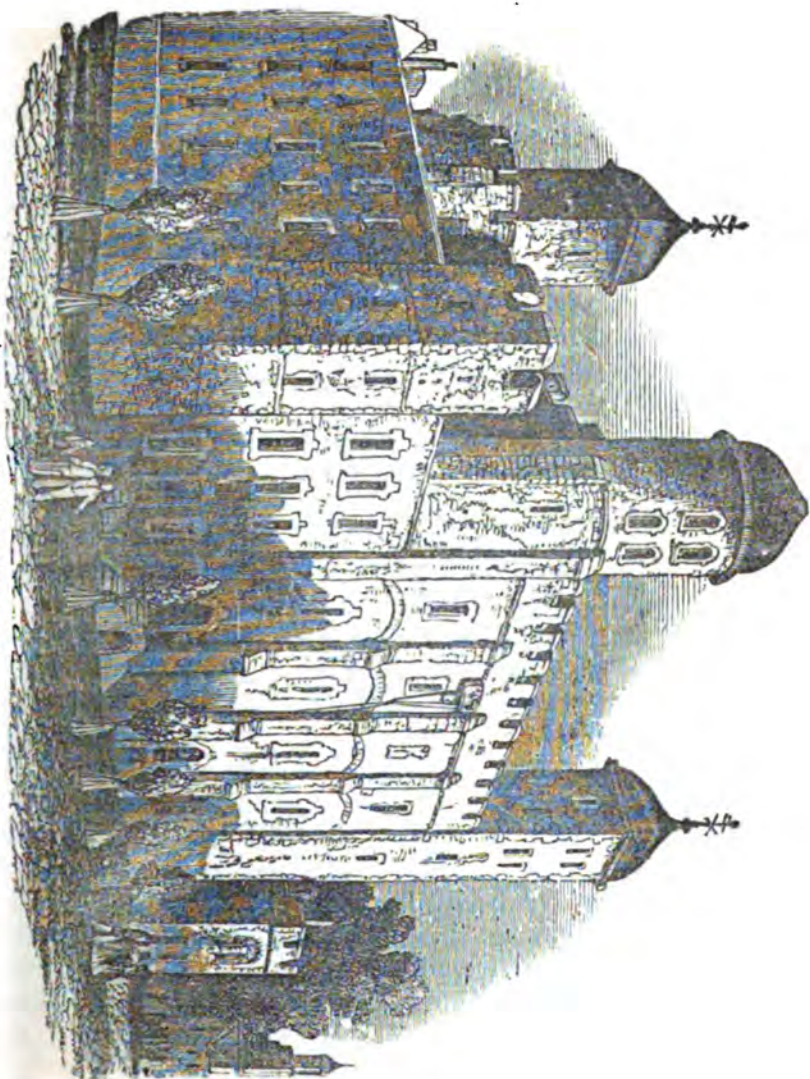
eleven. It has yet its constable, at present the Duke of Wellington. It was once the palace of the British kings, and the *beau monde* of the court resided in its environs. The Leicesters, the Wottons, and Raleighs paraded here, with a magnificence which the modern Regents and the West End have no pretensions to rival. Sir Walter's dress on a court-night was valued at six thousand pounds, to say nothing of Queen Bess's three hundred frocks all clinquant with the precious metals. Lady Wotton's embroidery upon her gown was fifty pounds per yard, and Lady Arabella Stuart's four gowns were rated at one thousand five hundred pounds. Alas, where these golden dames shook incense from their musky hair, is now a dense and acrid atmosphere from steamers, foundries, brewers, soap-boilers, and other nuisances. Ragfair, and Wapping, and the Minories, with all their immundities, deform the flowery plains where the gilded chariot whirled lightly along, and where stood the superb villas of these magnificos of Elizabeth; where the cockney-beaux and the pretty maidens, as we read in the poets, ate their pic-nics upon the emerald green.

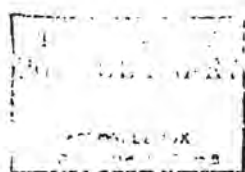
I entered the large paved court, where yeoman of the guard sat about in groups, sunning themselves upon the threshold, and wearing the livery of Henry VIII. with ludicrous importance—a fellow perhaps called John Smith or James Thompson. One of these libels of antiquity offered me his services, which I accepted, and we went up together—walking (only think!) upon the very steps that had so often kissed the feet of the *magnifique Bess*, with bowing Leicester at her side, or gallant Raleigh, or impertinent Essex.

I was not greatly delighted with any other rooms than the jewel-office and the armories. The former contains bushels of trinkets—diamonds, emeralds, rubies, amethysts—a very pretty family, and arranged according to their several degrees of nobility—one a ruby worn by the Black Prince, and by Henry, at Agincourt, new modelled for George IV., and re-modelled for the cap of Victoria. I saw here for the first time, that “radiant bauble,” a human crown—the one carried off by Blood—and all the other gewgaws of royalty.

The armories are bestrewed with cut-throat instruments, “to

THE WHITE TOWER.





fright the souls of fearful adversaries,"—arms for two hundred thousand men. Blenheim and Waterloo guns affectionately kissing each other; disposed beautifully in shapes of suns, stars, serpents, and other animals, and glittering brightly. Here are specimens of the armor in use since Ironsides governed this island; rusty casques, battered targets, steel bows, shafts, and brazen trumpets, greaves with the panoply of ruthless Gloucester, and the very shield of conquering William, and the very vizor in which Cœur de Léon bent over the Holy Sepulchre. You cannot move without stumbling over the armor of some truculent knight.—It is a wilderness of arms!

In the horse-armory are twenty-two equestrian figures of spectres of kings, and grim warriors mailed and gauntleted on horseback. Edward I. in hauberk and hood, leggings and sleeves of mail, sheathing his sword; Edward IV. ready for the tilt, and Henry VII., no great knight, but looking very fierce in a knight's cap and crest; Henry VIII. with an iron club; James I., the ugly son of a pretty mother, and James II. is here, in his jack-boots, who, without any religion, lost the three kingdoms for his religion, to ride about on an ass at St. German's.*

A room also is shown of fragments of the great Spanish Armada. The thumb-screw, cravat, collars, and various other instruments with which they make Catholics in Spain; and the axe, (an humble relic,) stained yet with the blood of Anna Boleyn and Essex.

They showed us the room in which Bacon was confined after his disgrace, in which Raleigh wrote his history, and the "blood chamber," in which the princes were smothered—a damp and gloomy recess. There were turning of wickets, grating of bolts through the corridors. I imagine the grim spectre of Gloucester, in his cat-like walk, striding in to listen at the key-hole; the children seem to wail in the low dungeon, and the murdered Catesby to stalk by, to shake his grizzly locks, and scowl horribly. I went out willingly from this execrable place. Close

* The reader will recollect that the part of the Tower containing the arms and armor has been burnt within a few months. The jewels were saved; the fire being extinguished after doing considerable damage to this and other parts of the Tower.



DUKE OF SOMERSET.

by you will see a church, where are deposited the headless trunks of distinguished persons executed here—the Duke of Somerset, Northumberland, Monmouth, Bishop of Rochester, and last of all, Kilmarnock, Lovat, and sturdy old Balmerino—their heads being sent to grace the Temple Bar.

Take care you do not stumble over the monument: “the tall bully that lifts its head and lies.” For those who like the dramatic way of dying of love, it is a most convenient and effectual leap. Mr. Levi, a Jewish diamond-merchant, precipitated himself from here in 1800, and Miss Moyes, a girl of twenty-three years, imitated his example three years ago—the one from avarice, the other from love—the two most suicidal passions of our poor human nature.



SIR HARRY VANE.

In passing over Tower Hill, you will stand still in pondering on the much horror of the place. Here the axe fell upon the Raleighs, the Sydneys, the Russels, upon heroic Wallace and royal Strafford, and upon that fearful man Sir Harry Vane; All sorts of eminent persons, even to an archbishop, have suffered death here; and of the other sex, Anna Boleyn, Catharine Howard, and she, the exquisite model of perfect women, Lady Jane, whose courage and piety almost disarms one's pity, breathed out her last upon this execrable hill. One thinks, also, of that other Jane, better recommended to human sympathies, and fitter subject for tragic muse, Jane Shore. Upon the brow of this sunny hill she often walked, (for it was fashionable London under the voluptuous Edward,) the courtier bowing low with cap in hand, eagerly watching to catch a smile from her enchanting lips, thinking himself blest. In ragged weeds and shivering with cold, she was afterwards seen to steal across the same woful hill, to gain a miserable sustenance of water-cresses and other herbs from the margin of the stream, and finally to be sent forth to die of hunger upon the naked commons. No. 43 Lom



LADY JANE GREY.

bard Street, close by, is the house in which she lived with her husband, a jeweller, who kept his shop there, and from which his best jewel was stolen by the royal thief.

In the same street you may look in upon the cradle of Pope. Spencer, Milton, Pope, and Gray, were all of this district, all cockney poets. A boar's head of stones, which you will see in walking through East Cheap, will point you to no less a house than Dame Quickly's. Think of standing upon a spot so honored by the genius and hallowed by the footsteps of Shakespeare. The mind is peopled with visions which rise from the ground at each step: Prince Hal and his much wit, the Knight of Bethnal Green and his much fat, and Bardolf, and swaggering Pistol, and Francis, with his pewter mug in each hand, running twenty ways at the same time. Not forgetting the facetious dame herself, and the exquisite Dolly.



BILLINGSGATE.

I took advantage of one of my visits to the Tower to pay my respects to Billingsgate, in its neighborhood, and attended awhile to the rhetoric of that famous school. To one who studies human character, no kind of knowledge is unimportant; besides, I did not know, but at my return, I might become editor of a newspaper. This is a market chiefly for the sale of fish. It was filled with a great crowd of ill-clothed, sallow-visaged wretches, and as many ragged, red-faced, scraggy-necked, gipsy-looking women, who could swear down a mob. These are the counterpart of the French *poissards*. But the *poissards* have been improved, as much as they who sell fish can be improved, by the revolution. The upper and lowest classes, in France, have got closer together, and the latter is kept in better odour.

The west end of London is just out of the workshops, and is inferior, in many points of interest, to this Old London, which is black with the smoke of many ages; and history has left a

venerable impress upon its antique physiognomy. I used to wander whole days with delight, amongst its monuments—a delight felt only by the foreigner. The ordinary Londoner never sees London. The cockney sees about as much of it as the Arab, who, walking amidst the ruins of Belus, sees of that old London of Nebuchadnezzar. Even to the intelligent native, it wants the excitement of novelty. The enjoyment, in its highest degree, is felt by the American only, who, speaking the language of the country, and tracing thither his origin, takes an interest in it beyond other strangers. This old city is, however, cut off from the intercourse of what is called the genteel classes. Even the rich merchant is an exotic, and has no sympathy with the place, but in the way of business. He comes hither to trade through the day only, and returns to his dinner in the evening. The resident population is born to die within the sound of the Bow-bell; has its specific character and name, and stands apart, like the city of some other people.

The cockney (this is the ordinary designation) has a lusty health and rosy complexion, and a countenance self-sufficient, important, momentous. He has few ideas; but, not having a suspicion of any others, is content, to a degree that might well disgust one with philosophy. He cannot be taught; knowing everything already; and is dogmatic in his opinions; not from presumption, but conviction. It is, no doubt, his consciousness of being wise, that modifies his face, and gives it its air of doctoral gravity. You may make him believe in the reality of ghosts, witches, dreams, vampires, and animal magnetism; but, to try to persuade him that a man born out of London can have common sense, would be counting too far for his good nature. From a sense of the dignity of numbers, he multiplies himself (as Juliet's imagination did Romeo,) and feels a kind of mathematical superiority to the rest of mankind. How to imagine the millionth part of a million to be but one! While yet a young man he sings all the glee songs that are popular at Evans's; and as he grows mature, gets married—asks his wife's advice in his business, and she gives him gruel, when he is sick; and now he becomes fluent in Parliamentary debates, in political, literary and theatrical critiques, and other cants. He is a good son, good husband, and



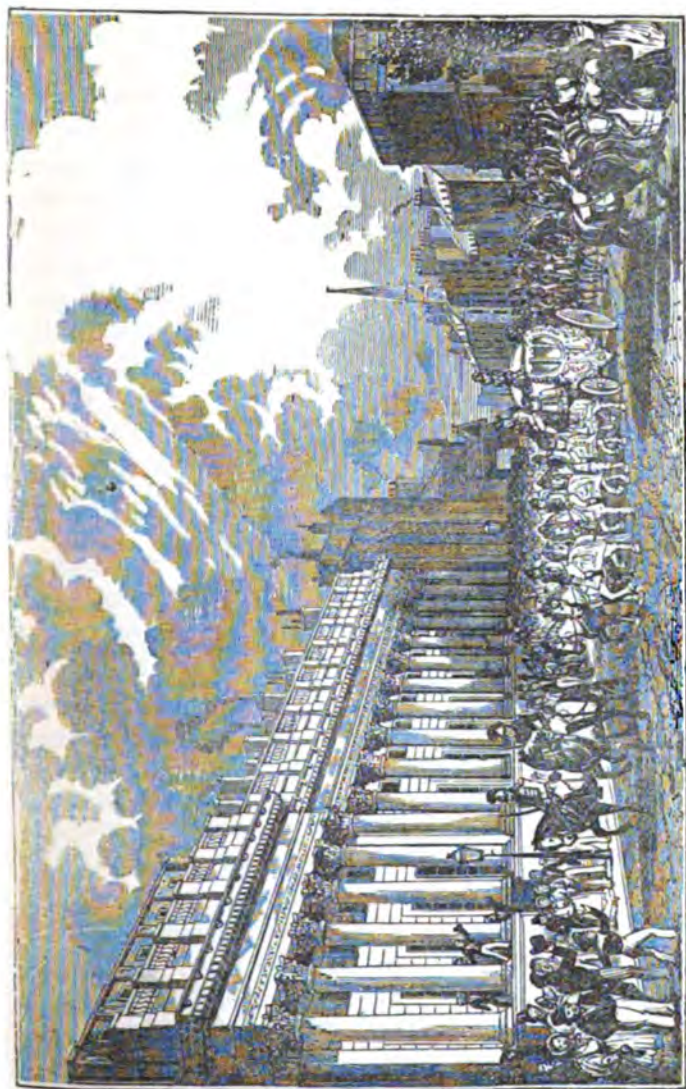
COCKNEY TRADER.

good father, and loves his home—for he cannot conceive that any thing belonging to himself should not be perfect, or better than elsewhere. He is hospitable and social, and requires of you no other gratitude for his wine and good dinners, than that you should be of his opinion. He does indeed go, but in a fit of knight errantry, once a year to Epping Forest, on horseback, to the chase (and to see him on horseback is one of the London curiosities,) but his ordinary migrations seldom extend even to the West End. The tea-garden, at Bagnigge Wells, in the suburbs, is his Ultimate Thule; and he goes, once in his life, to Westminster, to show his wife the “All and the Habbey.” Of America he knows less than nothing. A map of the south end, he

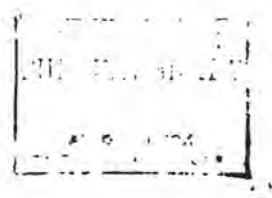
would fancy to be a good picture of a leg of mutton, from South-Down.

The cockneys, I observed, had all onward noses—pushing ahead, and leading their followers into good bargains. There is not a Roman nose in all cockneydom. The North American Indians and Æthiopians, who exercise much their sense of smelling from infancy, have broad, flat noses; and the Calmucks, whose sense of smell is so keen, as to tell whether a fox is in its hole or not have the same developement. I have no doubt that noses are very much the result of a habit. I must say a word of the cockney ladies, who, I believe, deserve a preference to their mates, generally speaking. The selling of tape, bobbin, and rows of pins, does not so spoil a woman's face, or her understanding as man's. That kind of beauty which consists in florid health, rosy tints, they have in perfection. Their climate permits more eating and drinking than ours, and exercise in open air is more regular and frequent. The moisture nourishes the complexion, and exposure to the damp, as at sea, is followed rarely by evil consequences. Besides, they do not expose themselves, exuberant and healthy as they are, to the vicissitudes of the climate, and trip along Parliament Street, as we, in Chestnut, in silks and prunellas, while Boreas holds dominion of the earth. The wives of this quarter are exceedingly faithful, so fame reports, and the husbands exceedingly hen-pecked and uxorious, but I do not assert this from my own personal knowledge, but I have heard it, and it is one of those probabilities which a man of experience admits, without strict examination. Peter Martyr, indeed, says, that man had the mastery over woman before the fall—and that woman's wearing the garments of authority, is one of the original sins; but St. Chrysostom, quite as good evidence, dates her sway before this event. He says, she was made out of the uppermost rib, and, in some sort, asserted her superiority before she was born. Be this as it may, it is certain, that in all the countries in which I have travelled, man holds a very limited sovereignty over the weaker sex. But I do not recollect to have seen any thing more like a "predestinated scratched face," than a cockney's.

The English, especially of this district, have features distinctly



PARLIAMENT STREET, LONDON.



marked; that is, a great number of women, and men too, look like one another; and still more the French. You could make your little dog bite their profiles in ginger-bread.

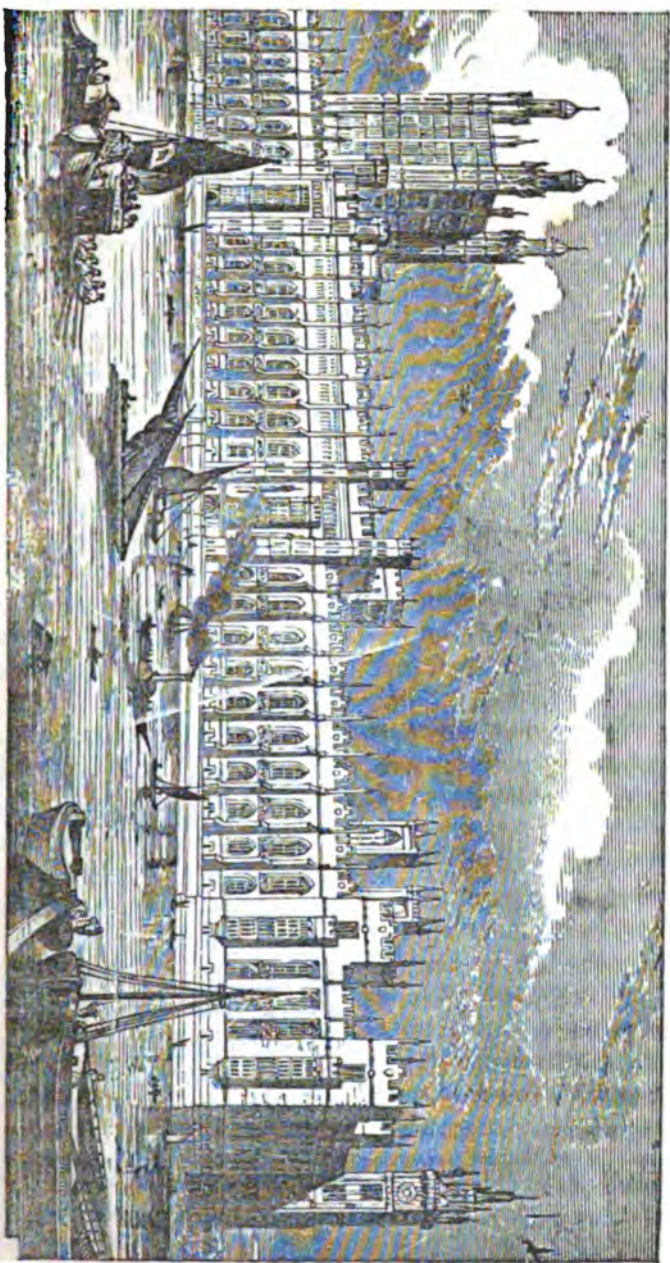
This is a prejudice to beauty, even in England, where it is uniformity of excellence. In America, we have yet no faces of our own; which makes us so much handsomer than the Europeans. (I say this in a whisper. If they will not believe, let them come and see, if they dare.) With this exception, the handsomest men to be seen anywhere, are, indisputably, the English. Pope Gregory made the same remark, several centuries ago, and I am happy to confirm his opinion.

The English ascribe much of their ruddy complexion, and robustious health, to their use of beer; and indeed most of the Londoners have no idea of human life being supported without it. The number and extent of the establishments for its manufacture, show clearly that beer is one of the great concerns of the nation. Perkins & Co. are among the greatest shows of the metropolis. The quantity of the drowsy fluid reposing in vats is incredible. A single water-tank here contains one thousand five hundred barrels; and there is a record among the archives of the place, of one of these bursting, and sweeping away several houses, and their inhabitants. In the cellars, are reposing two hundred and thirty thousand hogsheads of the nectarious liquor, ripening for consumption. And here are steam-engines, rail-ways, suspension-bridges—even the mush-stick is worked by steam. I know that the English very commonly ascribe the strength and beauty of the English race to the potency of this national beverage. If the enemy have lost battles, and they attest, Talavera, Barossa, Albuera, and Waterloo—if many a swain has lost his reason, what is it, after all, but malt and hops?

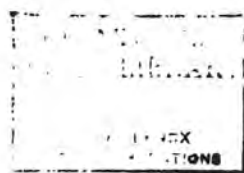
A curious race inhabits a section of this district—the Spital-field weavers—squat little men and women, almost without legs—the women physically, what ours are metaphorically. The maximum height is five feet. The operation of weaving is contrary to the elongation of their lower limbs—pushing them always in an opposite direction, and preventing their growth; and nature accommodates herself to human necessities. Weavers, not needing legs, the children are, at last, born without them. Sedentary

employments, like tailoring and weaving, are always melancholy. These people, it is observed, don't laugh, even on a holiday. On a gala-day, they go with their short legs, and long faces, to a garden, where hot water and crockery is supplied them at two-pence, they bringing their own tea and sugar. This is a debauch, but their mirth never rises to the hilarity of a laugh.

We are now about to quit this district, though half its curiosities are yet unexplored, for the elegant and aristocratic West End. In passing along, I should like you to have a glimpse of the renowned St. Giles's, a mile or two north, and northwest of St. Paul's. It is one of the characteristic features of the metropolis. To have an idea of it, you must imagine a city one-fourth as large as Philadelphia, tenanted exclusively by beggars, cut-throats, and thieves. It is better you visit this place in imagination only. It is not a safe visit to persons of decent garb and appearance, even at mid-day. I went in, when not much aware of the danger, under escort of an officer attached to the police, and otherwise expert in such adventures. Our Philadelphia is rather stupid by its uniformity. The genteel, and rabble districts are remote from each other, or little contrasted, or blended by gentle shades, so that you scarce know where the gentleman leaves off, and the rogue begins. Not so London. This North End is like a geological section of the coal-region. The rabble and gentility run in veins, or strata, according to the known principles of crystallization. From the junction of Oxford and Holborn, where the gentilities flow, as in a stream, the long day, you just thread an alley to the north, and with a hop-step-and-jump you are in the Seven Dials—alias, the "Rookery;" which we made the landing-place for our excursion, awaiting here the night. This is one of the remarkable spots of London, and it deserves a particular notice. Indeed, it may be called one of the remarkable spots on the earth. It is remarkable even to the native, who remarks nothing. It is an assemblage of cook-shops, pot-houses, and stores of second-hand furniture; a kind of maze, with seven obscure and intricate passages from the centre, and in all directions little roads, or lanes, diverging as radii of a circle and running everywhere. Fresh air, amongst the elements of the place, is totally impossible. Every little zephyr, that flutters



NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, LONDON.



in accidentally, is immediately stifled in the empyreumatic fat of the sausages. Men become used, however, to this mephitic atmosphere, and fatten on it. My companion told me of a child, born and bred here, which, being ill, was taken into the Park, where it died immediately, of fresh air, as a fish, if brought from its denser medium to our atmosphere. The natives here are multitudinous as ants, and are the very ooings and drippings of creation. They are of all nations, and particularly Jews, who seem to have possessed the neighboring Monmouth street since the dispersion. They grow denser and denser towards evening, and their voices fall upon the ear like the cawing of rooks—hence the “Rookery,” a common designation of the place.

The eating-house of the Rookery, though it does not assume the respectable name of chop-house, has yet a tempting bill of fare. There are cow-heels, tripes, and oysters, with a fresh one, to taste, and sausages, if there were none anywhere else. Besides, there are baked potatoes, of most appetizing flavor. These potatoes are set, like pearls, round a junk of beef, and are carried by women, like a breast-pin, in their bosoms, from the bake-house.

In the adjoining streets there is yet some evidence of a regular commerce. The most extensive store I must describe to you; it was replenished with old furniture and nick-nacks. There were cracked tea-cups, tinder-boxes, stoppers of departed decanters, a mirror scratched into crow-feet, frogs, and other hieroglyphics; rusty keys, and locks on separate maintenance. At the wall-side, upon pegs, were a few pair of unmatched boots, a pair of pantaloons wanting only the seat; and a doll with one leg, and undressed, decorated the window. There were also abundant articles in wood, the history of which it would be curious to trace. Through what vicissitudes must a remnant of a couch, standing in a corner, with its lion's feet and specks of gilding, have passed, before reaching this fatal and inevitable doom of all mahogany, the Seven Dials.

We strayed awhile, awaiting the night, through the adjoining lanes of this labyrinth, issuing through the remarkable Monmouth Street, one of the classical pages of the great volume. It looks like the restoration of the Jews, and the resurrection of coats. The cast off nobility of the three kingdoms is here re

stored, by the dozing arts of these Israelites, to the same lustre as when displayed upon the contour of Mynhear Stulta. They have a kind of black liquid, by which they "revive" a coat, to look as young as in its honey-moon. It is, however, a hectic re-animation, that lasts but a week. You will see here, assorted together, sometimes, the entire panoply of a gentleman—his pair of pumps, that capered at Almacks; his beaver hat, that gave its owner the reputation of brains; and his embroidered vest, that had won, perhaps, the ear of a countess. In some shops a lord hangs up in all his ages and dignities, from the gray student's gown to the chancellor's wig—looking like the "Progress of a Rake," in Hogarth. Here is a coat, (said my guide, soliloquizing,) that has made a young nobleman, and afterwards made proud the flesh of his footman—to-morrow it will grace a half-cut gentleman—will relieve him at the pawnbrokers, and yet emerge in its semblance of a coat at Ragfair; and finally will go to the mill, and be reproduced, in a parliamentary debate, to its original owner. I wonder these Hebrews do not expend some of their skill upon themselves. It is the most unchristian-looking tribe upon the earth—covered with red hair, and still redder whiskers, and speaking broken English and Dutch. Of the other sex, also, one finds in this street all that constitutes the woman, but herself. The stocking, pure and diaphane, gartered upon the false, but honest-looking leg, arrayed in the window—the airy handkerchief, as if the wind was spun into gauze—the superb shawl, too, pledged by the wife, and redeemed by the mistress—in beauty and tissue, as if just from the pastures of Cashmere—yet to be packed up for America, to cover the fair shoulders of the Republic—once more direct from Indns or Orms, to cheat a poor chicken-pecked husband of his one hundred guineas.

I must tell you here a story of a Yankee, related to me by my companion, which has a relation with the place, and seems to me, worthy of being repeated.

A person brought up in a village, usually grows into an immense conceit of himself, and, when he arrives in London, he snaps his fingers at advice. "I'd like to see them take my watch!" and he even sticks out a corner of his handkerchief for

a banter. But after a few months of London, he gets his ideas enlarged. The Yankee I allude to, had dined with a friend in Bedford Square, and, returning to his lodging, arrived here just as the thievish night had risen up from St. Giles'a, and just as the eye of evening had closed up the "Seven Dials." As he stood gazing upon the accustomed crowd, from an obscure corner, he was suddenly accosted by a woman, who rushed precipitately from the adjoining alley. "For Heaven's sake," she exclaimed, "hold this infant, till I run across the street for a doctor—his father is dying—fallen from his carriage. Alas! hold the child! he will die without the help of the doctor." And the Yankee instinctively held out his arms, and found the little infant pressed closely to his bosom. The woman instantly vanished, running with her utmost speed—and may be still running, for she has not yet come back. Our Yankee looked with tender eyes upon the sleeping babe. He pitied its dying father—he pitied its mother, and looked again upon the interesting creature, indulging in a secret wish that he had, himself, such a son. (He was a bachelor.) Thus a considerable time passed away, and he continued to cradle the little human being in his arms. At length he was seen to turn his eyes frequently to the opposite side of the street, and his features gradually assumed an expression of surprise. This was, however, soon removed, by a scrap of paper, which he accidentally perceived pinned to the child's bosom, and which, being read by the street-lamp, informed him that he was the sole proprietor and disposer of the baby. At this moment awaking, it began to evince its displeasure at the open air and bad nursing, by clamorous outcries. A crowd collecting, he became sensible of his ludicrous predicament, and he stood, holding out the brat (which continued its obstreperous squalling,) with a petitionary apologetic face, never to be forgotten. A strange woman (perhaps the mother) interfered, and the child was put into her care. He afterwards took an affection for it, and carried it, they say, to increase the citizens of the great Republic. It may, for aught any of us know, become president of these United States.

I must detain you a little longer, in this interesting place, that I may describe to you one of its most conspicuous orna-

ments, a gin-palace. Drinking, in London, is carried on in a style exceeding all our republican notions of magnificence. These palaces almost rival the sumptuous mansions of royalty, the Northumberland and Somerset houses. They are usually of four and five stories, with stucco and scagliola columns; and some new ones even, in hands, which it was expected would be among the finest architectural embellishments of the metropolis. This one, upon the skirts of St. Giles, is Thomson & Fearon's, one of the most frequented. The number of persons entering it, in a single day, exceeds five thousand, men, women, and children. The labors of the day being over, the evening invites here its swarms. Here the wretch finds a refuge from the aspect of his ragged children and desolate home, warms himself into a little momentary life, and deadens the sense of his miseries.

Pawnbrokers are established in the vicinity, for the convenience of those who may lack cash. The doors of the palace are on springs, and fly open with a touch. A counter is made low at one end, for the accommodation of children. Poor little things! they would have to stand, on tip-toe, so very inconveniently! The immense building seems almost to swim in a profusion of gas-lights, pouring their flame, in fantastic figures, through ornamental tubes. The larger panels of plate glass discover to you the main entrance. The bar, the whole length of the room, is of carved and polished rose-wood, and the vessels containing the precious fluid, recommend themselves by all the arts that may best seduce the bewildered senses of the spectator. An elegant row of casks are behind a trellis-work of glittering brass, labelled in love-letters, white and black, according to their respective contents; "Morning Dew;" "Cream of the Valley;" "Regular Flare-up;" "Real Knock-me-down;" "No Mistake;" "Out-and-out;" a simple eloquence that goes directly to the heart. I observed two, with brotherly affection, almost hugging each other, labelled, the one, "Old Tom," the other, "Sampson," with a number, no doubt, to denote the excellence of quality, as high as 1421. Behind all this, is a spacious room, for those who wish to be apart from the noise and jostling of the crowd, and numerous rooms over head. A host of rosy boys and maids, that would put Hebe to the blush, are playing the

spigots, to meet the impatient hurry which sparkles in the faces of the impatient customers. Compared with these London Temples, what are your sneaking and pettyfogging beer-houses in America! The bar alone, of this establishment, was fitted up at a cost of ten thousand dollars. The number of these shops is one for every twenty families throughout the three kingdoms.

But what an association with a palace, is the company! Squalid in dress, and brutal in intellect; with the harpy's filth, and vulture's appetite. A woman, in a gown threadbare and tattered, and, at her side, a skeleton of a man, with trousers yawning at the knees, in a great Irish-giant of a coat, hung loose upon his lank shoulders, and wanting a skirt or a sleeve, approach with the gait of the tread-mill, the gin-counter, their goggle eyes blinking incontinently, in the joyous anticipation of the morning dram, are the ordinary samples of the company. Johnson's characteristic of a gentleman, is to have no professional marks in his manners or conversation. The opposite extreme may be characterised by the same criterion. You see a bargaining, haggling face, about Ragfair; a professional swagger about Wapping and other districts, something that "smells of the shops." It is about St. Giles's only, you will find the pure, the genuine, the unadulterated blackguard.

We now issued from the Rookery upon high Holborn, glad to gulp down some mouthfuls of fresh air. An immense sea of human beings was here ebbing and flowing through this great thoroughfare,—the noisy Seven Dials in our rear, and the broad and dingy St. Giles spread out in front. We stood and looked down upon the universal thievery till the twilight grew dim; and having procured a ragged dress, not difficult in this quarter, we went out.

The population of this district is denser than in any other part of London. Each house contains several families, and often more than one family in the same room. Crowds of both sexes, mostly bare-footed and bare-legged, and many who seemed to have surmounted entirely the prejudice of nakedness, sat upon the thresholds, or filled up the streets. A woollen petticoat, not gentler than a currycomb, covered partially with a smeary gown, was the usual amount of the feminine accoutrements; and children in all



A TAVERN IN ST. GILES'S.

the innocence of infant nudity were playing sportively about the doors, and in the gutters. On the outskirts of this place, there is still an appearance of business. Here you find the "Baked-tater-man," and the little store of "Dates and other wedgetables," and the "slop-barg house,"—the Doric term for an eating house. But in advancing, we were soon involved in scrub-looking alleys and lanes, interwoven as a labyrinth. The lamps were scattered thinly, and many places were reached only by distant and glimmering rays; just enough to make indistinctly visible the few stragglers of the night. In some of these dark spots, it was the silence of a solitude, interrupted only by the sound of our



A GENTLEMAN OF ST. GILES'S.

own footsteps, with now and then the whine of a dog, a scream, or a burst of merriment from some of the neighboring hovels. I felt the blood chill several times, and the hair rise on one end, but curiosity and confidence in my guide gave me resolution to persevere. Coming at length to a house larger than its neighbors; "this is about the place," said my companion, of which we were made sure by the hum and muttering of many voices from within.

Begging, stealing, murder, and other crimes, haunt together in all countries. In London, so many are engaged in the trade, that it is organized into a regular business, and companies are formed, with agents and correspondents, extending even into foreign countries. Here they have their chief place of rendezvous in the night for the transaction of business, for feasting and enjoyment. Their gains during the day are brought into the general stock. They even have legislative and judicial meetings here—

their House of Commons, their Old Bailey's, and their reading rooms, where they discourse on politics and religion, morals, and the ordinary topics of society, and post up the bills—"The hue and cry," police reports, lost watches, pocketbooks, and other articles for the information of the trade, as at Lloyd's for the price of stocks. They are not less chary of admitting a stranger here than at Almack's. He must be regularly introduced by a beggar, or other person respectable for the indecency of his deportment, who takes the responsibility of the visit. The discovery of an intruder might have even worse consequences than at the Stock Exchange. Their common mode is to pretend a quarrel, raise a mob, the stranger is implicated, despatched and robbed, and the robber secreted in the crowd.

This portion of the community—their habits, tricks, and impositions, is a study for the philosopher. Their number is estimated at ten thousand. Above three hundred live, and some luxuriously, by the sole business of writing letters, soliciting benefactions. The sums levied annually in this way have been estimated at £50,000. Some in this branch maintain clerks, endow their daughters, keep an equipage, and show off in Hyde Park, and go to Brighton for their health—obtain a reputation that lives after them by the ingenuity of their deceptions, and the immensity of their gains. By means of artificial whiskers, moustaches, wigs, ingenious dresses, skill in penmanship, knowledge of relationships, events of battles, the same man can appear in at least half a dozen characters per day. Now he is a nobleman, with a charitable subscription, his own name first; now a distinguished clergyman; now a paralytic sailor; or he solicits for a distressed widow-woman with children, to whom he gives the measles, the hooping-cough, or other diseases, at discretion, and if you call at the given number, you will find the wretched widow surrounded with all the circumstances of distress. Never having had a husband or child, you find yet half a dozen dreadfully pitted with the varioloid, and perhaps one or two dead in their beds, and lacking means to be buried.

Other branches, again, have their shifts and devices. One gets along by heavy fits, and faintings from exhaustion and hunger, in frequented places. Acquired fits are always more violent and

distressing than the natural ones. When two women have a child apiece, by stealth or otherwise, they make a joint-stock company, and they beg day about with twins. Compassionate people can not stand twins, especially if well pinched, and made to roar out lustily. One woman is known to have had twins here for ten years, who never grow any bigger. Going naked, also, and shivering with the cold, succeeds wonderfully with strangers. These never expose themselves in fair weather. Some few attract notice by hanging, and some by drowning themselves. A tender young girl, for example, jumps into the Thames, being provided with a generous and well-dressed young man, who, passing accidentally by, jumps in and pulls her out. This brings great compassion and round sums, and the humanity of the young gentleman is put in the newspapers. A blind man led by a dog, with a tin in his mouth for the pennies, is very interesting. The animal is taught to make piteous faces, to whine pathetically, and to wag his tail in gratitude. Some even turn up their eyes to implore a benediction upon their benefactors. An Italian boy, a hand-organ, and a white mouse, are a floating capital; and many houses, by keeping a great number of these boys and mice imported from Italy, in their pay, have grown rich enough to retire to their Tusculums and Tivolis, and pass a dignified leisure in the pure skies of their native countries.

Some keep in their service a great number of children, whom they send out every morning, and lead idle and luxurious lives upon their gains; and many parents, on the other hand, live entirely by letting out their children upon the trade, exacting prices according to their qualifications. Children, strikingly deformed, will bring, in any thing like good times, two shillings and six pence a day. When a dear little baby is born without eyes or legs, it is the joy of its mother. She sees in it the support and consolation of her old age. If born sound, she tries, by the tenderness of her maternal treatment, to break its bones, while they are yet young and flexible, and qualifies it, by some lameness and deformity, for getting the better on in the world. There are ingenious artists who manufacture epilepsies, hereditary consumptions, and other spurious diseases, and get good livings by it. A poet, they say, must be born; but a beggar,



THE MAN WITH NO LEGS.

like an orator, is partly the produce of nature, and partly of education. There is an old woman here, who keeps a night school for the two sexes, and instructs the youngsters in the tricks and street language. She has public examinations, and gives premiums for excellence, as at Eton and Westminster; and there is toleration of all religions, as in the London University. Some excel in woful faces, in extemporary tears, some in alms-house looks, in limpings and hobblings; others in convulsions and swoonings, and dying of hunger; and so of the rest.

It is well known that persons once accustomed to this course of life, cannot be satisfied with any other. To find men of liberal education among them is not uncommon; and children are often seduced away from parents in good circumstances, as in gambling, by the sole temptation of pursuit. These habits once formed, you can no more persuade the thief or beggar to change his profession, than the gipsy or savage to change his vagrant life.

There was a beggar who sat for many years, without legs or thighs, in Oxford Street, who never begged by word or signs,



A STREET SWEEPER.

but depended entirely upon his *no legs* for support. This piece of an individual made a large fortune—I think £10,000—which excited a great emulation in others to have no legs; and in the great thoroughfares, while I was in London, busts of men were seated silently every where, at the waysides.

Among the most reputable of the begging class, are those who sweep the crossings. The same individual, sweeping and inhabiting the same street, usually for life, becomes known, has a character to maintain in the community, and is entitled to the rights of vicinage; besides, he has the dignifying sense of conferring a public good, and rendering an equivalent for benefits. It is well in giving your penny to this personage to accompany it with a smile and nod of civility. He may perhaps make you his heir. Every one knows what a pretty sum Alderman Waitman's daughter got from the beggar at Ludgate Hill—\$10,000, I believe—only by giving him a penny each time she crossed, and greater affability of smile, as he observed, than to other people. Besides, it is princely, and shows refined breeding. Did not the Prince of Wales pick up the benevolent guinea, when it fell, in its transit to the pocket of the beggar upon the street, and wipe the mud off with his own royal pocket handkerchief, and then present it to the broom that sweeps Oxford street? But I must return.



THE TARS OF OLD ENGLAND.

After passing through a long, dark entrance, we entered a spacious room, well lighted, and mixed with the beggarly rout. I felt my last sweat come over me. Dying is usually unpleasant, in any shape, but especially in a foreign land, your absent friends and relations gathering about your heart. Nor is the manner altogether indifferent. There is scarcely any one who would not rather die by a thunderbolt, than by some mean instrument thrown upon his head from Xantippe's chamber window. Think only of dying by a beggar of St. Giles. However, the circulation was restored, and I became tranquil enough to complete the novelty of the scene, which quite exceeds my powers of description. Here were the crutches, wooden legs, and other implements of the mendicant wardrobe, like a museum of antiquities. The dropsy stuck into a broken pane of glass; the palsy and hysteric hung up on pegs at the wall side. Distressed mothers, crippled soldiers, and tars of old England, stretched out together on a shelf, and St. Vitus's dance asleep quietly in a corner with the last stage of consumption. The company were engaged, some in cards. Cards are the universal passion—it is *vingt-et-un* at St. James, and All-Fours and Putt at St. Giles. Some were in deep conversation; others were seated, or promenading up and down. One sat reading the news, another humming a song; a third, who had passed the day without legs, now strutted tall

and consequential through the room, his arms in a knot; another lounged about with an air of nonchalance and good breeding, and another again sat apart in deep thought, as indulging in a poetic melancholy. Thus, awaiting the supper, which smelt deliciously, they amused themselves, according to their various humors; the lady beggars contributing their share to the general stock of fun. Their conversation was amusing; but one must have studied the rhetoric of the place to be able to report it. Their slang is called here the Greek of St. Giles.

The greater number, I observed, were Irish, who flock over here in alarming multitudes, and undertrade the English. The cheapest thing on the earth is an Irish laborer in London. The English are averse to starving; and the possibility of starving an Irishman is not yet settled.

The supper now waited, upon which the company being intent, we took the favorable opportunity to escape, and stood again upon the Tottenham Court Road. I breathed once more, and resolved for the future never to let my curiosity so far get the better of my discretion, as to set foot in the beggary of St. Giles, even under the escort of a police officer.





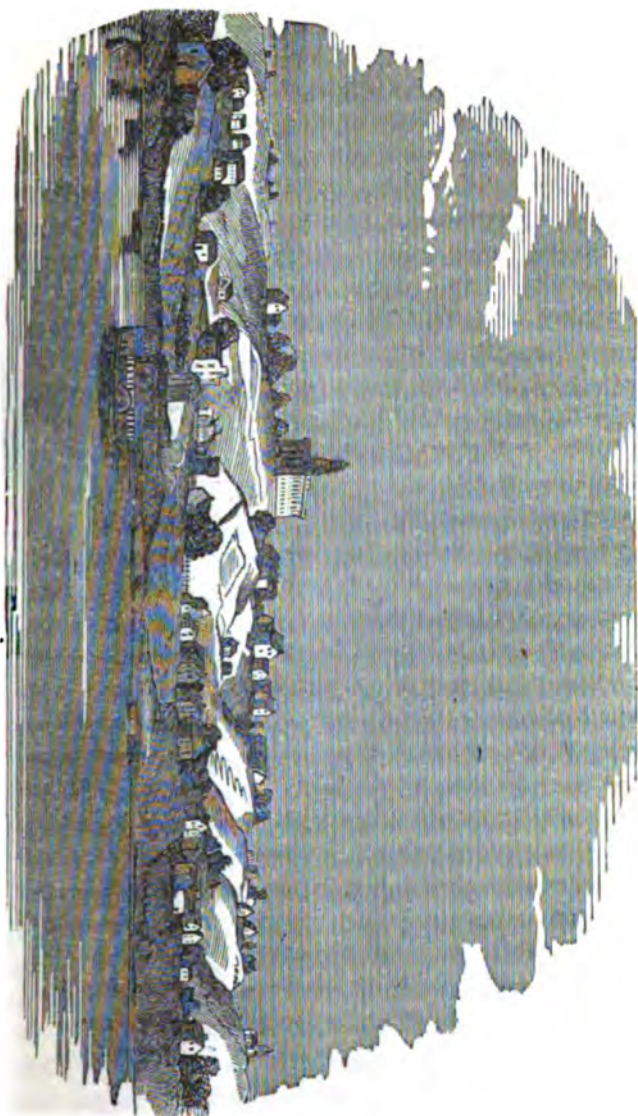
The Mississippi and its Tributaries.

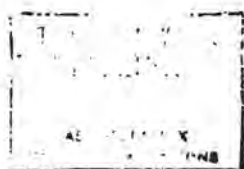


IN contemplating the magnificent works of nature upon the continent of America, the mind is lost in wonder. The extensive range of mountains and the vast prairies are alone astonishing. But the chief wonder upon the northern division of this continent is the great and teeming valley of which the Mississippi is the natural drain. This valley is bounded on the north by an elevated country, which divides it from the waters that flow into Hudson's Bay, and the northern lakes, and St. Lawrence; on the east, by the table-land, whence descends the waters that flow into the Atlantic; and on the west by the Rocky Mountains, which separate the waters of the Atlantic from the Pacific.

This great central vale of America is considered the largest division of the globe, of which the waters pass into one estuary.

CITY OF NAUVOO.





It extends from the 29th to the 49th degree of north latitude, or about fourteen hundred miles from south to north, while the breadth across is about the same dimensions. To suppose the United States and its territory to be divided into three portions, the arrangement would be—the Atlantic slope, the Mississippi basin or valley, and the Pacific slope. A glance on any map of North America will show that this valley includes about two-thirds of the territory of the United States. The Atlantic slope contains about three hundred and ninety thousand, the Pacific slope about three hundred thousand, which, combined, are six hundred and ninety thousand square miles; while the valley of the Mississippi contains at least one million, three hundred thousand square miles, or four times as much land as the whole of England. This great vale is divided into two portions, the Upper and Lower valley, distinguished by particular features, and separated by an imaginary intersecting line at the place where the Ohio pours its waters into the Mississippi. This large river has many tributaries of first-rate proportions beside the Ohio. The chief is the Missouri, which indeed is the main stream, for it is not only longer and larger, but drains a greater extent of country. Its length is computed at eighteen hundred and seventy miles, and upon a particular course three thousand miles. In its appearance, it is turbid, violent, and rapid; while the Mississippi, above its junction with the Missouri, is clear, with a gentle current. At St. Charles, twenty miles from its entrance into the Mississippi, the Missouri measures from five to six hundred yards across, though its depth is only a few fathoms.

The Mississippi proper takes its rise in Cedar Lake, in the forty-seventh degree of north latitude. From this to the Falls of St. Anthony, a distance of five hundred miles, it runs in a devious course, first south-east, then south-west, and, finally, south-east again; which last it continues, without much deviation, till it reaches the Missouri, the waters of which strike it at right angles, and throw the current of the Mississippi entirely upon the eastern side. The prominent branch of the Upper Mississippi is the St. Peter's, which rises in the great prairies in the north-west, and enters the parent stream a little below the Falls of St. Anthony. The Kaskaskia next joins it, after a course of two hundred miles.

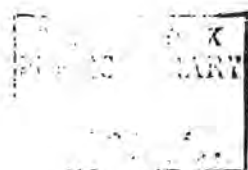
In the thirty-sixth degree of north latitude, the Ohio (formed by the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela) pours in its tribute, after pursuing a course of seven hundred and fifty miles, and draining about two hundred thousand square miles of country. A little below the thirty-fourth degree, the White River enters, after a course of more than one thousand miles. Thirty miles below that, the Arkansas, bringing in its tribute from the confines of Mexico, pours in its waters. Its last great tributary is Red River, a stream taking its rise in the Mexican dominions, and flowing a course of more than two thousand miles.

Hitherto, the waters in the wide regions of the west have been congregating to one point. The "Father of Water" is now upwards of a mile in width, and several fathoms deep. During its annual floods, it overflows its banks below the mouth of the Ohio, and sometimes extends thirty and forty miles into the interior, laying the prairies, bottoms, swamps, and other low grounds under water for a season. After receiving Red River, this vast stream is unable to continue in one channel; it parts into separate courses, and, like the Nile, finds its way to the ocean at different and distant points.

The capabilities of the Mississippi for the purposes of trade are almost beyond calculation, and are hardly yet developed. For thousands of years, this magnificent American river rolled its placid and undisturbed waters amidst the wildest and grandest scenery, unnoticed save by the wandering savage of the west, or the animals which browse upon its banks. At length, being discovered by Ferdinand do Soto, in his Florida expedition, it came under the view of civilised men, and now it has begun to contribute to their wants and wishes. Every part of the vast region irrigated by the main stream and its tributaries can be penetrated by steamboats and other watercraft; nor is there a spot in all this wide territory, excepting a small district in the plains of Upper Missouri, that is more than one hundred miles from some navigable water. A boat may take in its lading on the banks of the Chatague Lake, in the state of New York; another may receive its cargo in the interior of Virginia; a third may start from the Rice Lakes at the head of the Mississippi; and a fourth may come laden with furs from the Rocky Mountains, two thousand

GENERAL TAYLOR'S RESIDENCE.





eight hundred miles up the Missouri—and all meet at the mouth of the Ohio, and proceed in company to the ocean.

Within the last twenty-four years, the Mississippi, with the Ohio, and its large tributaries, have been covered with steamboats and barges of every kind, and populous cities have sprung up on their banks. There are now *seaports* at the centre of the American continent—trading towns, each already doing more business than some half-dozen celebrated ports in the Old World, with all the protection which restrictive enactments and traditional importance can confer upon them.

Pittsburg, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, are the principal cities in this great valley, and from all there is kept up a large traffic by means of steamboats. Unfortunately, from defective legislative measures, the navigation of the Mississippi and its chief tributaries has hitherto suffered much loss and inconvenience. Accidents are continually taking place from *snags*, or waste timber fixed to the bottom of the river; their upper ends pierce the lower parts of the vessels, and almost instantly sink them. Another common danger is the sudden explosion of steamboats, arising in general from carelessness. We can only hope that these drawbacks on the Mississippi will, in time, meet with proper legislative attention. Even with many chances against life and property, the amount of intercourse between the inland ports and the ocean is inconceivable.

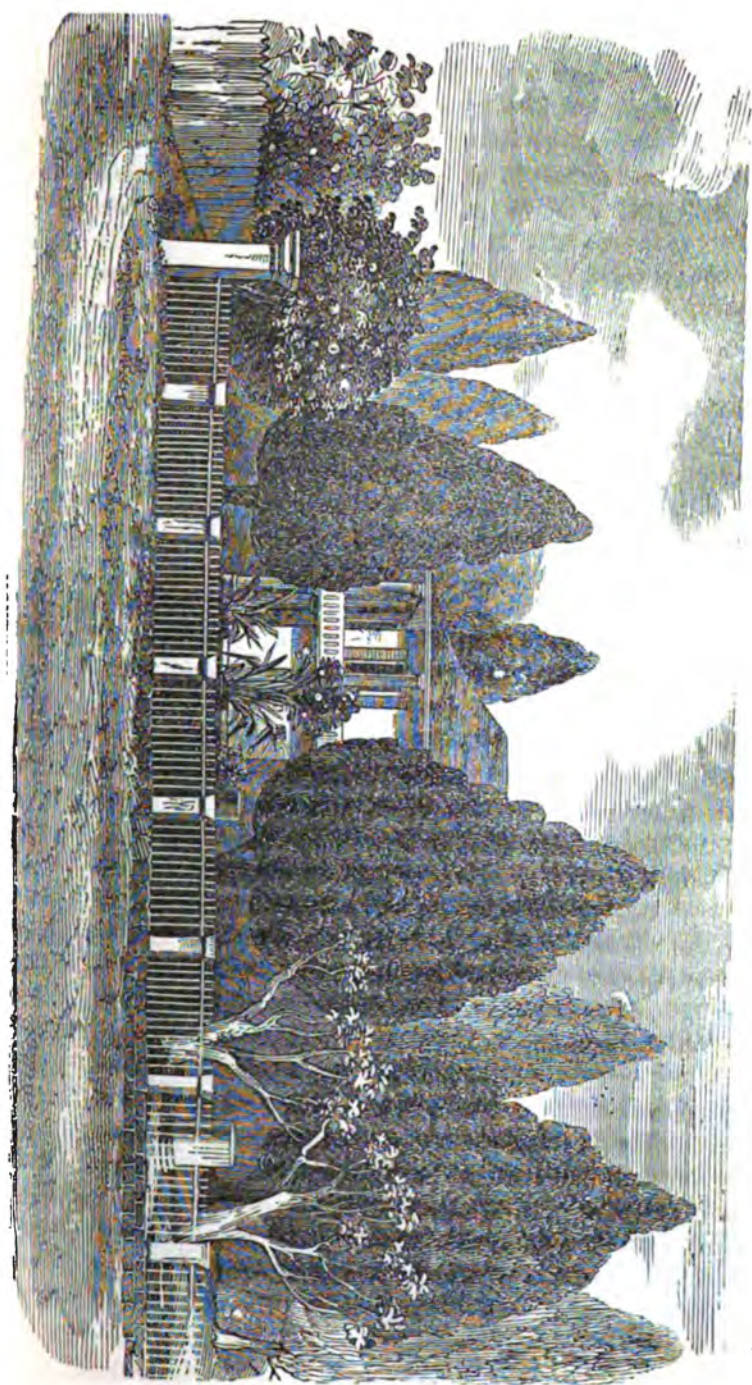
Among the natural wonders of the Valley of the Mississippi, are the magnificent forests of the west, and the not less imposing prairies—extensive green plains, fertile, and in summer adorned with innumerable flowers. Of this varied mixture of forest and prairie, Hall in his "Notes on the Western States," presents a fascinating account.

"The attraction of the prairie consists in its extent—its carpet of verdure and flowers—its undulating surface—its groves—and the fringe of timber by which it is surrounded. Of all these, the latter is the most expressive feature—it is that which gives character to the landscape, which imparts the shape and marks the boundary of the plain. If the prairie be small, its greatest beauty consists in the vicinity of the surrounding margin of woodland, which resembles the shore of a lake, indented with

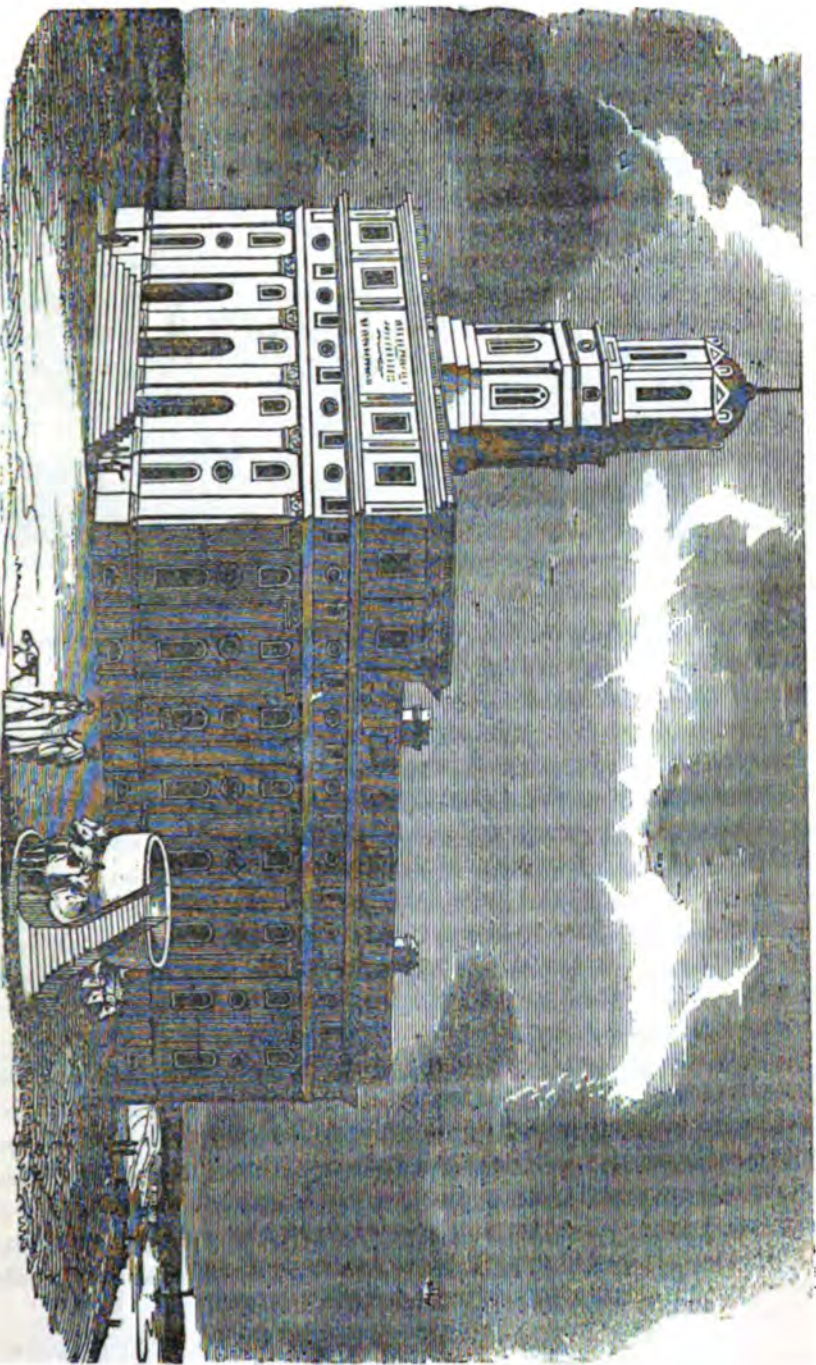
deep vistas like bays and inlets, and throwing out long points, like capes and headlands; while occasionally these points approach so close on either hand, that the traveller passes through a narrow avenue or strait, where the shadows of the woodland fall upon his path—and then again emerges into another prairie. Where the plain is large, the forest outline is seen in the far perspective, like the dim shore when beheld at a distance from the ocean. The eye sometimes roams over the green meadow, without discovering a tree, a shrub, or any object in the immense expanse, but the wilderness of grass and flowers; while at another time, the prospect is enlivened by the groves, which are seen interspersed like islands, or the solitary tree, which stands alone in the blooming desert.

“The gaiety of the prairie, its embellishments, and the absence of the gloom and savage wildness of the forest, all contribute to dispel the feeling of lonesomeness, which usually creeps over the mind of the solitary traveller in the wilderness. Though he may not see a house, or a human being, and is conscious that he is far from the habitations of men, he can scarcely divest himself of the idea, that he is travelling through scenes embellished by the hand of art. The flowers, so fragile, so delicate, and so ornamental, seem to have been tastefully disposed to adorn the scene; the groves and clumps of trees appear to have been scattered over the lawn to beautify the landscape; and it is not easy to avoid that illusion of the fancy, which persuades the beholder, that such scenery has been created to gratify the refined taste of civilised man. Europeans are often reminded of the resemblance of this scenery to that of the extensive parks of noblemen, which they have been accustomed to admire in the Old World; the lawns, the avenue, the grove, the copse, which are there produced by art, are here prepared by nature; a splendid specimen of massy architecture, and the distant view of villages, are alone wanting to render the similitude complete.”

The banks of the Mississippi itself have considerable variety. In the vicinity of Nauvoo, which is one hundred and eighty-one miles above the mouth of the Illinois river, the eastern side is high and varied by bluffs and slopes. The Mormon City of Nauvoo was situated upon an elevated plain; and from a famous







GREAT MORMON TEMPLE, NAUVOO.

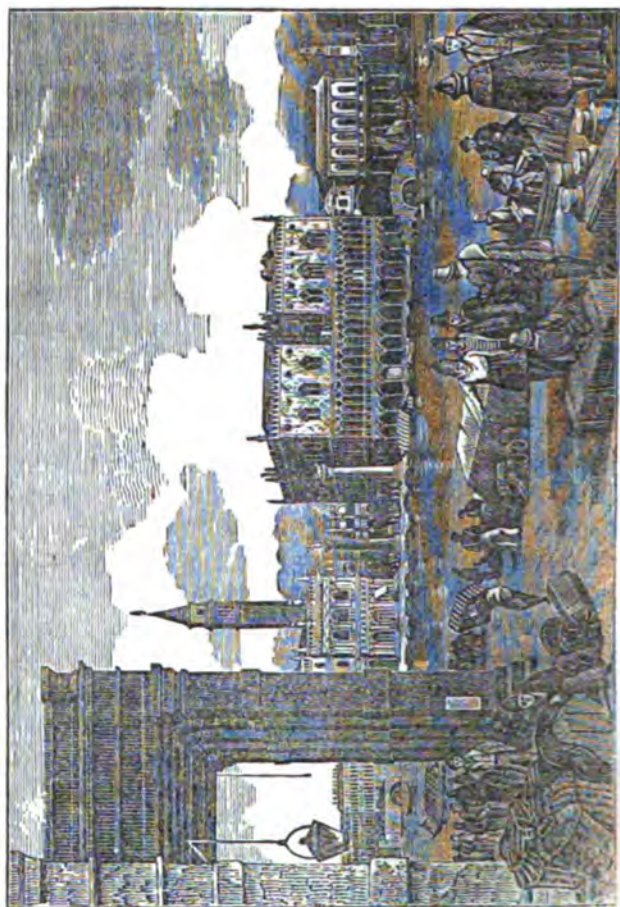


CITY OF NEW ORLEANS.

temple built by these people, an extensive view of the surrounding country can be obtained. The temple is in ruins, from fire. In our view of it, the baptismal font, which is represented in the foreground, stands in the basement, but since the expulsion of the Mormons from Illinois, the city has been reduced to a small town. From St. Louis to New Orleans, the banks of the Mississippi are generally low, and present an alternation of forests and plantations. The plantation which belonged to the late President Taylor is among the most noted spots upon this portion of the river. Below New Orleans, among the residences may be seen the beautiful Montgomery House, General Jackson's head-quarters at the time of the battle of New Orleans.

The productive capabilities of these rich lands, if properly cultivated, may be easily conceived. There cannot be a doubt, that the Valley of the Mississippi, one of the greatest natural wonders of the world, will one day possess, and comfortably sustain, a population nearly as great as that of all Europe. Let its inhabitants become equally dense with England, including Wales, which contains two hundred and seven to the square mile, and its numbers will amount to 179 400,000.





VENICE.



VENETIAN COSTUME OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Venice.



THE title of "the Beautiful" is more frequently applied to Venice than to any other modern city. Byron has sung its praise in glorious verse, and describes it as "throned on a hundred isles." Travellers have exhausted their prosaic epithets of admiration of the city of many charms. But Venice is only a remnant of her former self, and though rendered doubly attractive by its splendid situation and magnificent edifices, it is the greatness of its past history which gives her the deepest interest. In the middle ages, Venice was one of the most powerful of Christian states. Her extensive commerce brought her citizens wealth,

and a large navy gave them power and dominion. The government was an aristocracy. The chief officer of state called "the Doge." When the passage round the Cape of Good Hope to India was discovered, Venice began to decline. But the republic was not crushed until late in the eighteenth century. Austria now holds the Venetian territory as part of the kingdom of Lombardy and Venice.

Venice is situated on a number of small islands in a shallow but extensive lagoon, about four miles from the main land in the north-west Adriatic. Owing to the lowness of the islands, the city seems to float upon the sea. It is divided into two principal portions of nearly equal size by the Grand Canal, a serpentine channel, varying from about one hundred to one hundred and eighty feet in width, crossed by the principal bridge of the city, the famous Rialto.

The various islands, which form the foundations of these two grand divisions, are connected by numerous bridges, which, being very steep, and intended only for foot passengers, are cut into steps on either side. The canals, or *rii*, crossed by these bridges, intersect every part of the town, and form the "water-streets" of Venice; by far the greater part of the intercourse of the city being carried on by their means in gondolas or barges.

But, besides the canals, Venice is everywhere traversed by streets, or rather passages, so very narrow, as to be in general only four, and seldom more than five or six feet in width! The only exception is the *Merceria*, a street in the centre of the city, lined on each side with handsome shops; but even this, which may be regarded as the Portland-place, or Regent street, of Venice, is only from twelve to twenty feet across! To ride in a carriage, or on horseback, is here wholly out of the question. The streets, or lanes, are consequently not paved with round stones, or blocks, but with flags, or marble slabs, having small sewers for carrying off the filth. Almost all the principal houses have on one side a canal, and on the other a lane, or *calle*. The former, however, is the grand throughfare; and gondolas, or canal-boats, are here the universal substitute for carriages and horses. They are generally long, narrow light vessels, and, though rowed only by a single gondolier with one oar, cut their way through the



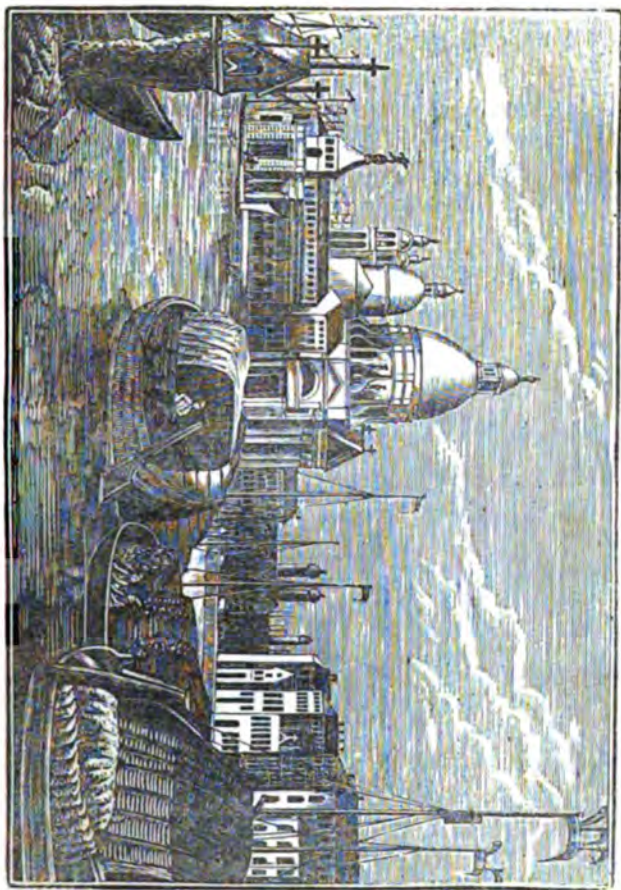
GONDOLA AND SERENADER.

water with extraordinary velocity. A sumptuary law of the old regime directed that the gondolas should all be painted black. In the middle is an apartment fitted with glass windows, blinds, cushions, &c., for the accommodation of four persons. Some of the gondolas, belonging to private families, are magnificently fitted up. The charge for a gondola is about twenty cents an hour, and with it you may soon visit every part of the city. In the night the Venetians row these gondoliers under the windows of the ladies and serenade them with the music of the guitar.

In many parts there are small squares, or *campi*, which are usually cisterns, for the careful preservation of rain water; but the only open space of any magnitude is the piazza of St. Mark, with the piazzetta leading to it, and forming the state entrance to Venice from the sea. "The piazzetta is at right angles with the great square, branching and turning off in a line with the church of St. Mark. On one side, and turning a side front to the port, is the old palace of the doges; on the other side are the *zecca* or mint, and the library of St. Mark, the regular architecture,

and fresh and modern appearance of which seems to mock the fallen majesty of their antique neighbors. On the sea shore, which forms the fourth side of the piazzetta, stand two magnificent granite columns, each of a single block; one crowned with the winged lion of St. Mark, in bronze, and the other bearing the statue of St. Theodore. Between the two columns, in former times, public executions took place." The piazza of St. Mark is an oblong area, about eight hundred feet by three hundred and fifty, flagged over. Two of its sides consist of regular buildings with deep arcades. Each side is uniform, but not similar to the other. On the north is the *Procuratorie Vecchie*; on the south, the *Procuratorie Nuove*. The west side was formerly occupied by the church of Geminiani; but this was taken down by the French, who erected in its stead the staircase of the new Imperial palace. At the opposite end are the cathedral of St. Mark, the Orologio, and the Campanile; and in front of the cathedral are three tall poles, supported on handsome bases of bronze, whence the flags of the Morea, Crete, and Cyprus were formerly displayed. From being the only piece of open ground in Venice of any consequence this square is almost constantly thronged with company, and it is the scene of all the public masquerades, festivals, &c., that take place in the city.

Venice has a vast number of fine private palaces by Sansovino, Palladio, &c.; but many of its public buildings are more remarkable for gorgeousness and display, than for intermixture of Byzantine, or other eastern, with Greek, Roman, and Gothic architecture. The celebrated church of St. Mark is not Gothic, Saracenic, or Roman, but a mixture of each style: neither a church or a mosque, but something between the two; too low for grandeur, too heavy for beauty, no just proportion being observed among the different parts. Yet it has the effect of grandeur, and a sort of beauty, from the richness of the materials, and the profusion of ornament. The original church was founded in 829; but the present edifice was founded in 977, under the direction of architects from Constantinople. The nave is two hundred and forty-five feet in length, the transept two hundred and one feet; the middle dome is internally ninety feet in height, and the four other domes eighty feet each. The front is one hundred and



ENTRANCE TO VENICE FROM THE SEA.



seventy feet wide and seventy-two high, without its surmounting figures. In its lower part are five recessed doorways, each adorned with two stories of little columns, though these are mostly ill-proportioned, and their capitals nearly all different. Over these arches is a gallery or balcony of marble, in the centre of which are the famous bronze horses, most probably of China origin, and carried to Constantinople by Theodosius, whence they were conveyed away by the Venetians, when they took and plundered the capital of the eastern empire, in 1206. For eighteen years, or from 1797 to 1815, they crowned the triumphal arch in the *Place du Carousel* in Paris; but, though restored, we may well inquire,

"Is not Doria's menance come to pass?
Are they not bridled?"

(*Childe Harold*, cant. iv., st. 13, and note.

Immediately behind the horses is a large circular window, on either side of which an arched doorway opens upon the balcony. The front terminates in pointed arches, surmounted by a crowd of spires, pinnacles, statues, crosses, &c. The finishings are in the style of the Italian Gothic of the fifteenth century, but overcharged and heavy. Forsyth, speaking of this edifice, says "Nowhere have I seen so many columns crowded into so small a space. Nearly three hundred are stuck on the pillars of the front, and three hundred more on the balustrade above. A like profusion prevails in the interior, which is heavy, dark, and barbarous." But, from Mr. Wood's account, it would appear that the same barbarous taste that prevails in the exterior, is not so obtrusive within. "The vaulting and greater part of the walls are covered with mosaics, and the rest with rich marbles. The columns of rich porphyry, verde-antique, &c.; the pavement of minute pieces of white and colored marbles, jasper, agate, lapis, lazuli, &c., variously, and, for the most part, beautifully, disposed; the inlaid ornaments and gilded capitals, produce a degree of astonishment and admiration in the mind of the spectator." The Orologia, or clock-tower, on the north side of the cathedral, has little to recommend it; and the Campanile is merely a

a large tower, upwards of three hundred feet in height, terminated by a pyramid. In it, however, Galileo made many of his astronomical observations. The *laggeria* around its base, now converted into a lottery office, is a beautiful building of the Corinthian order, from the designs of Sansovino. The *Procuratorie Nuove*, now the royal palace, is a rich line of buildings, fronted with all the different Greek orders.

The ducal palace was originally founded in the ninth century, but the present edifice dates only from the middle of the fourteenth, when it was erected by the doge Marino Faliero. Externally it presents a double range of arches, supporting a great wall of brickwork, pierced with a few windows. The corners are cut to admit thin spiral columns. Notwithstanding its many defects, this structure derives an imposing effect from its grandeur of dimensions, and unity of design. The palace is entered by eight gates, the principal leading into the *cortile*, which is surrounded on three sides by two stories of arcades. One side is richly ornamented, though the whole be in bad taste. A noble flight of steps, called, from the colossal statues of Mars and Neptune, by Sansovino, the Giant's Staircase, leads up from the *cortile* to the open arcade, where, under the republic, the lions' mouths gaped to receive communications or surmises of plots against the state! From this exterior corridor, the state apartments are entered. The walls of the *Sala di Quattro Porte* are covered with paintings by Tintoretto, Vicentino, and Titian. The hall of the Great Council, one hundred and fifty feet in length, is now principally appropriated to the library, of which Petrarch was one of the founders; but it is also rich in frescoes, by Bassano, &c., and contains a fine collection of ancient sculpture, and the portraits of the Venetian doges. The *Sala dei Pregadi*, and numerous other apartments, are richly gilt and exhibit all the glories of the Venetian school of painting, "which spreads over the walls and covers the ceilings, as if it had only cost a few shillings the square yard." In the hall of the Council of Ten, converted by Napoleon into the chamber of a court of cessation, the ceilings have been painted by Paul Veronese; and on every side the eye rests on pictorial representations of the achievements and glories of the republic. In the lower parts of the

palace are the former tribunals and dungeons of the state inquisition, from which a passage leads across the *Ponte de Suspiri*, or Bridge of Sighs, to a door now walled up, but which formerly opened into a chamber where prisoners were despatched.

Next to the buildings in the neighborhood of St. Mark's, those bordering the harbor and canal of Giudecca appear to be the finest, including the Dogana or custom-house, the church of La Salute, and those of San Giorgio and Il Redemptore, both designed by Palladio. These last were on the point of being pulled down by the French, and only saved by being redeemed for a large sum of money. The Redemptore, Forsyth says, is admirable both in plan and elevation, and its interior is perhaps perfect in its proportions, simple, grand, and harmonious. It is, in fact, one of Palladio's *chef d'œuvres*, and is, perhaps, the finest church in Italy, though inferior to a great many in costliness and magnitude. Besides a Greek church and seven synagogues, Venice has altogether about one hundred Roman Catholic churches, which are, on the whole, among its best buildings. There were formerly many more; but the French pulled them down, with a number of convents, in pursuance of their plans for the improvement of the city. Several of the churches date from the middle ages, though few of them are worth especial notice. One, however, is interesting, from its containing the remains of one of the greatest painters and one of the greatest sculptors that Italy has produced—Titian and Canova: the grave of the former is marked by a short inscription on a plain stone let into the pavement. Canova has a fine pyramidal monument, from one of his own designs, the expense of which was defrayed by contributions from all parts of Europe. The famous painter, Paul Veronese, is buried in the church of St. Sebastian, where he has a monument. The belfries of all the churches are detached, and appear to be built on the model of St. Mark's.

The general cemetery or burial place for the city is on the island of San Cristoforo di Murano. Here, rich and poor, the noble and the beggar, are all interred, the expenses of the burial of the latter being defrayed by the government. This cemetery was formed, and the plan of conveying all the dead bodies to it from the city enforced, by the French; and, happily, it has been

continued since. A gondola, moored to the island, is appropriated to the transmission of corpses. The Jews have their burial-ground at Malomocco.

For a lengthened period after the foundation of the city, the communication between its east and west divisions, across the grand canal, was effected by ferry-boats. A wooden bridge was subsequently established; and this having fallen to decay, it was determined to replace it by one of marble from the designs of Antonio da Ponte. The building of the Rialto was commenced in 1588; but though it consists of a fine elliptic arch, neither its beauty nor its magnitude corresponds with its fame and the attention it has excited. Its arch is eighty-nine feet in span. The roadway of the bridge is divided into three parts, viz. a narrow street in the middle, with shops on each side, and two still narrower streets between the shops and the balustrades. The shops disfigure the bridge, and make it look heavy. It is lofty in the middle, and is ascended, like the other bridges, by long flights of steps at either end. The view from the summit, along the grand canal, frequently presents a very animated scene, and is one of the finest in Venice.

The palaces of Venice, built, like those of Amsterdam, on piles, are massive structures; but, except such as have been built by Palladio, Sansovino, Sammichele, Longhena, Scamozzi, and a few other architects of eminence, they are mostly deficient in good taste. They in general exhibit too many orders in front. Venice, in truth, is more attractive from its singularities than its architectural elegance. Yet it is still highly interesting to the student of architecture, who may "here trace the gradation from the solid masses and round arches, the only remains of the ancient grand style in the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries, through the fanciful forms and grotesque embellishments of the middle ages, to its revival and re-establishment in later times." (*Eustace, Classical Tour, i., 167.*) Many, however, of the old patrician mansions are deserted, and a few of them have been pulled down. Necessity, too, has, in many instances, obliged their owners to part with the fine works of art, with which they were formerly embellished. Still, however, some of the palaces have yet to boast of good collections of pictures, statues, &c. The Manfrini

palace has a splendid gallery of pictures; and the Palazzo Barberigo has some fine works by Titian. The Grimani palace contains the only extant statue of Marcus Agrippa, a fine bust of Caracalla, &c.; and in the Pisani palace is Dædalus fixing wings on his son, the first group executed by Canova.

But, notwithstanding their magnitude and imposing external appearance, the rooms inhabited by the family, in the greater number of the palaces which are still occupied, are often small, ill furnished, and uncomfortable. Personal accommodation and the enjoyment of good air have been sacrificed, that space might be found for the exhibition of statues, pictures, and other works of art. All the larger houses or palazzi, are from three to four stories in height, being generally of a square form, with an inside court containing a cistern, in which the rain water is carefully collected. As already stated, they have, for the most part, two entrances—the principal opening on a canal, and the other on a street or alley. Some of the finest palaces are built wholly of marble. The grand canal has on each side many such buildings.

The houses occupied by the middle and lower classes are built of brick, and are in general covered with wood. Few of them have arcades, but they are mostly provided with balconies. From the extreme narrowness of the streets, the houses are usually gloomy; and are miserably deficient in the appropriate distribution of their different parts, and in all those conveniencies and adaption to comfort that distinguish houses in this country.

The arsenal, which opens upon the port not far from St. Mark's, together with the dockyard, occupies an island between two and three miles in circuit, and is defended by lofty turretted walls. The entrance is guarded by two towers flanking a gateway over which the winged lion still frowns defiance; and in front of this entrance are four lions, brought from the Piræus: two being of very fine proportions, and probably of Pentelic marble. The magazines and docks are kept in good order, and ship-building is one of the chief branches of industry at Venice. Besides the armory, magazines, forges, foundries, and other necessary establishments, here is a rope-house, one thousand feet in length. One of the walls of the armory has a statue of Pisani, famous for his contests with the Genoese, and a beautiful monument by

Canova, representing Fame crowning the Venetian admiral, Angelo Emo.

During the times of the republic the Bucentaur was the great lion of the arsenal. This was the state barge, in which the doge, accompanied by a splendid cortége, proceeded to espouse the Adriatic. The ceremony was performed by the doge dropping a ring of no great value into the sea, pronouncing at the same time the words *Desponsamus te, Marc, in signum veri perpetuæ dominii*. In these days, however,

"The Spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord,
And annual marriage now no more renewed,"

Byron adds that the Bucentaur "lies rotting, unrestored;" but, in fact, she was burnt by the French soon after the downfall of the republic.

Venice has six theatres, the largest of which may contain two thousand five hundred spectators: the Venetian drama, is however, in a very low state. The Dogana, the old exchange, is, a fantastic edifice of the seventeenth century; and the new prison, built by Antomo da Ponte in 1589, is much too handsome for its purpose, being an elegant Doric edifice. The bishop's palace and seminary, the various hospitals and barracks, are among the other principal edifices. A flourishing academy of the fine arts, four schools of music, and a public school for each corporation of tradesmen, are among the principal institutions for education. "Venice holds a prominent place in Italy for its charitable institutions. There is one house within the city in which seven hundred poor people are lodged, and many more have free lodgings and receive pecuniary assistance out of the establishment. There is an orphan house for about three hundred and thirty-five children; an infirmary for thirty-six women; a wealthy institution for the reception of penitent women; a hospital, capable of receiving one thousand patients; a house of education for ninety young girls; a foundling hospital, &c.; and the yearly revenues, chiefly arising from endowments, amount to about five hundred and eighty thousand florins."

Most travellers have been accustomed to represent Venice as

distinguished by a peculiar profligacy of morals. It may be doubted, however, whether she be entitled to any peculiar pre-eminence in this respect over most of the other great cities of Italy; and the loss of her commerce and that wealth which the expenditure of government brought into the city, has reduced alike the means of, and incentives to, corruption. It is now, we believe, pretty generally acknowledged that the impressions made on foreigners during the carnival season were in a great degree exaggerated; and that much of what they took for intrigue and profligacy, was no more than what the licence of the period, and the universal use of masks, allowed even the most scrupulous persons to indulge in without any violation of propriety. Undoubtedly, however, the conduct of the government, the nature of her religion, and the vast wealth that formerly centred in Venice, all tended to corrupt the morals of the people, and to immerse them in sensual pleasures. We hardly think it was ever, as Addison has stated, a part of the policy of government "to encourage idleness and luxury in the nobility, to cherish ignorance and licentiousness in the clergy, to keep alive a continual faction in the common people, to connive at the viciousness and debauchery of the convents, to breed dissensions among the nobles of the terra-firma, and to treat a brave man with scorn and infamy." But, whether intended or not, this, no doubt, was the effect of their jealous despotism, which, by its intolerance of all that was truly great, generous, and noble, shut up, in as far as possible, all the avenues to distinction in politics, literature, and even war, leaving little, save intrigue and licentiousness, to occupy the public mind. But, as already stated, society in Venice has been materially changed since the revolution in 1797. Lord Byron says, that "of the *gentiluomo Veneto*, the name is still known, and that is all. He is but the shadow of his former self, but he is polite and kind. It may surely be pardoned him if he is querulous." But, notwithstanding the changes they have been subjected to, and which have reduced them from haughty lords, but "one degree below kings," to abject subjects, the Venetians are now as of old, most agreeable companions, and the Paphian queen still holds her court in the sea-girt city.

"In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And songless rows the silent gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear;
Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.
States fall—arts fade—but Nature doth not die;
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant face of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!"

Foreigners, especially, are extremely well received, and society is on a very easy footing in Venice. Owing to the facility with which the city is supplied with provisions from the interior of Lombardy and elsewhere, and the lowness of rents, living is here unusually cheap; and were it not for its disadvantages in other respects, it would be a very desirable residence.



2000



SAN FRANCISCO, IN 1846.



COLONEL FREMONT.

California.



HAT America was to Europeans in the seventeenth century, California is now to the Americans themselves—a land of promise—a land affording new chances for a rapid rise in worldly estimation, and where fortunes are to be made quicker than any where else. Young men, overlooking the sure and convenient means

of study and industry at home, now build their castles of hope

upon what they can gain by a voyage to California, and older heads, disappointed in their favorite schemes for realising a fortune in the locality of their birth or adoption, take the road to the golden land, filled with the hope that there may be found new sources of renovation and prosperity. All sects, and classes unite under the banner of Mammon, and, forgetful of ancient story, go in search of the "golden fleece," without a single dream of disappointment.

As late as 1846, the territory now forming the state of California, was regarded by the world as a very thinly inhabited, grazing country. The chief settlements were in the vicinity of the missions founded by the Jesuits not long after the discovery of the country. Los Angeles, about twenty-five miles from the coast, in a fertile tract, was the capital. Monterey was the chief port. San Francisco was a village of about fifty houses, and its magnificent harbor was seldom visited by large commercial vessels. Hides and tallow were the principal exports. The inhabitants were the descendants of the Spaniards, civilised Indians, and wild, savage tribes. The descendants of the Spanish conquerors of the country were ranked as the better class, or the aristocracy. They were noted for being politically turbulent, and domestically, indolent. Riding, gambling, and dancing occupied the greater portion of their waking hours; the drudgery being done by the civilised Indians. There was nothing progressive in the country.

Upon the breaking out of the war between Mexico and the United States, Commodore Stockton, General Kearney, and Colonel Fremont, with the forces under their command, took possession of California, after considerable fighting, and it continued to be held by United States' troops until the peace of Guadalupe Hidalgo, in 1848, when it was ceded to the conquerors for ever. At that time, the territory was considered by the people of the United States as a very valuable acquisition on account of its commercial advantages. But soon, the slumbering wealth of its mountains and valleys was made fully known.

In May, 1848, while Mr. Marshall was digging a mill-race for Captain Sutter, the proprietor of the well-known Sutter's Fort, near a branch of the Sacramento River, called the Rio



GENERAL KEARNEY.

Americano, he discovered some particles of gold among the sand. Upon further examination, it was found that the bottom of the race, the shores of the Americano, and of other tributaries of the Sacramento teemed with the precious metal. Efforts were made to conceal the discovery, but they were rendered abortive by the laborers employed in digging the race, who "let the cat out of the bag." The news flew upon the wings of the wind all over California, and all who could go, moved for the valley of the Sacramento. The towns were almost deserted. The vessels in the various ports lost their crews, and even the troops in the public service, joined in the hurrying crowd. Gold-digging, and gold-washing became the chief occupations. Provisions and most articles of general use were raised to an enormous price.

The news reached the United States, and before the reports were confirmed by official despatches from Colonel Mason, the military governor of the territory, crowds were on the various roads to California. From the United States, the "gold fever,"

as it was called, spread to Europe and even to China. The South American States, bordering on the Pacific, began to pour forth streams of fortune-hunters about the same time. From all quarters, the wealth-seekers, tradesmen, and speculators thronged towards the gold region. The towns on the coast, from San Francisco to San Diego, received an extraordinary accession of inhabitants and became bustling places. Several towns sprang up in the valley of the Sacramento as if by magic—of these Sacramento City, at the head of navigation upon the river of the same name—and Stockton upon the San Joachim were the principal. Sacramento even reached the dignity of a city. All the old towns of California received an impetus from the discovery of the astonishing wealth of the territory.

The gold region is now ascertained, to extend over a tract of about six hundred miles. The precious metal has been, and is, obtained from the sands upon the shores and in the beds of the tributaries of the Sacramento and San Joachim, and from the slopes and gulches of the region at the foot of the Sierra Nevada. Of late, boring the quartz rock and damming the stream have been tried with success by large companies, but the old process of obtaining the gold by the pan, pick, and cradle are still common. In illustration of the mining operations and of the character of the people at the gold region, we quote the following account of a short stay at the Stanislaus mine, by William Redmond Ryan:

The mine was a deep ravine, embosomed amidst lofty hills, surmounted by and covered with pine, and having, in the bottom itself, abundance of rock, mud, and sand. Halliday and I encamped at the very lowest part of the ravine, at a little distance from Don Emanuel's party; a steep rock which towered above our heads affording us shelter, and a huge, flat stone beneath our feet promising a fair substitute for a dry bed. Here then we stretched our *macheers* and blankets, and arranged our saddles and bags, so as to make ourselves as comfortable and warm as possible, although in spite of our precautions and contrivances, and a tolerably good fire, our encampment was bitterly cold, and we lay exposed to a heavy dew. We had given up our horses into the charge of the Indians, and I saw to their being safely

placed in the *cavallard*, whilst Halliday went to chop wood ; a task I was too weak to perform. I cannot say we slept ; we might more correctly say we had a long and most uncomfortable doze, and when morning broke, we were shivering with cold, and shook the dew in a shower from our clothes. I consulted with my companion, and urged upon him the prudence of our setting to work to construct ourselves a sort of log cabin ; otherwise I felt certain, from the experience of the past night, our sojourn to the mines would be likely to prove fatal to one or both of us. He was, however, far too eager to try his fortune at digging to listen to my proposal, at which he even smiled, probably at the bare idea of weather, privation, or toil, being able to effect his powerful frame. I saw him presently depart up the ravine, shouldering a pick, and glancing now and then at his knife, whilst I proceeded in search of materials for constructing a temporary place of shelter.

As my strength was unequal to the task of felling timber, I endeavored to procure four poles, intending to sink them into the ground, and to stretch on the top of them a bed-tick I had reserved for the purpose. The contrivance was a sorry one at the best, but shelter was indispensable ; and great was my disappointment—though I procured the timber after a painful search—to find that the rocks presented an insuperable obstacle to my employing it as I intended. My efforts to sink the poles proved utterly futile, and I was at last compelled to renounce the attempt in despair. I then packed up our goods into as small a compass as possible ; and, having requested one of the Spaniards in Don Emanuel's party to keep watch over them, departed to explore the ravine.

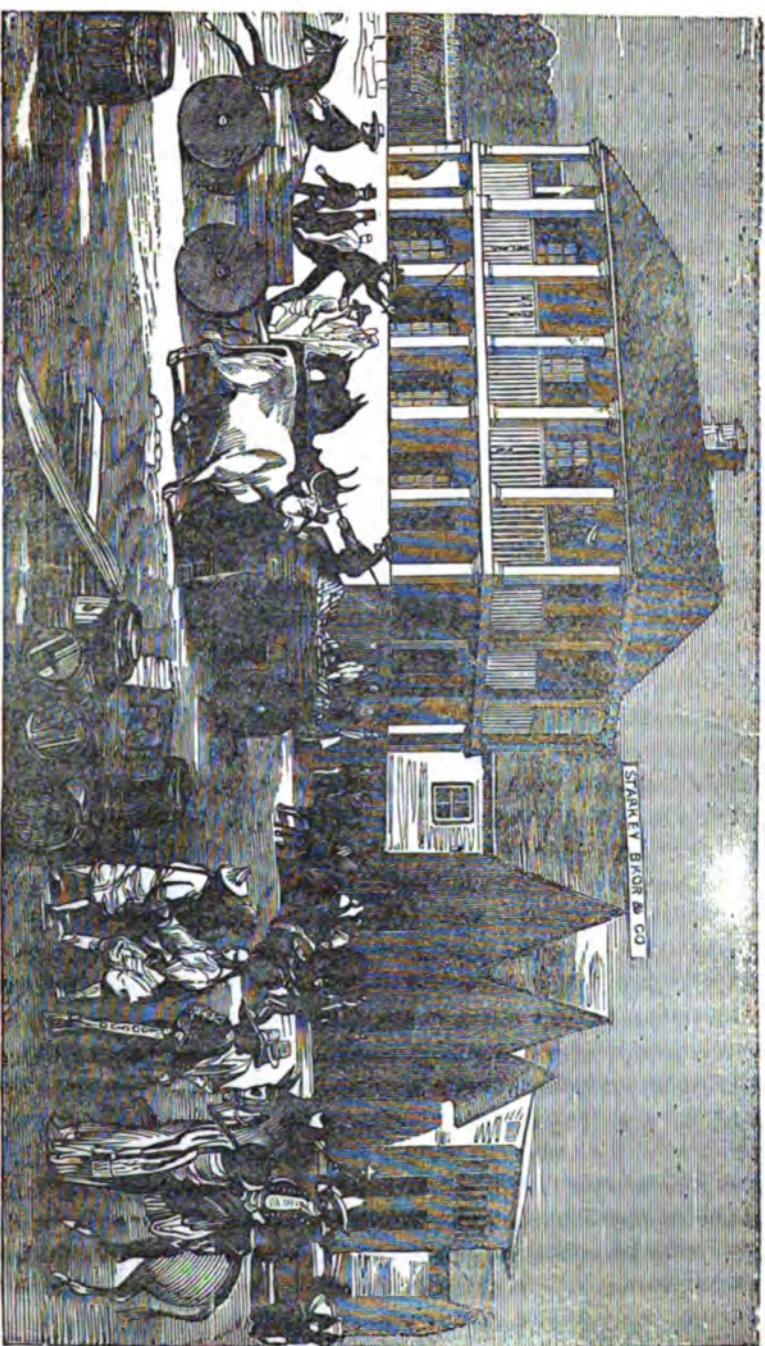
Within a few paces of our encampment there was a large area of ground, probably half a mile square, the surface of which consisted of dark soil and slate, and was indented with innumerable holes of every possible dimension, from six inches to as many feet or more, wide and deep. In all of these lay abundance of water, of which large quantities are to be found a little below the surface, the ravine being supplied with it in great abundance by the rains that pour down from the hills during the wet season. To the extreme right of our camp, the ground assumed a more rocky

character; and, from the vast deposit of stagnant water, did not seem to offer many attractions to the miners. Yet there was scarcely a spot in any of these places where the crow-bar, the pick, or the jack-knife, had not been busy: evidence that the whole locality must have been extremely rich in the precious metal, or it would not have been so thoroughly worked.

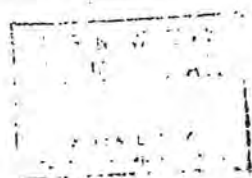
In crossing the ravine, I was obliged to leap from one mound of earth to another, to avoid plunging ankle-deep in mud and water. It was wholly deserted in this part, though formerly so much frequented; and, with the exception of a few traders, who, having taken up their station here when times were good, had not yet made arrangements for removing to a more productive place, not a soul was to be seen.

I walked on until I reached the trading post of Mr. Anderson, formerly our interpreter in the Lower Country, whom I felt delighted to meet with again. His shed was situated in one of the dampest parts of the mine, and consisted of a few upright poles, traversed by cross-pieces and covered in with raw hides and leaves, but yet much exposed at the sides to the wind and the weather. He had a few barrels of flour and biscuit, which he retailed at two dollars a pound; for he made no difference between the price of the raw and prepared material. The flour would go further, it was true; but then the biscuit required no cooking on the part of the miner, whose time was literally money, and whose interest therefore it was to economize it in every possible manner. He also sold unprepared coffee and sugar at six Yankee shillings a pound; dried beef at one dollar and a half; and pork, which was regarded as a great delicacy here, at two dollars for the same weight. The various articles of which his stock-in-trade consisted he had brought all the way from Monterey at considerable labor and expense; but, by the exercise of extraordinary tact, perseverance, and industry, he had succeeded in establishing a flourishing business.

I discovered, however, that he possessed another resource—by which his gains were marvellously increased—in the services of seven or eight Indians, whom he kept constantly at work, in the rear of his shed, digging gold, and whose labor he remunerated with provisions, and occasional presents of articles of trifling value



SAN FRANCISCO, IN 1848.



to him, but highly esteemed by the Indians. They were watched by an American overseer, who was employed by him, to assist in the general business, particularly in slaughtering; for, as beef was scarce, he used to send his man in quest of cows and oxen; which he killed, cut up, salted and dried, in his shed, and watching the most favorable moment for the operation—namely, when meat could not be procured at the “diggins” —never failed to realize his own price for it.

Proceeding higher up the ravine, I observed a large tent erected on the slope of a hill, within a few yards of the bottom, where the gold is usually found. It was surrounded by a trench, the clay from which, as it was dug up, had apparently been thrown out against the canvass, forming a kind of embankment, rendering it at once water and weather-proof. I ventured into it, encountering on my way an immense piece of raw beef, suspended from the ridge-pole. Upon some stones in front, enclosing a small fire, stood a fryingpan, filled with rich-looking beef collops, that set my mouth watering, and severely tested my honesty; for, although acorns are all very well in their way, and serve to stay the cravings of the stomach for awhile, I did not find my appetite any the less sharp, notwithstanding the quantity I had eaten. But I resisted the temptation, and penetrated further into the tent. At one side of it lay a crow-bar, and an old saddle that had seen rough service; yet not a soul appeared, and my eyes were again ogling the collops, whilst an inward voice whispered how imprudent it was to leave them frizzling there, when, all at once, a little man, in a “hickory shirt,” with his face all bedaubed with pot-black and grease, darted out from some dark corner, flourishing in one hand a long bowie-knife, and in the other three by no means delicate slices of fat pork, which he at once dropped into the fryingpan, stooping down on one knee, and becoming immediately absorbed in watching the interesting culinary process then going on in it.

I enjoyed now a fair opportunity of examining his features, and felt much gratified to recognise in him one of my former companions, the smartest man of his corps, and whom I had last seen at Monterey.

"Good morning, Firmore," said I; "I wish you joy of your occupation."

He started up from his knees, and looked at me awhile in perfect amazement; and then rushing upon me in such earnestness as nearly to throw me down, he shook me by the hand until I thought he would work my arm out of its socket.

"What, you?" he exclaimed. "Well, well. Who would ever have thought to see you here! How did you come, and where did you start from? You are looking all the worse for wear."

"I can't say, you look quite as dapper, Firmore," replied I, "as you did the day we went ashore at Valparaiso. But I suppose you have no cause to complain, for you appear to weather it well."

"Oh, I don't know that;" he responded: "I have but indifferent luck. For several days after I got here, I did not make any thing; but since then I have, by the hardest work, averaged about seven dollars a day. When you consider the price of provisions, the hardness of the labor, and the wear and tear of body, mind, and *clothes*"—here he exhibited his rage—"you will admit that this is poor remuneration. However, I live in hopes of getting a better streak of luck yet. I am now cooking for our party. There are ten of us, and amongst the rest are Van Anken and Hughes. Van has been immensely fortunate. Every place he touches turns to gold under his fingers. Sometimes, after exhausting one place, he tries another which has been abandoned, and I have known him to pick out of it seven and eight ounces a day, for days together. One thing is, he never tires. He is, as you know, a stout, though a small made man, with a constitution as tough as old iron. He laughs at fever and ague, and goes to sleep by the side of them as if they were first-rate bed-fellows. It's astonishing the number of men who have lost a fortune through these two complaints; when they're touched, good bye. If their "diggin" were ever so rich, they're obliged to desert it; and, once deserted, why not even their own brother would respect it. Hughes, now has been every bit as unlucky. He has had the poorest chance of all, and I don't think he has dug more than five ounces ever since he came here."

"I should have thought him likelier to succeed than any other," I observed; "for he is a large and strong-looking man."

"Ah! it's more luck than any thing else," replied he. "But luck or no luck, no man can pick up gold, even here, without the very hardest labor, and that's a fact. Some think that it is only to come here, squat down any where and pick away. But they soon find out their mistake. I never knew what hard work was until I came here. Talk of digging on the canal; why that's easy, comfortable employment, compared to digging here for gold. Any where else, you may hope to go to some sort of a home at night, and go to something like a tolerable bed, where you may lie down snug and warm, and sleep out your weariness. But here, why every hour you sleep, you are losing; and that notion keeps you from snoozing even when it's too dark to work. However, I've made up my mind to stick to it till I've made enough to go back to the 'States' independent; or, at any rate, a little more so than when I came out. Ah! here are our boys."

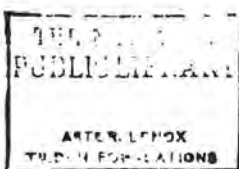
I looked out and beheld the party coming down the ravine, with crow-bars over their shoulders and wash-bowls under their arms. Van appeared glad to meet with me again; and I must say, that, notwithstanding the inordinate selfishness brought into action by the peculiar circumstances in which the miners were placed, the *esprit-de-corps* of the volunteers prevented and alleviated much suffering amongst individuals. They cordially invited me to breakfast, but, fearing so large a party was not over-abundantly supplied with provisions, I declined their offer with many thanks; and, bidding them good morning, proceeded a little further.

I came up next with a group of three Sonoreans, or inhabitants of Sonora, busily engaged on a small sandy flat—the only one I had observed—at the bottom of the ravine. There was no water near, although I noticed several holes which had evidently been sunk in quest of it. These men were actively pursuing a process that is termed "dry washing." One was shovelling up the sand in a large cloth, stretched out upon the ground, and which, when it was tolerably well covered, he took up by the corners, and shook until the pebbles and larger particles of stone and dirt came to the surface. These he brushed away carefully with his hand, repeating the process of shaking and clearing until the residue was sufficiently fine for the next operation.

This was performed by the other men, who, depositing the sand in large bowls hewn out of a solid block of wood, which they held in their hands, dexterously cast the contents up before them, about four feet into the air, catching the sand again very cleverly, and blowing it as it descended. This process being repeated, the sand gradually disappeared; and from two to three ounces of pure gold remained at the bottom of the bowl. Easy as the operation appeared to me to be, I learned, upon inquiry, that to perform it successfully required the nicest management, the greatest perseverance, and especially robust lungs. The men I saw had lighted upon a productive sand; but, very often, indeed, those who adopt this mode of gold-washing toil long at barren soil before they discover the uselessness of laboring thus arduously.

I noticed, that although the largest proportion of gold obtained in this manner presented the appearance of fine powder, it was interspersed, here and there, with large scales of the precious deposit, and with a few solid lumps. The metal was of a dingy hue, and, at a cursory view, might easily have been mistaken for particles of yellow clay, or laminæ of stone of the same color. The Sonoreans placed the product of their labor in buckskin bags, which were hung around their necks, and carefully concealed inside their shirts. They work in this fashion at the mines in their own country; but I doubt if any other than a native constitution could very long bear up against the peculiar labor of "dry washing" in such a climate, and under such difficult circumstances. I felt half tempted to try the process myself, for the surface of this sandy bed was literally sparkling with innumerable particles of the finest gold, triturated to a polish by the running of the waters—as I conjectured: but I soon discovered how fruitless my efforts would be. Had I possessed any chemical agents at hand, however, I might soon have exhausted the bed of its precious contents, and should, doubtless, have realized an immense weight of the metal of the very purest quality.

Continuing my route up the ravine, I met a man named Corrigan, galloping along with two fine horses, one of which he was leading. He stopped as soon as he recognized me, and we were soon engaged in a very interesting conversation respecting the





SCENE AT THE STANISLAUS MINES.

doings at the "diggins." The substance of his information was, that he had made a great deal of money at the mines by digging, but infinitely more by speculation. He thought of buying a ranche, marrying, and settling down. He was then going to seek for pasture for his horses; and, bidding me a hasty good by, galloped off, and soon disappeared.

As I advanced, the ground became drier and more sandy, rock and slate of various kinds abounding; some quite soft and friable, yielding readily to the pickaxe or the crowbar; and, in other places so hard as to resist the utmost strength of the miners. Several of the diggers were perseveringly exploring the localities where the rotten sorts of slate were found in the greatest quantities, and I saw them pick out a good deal of gold with their jack-knives. Their principal aim was to discover what they termed "a pocket," which is nothing more than a crevice between the blocks of slate, into which a deposit of gold has been washed by the heavy rains from the higher districts, and which, soon accumulating, swell into rapid torrents, which rush down these ravines with extraordinary swiftness and force, sweeping every thing before them.

There did not appear to be many mining-parties at the Stanislaus at this particular period, for the encampments were generally from two to five miles apart, the space between them increasing the higher you advanced towards the mountains, to the foot of which the ravine extended—altogether, a distance of many miles. The lower part of the mine, I concluded from this fact, to be by far the richer, simply from the circumstance I have mentioned: richer, comparatively, because here the deposits of gold are more easily found and extracted; not richer, in reality, as the metal must exist in immense quantities in the upper regions, from which it is washed down by the rains and floods into the lower districts. The virgin deposit would, doubtless, be difficult to come at; but, if sought after at all, that it is to be sought in the mountains and high-lands, I feel persuaded.

I turned back, after prosecuting my excursion until the ravine became almost too rocky to allow me to proceed, and until I saw that the "diggins" diminished materially in number. On clambering the hills at the side, I beheld the abundance of oak,

pine, cedar and palm; but no grass, nor vegetation of any kind, save prickly shrubs, with here and there a patch of extremely dry moss. On my way back, I passed several tents and huts erected by the miners, all of the very poorest and most wretched description.

I found Van Anker's party at dinner, in front of their tent. Van showed me a leathern bag, containing several pounds' weight of very pure gold, and which was carelessly tossed about from one to the other for examination. It was the produce of his morning's work, he having fortunately struck upon a large pocket.

On inquiring whether, as there existed such strong temptation, robberies were not very frequent, I was informed, that, although thefts had occurred, yet, generally speaking, the miners dwelt in no distrust of one another, and left thousands of dollars' worth in gold dust in their tents while they were absent digging. They all felt, intuitively, that honesty was literally the best policy, and a determination to punish robbery seemed to have been come to by all as a measure essential to the security and welfare of the mining community, independent of any question of principle.

Gambling and drinking were carried on, I found, to a most demoralizing extent. Brandy and champagne, whenever they were brought to the "diggins" realized enormous prices, varying from sixteen to twenty dollars a bottle; and some of the men would, after accumulating some hundred dollars, squander the whole in purchasing these beverages. Believing the supply of gold to be inexhaustible, they persisted in this reckless course, and discovered only when it became too late to redeem their error, that even here gold cannot always be procured. They went on until the "placers" failed to yield, and were then reduced to great extremities.

The miners were by no means averse to lending "dust" to those who required it, notwithstanding that the lenders often experienced some difficulty in getting back the advance. One of Van's party, for instance, lent another six ounces of gold, which not being returned at the stipulated period, nor for some time afterwards, he dunned his debtor at every meal, until the latter, who had quietly submitted to the importunity, begged

him "just to wait ten minutes, and time it." He shouldered his pickaxe, as he said this, and going out of the shed, returned within the time, bringing back more than sufficient to liquidate the debt. This little incident created much amusement.

"I now became convinced that industry of any kind, applied in these districts to alleviate the privations or add to the comforts of the miners, offered a far readier source of riches than the gold-pockets themselves; and that a steady application to some practical mode of meeting the circumstances in which they were placed was a surer method of securing a competency than slaving at the mines."

Among the animals found in California are several kinds of deer, the rocky mountain goat; and abundance of the small kind of game and wild fowl, and an inexhaustible supply of fish upon the coast.





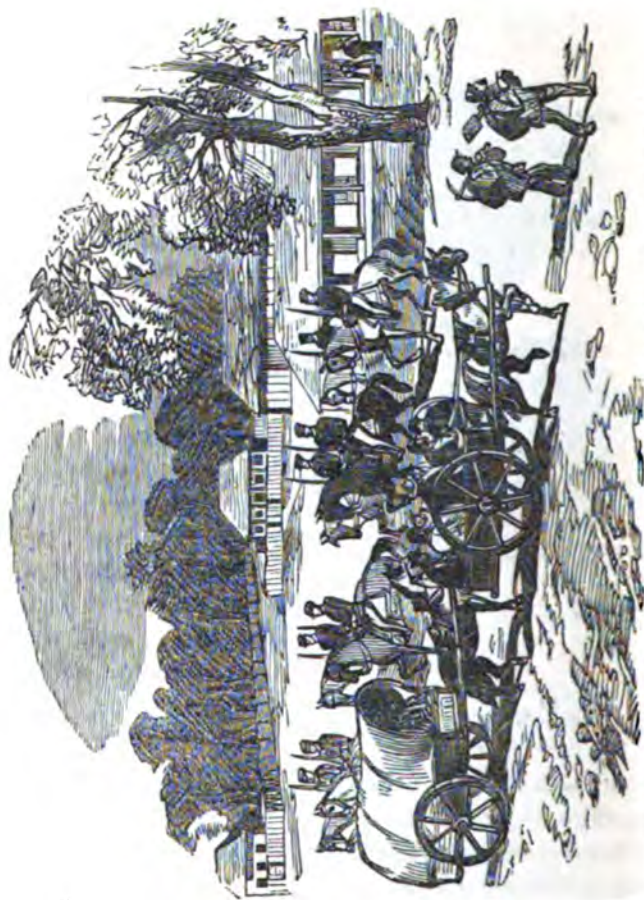
A NATIVE OF AUSTRALIA.

The Gold Region of Australia.



THE world-wide excitement consequent upon the discovery of the golden wealth of California is now likely to have a parallel through the recent developements in Australia. A gold region has been discovered upon that great island which is of vast extent, and appears inexhaustible. The fields of Port Philip, or Victoria district, are considered the most valuable, while within a circle of many miles beyond this district unquestionable evidence has been produced that the gold abounds in the quartz, sand and dust. Adventurers are hurrying to this





GOVERNMENT ESCORT TAKING GOLD FROM THE MINES OF AUSTRALIA.

new El Dorado from all parts of the world; society there has undergone a complete revolution, similar in many of its features to that which followed the discovery of the gold in California. The following extract from a letter to the London Times, from a correspondent at Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, shows the aspect of the colony under the influence of the "gold fever."

"The gold-fields are inexhaustible. Last night a statement was made that two men had just arrived from Gipp's Land, with the intelligence that new gold-fields were discovered there, which leave the Mount Alexander fields altogether in the shade; that they had brought in £10,000 worth of gold, and there was a supply for the whole world. With these facts before us, how can we be otherwise than ruined? What is to be done for labor? Suppose that one hundred thousand laborers come out during the next year, will any of them remain in the city or at farms, at a few shillings a week, when they can go to the gold-fields and make £50 a day? It is idle to suppose they will. At this moment I cannot get a pair of boots made or mended in Melbourne, if I were to give any money that might be asked. I get my bread at Collingwood by sufferance. The baker will not undertake to supply me regularly, but will do the best he can. I pay five shillings a load for water, and thirty shillings for a single horse load of wood. It is with difficulty a dray can be obtained to carry a box, and if obtained the charge is *ad libitum*. I cannot at any price get a man to chop my wood, and I think myself fortunate, if I can prevail on the black girls to work for me half an hour.

"The judge's servants are all gone; he has put down his carriage, and his sons clean his knives and shoes, and wheel their afflicted father about in an invalid chair. In this state he goes to his court of a court day. The men from the gold-fields are rolling in gold, and so perfectly reckless of it, that the anecdotes told of them are not only amusing, but astonishing. One man put a £5 note between two pieces of bread and butter, and ate it up as a sandwich. Another rolled two £5 notes into a small ball, and swallowed it as a pill. They seem to have no idea of the value of money, and take their losses and robberies as complacently as philosophers, merely remarking, "Well, there's plenty more."

This was the remark of a man at the bank, when he had been robbed of a check for £149, and which had been cashed before he called to see about it. If the gold-fields were limited in extent, and would only suffice for a limited number of fortunate diggers, or if they were in their nature exhaustible, I should say that the misfortunes of this place would be limited only to time; but the fields are unlimited in extent, and inexhaustible in their treasures. What hope is there that we shall have labor—good, wholesome, reasonable-priced labor—here? The prices of all things, necessities as well as luxuries, will never go down again, and here we shall be living in the most expensive place in the world and among vagabonds from all parts of the earth. The merchant, the trader—wholesale and retail, will do very well, because he makes his profit commensurate with every thing around him; but it is a man with a settled, defined income that will suffer. However, time will make manifest all things, and in twelve months' time we shall see the result of all this wonderful change."

The Ballarat diggings in the Victoria district are very productive. The first gold obtained here was escorted by dragoons to Melbourne. The precious metal is seldom found in large quantities till the miner has penetrated through a hard, stony soil for a distance of ten or twelve feet, and reached a species of blue clay, in which, at Ballarat, the gold is chiefly found; but it has been found in larger quantities at a depth of thirty-five feet, imbedded in iron stone.

The diggers are usually formed among themselves into parties of four: one digs by turns, one or two cart the earth to the water, and one washes the earth. Nearly the whole of the ground lying between the tents and the creek, except where streets are left, is completely hollowed out into pits, averaging from ten to thirty feet deep, and ten feet square, the latter being the quantity allowed to each digger. Each digger is expected to pay a license fee to Government of thirty shillings per month, for which he is allowed eight feet square to dig. The fee may be paid in gold dust. A great many pay, as so doing secures to the proprietor his pit, if it should prove a good one; whereas, if he has not paid his fee, another who applies and pays may turn him out. But

by far the greater portion of the diggers do not pay, and Government is not strong enough to compel them. A late attempt of the government to raise the license fee to three pounds, and a further most obnoxious one to have every person digging without a license punished as a rogue and a vagabond, has drawn down upon the local authorities the indignation of the miners, which was strongly expressed at a meeting held at Mount Alexander, attended by fourteen thousand of them.

As an instance of individual success, it is recorded that on the 23d of October, 1851, the large amount of ninety-three pounds of gold was exposed for sale in Melbourne. A party of seven having obtained it at the Ballarat diggings in fourteen days.

The effects of these Australian developements upon the destiny of that island and upon its trade cannot but be important in the highest degree. A vast influx of population may be apprehended by the government of the island, and it is extremely doubtful whether England will be able to retain her authority over it. It is likely that those engaged in mining will be well disposed towards the home government as they are generally offenders against its laws, and those who come from America will writhe under British restraint. The probability now is that a powerful, and, perhaps, independent state, will be founded in Australia.

The increase of the current qualities of gold consequent upon the discoveries in California and Australia will exercise a mighty influence upon the trade of the world, in regard to the price of commodities and to the relation of debtor and creditor. A portion of this influence will be felt immediately, but the greatest force may be held back for years. The new relationship that is springing up between the long-divided populations of the globe, and which might have been infinitely delayed had it not been for the opportune discovery and the powerful magnet of these treasures, is an event too gratifying to enlarged philanthropy to be left unnoticed. The natives of China and other eastern countries are attracted to Australia as they have been to California. Those who have kept to themselves for thousands of years, unmindful of the rest of the world will be thus subjected to new influences, which may change the character of the nation from which they sprung.



BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS.

Murat.

M

URAT, afterwards created King of Naples by Napoleon, was born in the year 1771, on a cold winter night, in a tavern, in the neighborhood of Cahors. He grew up at the tavern door; his friends, the horses and the postilions.

One fine morning, when he was fifteen, young Murat mounted a horse and turned trooper. After a while he deserted and came to Paris, poor and almost destitute of clothing, and hired himself as a servant boy, at an eating-house.

This was at the time of the French revolution. Louis XVI's throne had already begun to totter. There were no more faithful subjects—all Frenchmen were revolutionists. Murat entered
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MURAT.



heartily into the spirit of the times and declared himself violently opposed to all kings and nobles. Little did he then think that he was to wear a crown and be addressed as "Your Majesty."

By degrees everything took a new form. The old order of society was overturned, established men gave way to new ones, and among others to Captain Bonaparte.

Murat, with a crowd of other soldiers, accompanied Bonaparte into Italy, and accomplished, under his direction, more wonders than even Hannibal's soldiers themselves.

Soon another change, and Murat was Bonaparte's aid-de-camp. It was Murat, that Napoleon sent to take possession of conquered cities. It was Murat, whom he sent to the envious authorities in Paris who disputed his glory. And still as the star of Napoleon was seen rising in the east, a little faint star might be seen at the side of it. It was the star of Murat!

When Italy was conquered, Bonaparte turned his attention towards Egypt. Hither Murat followed him. They were now inseparable.

They arrived in Egypt, fought at Cairo—and at the Pyramids—fought at Mount Tabor, where the Turkish cavalry, glittering with gold and steel, awaited them. Murat was here also; and, after the splendid victory, was created general.

Suddenly Bonaparte changes his plans and returns to France, to mount his throne, and such a throne!—Murat is now his first lieutenant. It was Murat, who, sword in hand, drove from St. Cloud the Council of Five Hundred, who opposed Napoleon's power. From that day Bonaparte had the mastery. He gave his sister in marriage to Murat.

To repeat all the battles in which Murat took a part, would be to recount all the emperor's battles—those stupendous victories! Murat commanded the cavalry at Marengo. He was at the taking of Ulm. He was the first to enter Vienna, and among the foremost of the cavalry who entered Austerlitz at full gallop. He was at Jena, at Varsovia, at Friedland, and Eylau.

Spain has seen him, impetuous and brilliant, dashing into the midst of the field of battle, covered with gold and embroidery; his plumes waving in the wind; his sabre glancing in the sunlight; and who ever beheld him in his glorious intrepid youth,

amid the roar of cannon and the clank of trumpets, without being reminded of the gods whom Homer describes as mingling in the wars of the mortals.

At the conclusion of the war with Spain, Joseph Bonaparte was made king of that country. Murat wanted to be king, now; for in the Bonaparte family every one had his turn. Search was made for a crown for Murat; and that of the two Sicilies was given him. Behold him now king! A great change that from the tavern to the throne—from the little white apron of the apprentice boy to the royal robes of the king. But at that time all in France were on the same level; poverty, riches, all alike. Artificial distinctions were overturned. Behold the emperor, the same on the little rock where he died, as on the throne of France.

It will be long before the two Sicilies will possess such another king as Murat.

But alas, in the midst of his prosperity, an order came from Bonaparte, commanding Murat to repair immediately to Russia.

Murat obeyed. He bid farewell to Italy, threw himself once more upon his war-horse, and was among the first to enter Moscow. At Moscow the French army confessed itself vanquished, not by the Russians, but by the Russian winter,—and what little child has not heard of the retreat from Moscow?

We come now to the recital of ingratitude. Murat deserted the Emperor, when the Emperor was unfortunate. Forgetting the benefits heaped upon him by one who called him his brother, he allied himself with the enemies of France.

"I suppose," said Bonaparte, writing to Murat, "that you are not one of those who think the lion is dead. You have done me all the harm you could. The title of king has turned your head. If you wish to retain that title, behave well."

Prophetic words! The great man was vanquished. All the foreign kings to whom he had been a terror, hastened to see "how the old lion would die." He fell. The kings created by him fell with him except Bernadotte. Murat made one more attempt to regain his beautiful kingdom of Naples. He marched towards it, crying as of old, "*Vive Napoleon*."—But it would not do. Napoleon's prophecy was accomplished. Obligated to abandon

Parma, Modena, Bologna, and even Florence, Murat made one last desperate effort at Waterloo. Even then he thought himself fortunate to escape safe and sound on the banks of Canna. After various losses and misfortunes, Joachim Murat was thrown into prison, and condemned to death. On the fatal morning, twelve soldiers presented themselves before his prison. He was led out. "Soldiers," cried he, "aim at my heart."—He fell holding in his hands the portraits of his wife and two children.

So perished, at the age of forty-eight, this extraordinary man.



REVOLT OF CAIRO.



Palmyra.

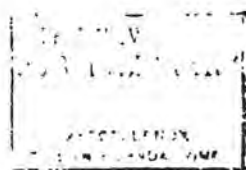


THE earliest account of the existence of Palmyra are derived from the sacred writings, which state that "Solomon built Tadmor in the wilderness, and all the stone cities which he built in Hamath;" and his motive for thus founding it was, according to Josephus, "because in that place were fountains and wells of water. He gave it the name of Tadmor, which is still prevalent among the Syrians; but the Greeks name it Palmyra."

The fertility of the oasis round Palmyra made it a suitable situation for a small town; but its position in other respects was still more advantageous, from its being the resting-place of the caravans between the Persian gulf and the great cities on the Euphrates and Tigris, and Aleppo, Damascus, and the ports on the Mediterranean. Palmyra thus became a principal emporium of the commerce between the eastern and western worlds; and to this, no doubt, is to be ascribed the wealth and importance to which she early attained. Being situated between the empires

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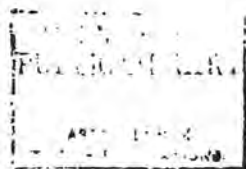


of Rome and Parthia, it was an object of great importance with the Palmyrenians to preserve a strict neutrality, and to keep on good terms with them both. But after the victories of Trajan had established the unquestionable preponderance of the Roman arms, Palmyra became a dependency of Rome, and attained to the rank of a colony. It was during that peaceful period, if we may judge from a few remaining inscriptions, that the Palmyrenians constructed those temples, palaces, and porticos of Grecian architecture, whose ruins, scattered over an extent of several miles, have deserved the curiosity of travellers.

The most splendid period of the history of Palmyra was that which immediately preceded her fall. Valerian, Emperor of Rome, having been made prisoner by Sapor, King of Persia, Odenathus, a citizen of Palmyra, who had attended to the principal direction of her affairs, joined the Roman forces, and had a large share in avenging the insult offered to the majesty of Rome. He attacked the Persians, drove them beyond the Euphrates, penetrated as far as their capital city, Ctesiphon, and captured the treasures and women of the great king. For these services, the senate, with the approbation and applause of the Roman world, conferred on Odenathus the title of Augustus, and associated him in the empire with Gallienus. These honors, however, he enjoyed only for a brief period, being soon after, (A. D. 268) assassinated by his nephew. The vacant throne was seized by his young, warlike, and beautiful widow, the famous Zenobia, who broke the alliance with the imbecile Gallienus, and assumed the title of Augusta, queen of the east. The accounts that have come down to us of this extraordinary woman are so very flattering that we may not unreasonably suspect them of being exaggerated, in the view, perhaps, of enhancing the merit of her conqueror, Aurelian. But that she was highly accomplished there can be no doubt. Her manly understanding was strengthened and adorned by study. She was not ignorant of the Latin tongue, but possessed, in equal perfection, the Greek, the Syriac, and the Egyptian languages. She had drawn up, for her own use, an epitome of Oriental history, and familiarly compared the beauties of Homer and Plato, under the tuition of the sublime Longinus. The success of Odenathus was, in

a great measure, ascribed to her incomparable prudence and fortitude.

Zenobia, who boasted of being the descendant of Cleopatra and the Ptolemies, sent, after the death of her husband, on pretence of this relationship, an army into Egypt, which she annexed to her dominions. But her troops were unequal to a contest with the disciplined legions of Aurelian. After being defeated in two great battles, Zenobia shut herself up in Palmyra. But, seeing that it must fall into the hands of Aurelian, she attempted to make her escape; and being intercepted in her flight, the city soon after surrendered. The victor sullied the glory of his conquest by ordering the execution of Longinus, author of the famous treatise on the sublime, and other advisers of the unfortunate queen; but, in other respects, the city was treated with great lenity. Unhappily, however, as soon as it was understood in Palmyra that the emperor, with his captive princess, had crossed the Hellespont, the citizens rose to rebellion, and having massacred the Roman governor and garrison, proclaimed their independence. The instant Aurelian heard of this revolt, he at once, without a moment's hesitation, began to retrace his steps, and hastened to the ill-fated city with an irresistible force, and an insatiable thirst for vengeance, and took and sacked the city. At the same time the walls of the city were rased to the ground, and, in the words of Gibbon, "the seat of commerce, of arts, and of Zenobia, gradually sunk into an obscure town, a trifling fortress, and at length, a miserable village. Zenobia herself was taken to Rome to grace the triumph of Aurelian, who, however, behaved towards her with a generous clemency seldom exercised by the ancient conquerors, and presented her with an elegant villa at Tibur, where the Syrian queen insensibly sunk into a Roman matron, her daughters married into noble families, and her race was not yet extinct in the fifth century." Palmyra afterwards fell with the surrounding country under the power of the Mahommedans; but history is entirely silent respecting the causes and period of its total desolation.





THE RETREAT AT THE RAVINE



DETROIT.

The Surrender of Detroit.



THERE is much unwritten romance, and unwritten history too, in the state of Michigan. Its borders have been the theatre of war ; its interior, the hunting-grounds of the red men, that noble though savage race, who have passed away from before the "pale faces," till even in Michigan, but a few

years since their home, an Indian is a rare sight. Coming to Michigan when a mere child, while the fort yet remained, and was occupied by a small body of troops, and the *reveille* and the evening gun seemed the alarum-notes of war ; and, having passed the bright morning of existence in these western wilds, I have a peculiar *penchant* for all the reminiscences of those "other days." Would that mine were the pen of a "ready writer," that could

portray the spirit-stirring scenes of the past, and thus rescue from oblivion incidents whose very memory brings life back again.

My story-loving propensity was delightfully gratified during a recent visit to the western part of the state, by meeting Mrs. Mc——, an old French lady, who lived in Detroit during the last war.

Mrs. Mc—— is a fine specimen of the old-school Franco-Americans. Her parents were among the early settlers of Detroit, and were both French; but amid the changeful vicissitudes, of which that city was the doomed theatre, they became so thoroughly Americanized, that at the commencement of the last war with England, Mr. Dubois and his sons enrolled themselves under the banner of "stripes and stars," with all the characteristic enthusiasm of their nation.

Marie, the eldest daughter, was married, a year or two before the war, to Mr. Mc——, a young Scotchman, who espoused the American cause as warmly as his French relatives.

Mrs. Mc—— must have been beautiful in her youth; even now her form is remarkably straight and well-proportioned, her carriage graceful, and her manners kind and affable; her features are regular, her hair abundant, glossy, and black as the raven's wing; and if her eyes were in youth, more sparkling than they now are,—wo to those who came within the influence of their laughing glances. Like most of the human family, her life has been one of many changes; and now, widowed, but not desolate, she is passing the evening of her life by the hearthstones of her prosperous and dutiful children.

I had heard that the old lady possessed a strong memory, and was a good story-teller, and had often met her at the houses of common friends, when etiquette would not allow me to monopolize her attention. At last we met at her daughter's house; "Now," thought I, "we are but a family party, how I would like to hear her tell of Detroit in olden time, especially of Hull's surrender!" but a fear that such spirit-stirring reminiscences might not be agreeable, still kept me silent. Curiosity at length got the better of politeness, and I ventured "to suppose that Mrs. Mc—— remembered the surrender of Detroit very well."

"Remember it? Oh, yes! said she, her black eyes sparkling

with animation, "I remember it as well as if it happened only yesterday."

"Do tell me all the particulars, will you? and how the city looked then!" I exclaimed, as much animated by anticipation as she was by retrospection.

"With all pleasure," she replied; "but it is a long story, and you will need very much patience."

Having assured her my stock of patience in this case was inexhaustible, the old lady gave me the following narrative:

"Detroit, in 1812, scarcely deserved the name of town, for it was, in reality, but a small village. The old town had been burned to the ground, and the inhabitants had been obliged to build such homes as their means would allow, and these were neither elegant nor convenient. Atwater was then the principal street; and the dwellings there were quite compact. A few houses were scattered, here and there, on the other streets; and around the whole, which was small compared with its present dimensions, was a stockade of small pickets, as a protection from the Indians. Between the town and the fort was a beautiful esplanade, where the troops were drilled and exercised. Then came the fort, with its grass-covered sides, and a deep moat around it; and all around the top of the fort were placed the cannon, those 'dogs of war,' alike for destruction and defence. On the west side of the fort was the cantonment, built around a neat court, with gravel walks and shade trees; two sides of the cantonment were dwellings of officers' and soldiers' families, the other two sides were barracks. At the west end of the town, near the only gate in the stockade, was the citadel, a stone arsenal, which yet remains. Along the river, above and below the city, were the farms of the inhabitants, who were mostly French, some devoted to the British, and some to American interests.

"The morning before the surrender was hot and sultry; the sky was overspread with a thick haze, not a breath of wind swayed the drooping foilage, and the straggling rays of sunlight which now and then pierced through the gloom, were pale and sickly. Humanity seemed for once, in unison with nature; all were listless and unhappy. Men gathered in groups about the

market-place, and talked gloomily of the war, and their own future prospects; old women rocked themselves to and fro, recalled their superstitions, and prophesied evil nigh at hand; children were uncommonly peevish; and the usually bustling housewife, languid and depressed, shrank from the burden of her daily duties.

"Scarcely was the morning repast over, when the clatter of a horse's hoofs was heard along the streets, and the stentorian voice of an officer warned the inhabitants to seek a place of safety, as the batteries at Sandwich would probably soon open their fire on the town.

"Immediately all was panic and confusion. Women were busily engaged in packing their valuables for removal; men running to and fro, seeking a retreat for those dearer to them than life; crying infants clinging to their half-distracted mothers; and older children every where but where they should be,—made the town a second Babel.

"About noon, the inhabitants began to leave the town; but, alas! where is there safety amid the stirring scenes of war? The enemy near us with their missiles of destruction; the forest swarming with Indians,—professing friendship,—but who would vouch for savage integrity, should the enemy gain the ascendancy? A deep ravine on the Cass farm, a short distance below the city, then owned by General McDonald, seemed to offer the best security, and there assembled the mass of helplessness, with a few of the sterner sex for protectors.

"The cannonading commenced at four o'clock, in the afternoon, and continued, at intervals, during the night, striking terror to our hearts, but doing very little injury on either side. Often, as we sat huddled together in the ravine, did the ill-directed balls from the enemy's cannon, plough through the orchard, tearing up the ground, but fortunately doing no further damage. A few shells also burst near us harmlessly.

"Near midnight we were persuaded to go to a large stone root-house, in the orchard, that we might be protected from the chilly dews of the night. My health had previously been delicate, and the fright and fatigue, and the bad air of the crowded root-house, brought on illness so violent, that I was obliged to be carried to

the dwelling-house, the cellar-kitchen of which was now crowded. I was placed in an upper room, a most dangerous position, as, it being nearly day-break, the firing was more frequent. Alarmed for the safety of my mother and two children,—one an infant, who had accompanied me,—I prevailed on my mother to leave me alone, and seek a more secure place for herself and my little ones. My father and husband were at the fort; and though my wants were all supplied, none else were willing to peril their own lives by remaining with me, as their presence would be no safeguard to my life. Hour after hour I thus passed alone, listening to the booming cannon, and, now and then, starting and shrinking as a ball whizzed by the house; sometimes feeling almost sure that it was a mark for the enemy, and thinking perhaps the next shot would terminate my existence.

“Day dawned at length, and the cannonading ceased. Presently my mother came to tell me that ‘the red coats’ were crossing the river at Spring-wells; ‘Now,’ said she, ‘we shall be between two fires; and where we can go for safety, I cannot tell.’ Her voice trembled with emotion, but her tearless eye flashed forth the determination of a resolute heart. She seated herself by a window that looked out on the beautiful Detroit. Unlike yesterday, not a cloud appeared on the beautiful face of heaven; the cool breeze came sweeping up from its lake bathings, rippling the river, and refreshing poor humanity; the glad song of the birds hailed the rising sun; and the green herbage and the bright-eyed flowers nodded assent to their hymn of praise.

“But the *reveillé* at the fort broke harshly on the ear amid the peaceful beauty of nature. It proclaimed the fearful truth, that for glory, or mammon, man will murder his fellow-man, desolate the homes of the happy, and even rush, himself, into the presence of the Just.

“The river below us was thickly dotted with canoes and barges, filled with scarlet-clad soldiery; and the reflected sunbeams flashed from burnished implements of war.

“There was a bustle at the fort, but no forming of troops on the esplanade. At length, a cannon was placed at the west gate, and small detachments of troops were placed, here and there, behind the strong picket-fences, that lined the road-side from

Spring-wells to Detroit. The British troops, having breakfasted only a mile below us, formed, and commenced marching toward the town.

"What ails our men?" exclaimed my mother, as the troops continued to advance; 'why don't they fire on them?'

"Perhaps they might kill us, mother," I suggested.

"We might as well be killed," she replied, 'as to fall into the power of the "red coats" and Indians. Now, dear,' continued she, turning towards me, 'you have been dressing, I see; lean on my arm, and we will try to find a safer place than this: for if Hull is not a coward, we shall have warm work to-day.'

"Supported by my mother, I succeeded in reaching the foot of the stairs, where my father, who had obtained leave of absence from the fort for half an hour, met us, and, taking me in his arms, carried me to our old retreat in the ravine. After telling me that my husband was on duty at one of the out-posts, he left us, and returned to the fort.

"Kind friends made me a bed on the cold, damp earth; my children were brought to me; and, when all was done for my comfort, my restless mother again sought the house, to watch the movements of the belligerents. A flag of truce was sent from the fort across the river: presently one of General Brock's aids galloped by, towards the fort, bearing a white flag; after a short absence, he returned, and was sent a second time, when he was met, outside the gate, by a flag from the fort; soon after, to our utter dismay, the American flag was hauled down, and a white flag, in token of surrender, run up in its place. In the mean time, orders had been issued to recall the detachments; and Captain Snelling, who stood at the cannon by the gate, with a lighted match in his hand, to fire the gun which had been agreed on as a signal of attack by those in ambuscade, had the match struck from his hand by a superior officer, who, pointing to the flag of surrender, told him not to fire, at the peril of his life.

"Scarcely were the terms of capitulation signed, before the British took possession of the town and fort, and an officer rode through the lanes, and orchards, assuring the trembling inhabitants of protection from the Indians, that were swarming in vast numbers, in the rear of the British troops. There was an uni-

versal burst of indignation from officers, soldiers, and inhabitants, at this disgraceful surrender,—this stain on our national honor. General Hull's son, more brave than his father, raved and swore most fearfully. My father saw many of the officers break their swords, and weep over their disgrace like little children."

"But surely," said I, "the women were glad to have a cessation of hostilities on any terms?"

The old lady gazed a moment in my face, inquiringly, as if to ascertain whether I was jesting or not: then the expression of her countenance changed to that of supreme contempt, as she replied, "Glad? no, indeed; do you think they had no patriotism?"

"But you know woman is naturally timid, and she might be glad of safety for herself and those dear to her."

"Talk of timid, shrinking woman!" exclaimed Mrs. Mc—, in a most sarcastic tone; "she is so, it is true, when all is peaceful; and she will prudently seek shelter from the impending storm; but when it must be met, her heroism and fortitude are unequalled; place her loved ones in jeopardy, and she is not only fearless, but daring. Nor are women, especially American women, destitute of patriotism. I wish you could have heard the opprobrious epithets that were heaped on the head of General Hull by the indignant women. I verily believe that they then felt that they would have preferred victory, or even an honorable defeat, at the expense of half their lives, to this ignoble surrender. Nor could they, even now, anticipate any safety for themselves and families. They well knew that the Indian allies of the enemy, greater in number than the white forces, could not be entirely controlled by the most strenuous efforts on the part of the commanding officers; and constant annoyance, pillage, and perhaps massacre, were seen in the murky vista of the future.

"Nor were they mistaken; the ensuing year was one of terror. A scarcity of wood obliged many families to remove from the city the following winter, to their farms in the vicinity; and scarcely would they begin to feel secure in the enjoyment of their comforts, when, perhaps at midnight, a band of savages would enter the house, and carry off every thing that tempted their cupidity. Happy were the helpless families if they escaped with life, for the slightest offence was sure to be punished by

tomahawking the offender. When my father went to his house in town, the day after the surrender, he found it broken open, and plundered of every valuable article. Mr. Mc—— owned one of those narrow farms about a mile below the city, to which my father removed what little he had left, and my father's family and my own remained together till the close of the war. My husband and father were prisoners of war, but were permitted to be at home most of the time on parole. Three several times, during the year, was our house plundered; and we fared quite as well as our neighbors."

"Did the British officers make no attempt to prevent these depredations?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes; General Brock's orders were very strict; he did all he could to protect us, and probably saved our lives; but the Americans thought he dared not provoke the hostility of the Indians by punishing petty grievances; and whenever a murder was committed, the murderer kept out of the way till the affair was forgotten. Human life, in time of war, is but little valued, and it took but a few days for a single murder to be forgotten, save by the immediate friends of the deceased.

"During all this time, while the Americans were suffering so much, the Canadian families in the vicinity were unmolested. A red mark on their sheep and cattle, and red doors to their dwellings, ensured them the respect of the Indian allies."

I asked why the Americans did not adopt the same expedient for their security.

"Perhaps I can best give you an idea of the feeling that prevailed among the Americans," said the old lady, "by telling you a little anecdote of Mr. Mc——. Sometime in the month of October, a friendly Indian came to our house, and had a long talk with my husband: sister and myself saw him glance at us, then point to Mr. Mc——, then encircle his own crown, significant of scalping; but he spoke so low, we could not understand a word he said. You may be sure we anxiously inquired, when he was gone, what news the Indian brought.

"'Don't be alarmed,' said my husband, 'Oocomo has only been trying to convince me, that, if I wish to escape the tomahawk, I must go to the fort; he says, you women are safe, be-

VISIT OF OCOCKO.





cause you are French, and have black hair and black eyes; but my light hair and blue eyes are against me.'

"'Why don't you paint your door red?' said my sister.

"'No British red about me, if I die for it!' he exclaimed, indignantly; and this was the general feeling among the people."

"How long did the British keep possession of Detroit?" I inquired.

"About a year," replied Mrs. Mc——. "I don't believe they expected to retain it so long; for the very next day after the surrender, they commenced removing the military stores to Malden; and for a whole month, the river was covered with small boats, engaged in the transportation. After two or three months, the British troops were withdrawn, except a small detachment at the fort; and quite too many of their Indian allies remained prowling about the country, like ravening wolves.

"It was a long, weary year to us, poor inhabitants, and a joyful time when General Harrison came to the rescue. The news of his approach was first brought by an old citizen of Detroit, whom we had suspected of being a tory, because he was allowed greater privileges than others who had not taken up arms. This gentleman, who had been a few weeks at Malden, came riding by, early one morning, on his way home, when my mother called to him through the lattice, 'What news, Mr. D——?'"

"'Good,' he replied, without looking towards the house.

"Passing on to his own home, he put his horse into the stable, and seating himself on the front piazza, without going into the house, lest he might possibly excite suspicions that would lead to a forcible communication of Harrison's movements to the British. Whether Mr. D—— was a tory or not, he seemed, by his conduct then, to have become sick of British rule.

"'Wife,' said my father, as he observed mother putting on her sun-bonnet, 'don't go to Mr. D——'s; these are dangerous times; and to gratify your curiosity, you may involve his family and your own in ruin.'

"She made no reply; but, in a few minutes, was secreted in the dark passage-way leading from Mr. D——'s dining-room to the cellar-kitchen, and Mrs. D—— was learning the news of General Harrison's approach, from her husband, through the



GENERAL W. H. HARRISON.

closed shutters, and repeating the detached sentences to my mother.

“Mother had but just reached home, overjoyed with the intelligence she had received, when my brother James sprang through the gate at the foot of the garden, which extended down the sloping bank to the river’s brink, and ran with all speed into the house. Quick as thought, my father barricaded the door, and begged my daring brother not to come too near the window-blinds, lest he should be seen by the savages. James

was a captain in General Harrison's army; and so great was his anxiety to know the fate of his father's family, from whom he had so long been separated, that he obtained permission to cross the river a little in advance of the army; and thus was the first of our deliverers who set foot on the shore.

Soon after, all the troops arrived, and a fine looking company they were; tall, robust men; their blue hunting-shirts, and red belts, and blue trowsers fringed with red, giving them a demi-savage appearance.

"They marched on to the fort; and, after a mere show of resistance, the 'stripes and stars' were again proudly waving, where, one year ago, they were so shamefully dishonored; and our joy was now as enthusiastic, as then our indignation was unbounded."

Mrs. Sheldon.





PETER, THE WILD BOY.

Lord Peter, the Wild Woodsman;

OR, THE PROGRESS OF TAPE.



PETER, commonly known as Peter the Wild Boy, lies buried in this church-yard, opposite to the porch,"—so saith the old parish-clerk of North Church, in the county of Hertford, who inscribed the same in the parish register of this church with a trembling hand, and after many times wiping his spectacles, in the year of our Lord, 1767. This extraordinary wild youth was first found in the woods, near Hamelen, by his most fortunate majesty, George the First, while he was hunting in the adjacent forest. It is not with a view of

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writing his strange biography, that we now take up the pen so reverently laid down by the old parish-clerk aforesaid, but simply to notice several extraordinary coincidences which exist between this denizen of the woods and forests, and another "Peter," who has been discovered at a date much nearer to our own times.

This new Peter, *alias* Peter the Second, and subsequently "Lord Peter," as he was more commonly called, was also found in the woods, and under circumstances very similar to those of his prototype. "How long Peter the Wild Boy has continued in this state is altogether uncertain," saith the parish register previously quoted; "but that he had formerly been under the care of some person, was evident from the remains of a shirt-collar about his neck at the time he was found." Some accounts also state that he had a wild sort of garment of skins beside his own natural wild one. So, with the more recent Peter, who was attired in the bristly hide of a forest boar, girded with osiers and a very extensive shirt-collar, which he exhibited with a certain barbaric pride and ostentation. Having been discovered by a noble personage of great experience and statesman-like insight into individual character and future exigencies, he was regarded as likely to be of future value to the world, and was placed to board at the farm-house of Mr. Bull. There, every effort was made to instruct him, but to no purpose. Exactly so with the original Peter, who was placed under the care of Dr. Arbuthnot, 1726, by the Princess of Wales; "but notwithstanding all the pains that were taken with him," says the doctor's report, "he proved totally incapable of receiving any instruction." For the board of the first Peter at the farm-house of Mr. James Fenn, the yeoman, the sum of thirty-five pounds per annum was paid; the sum paid for the second Peter was considerably more than that, but with this curious difference, that whereas the sum in the first instance was paid to Mr. Fenn; the larger sum in the latter case came out of Mr. Bull's own leathern purse, as he had to board and lodge the second Peter at his own expense, and to find him in pocket money; and all this for the honor of obliging the great personage who had placed him there—"in the name of his country," as he gravely said.

At the farm-house our present Peter led a very strange life; for though all attempts at rational instruction proved of no avail, the office of head ranger of the woods which had been given him, by way of "getting his hand in," was found to afford great scope for the display of his peculiar character. It was in this capacity that his various pranks acquired for him the cognomen of Lord Peter—a title he bore to the day of his death. He certainly did many queer things in this post of head ranger, and inspired no small alarm in the country round about. He would let nobody pass in certain directions except by creeping very slowly; in other directions he would not let any body pass at all; and in some special cases, he insisted on making the people walk backwards,—which he said was the wisest way for those who wished to make any progress.

Certainly, nothing could well exceed the annoyance his rustic lordship created. Attired in a dress of skins—to wit, a bullock's hide, a mole-skin waistcoat, a calf-skin smalls, with high boots, and a foraging cap; and armed with a long staff tipped with brass, on which poor farmer Bull's arms were engraved; and followed by fierce mastiffs in brass spike-collars,—it will be readily understood that he presented a formidable appearance.

If the obstructions which Lord Peter offered had been as terrible and potent as the antagonistic front he presented, there would have been little chance of any body making their way through the woods and forests at any time. But this was not the case. Beneath this bullock's hide and mole-skin waistcoat, and underneath that imposing foraging cap, there were no fixed resolves. Though fierce, he was a flincher; though obstinate, he was weak; though loud, he was never in earnest; though great in advancing steps, he took care to step back continually, as if to reflect and collect his strength, but in reality to avoid any progress whatever. His mastiffs, of course, watched every movement of his eye, and did nothing but make threatening frisks and gambols round his boots.

Most unfortunately, the people were not aware of this inward condition of Lord Peter. They did not know that if they went forward with determination and in a body, he and his mastiffs would have retreated through the woods, step by step, just as

the people advanced. Little suspecting this, they were accustomed for a long time to send humble petitions, and all that sort of thing, at which he seldom deigned to look, and which he gave to his dogs to play with.

One day, there being more than usual need for a free passage for every body to cross the country, a large crowd of people set off together. After the usual difficulties and obstructions, they arrived at Lord Peter's woods and forests. They met the head ranger at his accustomed post, with his back set against a tree. As there were so many of them, his opposition was much less than ordinary. Nevertheless, as he showed signs of intending to be as troublesome as possible, various individuals stepped forward with written arguments, plans, and statistical calculations.

What did he do? Here we must refer once more to the ancient document. "Peter," says the parish register, "was well made, and of the middle size. His countenance had not the appearance of an idiot. He had a natural ear for music, and was so delighted with it, that if he heard any musical instruments played upon, he would immediately dance and caper about, till he was almost quite exhausted with fatigue; and though he could never be taught the distinct utterance of any word, yet he could easily *hum* a tune." So it was with Lord Peter. Seldom could any distinct word be extorted from him, but he had a prodigious faculty of humming. In addition to this, so curiously did he associate the wishes and petitions of the people with a certain invariable tune of derision in his own mind, that the very sight of a crowd often produced such an effect upon him that he could not help suiting the action to the tune.

The petitions, therefore, of which we have just spoken, he condescended to receive; but, instead of examining them, looking over them, or even tucking them into his mole or calf-skin pockets, he instantly let them drop, and, by way of doing something official in recognition, he danced round them! Forthwith his dogs, standing on their hind legs, all did the same. The people were not satisfied with this reception. It was an official ceremony—but no explanation. They then presented the diplomatic and somewhat grotesque head ranger with sundry models of farms, emblems of famine, and pictures (after the

manner of savage nations,) to help his understanding the actual state of affairs. He received them all in his hands, as before; and, again letting them fall instantly to the ground, danced around them in the same manner as previously described, though with the addition of a few fresh antics and gesticulations. One of his dogs, also, stood upon his head; but, rolling over, by accident, the canine enthusiast gave a smothered howl, and then disappeared.

The people, as a last resource, being now pretty well tired, presented diplomatic gewgaws, popular types and symbols, together with numerous official knick-knacks, such as ruled paper, patent ink-stands, seals, wax, chaff-wax, deputy chaff-wax, &c. : but all in vain. Each collection of these was instantly dropped, and danced round,—until suddenly the head ranger stopped, staring intently at a certain thing! Somebody had given him a piece of red tape!

Fortunate, indeed, did it seem that any one should have included among his offerings an article of such magical powers. Lord Peter's attention was instantly caught—riveted—a bright thought had broken upon his night of mind—his eyes rolled correspondingly with the circle of new ideas that had arisen upon his mental horizon. What are his intentions? what will he do? All the crowd are in breathless suspense for the first words the head ranger will utter. But an action more expressive than words fills the spectators with a fresh surprise. His forest lordship raises the piece of red tape to his mouth, and, looking up with a grateful and devout air, swallows it!

A pause of general excitement ensues. Is it digestible?—that is the question inwardly asked by the majority. Before any one, however, has recovered from his astonishment, the eyes of Lord Peter gleam with greedy anxiety on the crowd, from one to another till a peculiarly intelligent person, in a rustic black coat, thread-bare black trousers, and high-lows, with ink-spots on all his fingers, and an office pen behind his right ear, advances towards Lord Peter and presents him with a basket full of folded pieces of red tape. One by one the pieces were seized, and swallowed; and, if the crowd might judge by the obvious sympathy and rolling of the head ranger's eyes, there was every prospect that they

would soon be thoroughly digested and assimilated with his system in the happy future.

From this day, Lord Peter became a changed man. He saw his right course in life. He announced it publicly, and went to dwell in the great city.

Now, when this new expression of his official sentiments got wind, and was coupled with the feat he had recently performed in swallowing so much red tape, he rapidly became a man of mark and likelihood in the great city. Every body paid court to him as one sure to rise to honor. He began his new life by setting up as a master carpenter, without going through any intermediate apprenticeship or study; and in the course of a few years, as he was found to have a genius for a glue-pot, while on the fire, the first cabinet-maker of the day took him into partnership.

The cabinet-work of Lord Peter gave the utmost satisfaction to his employers, and the greatest possible dissatisfaction to every body else—at least to all the people, if they, poor souls, are any body.

Numberless petitions now came to him, as urgently as of old, though with more ceremony than when he ran wild in the woods. He had abandoned his dress of skins, with the exception of the foraging cap, which he had converted to a more domestic article, equally applicable as a day-cap or a night-cap; and, in place of his former costume, he now appeared in fine cloth, wore a shirt-collar wonderfully "got up," and was followed by an attendant in livery with the glue-pot. The said attendant also carried a telescope under his arm, as Lord Peter often wished to see how objects close at hand looked when he applied the eye-glass end to them, and the object-glass, or "field," to his eye. The telescope was also fitted, under his direction, with a distorted glass, which rendered objects of all sorts of shapes; and, likewise, with a darkening glass, by means of which he could see nothing at all, though he often kept staring through it with all his might.

The petitions and requisitions he now received did not relate at all to the woods and forests, but to the supervision of the bodily health of the inhabitants of the great city, with their water-pipes, and drain-pipes, and bills of mortality. As to the

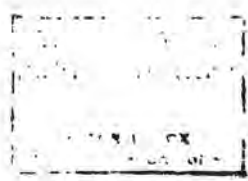
doctors, and statistical folks, and learned clerks, under his control, he treated them all in his own way; whatsoever proposals for doing any thing they placed in his hands, he instantly let them drop, and danced round them. In like manner, though with a difference, when large deputations of the people came to him with petition, and proposals, and prayers, against Old Typhus, Old Cholera, Old Rawhead, and the Reverend Mr. Skullyard—all dreadful old nuisances—he received them with a bow; but, as soon as the deputation was out of sight, he let fall their documents and papers, and performed his usual dance around them. Subsequently, however, as the people happened (for a wonder) to become impatient and clamorous because nothing was really *done*, or seemed at all likely ever to be done, he advanced upon a temporary platform outside the window of the cabinet-maker's workshop, and placing himself in a dignified and truly imposing attitude, began to draw from his mouth yard after yard of red tape, to the utter confusion of all the petitioners, the discomfiture of his enemies, and the bewilderment of the country at large!

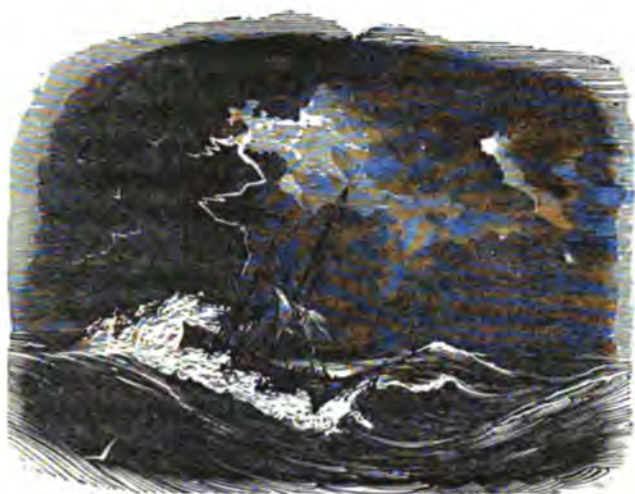
At last, after a life of great public service, Lord Peter saw his end approaching. Being of a disinterested and generous disposition, he determined not to leave his light under a bushel of saw-dust, but that other men in office should derive all the benefit they could from his wisdom and experience. Before he died, therefore, he left this great political maxim, (which had been his rule through life, and the foundation of all his greatness,) as a guide for all future cabinet-makers and public carpenters: "Never do any thing till you are obliged; and then do as little as possible.

A brass plate is fixed up in the parish church of North Church, Hertford, on the top of which there is (or there used to be, some years ago) a sketch of the head of "Peter," drawn from a very good engraving by Bartolozzi. A similar effigy has been arranged to be carved in stone, by Lord Peter's political admirers and disciples—the statuaries having strict injunctions never to raise a chisel until ordered by the police to "move on," and then only to chip off the smallest particle of stone-dust at a time.



THE CREW OF THE MEDUSA.





Shipwreck of the Medusa.



On the 17th of June, 1816, the *Medusa*, French frigate, commanded by Captain Chaumareys, and accompanied by three smaller vessels, sailed from the island of Aix, for the coast of Africa, in order to take possession of some colonies. The first accident she encountered was off Cape Finisterre, when one of the crew fell into the sea ;

and from the apathy of his companions, their want of promptitude in manœuvring, with the want of every precaution, he was left to perish. On the tenth day of sailing, there appeared an error of thirty leagues in the reckoning. On the 1st of July, they entered the tropics ; and there, with a childish disregard to danger, and knowing that she was surrounded by all the unseen perils of the ocean, her crew performed the ceremony usual to

the occasion, while the vessel was running headlong on destruction. The captain, presided over the disgraceful scene of meriment, leaving the ship to the command of a Mons. Richefort, who had passed the ten preceding years of his life in an English prison—a few persons on board remonstrated in vain; though it was ascertained that they were on the banks of Arguise, she continued her course, and heaved the lead, without slackening the sail. Every thing denoted shallow water, but M. Richefort persisted in saying that they were in one hundred fathoms. At that very moment only six fathoms were found; and the vessel struck three times, being in about sixteen feet water, and the tide full flood. At ebb-tide, there remained but twelve feet of water; and after some bungling manœuvres, all hope of getting the ship off was abandoned.

When the frigate struck, she had on board six boats, of various capacities, all of which could not contain the crew and passengers; and a raft was constructed. A dreadful scene ensued. All scrambled out of the wreck without order or precaution. The first who reached the boats refused to admit any of their fellow-sufferers into them, though there was ample room for more. Some, apprehending that a plot had been formed to abandon them in the vessel, flew to arms. No one assisted his companions; and Captain Chaumareys stole out of a port-hole into his own boat, leaving a great part of the crew to shift for themselves. At length they put off to sea, intending to steer for the sandy coast of the desert, there to land, and thence proceed with a caravan to the island of St. Louis.

The raft had been constructed without foresight or intelligence. It was about sixty-five feet long and about twenty-five broad, but the only part which could be depended upon was the middle; and that was so small, that fifteen persons could not lie down upon it. Those who stood upon the floor were in constant danger of slipping through between the planks; the sea flowed in upon all its sides. When one hundred and fifty passengers who were destined to be its burden, were on board, they stood like a solid parallelogram, without a possibility of moving, and they were up to their waists in water. The original plan was, that as much provision as possible should be put upon this

raft; that it should be taken in tow by the six boats; and that, at stated intervals, the crew should come on board to receive their rations. As they left the ship, M. Correard asked whether the charts, instruments, and sea-stores were on board; and was told by an officer, that nothing was wanting. "And who is to command us?" "I am to command you!" answered he, "and will be with you in a moment." The officer with these words, the last in his mouth, went on board of one of the boats, and returned no more.

The desperate squadron had proceeded only three leagues, when a faulty, if not treacherous manœuvre, broke the tow-line which fastened the captain's boat to the raft; and this became the signal to all to let loose their cables. The weather was calm. The coast was known to be but twelve or fifteen leagues distant; and the land was in fact discovered by the boats on the very evening on which they abandoned the raft. They were not therefore driven to this measure by any new perils; and the cry of "*Nous les abandonons!*" which resounded throughout the line, was the yell of a spontaneous and instinctive impulse of cowardice, perfidy, and cruelty; and the impulse was as unanimous as it was diabolical. The raft was left to the mercy of the waves; one after another, the boats disappeared, and despair became general. Not one of the promised articles, no provisions, except a very few casks of wine, and some spoiled biscuit, sufficient for one single meal was found.

A small pocket compass, which chance had discovered, their last guide in a trackless ocean, fell between the beams into the sea. As the crew had no nourishment since morning, some wine and biscuit were distributed; and this day, the first of thirteen on the raft, was the last on which they tasted any solid food—except such as human nature shudders at. The only thing which kept them alive was the hope of revenge on those who had treacherously betrayed them.

The first night was stormy; and the waves, which had free access, committed dreadful ravages, and threatened worse. When day appeared, twelve miserable wretches were found crushed to death between the openings of the raft, and several more were missing; but the number could not be ascertained, as several

soldiers had taken the billets of the dead, in order to receive two, or even three rations. The second night was still more dreadful, and many were washed off; although the crew had so crowded together, that some were smothered by the mere pressure. To soothe their last moments, the soldiers drank immoderately; and one, who affected to rest himself upon the side, but was treacherously cutting the ropes, was thrown into the sea. Another whom M. Correard had snatched from the waves, turned traitor a second time, as soon as he had recovered his senses; but he too was killed. At length the revolted, who were chiefly soldiers, threw themselves upon their knees, and abjectly implored mercy. At midnight, however, they rebelled again. Those who had no arms, fought with their teeth, and thus many severe wounds were inflicted. One was most wantonly and dreadfully bitten above the heel, while his companions were beating him upon the head with their carbines, before throwing him into the sea. The raft was strewed with dead bodies, after innumerable instances of treachery and cruelty; and from sixty to sixty-five perished that night. The force and courage of the strongest began to yield to their misfortunes; and even the most resolute labored under mental derangement. In the conflict, the revolted had thrown two casks of wine, and all the remaining water, into the sea; and it became necessary to diminish each man's share.

A day of apparent tranquillity succeeded. The survivors erected their mast again, which had been wantonly cut down in the night; and endeavored to catch some fish, but in vain. They were reduced to feed on the dead bodies of their companions. A third night followed, broken by the plaintive cries of wretches, exposed to every kind of suffering, ten or twelve of whom died of want, and awfully foretold the fate of the remainder. The following day was fine. Some flying fish were caught in the raft; which, mixed up with human flesh, afforded one scanty meal.

A new insurrection to destroy the raft, broke out on the fourth night; this too, was marked by perfidy, and ended in blood. Most of the rebels were thrown into the sea. The fifth morning mustered but thirty men alive; and these sick and wounded, with the skin of their lower extremities corroded by the salt water. Two soldiers were detected drinking the wine of the only

remaining cask; they were instantly thrown into the sea. One boy died, and there remained only twenty-seven; of whom fifteen only seemed likely to live. A council of war, preceded by the most horrid despair, was held; as the weak consumed a part of the common store, they determined to throw them into the sea. This sentence was put into immediate execution! and all the arms on board, which now filled their minds with horror, were, with the exception of a single sabre, committed to the deep.

Distress and misery increased with an accelerated ratio; and even after the desperate measure of destroying their companions, and eating the most nauseous aliments, the surviving fifteen could not hope for more than a few days' existence. A butterfly lighted on their sail the ninth day, and though it was held to be a messenger of good, yet many a greedy eye was cast upon it. Some sea-fowl also appeared; but it was impossible to catch them. The misery of the survivors increased with a rapidity which cannot be described; they even stole from each other little goblets of urine which had been set to cool in the sea water, and were now considered a luxury. The most trifling article of food, a lemon, a small bottle of spirituous dentrifice, a little garlic, became causes of contention; and every daily distribution of wine awakened a spirit of selfishness and ferocity, which common sufferings and common interest could not subdue into more social feelings.

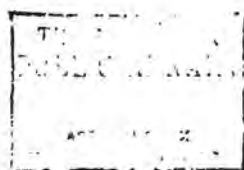
Three days more passed over in inexpressible anguish, when they constructed a smaller and more manageable raft, in the hope of directing it to the shore; but on trial it was found insufficient. On the seventeenth day, a brig was seen; which, after exciting the vicissitudes of hope and fear, proved to be the *Argus*, sent out in quest of the *Medusa*. The inhabitants of the raft were all received on board, and were again very nearly perishing, by a fire which broke out in the night. The six boats which had so cruelly cast them adrift, reached the coast of Africa in safety; and after many dangers among the Moors, the survivors arrived at St Louis.

After this a vessel was despatched to the wreck of the *Medusa*, to carry away the money and provisions; after beating about for eight days, she was forced to return. She again put to sea,

but after being away five days, again came back. Ten days more were lost in repairing her; and she did not reach the spot till fifty-two days after the vessel had been lost; and dreadful to relate, three miserable sufferers were found on board. Sixty men had been abandoned there by their magnanimous countrymen. All these had been carried off except seventeen, some of whom were drunk, and others refused to leave the vessel. They remained at peace as long as their provisions lasted. Twelve embarked on a raft, for Sahara, and were never more heard of. Another put to sea on a hen-coop, and sunk immediately. Four remained behind, one of whom, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, perished. The other three lived in separate corners of the wreck, and never met except to run at each other with *drawn knives*. They were put on board the vessel, with all that could be saved from the wreck of the Medusa.

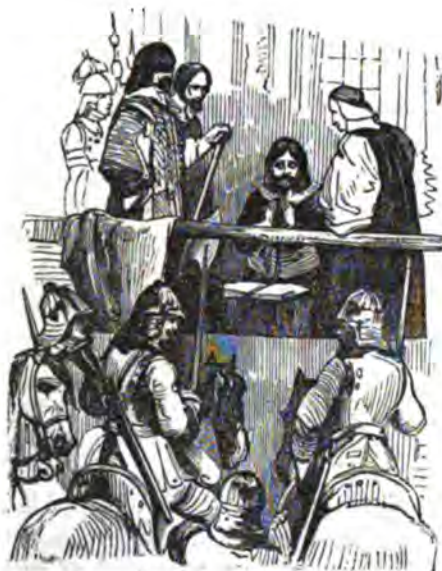
The vessel was no sooner seen returning to St. Louis, than every heart beat high with joy, in the hope of recovering some property. The men and officers of the Medusa jumped on board, and asked if any thing had been saved. "Yes," was the reply, "but it is all ours now;" and the naked Frenchman, whose calamities had found pity from the Moors of the desert, were now deliberately plundered by their own countrymen.

A fair was held in the town, which lasted eight days. The clothes, furniture, and necessary articles of life, belonging to the men and officers of the Medusa, were publicly sold before their faces. Such of the French as were able, proceeded to the camp at Daceard, and the sick remained at St. Louis. The French governor had promised them clothes and provisions, but sent none; and during five months, they owed their existence to the British.





CHARLES I.



DEATH OF CHARLES I.

Opening of the Coffin of Charles I.

IT is stated by Clarendon, in his "History of the Rebellion, or great civil war in England, that the body of Charles I., though known to have been interred in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, could not be found when searched for there some years afterwards. Charles I. was beheaded in the year 1648-49; and from that period till a recent time, the place of sepulture of his body remained a mystery, although conjecture continued to point to some spot in or about St. George's Chapel at Windsor. An accident at last elucidated a point in history which had thus been involved in obscurity. In the course of making some repairs and altera-

ations at the place of royal sepulture at Windsor, in 1813, it was necessary to make a passage to what is called the tomb-house from under the choir of the chapel. In constructing this passage, an aperture was made accidentally in one of the walls of the vault of Henry VIII., through which the workmen were enabled to see, not only the two coffins which were supposed to contain the bodies of Henry and Queen Jane Seymour, but a third also, covered with a black velvet pall, which was presumed to hold the remains of Charles I. On representing the circumstance to the Prince Regent, he perceived at once that a doubtful point in history might be cleared up by opening this long concealed vault; and, accordingly, an examination was ordered. This was done on the first of April, 1814, the day after the funeral of the Duchess of Brunswick, in the presence of his royal highness himself, and other distinguished personages.

The vault being opened, the first thing done was the removal of the pall, whereupon there was disclosed a plain leaden coffin, with no appearance of ever having been enclosed in wood, and bearing the inscription "King Charles, 1648," in large legible characters on a scroll of lead encircling it. A square opening was then made in the upper part of the lid, of such dimensions as to admit a clear insight into its contents. These were—an internal wooden coffin, very much decayed, and the body carefully wrapped up in cerecloth, into the folds of which a quantity of unctuous or greasy matter, mixed with resin, as it seemed, had been melted, so as to exclude, as effectually as possible, the external air. The coffin was completely full; and from the tenacity of the cerecloth, great difficulty was experienced in detaching it successfully from the parts which it enveloped. Wherever the unctuous matter had insinuated itself, the separation of the cerecloth was easy, and when it came off, a correct impression of the features to which it had been applied was observed in the unctuous substance. At length the whole face was disengaged from its covering. The complexion of the skin of it was dark and discolored; the forehead and temples had lost little or nothing of their muscular substance; the cartilage of the nose was gone, but the left eye, in the first moment of exposure, was open and full, though it vanished almost immediately; and the pointed beard, so cha-

racteristic of the period of the reign of King Charles, was perfect. The shape of the face was a long oval; many of the teeth remained; and the left ear, in consequence of the interposition of the unctuous matter between it and the cerecloth, was found entire.

It was difficult at this moment to withhold a declaration that, notwithstanding its disfigurement, the countenance did bear a strong resemblance to the coins, the busts, and especially the pictures of Charles I. by Vandyke, by which it had been made familiar to us. It is true, that the minds of the spectators of this interesting sight were well prepared to receive this impression; and it will not be denied, that the shape of the face, the forehead, an eye, and the beard, are the most important features by which the resemblance is determined.

When the head had been entirely disengaged from the attachments which confined it, it was found to be loose, and without any difficulty, was taken up, and held to view. It was quite wet, and gave a greenish-red tinge to paper and to linen which touched it. The back part of the scalp was entirely perfect, and had a remarkably fresh appearance; the pores of the skin being more distinct, as they usually are when soaked in moisture; and the tendons and ligaments of the neck were of considerable substance and firmness. The hair was thick at the back part of the head, and in appearance nearly black. A portion of it, which has since been cleaned and dried, is of a beautiful dark brown color. That of the beard was a redder brown. On the back part of the head it was more than an inch in length, and had probably been cut so short for the convenience of the executioner, or perhaps by the piety of friends soon after death, in order to furnish memorials of the unhappy king.

On holding up the head, to examine the place of separation from the body, the muscles of the neck had evidently retracted themselves considerably; and the fourth cervical vertebra was found to be cut through its substance transversely, leaving the surfaces of the divided portions perfectly smooth and even—an appearance which could have been produced only by a heavy blow inflicted by a very sharp instrument, and which furnished the last proof wanting to identify King Charles I.

After this examination of the head, which served every pur-

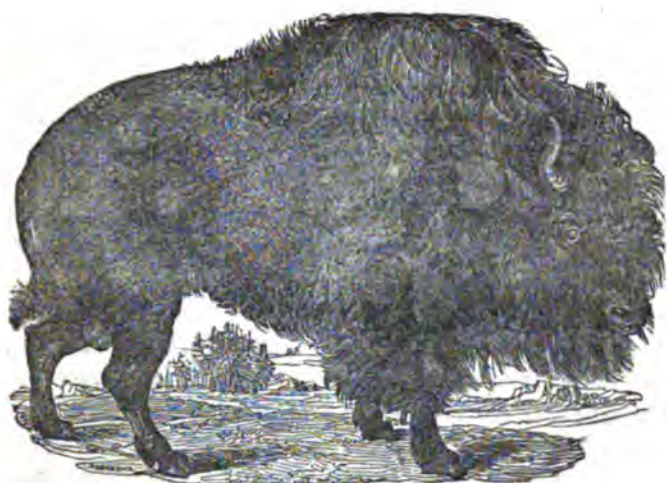
pose in view, and without examining the body below the neck, it was immediately restored to its situation, the coffin was shut up again, and the vault closed.

Neither of the other coffins had any inscription upon it. The larger one, supposed, on good grounds, to contain the remains of King Henry VIII., measured six feet ten inches in length, and had been enclosed in an elm one of two inches in thickness; but this was decayed, and lay in small fragments near it. The leaden coffin appeared to be beaten in by violence about the middle; and a considerable opening in that part of it exposed a mere skeleton of the king. Some beard remained upon the chin, but there was nothing to discriminate the personage that it contained.

The smaller coffin, understood to be that of Queen Jane Seymour, was not touched; mere curiosity not being considered by the Prince Regent as a sufficient motive for disturbing these remains.

On examining the vault with some attention, it was found that the wall of the west end had at some period or other been pulled down and repaired again, not by regular masonry, but by fragments of stone and bricks, put rudely and hastily together without cement. From this, it was inferred that the ceremony of interment was a very hasty one—a circumstance warranted by the history of the troublesome times in which King Charles was brought to the scaffold. It may be added, that an authentic account of the above discovery and circumstances attending it, was substantiated by the signature of the Prince Regent, and deposited in the British Museum.





THE OLD BULL BUFFALO.

Hunting the Prong Horned Antelope.

WE had entered the country of the *Artemisia*; and with the exception of snakes, and occasional sage-cock—rancid as the berry upon which he feeds—not an animal was to be seen. We had encountered the East buffalo, an old bull, three days before. Him we had killed; but the meat was tough and stringy, and taking out the tongue and hump ribs, we had left the remainder of his huge carcass to the wolves. We began to repent of our generosity as we rode further into the desert. We were already on half-rations of the “jerked,” and, as the hunters remarked, dry “chawins” it was. We might ere long be glad of a steak from that same old bull. *Nous verrons.*

As we rode along, threading our way through the wormwood bushes, an antelope sprang up in our path. Half a dozen rifles

were raised, but before a "head" could be drawn, the shy animal was far beyond range, dashing the white leaves from his shining flanks. The rifles came back to their rest across the pommel of the saddle; while their owners, with looks of disappointment, might be heard apostrophising the "goat" in not very respectful terms.

About a mile further on, and at some distance to the right, I thought I observed a pronged head disappearing behind a swell of the prairie. My companions were sceptical; and wheeling out of the trail, I started alone. My horse was fresh and willing, and whether successful or not, I knew that I could easily overtake them by camping time.

I struck directly toward the spot where I had seen the object. It appeared to be only half a mile from where I had left the trail. I found it nearer a mile—a common illusion in the crystal and cloudless atmosphere of these elevated regions.

A curiously formed ridge, *couteau des prairies* on a small scale, traversed the plain from east to west. A thick cacti covered part of its summit; this thicket was the point of my destination. Dismounting, I led my horse slowly up the slope, and on reaching the cacti fastened the lariat to a branch. I then crawled cautiously through the spiky ovals towards the point where I expected to find the game. To my joy, not one antelope, but a brace of these beautiful animals were quietly grazing beyond—but alas! too far beyond for the carry of my rifle. They were full three hundred yards distant, upon a smooth grassy slope without even a sage-bush to serve me as a cover. What was to be done?

I lay for several minutes thinking over the different tricks known in hunter-craft for taking the antelope. Should I imitate their calls? Should I hoist the handkerchief? No; they were too shy—I knew this from the fact that, at short intervals, they threw up their graceful necks, and struck the sward with their hoofs, looking wildly around. I have no alternative. I shall steal back to my horse, take the red "mackinaw" from my saddle, and display it over the "nopals."

I had come to this resolution, when all at once my eye rested upon a clay-colored line in the prairie, about a hundred yards

beyond the point where the animals were feeding. It was evidently a break in the surface of the plain—a buffalo road, or perhaps the bed of an arroya. In either case the very shelter I wanted, and the game was approaching it, step by step, as they fed. The question now was—could I reach this hollow in time? and giving up the plan of spreading my blanket, I resolved to make the attempt. Creeping back out of the thicket, and leaving my horse where I had tied him, I ran along the side of the ridge towards a point where I had noticed it depressed to the prairie level. On reaching this point to my surprise, I found myself on the bank of a broad arroya, whose waters, clear and shallow, ran slowly over a bed of sand and gypsum. The banks were low, not over three feet above the surface, except where the ridge impinged upon the stream. Here there was a high bluff, and hurrying down to its base, I entered the channel and commenced wading upward. As I had anticipated, I soon reached a bend, where the stream, after running parallel to the ridge, struck upon a huge rock, and sweeping round to the right, had cannoned the hill. Here I stopped, and looked cautiously over the bank. The antelopes had approached within fifty yards of the arroya, but they were at least four hundred above my position. They were still quietly cropping the grass; and once more, bending my back, I proceeded up-stream. It was difficult wading. The bed of the arroya was soft and yielding, and I was compelled to lift my feet with caution, lest their plashing might disturb the game. After a weary drag of several hundred yards I came to an artemisia bush, that grew solitary upon the top of the bank. "I must be high enough," thought I. I clutched my rifle firmly, bringing it to the level. I then slowly raised myself, and looked through the leaves of the artemisia. I was in the right spot, and, sighting the heart of the buck, I fired. He leaped three feet from the ground, and fell back again a lifeless heap.

I was about to rush forward and secure my prize, when I observed the doe (instead of bounding away, as I expected) run up to her fallen partner, and press her tapering nose to his body. She was not more than twenty yards from me, and I could plainly see that her look was one of inquiry and bewilderment. All at once she seemed to comprehend the fatal truth, and throwing

back her head, commenced uttering the most piteous cries, at the same time running in circles around the dead body of her mate.

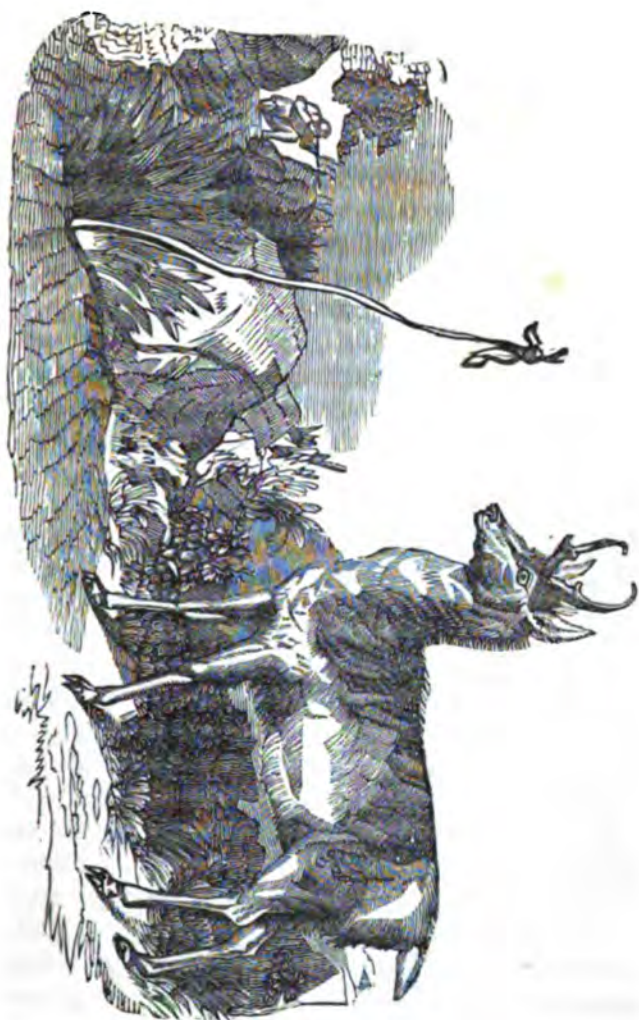
I stood wavering between two minds. My first intention was to reload and kill the doe, but her strange and plaintive cries entered my heart, completely disarming me of all hostile feeling; nay, more, I began to feel remorse for what I had already done. Had I dreamt of witnessing a spectacle so painful as the one before me, I should never have left the trail. "Jerked bull" for a month, and half-rations at that, would have been happiness to what I endured as I listened and looked upon this strange scene.

But the mischief was now done. "I have worse than killed her," thought I; "it will be better to despatch her at once, and in this way relieve her of all pain."

Actuated by these principles of a common, but to her fatal, humanity, I rested the butt of my rifle and reloaded. With a guilty look and faltering hand, I raised the piece and fired. My hand was steady enough to do the work. When the smoke floated aside, I could see the little creature bleeding upon the grass, her head resting upon the body of her murdered mate!

I shouldered my rifle, and was about to move forward, when, to my astonishment, I found myself held by the feet, and firmly as if my boots had been screwed into a vice! I made an effort to raise my legs, but could lift neither the one nor the other—an other effort more violent was equally unsuccessful—a third still more desperate, and losing my balance, I fell back with a plash upon the water. Half suffocated, I endeavored to recover my upright position. This I easily accomplished, as my knees were already below the surface of the sand, and, in fact, now bent with difficulty. On my feet again, what could I do? I was still fast as before. I could neither move forward nor backward—to the right nor left—and I became sensible that I was gradually going down, deeper and deeper! Then the fearful truth flashed upon me—*I was sinking in a quicksand!*

A feeling of horror ran through me. I renewed my efforts with the energy of desperation. I bent to one side, then to the other, almost pulling my knees to their sockets; but my feet—I could not move them an inch. The soft clingy sand had already overtopped my high horse-skin boots, wedging them



HUNTING THE PRONG HORNED ANTELOPE.



around my legs, so that I vainly endeavored to draw them forth; and I could feel that I was still sinking, slowly but surely, as though some horrid monster was leisurely dragging me downward. The very thought caused me a new feeling of horror, and I cried aloud for help. To whom? There was no one within miles—no living thing. Yes! the neigh of my horse answered me from the hill, mocking my despair.

I bent forward, as well as my constrained position would allow, and, with frenzied fingers, commenced tearing up the sand. I could barely touch the surface, and the little hollow I was able to scrape out filled up as quickly as it had been formed.

A thought occurred to me. "I will place my rifle between my thighs, horizontally; it may support me for a time." I looked around for the object. I had dropped it in my first efforts to get free. It was beyond my reach—it had disappeared!

The next thought—"Can I throw my body flat, and thus, by constant exertion, prevent myself from sinking deeper?" No; the surface of the water was two feet above that of the sand. In this position I should have been drowned at once! I proved that by bending forward and resting my hands upon the bottom. The running stream swept my face and shoulders, and I rose again half choked with the water. The last hope had left me; I could think of no other—I made no effort to think. A strange stupor seized upon me—my very thoughts were paralysed. I knew that I was going mad—for a moment I *was* mad!

After an interval my senses returned; I made an effort to rouse my mind from this paralysis, in order that I might meet my death, which I now felt was certain, like a man. I stood erect; my eyes had sunk to the prairie level, and rested upon the still bleeding victims of my cruelty; my heart smote me at the sight, and I could not help feeling that my fate was a retribution from God.

With humble and penitent thoughts I turned my face to heaven, almost dreading that some sign of Omnipotent anger would scowl upon me from above. But no; the sun was shining as brightly as ever, and the blue canopy of the world was without a cloud. I gazed upon it, and prayed with an earnestness known to the heart only in similar situations.

As I continued looking up, an object attracted my attention.

It was but a speck when my eye first rested upon it, but every moment it grew larger, until, against the sky, I distinguished the outlines of a huge dark bird. I knew it to be the obscene bird of the plains—the buzzard vulture. Whence had it come?—who knows? Far beyond the reach of human eye it had seen or scented the slaughtered antelope, and with broad silent wing was now descending in spiral gyrations to the feast of death. Presently another, and another, and another, and many others, mottled the deep azure, curving and wheeling silently earthward; and then the foremost swooped down upon the bank, and, after gazing around, flapped off towards the prey. In a few seconds the surface of the prairie was black with filthy birds, who clambered over the dead animals, and beat their broad wings against each other, and tore out the tongues and eyes with their fetid beaks. And now came gaunt hungry wolves—the white and coyoté—stealing from cactus-thickets and loping, cowardlike, over the green swells of the prairie; these drove away the vultures, and dragged forth the entrails with the quickness of thought, and growled, and snarled, and snapped vengefully at each other, and licked their blood-clotted jaws with looks of guilty enjoyment.

“Thank heaven! I shall at least be saved from this!” I was soon relieved from the sight of it; my eyes had sunk below the level of the bank, and I had looked my last upon the fair green earth; I could see only the white gypsum walls that contained the river, and the water that ran heedless between them. Again I fixed my gaze upon the sky, and with prayerful heart endeavored to resign myself to my fate. In spite of my endeavors, the memory of earthly pleasures, and friends, and home, would come stealing upon me, causing me at intervals to break out into wild paroxysms of grief, and, shouting for help, make fresh and fruitless struggles.

During one of these struggles my horse again neighed, answering my shouts. A thought struck me: I shall see him before I die. Journeyings, shared hardships, had made us known to each other; he would come at my call; the lariat was loosely tied, or the soft cactus would break at a single jerk. Ha! another thought, quick as the former, but far more bright and thrilling, rushed into my mind: a thought—a hope—a plan.

I lost not a moment to attempt its execution. I raised my voice to its highest pitch, and cried, "Moro! Moro!" A loud neigh was my answer—a neigh of recognition that came back quick as an echo. I again shouted—"Proh! Moro! Proh!" I listened with a bounding heart. For a moment there was silence, only a moment, and then came the hollow sounds of the prancing hoof; at first rapid and irregular, as of a steed struggling and rearing to get free, then another neigh, and after that the stroke of the iron heel, in a measured and regular gallop. Nearer appeared the sounds—nearer and nearer, until the gallant brute bounded out upon the bank; here he halted, and flinging back his tossed mane, uttered another shrill neigh. He was bewildered, and looked on every side, snorting loudly. I knew that having once seen me, he would not stop until he had pressed his nose against my cheek—his usual custom; and holding up my hand, I once more called out the magic words—"Proh! Moro! Proh!"

Now, for the first time looking downward, he perceived my head and shoulders above the water; and, stretching himself, he sprang out into the channel, and came towards me.

The next moment I held him by the bridle.

There was no time to be lost. I was still going down; and my armpits were fast nearing the surface of the quicksand. Reaching up, I caught the lariat, and passing it under the saddle-girths, fastened it in a tight, firm knot. I then looped the trailing-end, making it secure around my body, and across my ribs. I had length enough of the rope, between the bit-ring and the girths, to enable me to check and guide the animal, in case the drag upon my body should become too painful.

All this while the dumb brute seemed to comprehend what I was about, as well as the nature of the ground on which he stood; for during the operation he kept lifting his feet, and replacing them alternately, without either plunging or rearing!

My arrangements were at length completed; and with a strange feeling of awe, gave my horse the signal. Here again the faithful creature bore evidence that he understood the duty he was to perform. Instead of moving off with a start, I felt the rope tighten upon me, slowly and gradually, as if it had been drawn by human hands! I experienced the wild delight

to feel that, slowly and gradually, too, I was moving! The lariat cut painfully, and I checked the horse for a moment to readjust the thong. This was done; and giving the signal a second time, I was drawn from the tenacious element, and felt myself—a feeling I cannot describe—sailing along the water. I sprang to my feet, with a shout of joy. I rushed up to my brave steed; and, throwing my arms around his neck, kissed him with as much delight as I would have kissed a beautiful girl. He answered my embrace with a low and singular neighing, that told me I was understood.

I looked for my rifle. Fortunately it had not sunk deeply, and I soon found it. My boots with their spurs remained in the quicksand; and doubtless, by this time has reached the granite foundation, to be fossilized and thrown up by some future convulsion. I made no attempt to recover them—being smitten with a wholesome dread of the place where I had left them—but, mounting my gallant Moro, I was soon scouring across the prairies in the trail of my *compagnons du voyage*.

I reached camp at sundown, where I was met with wondering looks, and such questions as, “Did yer kum across the goots?” “Whar’s yer boots?” “Hev ye been a huntin’ or fishin’?”

I answered these questions by relating my adventure; and for that night at least my horse and self were looked upon as the “tallest bufflers in that gang.”

Should the reader ever wander to the Rocky Mountains, he may hear the story—much better told—of “that ar feller who wur fetched right out o’ his boots.”

Adventures on the Western Prairies.







LOUIS XIV.



Louis XIV. at Fontainebleau.

FROM THE FRENCH.



THE magnificent park at Fontainebleau, filled with rival courtiers, with their luxurious equipages, sparkling jewels, and elegantly-embroidered dresses, presented an admirable picture.

"Sire," said the Dauphin, with an humble bow, "does your majesty wish to visit the tennis court? Some excellent players are there; among others, M. de Saint Ruth."

"No," replied the king, with an absent air. "Is *Madame* sick, that she has not yet come?"

"She will not be here," replied the Duc du Maine, who walked nearest the king, though he could hardly keep pace with him on account of his lameness; "Madame rather avoids the company of my aunt de Maintenon."

"Sire" said Fagon, the king's physician, and a tool of Madame de Maintenon, "her royal highness had not finished her *correspondence* at the hour of departure."

"A word, Monsieur de Ponchartrain," said Louis XIV., turning towards his ministers. "Monsieur," added he, when the suite,

with the exception of the Duc du Maine, were out of the sound of his voice; "have you heard of the disappearance of the Duc de Chartres?"

"My cousin is without doubt shut up in his chemical laboratory," replied the Duc du Maine, "seeking for the philosopher's stone, or perhaps some marvellous poison."

"Sire, I have received letters from the army, which do not announce the arrival of the Duc de Chartres," said Ponchartrain, lengthening his face. "I have sent couriers through all the routes of the lower countries; I have written every where, without being able to find out any thing of his royal highness; and I am therefore led to believe that the prince is hid in Paris, at the house of some mistress, whom we do not know."

"Such conduct is highly displeasing to me," said the king, striking the ground passionately with his cane; "these libertinages are offensive to Heaven, and dishonorable to the royal family."

"Why do you not have him married, sire, to make him wise?" boldly replied the Duc de Maine; "To my sister, Mademoiselle de Blois, for example?"

"Be quiet, sir!" interrupted Louis XIV., with severity; and wishing to vent his ill humor on some one, began to scold Ponchartrain. "What has become of your activity, sir?" said he in a tone of reproach; "there was a time when not a single word was uttered in the whole kingdom, of which I was not advised, if the knowledge was of interest to me; now I hear nothing; the glory of my government is not sufficient to excite your zeal, and nothing is brought to me which concerns my family."

"Sire, my zeal never has, nor ever will fail," said Ponchartrain, prostrating himself to the earth; "I wished not to afflict your majesty, and have closed my eyes to many of the extravagancies of M. le duc de Chartres, who has not had before him a very exemplary pattern. About a week since, he passed the night at the house of a comedian of the Royal Academy of Music, living in the *Rue des Bons Enfans*; the next day, his carriage returned to St. Cloud, though he was not seen there himself; and the Abbé Dubois, his preceptor, declared that his royal highness had

gone to join M. de Luxemburg. I have vainly interrogated every one concerning him; and M. the lieutenant of police has united his efforts to mine —— ”

“The negligence of M. d’Argenson does not excuse yours,” interrupted the king, with impatience.

A hasty but respectful movement was here made by the courtiers to make room for the Duke and Duchess d’Orleans, who had arrived, with the ladies and gentlemen of their household. The duchess appeared more sad and abstracted than ever; the absence of the Duc de Chartres filled her with disquietude, and the evasiveness of Dubois gave a still keener poignancy to her grief. The duke did nothing but laugh at the pranks of De Chartres, and especially at the *ruse* which Dubois had invented to deceive his governors; indeed, that which he most admired in his son, was his precocious gallantry.

The king saluted the duchess with cold politeness; uncovering his head, he walked to her side and inquired concerning her health—to which she replied with equal formality. The duke then approached with a profound bow: the king embraced him as usual, and passed the compliments of the day in the most familiar manner, to which the duke listened with respect and gratitude. The two brothers were on the best of terms with each other; the duke had never interfered with the authority of the king, and satisfied his ambition with being the first subject of Louis the Fourteenth, for whom he felt as much admiration as love. “Has Madame done well by keeping us in waiting to-day?” said the king, who never pardoned inexactitude any more than actual disobedience; “I have been here for two hours.”

“I pray you to excuse me, sire,” replied the duke, looking at his wife; “you know that I am always exact in obeying your commandments.”

“It is me, sire, whom you must excuse for this tardiness,” replied the duchess, (the only person whom the king would suffer to contradict him,) “or, rather, it is I who wish to be excused; you surely will not have the injustice to condemn a mother for fulfilling the duties owed to her son?”

“Madame,” replied the king sharply, “I understand the du-

ties of a mother in their proper time and place; but I desire also to have my wishes accomplished, when I give orders to that effect."

"I have given constant attention to your smallest requirements," said Madame, (who never yielded;) "I have counted no sacrifice too great to show my devotion to your majesty; but this time I could do no better than I have; I was waiting for a courier who was to have brought me some news respecting the Duc de Chartres——"

"Well, what have you heard?" interrupted the king, more from curiosity than interest.

"Nothing, sire," replied the princess, unable to restrain her tears; "my son has been made the victim of some infernal conspiracy, that I am sure of; he is without doubt shut up in some prison, or perhaps in some royal chateau, for they would not dare attempt his life; but I can readily name the author of the scheme, and Madame de Maintenon——"

"Madame de Maintenon," said the king, in a terrible voice, "has importuned with me in behalf of M. le Duc de Chartres, whose villanous course of life will prove as detrimental to his future as his present existence; your son, Madame, has thrown himself into a libertinism, acquired by habitual intercourse with persons of the most dissolute habits, that he has given me much sorrow on your own as well as his account, for I loved you both."

"Sire," said Madame, "of what use is it for me to protest that the affection of which you speak is on my part still the same? I have not changed from the first, and still love you as much as formerly! but you give credit to the base calumnies of certain persons who delight in making you disagree with me; I well know that a person who hates me has invented some atrocious plan to sink me in your estimation, and she has succeeded but too well——"

"No, Madame," interrupted Louis, who now spoke in a more persuasive tone, "no, the person to whom you allude has never even dreamed of harming you; on the contrary, she has defended you before me——"

"Sire," replied the duchess, with a tenacity which nothing could sever, "I would rather die than believe you to be an ac-

complice of my enemies ; but nevertheless I cannot make white black."

"Madame, you are possessed of an obstinancy very hard to be conquered," said the king ; "do you not know that one ought to be of a very irreproachable character to speak so severely of another ?"

"I know that I am worth but little ; but if I were to compare myself with some others who have *all* your confidence, I should feel obliged to indulge somewhat my self-love."

"Madame, I wash my hands of this fine judgment ; but be assured of this, that it would be better for you to convince others by your actions that you are really more meritorious than you feel yourself to be."

Louis XIV., from a singular attachment for Madame la Duchess, had always, in his intercourse with her, set aside that cold yet polished etiquette which he observed with all others, not excepting his own daughters ; but in this conference the duchess observed, with as much sorrow as fear, the great change in the manner of her brother-in-law, who now addressed her in a severe and irritated tone, evidently viewing her with an accusing eye. However, she appeared disposed to facilitate the explanation which the king evidently desired, and she followed him to the extreme end of the lake, whither he silently directed his steps. None of the courtiers followed, for a sign from Louis had raised a barrier which they dared not overstep. But their surprise was great and unanimous when from the distance they saw the king enter a boat moored on the bank, and invite the Duchess d'Orleans to seat herself with him ; two boatmen, who managed this pretty bark, (painted and gilded with the royal arms,) unfastened the chains that bound it, and, bending themselves to the oars, crossed the lake, and landed at *l'Isle de Conference*. As soon as the king had assisted Madame from the boat, the oarsmen resealed themselves, and immediately put back to their starting-place.

The duchess was not a little astonished at the *promenade* upon the water which Louis had taken, and secretly hoped that she was regaining the favor of the king, who for ten years had avoided being alone with her, for fear of giving umbrage to

Madame de Maintenon. Her astonishment and joy, however, were of no longer duration than their passage across the lake, which was made with the rapidity of a swallow. The king spoke not a word, and the duchess dared not question him! As she leaned on the arms of her conductor to ascend to the hall of *Conference*, she felt a trembling chill and an omen of discouragement as she turned her head and saw the boat, which was now far away, leaving her without hope of retreat, in the presence of the formidable wrath of Louis XIV.

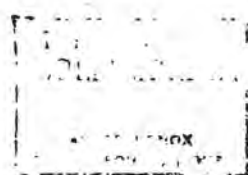
She slowly ascended the twenty steps bordering on the circular terrace, upon which was erected an elegant pavilion, supported by eight doric pillars. The six windows were all shut, as well as the door, which when the king opened, the duchess saw sitting in the hall a lady, veiled, who was arranging some papers and taking notes from them on a small table. It was not necessary for the duchess to remove the veil in order to recognise this woman, who did not even rise from her seat to receive the king. The princess, indignant at her conductor for having led her into such a snare, refused to enter the pavilion, and had already descended the steps—though without knowing how to escape from the isle—that she might avoid an interview with Madame de Maintenon; but the king imperiously ordered her to return. She obeyed, trembling with anger and reddening with shame, entering without deigning to grant a bow or a look of recognition to Madame de Maintenon, who smiled and looked intelligently at the king, who appeared agitated and undecided. An interval of hope and hesitation here intervened, during which Louis XIV. struck his cane on the stones; Madame de Maintenon continued to write, examining at the same time with an air of triumph the face of the duchess; and the latter threw her eyes here and there to enable her to disguise her anger and trouble.

"Well, Madame," said the king, to whom Madame de Maintenon made a sign to commence the colloquy, "is your conscience tranquil at this hour? I would not, for your sake, wish to have your soul required of you in its present state, that is to say, black with hatred and malignity."

"Hatred is sometimes a virtue, sire," proudly replied the



Passage of the Rhine.



duchess, fearing that the king meditated a reconciliation between her and her enemy.

"The Divine Redeemer, in his passion, pardoned his executioners," said Madame de Maintenon, accompanying this pious observation with the sign of the cross.

"*He* was the Son of God," replied the duchess, without addressing herself to Madame de Maintenon; "but I am a daughter of Eve, of a sinful nature, and have not the holiness which *He* had to shelter the weaknesses of the creature."

"Stop, Madame," said the king, with mildness; "if I should offer you any counsel at this time, it would be, that you should pray Madame de Maintenon to charitably excuse you."

"What have I done that she should excuse, sire?" said Madame, blushing with shame; "but if I have committed a crime, I would not so descend from my rank as to——"

"Will you leave me to judge and condemn, Madame? And shall not I suffer in condemning you?—*you*, whom I have believed worthy of my peculiar friendship—*you*, whom I esteem as the equal of the first lady of my court? Think well, I beseech you; remember that I could, without any injustice, cover you with disgrace; and not show a rigor of disposition that I might imitate to your great disadvantage. This is the last advice I have to give you, Madame; and remember, that if you suffer the moment of repentance to pass unimproved, the period of my clemency will likewise close."

"You speak to me as a judge," said the duchess, struck with the tone of solemnity which the king had assumed; "you address ~~me as~~ a culprit. Am I to be calumniated at your side—while in *your* presence?" added she, looking fixedly at Madame de Maintenon, who continued her writing; "it would not be the first time I have been called upon to defend myself against these base ~~threatenings~~."

"~~Madame~~, you have no one to accuse!" said the king, who at a glance from Madame de Maintenon threw off the mild patience which he had imposed upon himself.

"I accuse no one," replied the duchess—who was accustomed to dispute with the king—"but they know that I *can* accuse, if forced to that step."

"Would *you* accuse men," replied the king, with a cold and menacing irony, "who slander in their correspondence, the actions and even the thoughts of others?"

"Sire," stammeringly said the princess, who did not feel entirely innocent on this point, "I swear that I have never written any thing against the honor of your majesty."

"Do not swear, Madame, for fear of perjuring yourself; we have committed to the Bastille many libellists who have not attacked our government with equal audacity."

"The greatest king in the world, sire, is not infallible; and my German frankness, which you have so often praised, has prevented me, perhaps, from always disguising your faults."

"My faults! my faults!" muttered Louis, with a hasty, impatient step; "do you not know that I have already punished le Comte Bussy, for having dared to insult, in a scandalous publication, the ladies of my court? I would have had him hung, had he not asked my pardon. I mean that the ladies shall be respected!"

The princess called to mind a large number of passages in her letters, in which the gallantries of the court were treated of in a manner quite as bold as that of Bussy; but having perfect confidence in the discretion of her friends and relatives, she did not suppose it possible that those letters could have been returned from Germany to France, nor did she think that any one would have dared to violate the secrecy of her seal, therefore she still preserved her assurance. But the king, who for some time had restrained his passion, and in whom was still struggling the true affection that he felt for his sister-in-law, at last obeying a sign from Madame de Maintenon, broke the ice and struck a decided blow; he went straight to the table at which the favorite was sitting, and selecting from them several papers, he presented them to the princess without saying a single word, at the same time shaking her violently by the arm. As soon as her eye fell on the papers, she recognised her writing, and uttered an exclamation of surprise. In a moment the change of her countenance revealed her confusion; the epigrams with which her correspondence abounded, sprang up before her mind like so many ghosts, ready to crush her with their testimony; and with

her hands clasped in despair, she immediately swooned. Madame de Maintenon's countenance was irradiated with a smile of satisfaction, and she appeared to enjoy deliciously the disorder and terror into which the Duchess d'Orleans had been thrown.

"Madame," said the king, with an inexorable air, "this is the occasion for you to repeat the judgment which you have dictated to me; what does the person merit who wrote these slanders?"

"Do not read them, sire," interrupted Madame de Maintenon, "it would soil your lips to read such a mass of infamous lies."

"In whom shall I trust hereafter?" murmured the duchess, her eyes fixed in consternation on the papers which the king held. "Ah! sire, these are my letters! who has dared to break my seal? who has deceived me, who has so basely sold me?"

"What!" replied Louis, with emphasis, "do you hope, Madame, that your seal will prove a mantle to hide your wickedness? are you ignorant that the king who governs France *can* and *ought* to penetrate into the secrets of his subjects and of his family? yes! your letters have been opened by *my* orders. Long enough have I supported patiently the censures which you have made upon my court and upon my most faithful servants, to amuse, at their expense, your German gossips."

"Sire, who has told you the contents of these letters?" said the princess, flattering herself that the German language offered a means of refuting the accusation.

"Here is the literal translation," replied the king, showing her the proof of her guilt; "I had it made in my own cabinet, that I might more fully appreciate the gravity of the case, and consider the punishment due."

"Your conduct is odious, Madame; it is unworthy the character you have heretofore sustained; it is cowardly, because you have injured persons who did not doubt your friendship; it is, in a word, properly a treason with my enemies; and in another, this crime would be punished with death or perpetual imprisonment in a state prison."

"I have been light and imprudent in my conduct, I admit, but I am not the criminal you would make me; and, sooner

than write any thing prejudicial to your interest, I would cut off my right hand."

"Here, you throw disdain with a full mouth, upon the children of France, said the king, pointing out to her a passage in the translation. "Do you presume, Madame, that these children, who have my blood running in their veins, are not more noble and nearer the throne than the legitimate sons of the house of Orleans? Have they not been legalized by my voice, and are you to be permitted to rail at their birth, which they would not exchange for another? But above all, that which is to me the most insupportable, is, that the person whom I honor and love above all others, has had to suffer under these strange and perfidious calumnies, because she has each day given proof of her affection for me.

"This letter is an arsenal of wickedness amassed against this person; through the whole of it runs the most poisonous lies, invented to render despicable the most holy and virtuous woman in my kingdom. That of itself is enough, and I shall take care that hereafter she is sheltered from such pursuits; and I shall send you back to Germany to the Elector-Palatine Jean Guillaume, your relative, or to the Electress of Hanover, where you will have an opportunity to speak boldly all the malignities which here you have secretly written.

"You will set out this evening," continued the king in an imperative tone; "your exile will not be known at once, as for the sake of my brother I would not wish to have his wife dishonored; this I will manage, and give orders to your physician to say that he has prescribed for you the waters of Baden or of Aix-la-Chapelle, and I advise you to repent of your sin."

"Sire, will you make me leave you?" cried the duchess, falling on her knees before Louis, "mercy! mercy! sire, you are the greatest of kings, be also the most lenient!"

"Is it for me to pardon you, when I am not the one offended!" said Louis XIV. turning towards Madame de Maintenon; "as far as I am concerned I forgive you; but high as is my authority I can do no more; so be contented, Madame, that I have no hatred against you, and receive here my farewell for the last time."

"Ah! Madame!" sadly exclaimed the princess, addressing herself at last to Madame de Maintenon with a gesture expressive of desire, accompanied anew with sobs and groans.

This was all Madame de Maintenon was waiting for, and this victory gained over her haughty rival was sufficient vengeance; she rose with a smile on her lips and took the hand of Elizabeth Charlotte de Baviere, who still remained on her knees, crushed by the invocation which she mechanically addressed to her enemy. The princess trembled with horror at the touch, and though she repressed herself from uttering her real feelings, she was unable to give in reply a single word of gratitude for this forgiveness, which she regarded by far as the most injurious triumph of the adroit and perfidious woman.

"Sire!" said Madame de Maintenon, with a skilfully assumed sweetness, "the Christian religion recommends charity towards our neighbor, and the gracious pardon which you have granted to Madame will not permit me to hold any longer resentment against her. I pray you to retract your sentence; if I was the offended, I will forget it for ever."

"Well, Madame!" said the king, "are you not touched with such nobleness of soul? such is the effect of true religion, which governs the human passions, and knows no obstacle to the accomplishment of good. Will you not imitate so glorious an abnegation? ought you not highly to esteem a person so lofty, so sublime?"

"Madame de Maintenon has been afflicted at the unhappy division which has existed between you and herself without any cause," said Louis, who believed this to be a favorable occasion to reconcile, in appearance at least, these two implacable enemies; "Madame de Maintenon has told me that in reality she loved you; and I, as you well know, have been greatly attached to you. I wish to see you united."

"You know that I am the eldest, Madame," said the favorite, (dwelling on her age, with which the duchess had always reproached her,) "however, I will with a cheerful heart take the first step."

"Yes, Madame, that this reconciliation may be complete," said the king; "I am going to the chase, accompanied by the ladies, and

I desire that your perfect agreement with Madame de Maintenon be observable."

"His majesty has already told you, that you are beloved by me; is it necessary that I repeat it, and beg you, Madame, that all may be forgotten in this embrace?"

The duchess had given no sign of life—although she was standing with her eyes wide open—since the time she was raised at the invitation and with the assistance of her enemy; one insupportable idea filled her mind; she had seen herself at the feet of *Madame de Maintenon*! When she approached to embrace her, the princess, who was already cold and stiff as though struck with death, threw back her head, heaved a deep sigh, and fell senseless on the pavement.

"You see it, sire!" exclaimed Madame de Maintenon, "nothing will suffice to break this stony heart; she hates me more than ever, and will some day have me assassinated!"

"No, Madame, she is incapable of that," coolly said the king, "*but she will not praise you in her correspondence.* But it is time to go to the chase; will you come?"

"I desire no greater honor in this world than to be at your side; but you do not wish me to appear at the chase without Madame?——"

"Sire, you will never bring this inflexible German to submit to reason until you give in marriage to her son one of your daughters whom she has dared to stigmatize as ——"

"Enough! I will order it to be done."







GIOTTO.



Giotto.



POOR child, whose days had passed away in the peaceful ignorance of pastoral life, bethought himself one day of tracing on a stone, with the point of a knife, the representation of the pet goat of his flock. Now, a cavalier of high and noble mein beheld, over the shoulder of the young shepherd, the work which the latter had done. The cavalier said to the child, "Come!" The child raised his head, and, even without knowing that he had created any thing, followed, he knew not why, the unknown man who called him. The cavalier was the first painter in Italy, the divine artist who was entertained by princes, kings, emperors, popes: it was Giovanni Cimabue. With a rapid glance, let us contemplate his glorious destiny: Florence, the proudest and most jealous of Tuscan cities,

confided to this young painter the honor of decorating in fresco the choir of her cathedral, and giving a magnificent painting to the principal altar. Florence had also a Church of the Holy Cross, in which four chapels of the Franciscans displayed their naked walls; to the same painter, Florence said: "Young man, adorn these Franciscan chapels, as a Christian and a child of art." The sacristy of this church presented on its wainscots twenty-six spaces in the form of parallelograms, where the pencil was to be exercised in the honor of religion; and the artist composed there twenty-six master-pieces; thirteen upon the life of our Saviour, and thirteen others on the life of St. Francis. At that time, Rome and Florence were celebrating the same painter, who had endowed religion, history, and art, with five portraits, which were: Pope Clement IV., Brunetto Latini, Corso Donati, Dante Alighieri, and his own. At Assises, the labors of this artist assumed an aspect so sublime that he was surnamed:—"The Disciple of Nature." The cemetery of Jean de Pisan, in which originated the Campo Santo, and in which the Tuscan masters had exercised their skill during a hundred and fifty years, was adorned by the same pencil, with a series of pictures drawn from the life of Job. The Church of St. Peter, demolished under Julius II., had also been enriched with the paintings of him of whom we speak.

Clement IV., elected pope in 1305, brought the noble artist with him to Avignon; from thence followed, for the cities of Languedoc and Provence, a succession of *chefs d'œuvre*. Padua, Ferrara, Ravenna, Urbino, Arezzo, Lucca, Gaeta, Naples, Rimini, Milan, by turns, had the honor of employing his skilful pencil. Wealthy and renowned, the artist returned to Florence in 1316; illustrious friend of divine Dante, he was taken by the latter to Ravenna, and there painted some frescoes in the Church of St. Francis, where Dante was afterwards interred, the 14th of September, 1321. The glory which surrounded him, caused him to be chosen, in 1354, architect of Florence; it was then that he superintended the building of the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore, and laid the foundations of its celebrated tower. He then, it is said, displayed his talent as a sculptor by chiseling the statues in bas-relief, of which he had given the designs.

The young shepherd, whom we have shown trying to draw a goat—this child, the son of a poor farmer, named Bondone, who lived in the valley of Magello, the little shepherd who followed the great Cimabue, is he who took from the latter his power and fame, and who performed, in a sublime and wonderful manner, the works we have just enumerated, rapidly, briefly, summarily ; it was Angiolotto di Bondone, Giotto da Vespignano.

When he appeared, the art of painting was lost, not to say unknown, (in spite of Cimabue himself.) Nature, who teaches art, was forgotten, deserted, neglected. During two centuries, painters and sculptors, especially the Latins, had fallen into the most monstrous errors ; and yet Nature was before them for a guide, but they saw her not. The Latins of the twelfth century, stiff and cold, practised drawing in right lines ; the Byzantines in curved lines ; the first were sharp and angular, the second bombastic. And, suddenly, true, brilliant, severe, graceful in outline, powerful in composition, master of drawing, and of coloring, appeared he, whom Assisis so nobly surnamed "*The Disciple of Nature*," and who called himself Giotto.



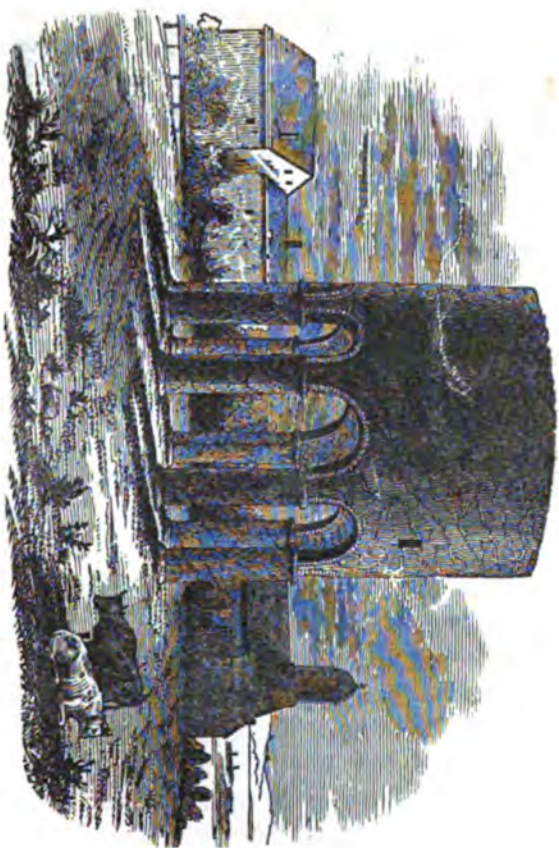


The old Ruin at Newport.

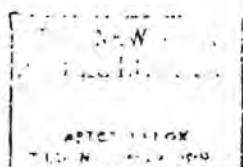


HIS singular edifice has excited more curiosity, interest, and speculation, than any other remains in our country. Although it may have been used as a windmill, there is every probability that it was erected for some other purpose ; and various are the conjectures as to what this purpose might have been. No similar structure is to be met with in any section of our country. Had the English found it here, it would seem that they would have made some allusion to it ; and had it been erected subsequently, so singular a piece of architecture could scarcely have failed to excite a passing notice. The most reasonable suppositions with regard to this relic of another age are, that it was either of ante-Columbian origin and built by the Northmen during their visit to this New World, which it is now generally admitted they made, or it was erected for a fort by traders who might have visited the island previous to its settlement in 1638.

A particular description of this structure has been transmitted to the Royal Society of Antiquarians at Copenhagen ; and from this, Professor Rafn, one of the most learned antiquarians of Europe, in an article of great ability, has aimed to prove its Scandinavian origin, and to identify it with similar edifices erected in the north of Europe previous to the twelfth century. He says, "There is no mistaking, in this instance, the style in
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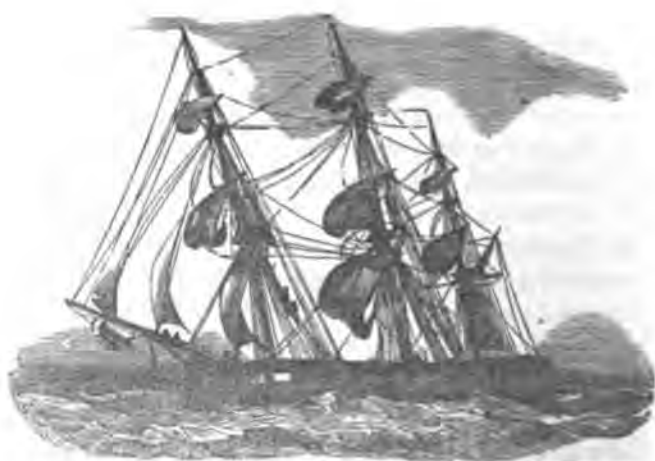
THE OLD RUIN AT NEWPORT.



which the more ancient stone edifices of the North were constructed, which belongs to the Roman or Ante-Gothic Architecture, and which, especially after the time of Charlemagne, diffused itself from Italy over the whole of the north and west of Europe, where it continued to predominate until the close of the twelfth century; that style which some authors have, from one of its most thriving characteristics, called the round arch style, which in England is denominated the Saxon, and sometimes the Norman architecture. From the characteristics of the ancient structure of Newport, I am persuaded that all who are familiar with old Northern architecture, will concur that this building was erected at a period not later than the twelfth century."

The learned professor next brings forward three ancient edifices in Denmark belonging to this period, and also a structure among the ruins of Mellifont Abbey, which in the general principles of their construction bear a strong resemblance to the Old Mill. He goes on to prove that Bishop Eric made a voyage to the shores of Narragansett Bay in the early part of the twelfth century, and that while there he probably erected the building in question, as a portion of a church or monastery. He supposes that after the thirteenth century the Northmen gradually intermixed with the aborigines, as was the case at a later period in Greenland, and that they lost all traces of the civilization they had inherited from their ancestors, as the connection with the mother country was forgotten.





Shipwreck of the Blendenhall.



IN the year 1821, the Blendenhall, free trader, bound from England for Bombay, partly laden with broad cloths, was proceeding on her voyage with every prospect of a successful issue. While thus pursuing her way through the Atlantic, she was unfortunately driven from her course, by adverse winds and currents, more to the southward and westward

than was required, and it became desirable to reach the island of Tristan d'Acunha, in order to ascertain and rectify the reckoning. This island, which is called after the Portuguese admiral who first discovered it, is one of a group of three, the others being



SHIPWRECK OF THE BLENDENHALL.



the Inaccessible and Nightingale Islands, situated many hundreds of miles from any land, and in a south-westerly direction from the Cape of Good Hope. The shores are rugged and precipitous in the extreme, and form, perhaps, the most dangerous coast upon which any vessel could be driven.

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

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

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

Drenched with the sea and with the rain, hungry, cold, and comfortless, thousands of miles from their native land, almost beyond expectation of human succor, hope nearly annihilated, the shipwrecked voyagers retired to their tents. In the morning the wreck had gone to pieces; and planks, spars, and whatever had floated in, were eagerly dragged on shore. No sooner was the ship broken up, than the crew deeming themselves freed from all authority secured whatever came to land: and the captain, officers, passengers, and crew, were now reduced to the same level, and obliged to take their turn to fetch water, and explore the island for food. The work of exploring was soon over—there was not a bird, nor a quadruped, nor a single tree to be seen. All was barren and desolate. The low parts were

scattered over with stones and sand, and a few stunted weeds, rocks, ferns, and other plants. The top of the mountain was found to consist of a fragment of original table-land, very marshy and full of deep sloughs, intersected with small rills of water, pure and pellucid as crystal, and a profusion of wild parsley and celery. The prospect was one dreary scene of destitution, without a single ray of hope to relieve the misery of the desponding crew. After some days, the dead cow, hams, and cheese were consumed; and from one end of the island to the other, not a morsel of food could be seen. Even the celery began to fail. A few bottles of wine, which, for security had been secreted under ground, only remained. Famine now began to threaten. Every stone near the sea was examined for shell-fish, but in vain.

In this dreadful extremity, and while the half famished seamen were at night squatting in sullen dejection round their fires, a large lot of sea-birds, allured by the flames, rushed into the midst of them, and were greedily laid hold of as fast as they could be seized. For several nights in succession, similar flocks came in; and by multiplying their fires, a considerable supply was secured. These visits, however, ceased at length, and the wretched party were exposed again to the most severe privation. When their stock of wild fowl had been exhausted for more than two days, each began to fear that they were now approaching that sad point of necessity, when, between death and casting lots who should be sacrificed to serve for food for the rest, no alternative remained. While horrors at the bare contemplation of an extremity so repulsive occupied the thoughts of all, the horizon was observed to be suddenly obscured, and presently clouds of penguins alighted on the island. The low grounds were actually covered; and before the evening was dark, the sand could not be seen for the number of eggs, which, like a sheet of snow, lay on the surface of the earth. The penguins continued on the island four or five days, when, as by signal, the whole took their flight, and were never seen again. A few were killed, but the flesh was so extremely rank and nauseous that it could not be eaten. The eggs were collected and dressed in all manner of ways, and supplied abundance of food for upwards three weeks. At the expiration of that time, famine once more seemed inevi-

table; the third morning began to dawn upon the unfortunate company after their stock of eggs were exhausted; they had now been without food for more than forty hours, and were fainting and dejected; when, as though this desolate rock were really a land of miracles, a man came running up to the encampment with the unexpected and joyful tidings that "millions of sea-cows had come on shore." The crew climbed over the ledge of rocks that flanked their tents, and the sight of a shoal of manatees immediately beneath them gladdened their hearts. These came in with the flood, and were left in the puddles between the broken rocks of the cove. This supply continued for two or three weeks. The flesh was mere blubber, and quite unfit for food, for not a man could retain it on his stomach; but the liver was excellent, and on this they subsisted. In the meantime, the carpenter with his gang had constructed a boat, and four of the men had adventured in her for Tristan d'Acunha, in hopes of ultimately extricating their fellow-sufferers from their perilous situation. Unfortunately the boat was lost—whether carried away by the violence of the currents that set in between the islands, or dashed to pieces against the breakers, was never known, for no vestige of the boat or crew was ever seen. Before the manatees, however, began to quit the shore, another boat was launched; and in this an officer and some seamen made a second attempt, and happily succeeded in effecting a landing, after much labor, on the island, where they were received with much cordiality and humanity by Governor Glass—a personage whom it will be necessary to describe.

Tristan d'Acunha is believed to have been uninhabited until 1811, when three Americans took up their residence upon it, for the purpose of cultivating various kinds of vegetables, and selling the produce, particularly potatoes, to vessels which touch there on their way to India, the Cape, or other parts in the southern ocean. These Americans remained its only inhabitants till 1816, when, on Bonaparte being sent to St. Helena, the British government deemed it expedient to garrison the island, and sent the Falmouth man-of-war with a colony of forty persons, which arrived in the month of August. At this time the chief of the American settlers was dead, and only two sur-

vived; but what finally became of these we are not informed. The British garrison was soon given up, the colony abandoned, and all returned to the Cape of Good Hope, except a person named Glass, a Scotchman, who had been corporal of artillery, and his wife, a Cape creole. One or two other families joined them, and thus the foundation of a nation on a small scale was formed; Mr. Glass, with the titles and character of governor, like a second Robinson Crusoe, being the undisputed chief and lawgiver of the whole. On being visited in 1825, by Mr. Augustus Earle, the little colony was found to be on the increase, a considerable number of children having been born since the period of settlement. The different families inhabited a small village, consisting of cottages covered with thatch made of the long grass of the island, and exhibiting an air of comfort cleanliness, and plenty, truly English.

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

After being hospitably treated by Glass and his company for three months, the survivors obtained a passage to the Cape, all except a young sailor, named White, who had formed an attachment to one of the servant girls on board, and who, in all the miseries which had been endured, had been her constant protector and companion; whilst gratitude on her part prevented her wishing to leave him. Both chose to remain, and were adopted as free citizens of the little community.



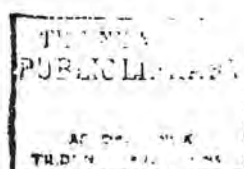
A Panther Hunt.



BARKING and yelping, with noses close to the ground, three noble hounds of rare breed rushed through the thickly-grown wood, sometimes losing the track amidst the withered leaves, then, snuffing about the decayed and prostrate trees, they would once more resume the chase in full cry—a sure sign that their pursuit was of the bear or panther, and not the nimble-footed stag, which, if it did at times lure them for a brief period from the path, never rendered them wholly untrue to it.

They had now reached a spot where their foe had evidently been for a time, and must have crossed their road; for, stopping for a moment they sought, whimpering wildly, more eagerly than ever through the closely-hanging parasitical plants which, like a living wall, encircled the place, then returning again and again to the centre, renewed their howls and lamentations as before.

Suddenly the bushes parted, and a young man on a small black Indian pony, cutting by one vigorous stroke, with the broad hunting-knife he held in his hand, the creepers which threatened to drag him off his horse, leaped in directly between the hounds, who, delighted at his appearance, fawned upon him for an instant, then, urged to redoubled zeal by the neighborhood of their master, proceeded anew in their search.





PANTHER HUNT.

"So! so! my brave dogs!" cried the young hunter, stopping to replace his knife in its sheath, and laying the rifle which he carried on his shoulder on the saddle before him. "So! right! seek! seek you here, on the road, and this time I think we will succeed in nabbing the pig stealer that has escaped us so often. Hurrah!" shouted he, raising himself in his saddle, as he saw the oldest of the dogs taking the lead, and, followed closely by the others, plunge at once into the thicket. "Hurrah!" And throwing his gun again across his shoulder, as he seized the reins in his right hand and pressed his heels against the pony's side, he flew in wild bounds after the dogs. On the way lay trunks of trees, overgrown bushes, marshy sloughs, and slimy channels, but nothing could repress their ardor. Onward and onward still they went, followed by the black pony snorting and foaming, add its rider huzzaing with delight. Once more the hounds stopped, but this time from no uncertainty as to the path they had taken, for, barking and howling, they sprang at one of the mightiest oaks of the upland, gnawing with rage the roots and bark of the noble tree which had afforded shelter to their foe, and thus hindered their pursuit of him. The hunter now arrived at the chosen spot, and without staying to check his horse, he leaped in one bound, which almost overset the animal, from out his saddle, and began with eager glance to search throughout the thick leaves of the tree, round which the dogs were jumping with so much exultation; and soon espied between two of the branches the form of some living creature which, clinging closely to the boughs, seemed to deem itself altogether unnoticed and concealed. It was, indeed, sufficiently dark amidst the shade of the thick foliage for a less practiced eye than that of our young habitant of the forest to have remained some time in doubt as to the description of animal which so earnestly sought to shun his observation. But Weston's eagle eye soon recognized, in the crouching figure and long tail, which it could not perfectly conceal, the panther's cub, and raised his gun to fetch it more certainly from its height, while the dogs, breathless with expectation, looked, now toward the rifle from which they momentarily expected to see the flash, and now toward the summit of the oak, in whose branches they knew the

enemy to be. But in vain was the low whine with which they hoped to hasten the proceedings of their master; he seemed suddenly to change his mind, and, laying his gun aside, he commenced once more a cautious and attentive examination of the tree. Reassured at length, apparently, of that which he desired to know, he unbuckled the belt in which his knife and tomahawk were stuck, and taking off his hunting-shirt, again returned toward the oak, from which the dogs, though anxiously observant of his every movement, had never once removed their eyes.

"I will try," he murmured to himself, "and take it alive; for if I bring a young panther to Little Rock, I shall readily obtain my ten or fifteen dollars for it; but if, on the other hand, I shoot it, its skin will be worth nothing. The old one must have left it, as I can not see it anywhere in the tree, and, for ten dollars, one may for once bear a few scratches from the young chap. So look out, Master Panther! I'm coming!"

With these words he went to his pony, which was grazing quietly hard by, unslung a rope from around its neck, buckled on his girdle again, in which he replaced his knife, but left the tomahawk behind, and began to ascend the mighty tree; drawing the rope three times round the stem, which he could not firmly clasp, and, fastening the ends together, he seized it sometimes with the right and sometimes with the left arm, and by its assistance cautiously mounted up to the top; while the hounds, comprehending instantly what he meant, jumped with delight around the oak. Slowly then, indeed, but surely, he climbed nearly forty feet up the slender body ere he arrived at the first branch; when, stopping for a moment to rest himself and take breath, he felt if his knife was still secure, and looking up towards the young panther, which remained almost motionless, and clinging to the same branches as at first. Weston then slung the rope, which he no longer needed, round his shoulder, and, making use of the twigs as rails for his natural ladder, he ascended quickly and lightly toward the cub, which, though it did not move in the least, still kept its fiery eyes fixed on its approaching foe. But yet wilder glances were watching the progress of our hunter, who was wholly unconscious of the proximity of so grim and dangerous a foe—none other than the mother of the cub, who lay, with tail gently

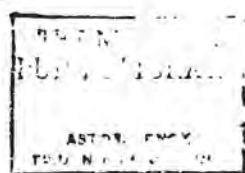
waving, in one of the withered trees that stood beside, with branches interlaced in that in which he was, ready for the spring, and seeming but to await his nearer approach, ere, with a vigorous bound, she threw herself, tooth and claw, upon the audacious man who would dare to seize her offspring. Carelessly, then, swinging from bough to bough, Weston was now close under the young one, who, raising itself gently, after the fashion of a cat, with its back up, stood upon the branch and looked down upon the hunter as if not perfectly comprehending the danger to be apprehended from him.

Weston stopped, and, taking the rope from off his shoulder, he formed a noose with it to catch over the panther's head; then, settling himself firmly between two branches, he looked up in expectation of the proper moment for attack, and saw, directly opposite and hardly ten paces from him, the glowing eyes of the female as she bent down in readiness for the spring.

Brought up from childhood in the woods, and well acquainted with the dangers which so often threaten the solitary sportsman, Weston retained in this fearful moment presence of mind enough to place the body of the tree between him and his ferocious enemy, ere the latter could divine his intention; and this he fortunately succeeded in effecting just in time, as that instant the dark figure of the panther leaped upon the spot he had just quitted, and gazed with fiery eyes upon the undaunted hunter, who, with his left arm clasped around a branch, held in his right hand his bare knife, as with every breath he drew he expected to see the enraged animal spring down upon him. She, however, intimidated by the eye he kept fixed firmly upon her, was satisfied to know of the safety of her young, and to lie attentively marking every movement of her foe at scarcely six paces from him. At this moment, Weston first believed that he was lost; for even if able to use his knife, a good stout weapon, against his grim antagonist, still the place on which he stood, and from whence the slightest false step would dash him headlong to the ground, was by no means suitable for so fearful a struggle; but perceiving that his adversary was content with merely watching him, he swiftly, but cautiously, and without any rash movement, which might irritate the monster, replaced the knife in its sheath, and

slowly commenced his retreat. The panther, seeing him remove further and further away, followed him leisurely : and often did he feel for his weapon, as he saw her about to leap, yet without ever daring to bring himself to an open and eye to eye encounter.

Arriving, then, once more at the last branch, he again fastened the rope around the stem and slid as quickly as possible down it. The dogs, meanwhile, driven almost to despair by perceiving their enemy in the branches without being able to get at her, jumped and howled in a heart-breaking manner about. At length Weston once more regained the firm ground, with clothes torn, blood oozing from his arms, torn by the rough bark of the tree, his knees trembling, and strength exhausted. But not one moment did he allow himself for repose ; but hastening to where his gun was laid, he seized and leveled it toward the panther's fancied place of security. Vain, however, were all his efforts to hold the heavy barrel steady for a second—his limbs shook ; so he was compelled to throw himself down to rest, yet without withdrawing his eye an instant from the form of the animal, which was now close to the stem, and its young one, no longer apprehensive of danger, with tail uplifted, stretching itself comfortably on the bough beside its mother. Weston soon recovered himself, and seizing once more his rifle, took a long and steady aim, until the distant hills reverberated with the echo of its thunder. The beast, pierced through by the ball, drew itself together, and sprang in furious haste from bough to bough, the branches bending beneath her weight, until she gained the lofty summit of the tree, when, having reached the highest point, and striving to get still further, the slender foliage gave way and she toppled over, clutching at every twig in her descent, and with a mighty crash, amid the howling dogs, she fell at Weston's feet. There was now no further impediment to the capture of the cub, who had followed her mother in terror to the lower branches of the tree ; but Weston's nerves had been too strained in his first attempt to admit of his trying the perilous path anew. So reloading his gun, he brought it in one shot within reach of the dogs who flew upon it in fury. In a brief space the skins were thrown across the pony's back, and away trotted our bold hunter, followed by his hounds, in search of new dangers and fresh prey





SHIP TOWED TO LAND BY BULLOCKS.



Ship Towed to Land by Bullocks.



SWIMMING is a manly exercise, which every one, under proper care, ought to be instructed. In the first place it is a very healthy and invigorating practice frequently to immerse the body in water; and when we recollect how often the knowledge of this art has been blessed by the Supreme Disposer of events as a means of saving his rational creatures from sudden death, it seems that to neglect this object is almost to refuse to avail ourselves of one of the means of safety, which a kind of Providence has placed within our reach.

Only imagine yourself to be, as many before you have been, in a situation of pressing danger on the sea, and yet at no great distance from the land, so that you might hope to reach it by swimming, but to remain on board the vessel seemed certain death, how thankful you would then feel to your friends if they had put this means of escape into your power! Or if you were to see some unfortunate fellow creature struggling in the water.

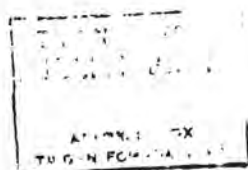
and about to disappear from your sight, how willingly, if conscious of your own power to support yourself, would you plunge into the water to his rescue! and how would your heart glow with delight if your efforts to save him should prove successful.

Here is a picture representing the very remarkable preservation of the crew of a vessel on the coast of Newfoundland. In this instance man availed himself of the instinct which ever prompts the brute creation to self-preservation. The ship was freighted with live cattle; in a dreadful storm she was dismasted, and became a mere wreck. The crew being unable to manage her, it occurred to the captain, whose name was Drummond, as a last resort, to attach some ropes to the horns of some of the bullocks, and turn them into the sea. This was done, the bullocks swam towards land and towed the ship to the shore. Thus the lives of the crew were saved.



THE WRECK OF THE STEAMBOAT.







The Wreck of the Steamboat.



THE following narrative teaches a lesson of courage and devotion such as are seldom read. In one of the light-houses of the desolate Farnes Isles, amid the ocean, with no prospect before it but the wide expanse of the sea, and now and then a distant sail appearing, her cradle hymn

the ceaseless sound of the everlasting deep, there lived a little child whose name was Grace Darling. Her father was the keeper of the light-house; and here Grace lived and grew up to the age of twenty-two, her mother's constant helpmate in all domestic duties. She had a fair and healthy countenance, which wore a kind and cheerful smile, proceeding from a heart at peace with others, and happy in the consciousness of endeavoring to do its duty.

It was at early dawn, one September morning, in 1838, that the family at Longstone light-house looked out through a

dense fog which hung over the waters. All night the sea had run extremely high, with a heavy gale from the north, and at this moment the storm continued unabated. Mr. and Mrs. Darling and Grace were at this time the only persons in the light-house; through the dim mist they perceived the wreck of a large steam vessel on the rocks, and by the aid of their telescope they could even make out the forms of some persons clinging to her.

It was the Forfarshire steamboat on her passage from Hull to Dundee. She left the former place with sixty-three persons on board. She had entered Berwick Bay about eight o'clock the previous evening, in a heavy gale and in a leaky condition; the motion of the vessel soon increased the leak to such a degree that the fires could not be kept burning. About ten o'clock she bore up off St. Abb's Head, the storm still raging. Soon after the engineer reported that the engines would not work; the vessel became unmanageable; it was raining heavily, and the fog was so dense that it was impossible to make out their situation. At length the appearance of breakers close to leeward, and the Farne lights just becoming visible, showed to all on board their imminent danger.

The captain vainly tried to run the vessel between the islands and the main land, but she would no longer answer the helm, and was driven to and fro by a furious sea. Between three and four o'clock in the morning she struck with her bows foremost on a jagged rock, which pierced her timbers. Soon after the first shock a mighty wave lifted the vessel from the rock, and let her fall again with such violence as fairly to break her in two pieces; the after part, containing the cabin with many passengers, all of whom perished, was instantly carried away through a tremendous current, while the fore part was fixed on the rock. The survivors, only nine in number, five of the crew and four passengers, remained in this dreadful situation till daybreak, when they were descried by the family at the light-house. But who could dare to cross the raging abyss which lay between them?

Grace, full of pity and anxiety for the wretched people on the wreck, forgot all toil and danger, and urged her father to launch the boat; she took one oar and her father the other; but Grace

had never assisted in the boat before, and it was only by extreme exertion and the most determined courage that they succeeded in bringing the boat up to the rock, and rescuing nine of their fellow creatures from a watery grave, and with the help of the crew in returning, landed all safe at the light-house.

Happy Grace Darling! she needed no other reward than the joy of her own heart, and the warm thanks of those whom she helped to deliver; but the news of the heroic deed soon spread, and wondering and admiring strangers came from far and near to see Grace and that lonely light-house. Nay more, they showered gifts upon her, and a public subscription was raised with a view of rewarding her bravery, to the amount of seven hundred pounds. She continued to live with her parents on the barren isles, finding happiness in her simple duties and in administering to their comfort, until her death, which took place little more than three years after the wreck of the Forfarshire steamer.



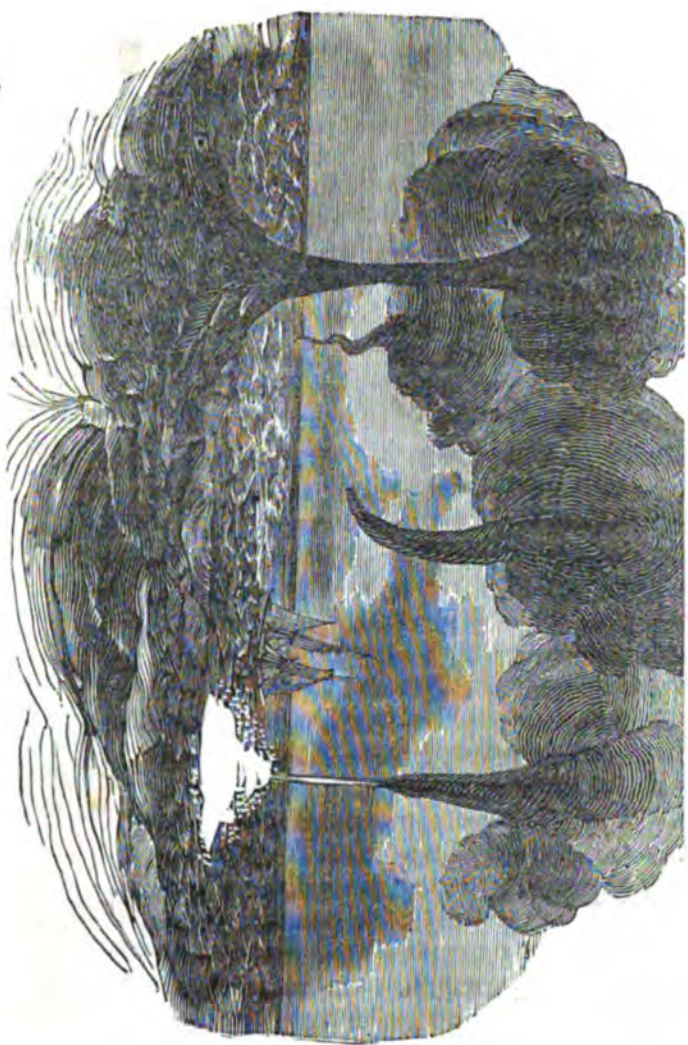


Waterspouts.

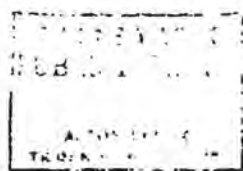


THESE wonderful appearances are caused by the action of currents of wind meeting in the atmosphere from different quarters. They are sometimes seen on land, but much more frequently at sea, where they are very dangerous visitors. We will try to give you some idea of what they are, and perhaps the picture may help you a little. Every one has often noticed little eddies of wind whirling up dust and leaves, or any light substances which happened to be in the way; when these occur on a larger scale they are called whirlwinds.

Now if a cloud happens to be exactly in the point where two such furious currents of wind meet, it is turned round and round



WATERSPOUTS.



by them with great speed and is condensed in the form of a cone; this whirling motion drives from the centre of the cloud all the particles contained in it, producing what is called a vacuum, or empty space, into which the water or any thing else lying beneath it has an irresistible tendency to rush. Underneath the dense impending cloud, the sea becomes violently agitated, and the waves dart rapidly towards the centre of the troubled mass of water: on reaching it they disperse in vapor, and rise, whirling in a spiral direction towards the cloud. The descending and ascending columns unite, the whole presenting the appearance of a hollow cylinder, or tube of glass empty within. This, Maltebrun tells us, and he further adds, "it glides over the sea without any wind being felt; indeed several have been seen at once, pursuing different directions. When the cloud and the marine base of the waterspout move with equal velocity, the lower cone is often seen to incline sideways, or even to bend, and finally to burst in pieces. A noise is then heard like the noise of a cataract falling in a deep valley. Lightning frequently issues from the very bosom of the waterspout, particularly when it breaks; but no thunder is ever heard."

Sailors, to prevent the danger which would arise from coming in contact with one of these tremendous columns, discharge a cannon ball into it; the ball passing through it breaks the watery cylinder, and causes it to burst, just as a touch causes your beautiful soap-bubbles to vanish, and turn to water again. These waterspouts, at sea, generally occur between the tropics, and we believe frequently after a calm, such as the poet has described in the following lines:

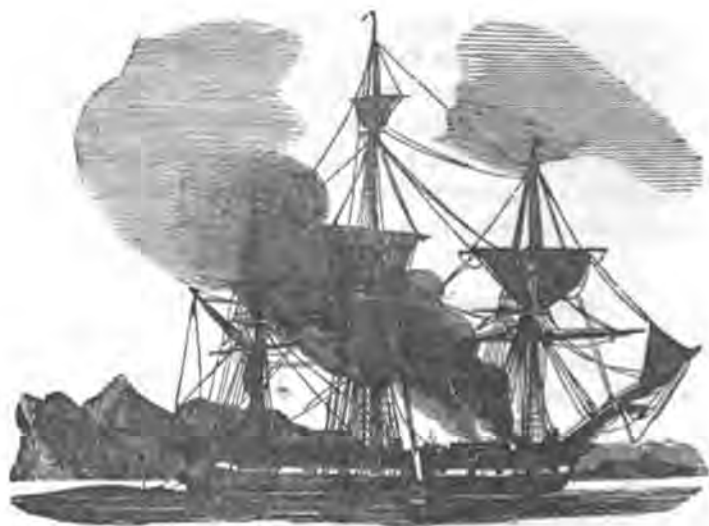
"Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be,
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

"Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath, nor motion ;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

"Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink ;
Water, water, every where
And not a drop to drink !"

Happily "dead calms" do not generally last so long as to lead to any serious result. Sailors have a superstitious and foolish belief that whistling in a calm will bring up a breeze, and they do this in a drawling, beseeching tone, on some prominent part of the vessel. Poor fellows ; what a pity their thoughts should not be more frequently directed to Him "who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with a span," and whose works and wonders in the deep "they that go down to the sea in ships" have such abundant opportunity for observing.





SIMON ALBOUY'S ENCOUNTER WITH THE MAD DOG.



Disinterested Heroism.



IMON ALBOUY exercised, in the city of Rodez, France, the trade of a weaver, by which he supported an aged father. Returning home one evening, he encountered a mad dog who had already bitten several persons. The animal advancing rapidly began to pursue him. Albouy, placing himself against a wall, courageously awaited the attack, and the dog throwing himself upon him bit him severely. Meanwhile the wounded man endeavored to seize his enemy, and called for help. "I will not retreat," said he, "but will endeavor to prevent his doing mischief to other unfortunate persons. Bring an axe and kill him. I will hold him fast, though I know that I am sacrificing my own life to save my fellow-citizens."

It appears by the deposition of Dr. Langlande of Rodez, that Albouy, who was his patient, had received from this mad dog fourteen severe wounds on the body and limbs; and that the doctor cauterized all these wounds with a hot iron, an operation which Albouy bore with the same wonderful firmness which he had evinced in his encounter with the rabid animal. "Go on with the operation," said he continually, "I fear nothing. I am satisfied with the consciousness of having done good service in saving others from death." Fortunately his own life was saved.

The French Academy could not resist the sentiment of admiration which the disinterested heroism of Simon Albouy inspired. They granted him, by special decree, a reward of four thousand francs.



CATHARINE II.

The Abbe de l'Epée.

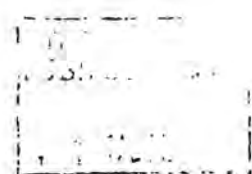


CHARLES MICHEL DE L'EPEE was born at Versailles, on the 25th of November, 1712. His father, who was the king's architect, enjoyed a comfortable independence. A man of simple manners, and severe probity, he early accustomed his children to self-restraint, and the practice of goodness. The young De l'Epée betrayed, while still a child, the mildness of disposition, and simplicity of tastes, the humility and desire to befriend all around him, for which he was so remarkable in after life. His father destined him to a scientific career, in which he already had made rapid advances ; but at the age of seventeen he felt himself called to the ministry, and after having, with some difficulty, obtained the consent of his parents, he began the study of theology.

In the belief that his humble services at the altar were insuf-



THE ABBE DE L'EPEE AND THE EMPEROR JOSEPH.



ficient to acquit him of his debt to society, he also studied law, and was admitted to practice at the bar of Paris, but he soon gave it up, his peculiar love of humanity inclining him to religious and moral duties. His ardent wishes were soon granted. The Bishop of Troyes, nephew of the great Bossuet, a prelate as distinguished by his virtues, as by his tolerance, received him, and gave him a humble benefice in his diocese. In the exercise of this holy office, the Abbe de l'Épée allied the softest virtues, to the most austere principles; his pastoral life equalled that of Fenelon. It was about this time, that, at the age of twenty-six, he with so much delicacy and humility, refused a bishopric, offered him by Cardinal Henry, in return for a personal service rendered him by the young Abbe.

The subject of much intolerance, he respected all faiths. Mr. Ulrich, a protestant, came from Switzerland to his school, to learn the art of teaching the deaf and dumb; he was received with kindness, and before long, a strong friendship arose between them. De l'Épée looked upon all men as his brothers, and in his latter days, was anxious for the Jews to be looked upon with the same favor as the Christians. This tolerance, this universal feeling of fraternity, this love of doing good, gave to his countenance that expression of sweetness to be observed in his portraits.

Hitherto we have seen in the Abbe de l'Épée a virtuous and honest man, a pious and tolerant priest, now we shall behold the man of genius.

The love of humanity was his passion, and chance obtained him the means of exercising it.

The following is the account given by himself:

"Vanin, a priest, had undertaken the education of two twin sisters, deaf and dumb, from their birth. At his death, the two poor girls were left unprotected; no one wishing for the responsibility of taking care of them. Under the belief that these children would live and die in ignorance of religion, if I did not teach it to them, I was moved with compassion for their situation, and had them brought to my house, determining to do all I could for them."

When the Abbe de l'Épée undertook this charitable task, he was ignorant of the nature of the instructions which had been

imparted to these girls, imperfect as they had been, but had he been fully acquainted with the subject, he would not the less have been the inventor of the art of teaching the dumb.

He was also a zealous promoter of his discovery. For this purpose he studied several languages, not content with the instruction of the deaf and dumb of his own country.

"May the different nations," said he, "open their eyes to the advantages attendant upon a school for these afflicted creatures. I have offered my services, and still offer them, but on condition that I receive no recompense of any kind whatsoever."

During his stay at Paris, the Emperor Joseph was present one day at his school. Struck with admiration, he offered him an abbacy in his dominions. "I am an old man now," replied De l'Épée, "if your majesty wishes well of the deaf and dumb, heap not benefits upon my aged head, bowed toward the tomb, but on them themselves." The Emperor seized the idea, and sent Abbot Stork to him, who, after studying his method returned home, and founded the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Vienna.

In 1780, the Russian Ambassador came to congratulate L'Épée, on the part of the Empress Catharine the Second, and to offer him rich presents. "Tell her majesty," was the reply, "that I decline her presents, but wish her to send me a deaf and dumb person from her country, to be instructed by me."

Thirty deaf and dumb persons were gratuitously taught by him. He was at once their instructor, and their father, providing for all their wants, clothing some of them, and paying apprentice fees for others, continuing to be their patron long after they left his care. In possession of a revenue of twelve thousand francs, he imposed upon himself the greatest privations, in order to provide his pupils with comforts. During the rigorous winter of 1788, this venerable old man lived without fire until compelled by his protégés to buy some wood. Upon such occasions he would say to them, "My friends, I have wronged you out of a hundred crowns."

L'Abbe de l'Épée died on the 23rd of December 1789, at the age of seventy-eight, the anniversary of the birth of Montgon. His funeral oration was delivered on the 23rd of February, 1790, by the Abbe Fauchet, the king's preacher, in the presence of a

deputation of the National Assembly, and his memory received still greater honors in the month of July following, by the foundation of the Paris Institution.

Blessed be science, when it lends itself to aid the afflicted ! L'Abbe de l'Epee directed his attention principally to those of the deaf and dumb who were poor, and also sent skilful missionaries to propagate this beneficent art in other countries, receiving disciples for that purpose, from Germany, Spain, Italy, Holland, and Switzerland, and his method now prevails in both hemispheres. "This," he said, "was the only reward he wished for."

A remarkable trait in this excellent man's character, was the entire freedom from jealousy he evinced when improvements were made in his art by others, declaring that he felt his way along, and would be very thankful for any hints on the subject. This last trait is by no means common among those whose discoveries science has been advanced. On the contrary, it often happens that the most brilliant inventive genius is disfigured by weakness in this respect.





LOUIS XIII.

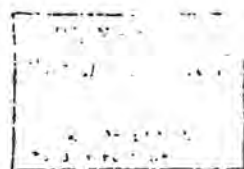
Intrepidity of Matthew Mole.

MATTHEW MOLE, son of Edward Mole, was born in 1584. His childhood was passed amid the civil wars of the League; he saw his father's life daily exposed, and learned from him the practice of that austere courage which despises death whilst in the exercise of duty. When his studies were completed, Matthew was an enlightened counsellor. Parliament received him as soon as he had attained the required age, and as early as thirty, Louis XIII. made him attorney-general—an honor approved by the public; for every one saw in this young man a remarkable strength of intellect, joined to a rare gravity of demeanor. His integrity and purity would also merit a share of praise, if these virtues were not inseparable from the dignity of a magistrate.

Richelieu, like all men of genius, knew how to distinguish true merit, and to make it subservient to the interests of the country. It was he who dictated the king's choice. But Mole's grave goodness found little sympathy in a man of Richelieu's



CAGUENET THREATENING MOLE.



character, and he had him arrested as a suspected person. As soon as Mole appeared in the council (which was held at Fontainebleau, where the court then was,) all prejudice against him vanished. "His singular gravity," says Taylor, who was no friend to him, "procured him his liberty at once, and he returned to the duties of his office."

After the death of Louis XIII., which soon followed that of his minister, intrigue invaded the court, and disorder spread among the people. Men seemed abandoned with the state, to the rule of women; nevertheless, amid the frivolous and licentious habits of the times, Matthew Mole alone preserved a dignity, and seriousness, taught only by the experience of misfortune and the consciousness of a necessity for virtue.

The parliament became the scene of all the intrigues. Those who sustained the court, went by the name of *Mazarins*, from that of the minister; their adversaries were called *Frondeurs*, and Matthew Mole, *Long Beard*, from his wearing one of unusual length.

One spark only was wanting to kindle a flame. A leader appeared, and a revolt burst forth. The minority of Louis XIV. was the cause of all disturbances. Mazarin furnished a pretext; Cardinal Retz, then Coadjutor of Paris, excited them; Matthew Mole was called upon to restrain them. He, with his noble stature, his calm and fine countenance, grave manners, concise and dignified language, imposed as much respect upon the people, as the other party did mistrust. He penetrated the mystery of all intrigues, with as much art as the Coadjutor employed to create them. His presence alone overcame the fury of the people, and arrested their enterprises. The Coadjutor feared the effects of his eloquence, by which he himself was touched. Matthew Mole spoke in few words, but they were strong and vivid, of a nature to move the heart and the imagination.

The court had arrested Presidents Blancmenil and Charton, and Counsellor Broussel. Thence ensued great confusion on all sides; the Coadjutor did all in his power to inflame the people, having lost his power of governing them. The parliament assembled, a furious multitude surrounded the building, and demanded loudly, that the liberty of the magistrates should be required of

the Queen. Matthew Mole presided at the assembly, his face betrayed no emotion. He thought he ought to lend himself to the movement, in the hopes of directing it, and set out for the Louvre, at the head of his company. The barricades which had been put up in the streets fell before the parliament. Arrived at the Louvre, the president represented the situation of Paris, in energetic terms to the Queen. She would make no concessions, but Cardinal Mazarin promised that the prisoners should be restored, on condition that the parliament would meet no more. Matthew Mole replied, "that the people would believe they had been forced, if they agreed to anything within the palace, but that they would retire to the place of their ordinary sitting to deliberate."

At the return of the parliament, the barricades again gave way, but the people, melancholy and furious, threatened them by their silence; one hundred and sixty magistrates were on the point of being massacred. More than twenty-five men of distinction threw their badges into the crowd and escaped! An iron merchant, named Caguenet, advanced, and placing his pistol's mouth upon Mole's breast, said, "Turn, traitor, if thou dost not wish to be massacred thyself, give us back Broussel, or we will have Mazarin and the Chancellor as hostages." Mole stood firm and unmoved; he took time to rally as much of his company as possible, and preserving his usual dignity, in his looks and speech, he returned, little by little, to the palace, amid a fire of execrations. He was naturally so bold, that he never spoke so well as in times of danger. At this emergency, he surpassed himself, and moved all his hearers.

The Coadjutor continually endeavored to terrify him by the threats of the populace, who filled the avenues of the palace; but the coolness and intrepidity of the president disconcerted him more and more. "If it be not wrong," says the Coadjutor in his memoirs, "to say there is a man more brave than the great Gustavus, or the Prince, I would say it is M. Mole."

It was only among his children that this great man poured out his soul, and was consoled for the anxieties attendant upon his situation.

He succeeded, at last, in negotiating a treaty of peace; the

heads of the *Fronde* entered into an accommodation ; but when he tried to get to the palace, he found a great difficulty in reaching his destination, the way being filled with a crowd of citizens and soldiers. As he appeared, there was a profound silence. Upon his entrance, he began to speak, and as he continued, rage and consternation were depicted on every face. But when the people heard that Mazarin had signed the treaty, a cry resounded through the room, and was repeated throughout the palace. The *Frondeurs* loaded Mole with reproaches, when suddenly a horrible noise was heard at the doors of the large room ; the people were endeavoring to get in, and threatening to break down the doors, if Mole were not given up to them. His face was the only one which betrayed no emotion ; he took the votes with the same calmness as on ordinary occasions, and left the palace, leaning upon the Coadjutor's arm. When he appeared in the streets, the cries and threats redoubled. One man took up his gun and pointed it at him, saying he would shoot him. "Then," said Mole, "I shall only want six feet of earth." Arrived at his own house, he wrote an account of the result of the meeting to the Queen, and then spent several days in private interviews with the most ardent members of his company. His efforts were crowned with success. The next day the parliament made a declaration of the acceptance of the treaty. Some days after, the Queen gave him the care of the seals, for he was the only man upon whose virtue she could depend ; but he was obliged to give up this trust. The Queen was generous enough to consult him as to what she should do in this respect. Mole perceiving her trouble, and understanding better than she did herself, the necessity in which she was placed, did not allow her to finish, but taking the key which locked up the seals from his neck, presented it to her. Touched by this conduct, she offered him a cardinal's hat, but he refused it. She then wished to make his son secretary of state, or to continue to him, his father's office of first President. He declined these offers on the plea of inexperience on the part of the young man. At last she begged him to accept one hundred thousand crowns, but this he also respectfully declined.

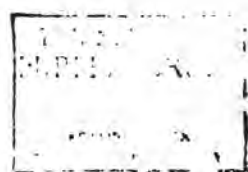
When Louis XIV. declared his majority to the government,

Mole was recalled to the ministry, and when the queen retired to Bourges, with the king, Mole remained in Paris, uniting the functions of keeper of the seals and first President. His door was continually besieged by an irritated crowd, demanding the return of the court, and the diminution of the taxes. One day when he was engaged with Marshal Schomberg, he was told that the populace were going to break down his doors, so infuriated were they against him. The marshal offered to disperse the mob. "No," replied Mole, "I have always thought the house of the first President should be open to every one." And, in fact, as soon as he appeared, the violence was appeased, and the mob withdrew. Matthew Mole died keeper of the seals, at the age of seventy-two.





ANNE OF AUSTRIA SHOWING THE KING TO THE FRONDEURS.





ANNE OF AUSTRIA.

The War of the Fronde.



THE war with the emperor was terminated in 1648, by a peace signed at Munster on the 24th of October, in which several important cessions were made to France. Peace was also restored between Spain and the Dutch provinces, in which the independence of these provinces was at last acknowledged, after a contest which had lasted fourscore years. Spain

was thus at liberty to direct her whole force against France; and in France itself, also, civil dissensions arose, which facilitated the progress of the Spanish arms.

The unpopularity of Mazarin was the chief occasion of these dissensions. The distress of the finances, which had been much increased by the long war, drove that minister to attempt to procure money by many unjust and impolitic methods. The parliament of Paris refused to register the edicts which were issued for the purpose of raising supplies. In consequence of this refusal, one of its members was arrested. On this the populace flew to arms, shut up the shops, and barricaded the streets. Several affrays, attended with much bloodshed, took place. The chancellor was attacked as he was going to the parliament for the purpose of annulling its arrets. He was obliged to take flight, and several of his attendants were killed. His daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Sully, who was in the carriage with him, received a wound in her arm. Sanson, the son of the celebrated geographer, who was also in the carriage, was mortally wounded. This was the commencement of the disturbance commonly called the *Fronde*:—from the French verb *fronder*, to censure, or brow-beat; and hence the word *frondeur*, which has so often been used to denote a person of a party opposed to the government.

These disturbances were aggravated by the famous Cardinal de Retz, a man of very bustling and perturbing abilities, and of very profligate morals and politics, who having been, much against his will, placed by his family in the church, was now *coadjutor* to the archbishop of Paris. He appears at first to have tried to conciliate the two parties, for the purpose, apparently, of improving his interest with the court; but this attempt failing, he set himself at the head of the *Fronde*, chiefly, it is supposed, through his sheer love of intrigue, and the vanity of making himself head of a party, and of exercising his skill in artifice and cabal. Nor must we forget to mention the Duchess de Longueville, a lady of a very masculine spirit, who was one of the chief promoters of these dissensions. The "day of the barricades" was the 26th of August, 1648. On the following day the barricades were removed, the shops re-opened, and affairs to all appearance resumed a peaceful aspect.

The queen, however, thinking Paris no place of safety, fled to St. Germain en Laye, accompanied by her children, by Cardinal Mazarin, the Duke of Orleans, and the Prince of Condé. Here she was obliged to pledge the jewels of the crown to obtain money. The king himself was often in want of necessaries. Most of the court were obliged to sleep upon straw, and the pages of the bed-chamber were dismissed, from absolute inability to supply them with food. Henrietta Maria also, the king's aunt, daughter of Henry IV. and wife of Charles I. of England, who had fled for refuge to her native country, was reduced on this occasion to the extremest wretchedness; and her daughter, afterwards Duchess of Orleans, is said to have been compelled to lie in bed for want of means to procure a fire. The court, in conformity with that cheerful or perhaps flippant humor which has always enabled the French to turn misfortune into a subject for pleasantry, consoled itself under these vexations by making a jest of the Parisians, whose inexpertness in the military art furnished a perpetual theme of ridicule. Songs and epigrams were for a time a great part of the contest. At last the king's army, under the command of the prince of Condé, invested Paris, and several conflicts took place. Many of the great nobles had joined the French and the parliament; but scarcely any one of them appeared to be influenced by any better motive than a desire of personal aggrandizement. They joined the Fronde that they might be bought over by the government, either by money or places, or by the hand of some rich heiress; and when they had got what they wanted, were always ready to change again. The great Condé was quite as unprincipled as the rest.

A sort of peace was made in the spring of 1649, and in August the court returned to Paris. The intriguing de Retz for a time reconciled himself to the court, that he might so purchase his elevation to the rank of cardinal, which was soon afterwards conferred upon him. The Prince of Condé became discontented, and incurred the displeasure of Mazarin, and was imprisoned first at Vincennes, and afterwards at Havre. In February, 1651, the prince was released, and Mazarin sent into exile. Upon this, a report was raised that the queen was about to follow him with her son, and a new outbreak was the consequence.

In order to appease the malcontents, it became necessary for Anne of Austria to admit some of the citizens into her chamber, to satisfy them that the king was still there. Several of the populace were accordingly admitted, when, drawing the bed-curtains, she proved that the alarm created was unfounded, by showing them the young king fast asleep.

Condé returned to Paris; but in the latter part of the same year retired into Guienne, of which province he was governor, and there set up the standard of revolt. Mazarin soon afterwards returned to court and to power. The court was at this time removed to Poitiers, whence it was obliged afterwards to retreat before Condé, who had been joined by a great number of nobles, and who was reinforced also by a body of troops from Spain.

Marechal Turenne, who, after having attached himself to the Fronde, was now come over to the court party, possessed the command of the royal army. Condé, after gaining a victory at Blenau, advanced to Paris in the month of April, 1652. Turenne pursued him, and a severe action was fought in the suburbs of St. Antoine, but with little advantage on either side. Many tumults and assassinations took place in the city, where the great obstacle to the restoration of the royal authority appears to have been the extreme dislike entertained for Mazarin. This dislike the king, who had now attained his majority, found it altogether beyond his power to overrule, and this obnoxious minister was again sent into exile on the 12th of August, 1652. Immediately after his departure, a deputation from the citizens went to the king, and entreated him to return to his capital. This accordingly he did, and tranquillity was restored. The Duke of Orleans, who in this last contest had taken part with the Prince of Condé, was banished to Blois, where he passed the rest of his life. Cardinal de Retz was arrested in the Louvre, and conveyed from prison to prison; while the Prince of Condé himself, pressed by Turenne, and feebly supported by the Spaniards, was reduced to wage on the frontiers of Champagne a petty and unsuccessful war.

Such was the termination of this war of the Fronde. From this time Louis exercised an undisputed prerogative. The

country was no longer distracted by faction. The arrogance of the nobles was again reduced within those limits which the policy of Richelieu had dictated. Arts and architecture, and all the splendor of this long reign, date their origin from this epoch of restored domestic tranquillity.





Peter Guillot.



ON the 15th of September, 1837, as the steam-boat *Vulcan* was descending the river toward Nantes, a catastrophe, of which a great number were victims, stopped her course. Public rumor announced to the magistrates, that in all these misfortunes, a rare instance of devotion occurred. Nothing more was known. It is necessary that a company which rewards virtue, which seeks out good actions to recompense and honor them, viz.: the Industrial Society of Nantes, should make a minute inquest, submit every thing to exact interrogations, and employ to discover virtue, the processes used hitherto against crime. The result of the inquiry, in this case, was as follows.

Having arrived after the *Ingrande*, the *Vulcan* approaches near the shore, in order to take passengers. In doing this she grounds, her wheels become entangled, her boiler bursts, and the steam spreads on all sides its scalding waves. A sailor, whom this terrible wave reaches and wounds upon the deck, recollects immediately five children with whom he had played an instant before in the saloon. This brave man, whose name was Peter Guillot, has no children; but he loves children; he had heard one of these crying, and he had gone naturally enough to help their nurse and their mother to console them. He was holding them upon his knees when the fatal shock had suddenly recalled him to his post. The unfortunate family are already in danger of perishing. He hastens to return to them;—the staircase has disappeared, being enveloped in the steam which suffocates and devours. In vain he holds his hands over his face. To advance one single step is impossible.

However, as he says in his examination, there was a mother and five children about to be scalded alive. This idea, said he, almost killed me.

He goes to the port-holes—he stops and perceives the mother. You should have seen him suspend himself by his burnt foot to the balustrade of the vessel, and, with a robust hand, carry away this unfortunate creature; but without saving her. Death had claimed her. He returns, sees the nursemaid, and attempts to save her.

“No, no,” cried she, though half calcined, “save, save my children.”

You think, perhaps, that this is the sublime trait for which our prize was conferred. Alas! no, the sacrifice was consummated; it was from God that this admirable woman has gone to receive her crown. Ah! allow us at least to pause one moment at this death, which equals that of the martyr, at this admirable maternal tenderness in a stranger, that no maternal tenderness can surpass. All of us who call around us other aid than our own, for our children, can appreciate that affection which no salary can repay in the heart which could dictate, on such an emergency, that cry, “Save, save my children.”

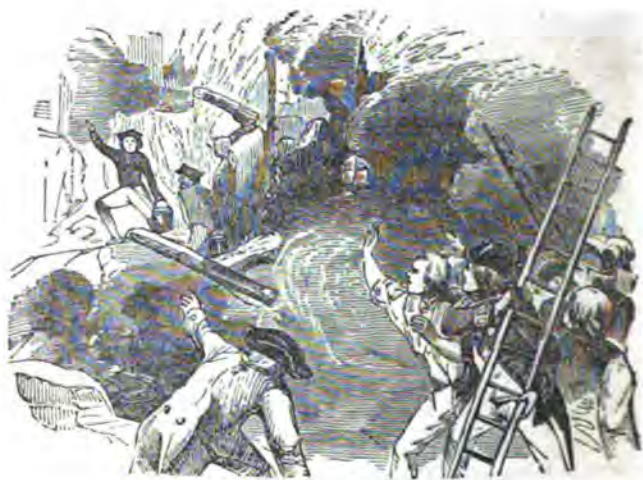
“What became of them ultimately?”

"Is it necessary to inform you, that the survivors became the adopted children of Guillot ! He threw himself out by the port-hole, and plunged into the consuming furnace ; he twice descended to their rescue. The five children and the nurse were all brought out by him. No miracle was wrought for their deliverance. Three of the children and the nurse had perished. Only two survived."

This is not the only good trait in the character of Guillot ; his life is filled with similar features. Once when submitted to the examination, Guillot gave a great many instances.

"At Ancenis did you not, at the risk of great dangers, extinguish a fire ?"

"Oh, that is a trifle ; I scarcely remember that ; it happened four years ago." When he was asked if he had other good actions to confess, he replied, "Oh, I do not remember any others." "But at Nantes, on the 7th of September, 1830, do you not remember having saved a woman who was near drowning in the Loire ?" He gave a modest recital of this. "But also at Nantes, and then at Pont-de-Ce, did you not save three men, although exposing yourself to the risk of perishing with them ?" And always, in his avowals thus obtained, were admired the lively simplicity of this heroism which multiplies and forgets.





Mary De Medicis.



CARDINAL RICHELIEU, who had been the servant of this queen, drove her out of the kingdom of France, and she died at Cologne. Chigi, the pope's legate in that city, assisted her in her last moments. With great difficulty he prevailed upon her to say that she forgave Richelieu; but when he pressed her to send the cardinal a bracelet, or a ring, as a token,

of her perfect reconciliation with him, she exclaimed—"Questo, e pur troppo—This indeed is too much!" and died soon after.

"In the month of August, 1641, says Lilly, "I beheld the old queen mother of France, Mary of Medicis, departing from London, in company of Thomas Earl of Arundel. A sad spectacle of mortality it was, and produced tears from mine eyes, and many other beholders, to see an aged, lean, decrepid, poor queen, ready for her grave, necessitated to depart hence, having no place of residence left her, but where the courtesy of her hard fortune assigned it. She had been the only stately and magnificent woman of Europe, wife to the greatest king that ever lived in France, mother unto one king, and unto two queens."



Filial Love among the Japanese.



It is among the Japanese annals that we find the following extraordinary example of filial love. A woman was left a widow with three boys, and she was maintained solely by their labor. Though the price of this subsistence was very small, nevertheless, the work of these young people was sometimes insufficient to provide it.

The sight of a mother whom they cherished, a prey to want, made them one day conceive the strangest resolution. It had been published that whoever would deliver the thief who had stolen certain articles should receive a considerable sum. The three brothers agree among themselves that one of them shall represent the robber, and that the other two are to conduct him to the judge. They draw lots to know which shall be the victim of filial love, and the lot falls on the youngest, who suffers himself to be tried and convicted as a criminal. The magistrate questions him, and he replies that he has stolen the articles; they send him to prison, and the informers receive the promised

sum. Their heart is then alarmed as to the danger of their brother. They find means to enter into the prison, and thinking that no one sees them, they embrace and shed tears over him. The magistrate, who perceives them by chance, surprised at so novel a sight, gives one of his attendants a commission to follow the two informers, and he enjoins him not to lose sight of them without gaining an explanation of so singular a circumstance. The domestic acquits himself perfectly of this commission, and returns, saying, that having seen these two young persons enter a house, he had approached it, and had heard them relate to their mother what has just been read, and that the poor woman, at this recital, uttered lamentable cries, and ordered them to return the money, saying, that she wished rather to die than purchase life at the price of her son's. The magistrate, who can scarcely conceive this prodigy of filial piety, makes his prisoner appear, and questions him anew as to his pretended theft, and even threatens him with the most cruel punishments; but the young man, occupied by his tenderness, remains silent and motionless. "Ah! this is too much—virtuous child! your conduct astonishes me," exclaims the magistrate, throwing himself on his neck. He hurriedly goes and relates this to the emperor, who, charmed at so heroic an affection, summons the three brothers before him, and loads them with caresses, and assigns to the youngest a considerable pension, and a lesser to each of the others.



The French Lady Bountiful.



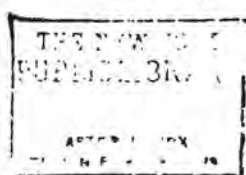
It is difficult to create for oneself an exact idea of the salutary influence which the great proprietors of France exercise on well being and morality of the inhabitants of the country, where they join to a virtuous example, an enlightened and active benevolence. It is useful, in several ways, to make essential and varied services known, which they can render

in thus accepting the mission which they have received from Providence, and in teaching others the good use which ought to be made of fortune's gifts. Among the vast number of persons which we might quote, and who might serve as models of this kind, we will limit ourselves to recalling one of whom the justly venerated memory is dear to some of our readers. r

Madame d'Hervilly was thirty years old when the Revolution broke out. Thrown into prison with her young children, she lost, at the same time, her father and uncle on the scaffold, and her husband at Quiberon. Threatened herself with being brought before the revolutionary tribunal, she prayed God to suffer her to live for the sake of her three daughters. Stripped of her possessions, stricken at the same time with all kinds of persecutions and misfortunes, in the grasp of a complete ruin, she always preserved that calmness, confidence, and resolution, which are the privilege of great souls. She maintained her family by the labor of her hands, and condemned herself to privations in order to prevent theirs. By dint of patience, activity, good sense, order and intelligence, she succeeded in accumulating the wrecks of her fortune, whose use she considered, in her social and religious convictions, the fulfilment of a duty attached



COUNTESS D'HERVILLY.



to the rank she had just regained. As soon as she recovered a portion of her annuity, she instituted a pension in favor of her friends who, stricken as she herself had been by adversity, had not been able to repair their losses. Since then, she has been able to be the administrator of good among poor people. An orphan and a widow, stripped of all her riches, she had found herself again, by dint of firmness and courage, able to pursue a course of beneficence in a place filled with cruel remembrances, and where any other person would have sunk into despair and inactivity, she only became younger, and more ardent and capable.

The castle of Leschelle, department of Aisne, always offered a sacred asylum to suffering humanity, a tutelar refuge to the unfortunate.

At the beginning of the last century, those who bore at that time the titles of Lords of Leschelle, founded in that place two schools, one for boys, and the other for girls, with the buildings and yearly income necessary for their establishment and support. The boys' school belonged, after the Revolution, to the Community; the girls' school was maintained by the family which had established it. Two school mistresses, called by the name of the sisters, but belonging to no particular religious congregation, there instructed, gratuitously, all the little girls of the county and the environs. They had their house, their meadow, their garden, which they cultivated themselves, and enjoyed the fruits of the earth without paying any tax whatever; the hand which gave them the house, field, and garden, paid it for them. It would be difficult to enumerate all the services which these worthy young women rendered; always ready, in spite of the continuance of their instructions, to oblige and aid the suffering. They also transmitted, as if by right of succession, the affection and gratitude which attached them to each other, and to their labor.

The schools of Leschelle did not confine themselves to the instruction of the scholars; they also exerted an active influence over their manners. The dance was very much liked in Picardy. But this pleasure permitted, when tasted with innocence, and in a suitable place, offered the greatest danger to young girls; for the dance was carried on in an inn, in the lower story, damp, exhaling a strong smell of cider, wine, brandy, and tobacco, often

reddened by the blood of the dancers; the most part of them being drunken, and who often followed up insulting speeches by threats and blows.

It was the privilege of the family, who were the visible Providence of the country, to offer to youth nobler amusements. An annual distribution of prizes was held at the castle. All that excite vanity, and betray ostentation, was absolutely withdrawn from this simple and touching amusement. The successful scholars have no witnesses of their success except their school-mates, their instructresses, (the good sisters,) and the family to whom the school owed its existence and support. After this, they play, dance, run, and slide with shoes prepared for this purpose on the splendid floors of the saloon of Leschelle. They made in this place, usually so orderly, a noise which resounded in its subterraneous vaults, and a dust not usually to be seen there. They were happy, and this joy, this happiness, so frank, and so relaxing, how cordially it is shared in by all the spectators. This is not all. Three days after, the scholars who have gained prizes are invited to seat themselves all at the same table in the chateau. They are as much waited upon by the family, as by the servants. Nothing can equal the pleasure which they feel to find themselves thus feasted.

The scholars are exhorted and encouraged, as they grow older, not to frequent balls; and those who keep this wise resolution continue to assist, after quitting the school, in the annual distributions, and receive at them prizes for perseverance. The castle is open to them on a holiday, and they are invited to play, dance, and gather the fruits of its gardens, and abandon themselves, in the presence of the sisters, to the amusements of their age. In this manner, and by this sweet and simple influence, many young girls are preserved from the dangers which threaten them.

In 1787, the owners of the castle promised regular help to the poor and infirm persons at Leschelle. Convinced that the power of an act lies in its morality, more than in its material accomplishment, Madame d'Herville applied all her care in order to find a sure means of obliging the unfortunate without degrading them. Having known for a long time that giving alms often

degrades the receiver, and encourages idleness, she usually gave her benefits in the form, or at least in the manner, of a salary, and always had work for empty hands, and a suitable occupation for the old and infirm deprived of vigor. The children of the poor, and the poor themselves, were often clothed at her expense. She sent them, in severe weather, frequent and abundant distributions of wood. She often visited one and another, in order to keep up their courage, and open her purse to them. She gave orders that she should be apprised, at any hour of the day or night, when a poor person needed her aid. Many times, in the cold and darkness, has a woman been seen to go out of the castle gate, wrapped in a cloak, and carrying a lighted lantern in one hand. This was the Countess d'Hervilly, who was about to carry help and consolation to some woman who was afflicted with some dangerous malady.

In time of the dearth of corn and bread, her charities increased. She conceived the idea of sending distributions of building wood to those persons whose houses had been beaten down by the tempest, and to add to them some money to pay for the straw for thatching. Those who were burnt out never claimed her benevolence in vain, and many of them owe to her the re-establishment of their domestic hearths.

Always animated by the sentiment which is necessary to elevate man, and give him the consciousness of his strength in aiding it, she favored the acquisition of land, and furnished, at a reasonable price, the materials for construction, in order to assure a lodging for the needy, and granted them the facility of borrowing money for some time, and without interest.

Her spirit of justice, and her charitable feelings interfered between the embarrassed villager and the cupidity of the business man, on the point of ruining his victim by a seizure of his property. She thus prevented, by an effectual loan, the disastrous effects of those usurious contracts so frequent in the country, and preserved to the poor man his paternal roof, with a portion of the land which maintained his family.

Madame d'Hervilly always had a great number of pensioners, receiving daily portions in money or bread. She constantly supported in apprenticeship a great number of poor children and

orphans, in order to provide good trades for them, and place in their hands the means of helping their parents or their adopted families.

Accessible by all, she never made any one wait when she was asked for, in the conviction she had, that the time of those who maintain their families by the sweat of their brows, demanded to be more economized than her own.

She always knew how to make her fortune a double instrument of help; in one way, to the soul, in the other, to the necessities of the body, by employing her money in giving bread to those who needed it, and by her benefits, herself inspiring the love of work, the spirit of order, affection for their equals, submission to duty, and above all, the sentiments of a true and constant piety, which are the most solid support of a laborious life, the sure guarantee of morality, and the most efficacious road to happiness.

Her misfortunes had not robbed her of any of the sweet gaiety of her character. Persuaded that repose was necessary to mankind as well as joy, in order that his life may be cheerful as well as pure and irreproachable, she often thought about, and devoted much time to the pleasures of the inhabitants of Leschelle. She was seldom happier than when she assembled them together, and saw them laugh at the representations of the castle theatre, occupied several times in the year by her children, and the members of the family. What sentiments of love and respect she inspired in the country, may easily be imagined. Madame d'Hervilly is now no more; but her soul has passed, so to say, into her family. Her good works, her extended benefits, have not ceased with her earthly life. Following her example, her family continue to watch over the moral and physical wants of the inhabitants of Leschelle, and the surrounding district; and her family are still, here below, the visible Providence of those who suffer and are in need of protection and good council.



Snakes and Snake-Charmers.



TO new-comers in Hindostan, and particularly those of nervous temperament, snakes of various kinds constitute a source of perpetual alarm. Their numbers are immense, and no place is sacred from their visitations. Just fancy the agreeable surprise resulting from such little occurrences as the following, which are far from being rare. You get up in a morning, after a feverish night perhaps; languidly you reach for your boots, and upon pulling on one, feel something soft before your toes,

and on turning it upside down, and giving it a snake, out pops a small snake of the carpet tribe—as they are called, probably from their domestic propensities—wondering what can be the cause of his being thus rudely ejected from his night's quarters. Or suppose, at any time during the day, you should be musically inclined; you take your flute from its resting-place, and proceed to screw it together, but find, on attempting to play, that something is the matter, and on peeping into it, discover that a little serpentine gentleman has there sought and found a snug lodgment. Perhaps your endeavor to give it breath with your mouth, makes Mr. Snake feel his habitation in the instrument uncomfortably cold, and, ere you are aware of his presence, he is out, and wriggling among your fingers.

Such incidents as these cause rather unpleasant starts to those who are new to Hindostanic matters, though the natives of the land, or persons who have been long resident in it, might only smile at the new-comer's uneasiness, and tell him that these little intruders were perfectly harmless. But even with the assurance of this fact, it is long ere most Europeans can tolerate the sight and presence of these snakes, much less feel comfortable under their cold touch. Besides, it is but too well known, that all these creatures are not innoxious. Well do I remember the fright that one poor fellow got in the barracks at Madras. He had possibly been indulging too freely over night; at least, when he rose in the morning in question, he felt thirsty in the extreme. Yawning volcanically, he made up to one of the room windows, where stood a large water-bottle or jar, one of those long-necked clay things in which they usually keep fluids in the east. Upon taking this inviting vessel into his hands, he observed that there seemed to be but little water in it, yet enough, as he thought, to cool his parched throat; and he had just applied it to his lips, when something touched them—certainly not hot water, whatever else it might be. He hastily withdrew the vessel from his mouth, though still retaining it in his hands, when, to his amaxement and horror, a regular cobra, the most deadly and dangerous of all the common serpents of India, reared its hideously distended and spectacled head from the jar, not a foot from its disturber's nose. "Oh, murder!" cried the poor fellow, who was a son of

Erin; and as he uttered the exclamation, he dashed bottle, snake, and all to the ground, and took to his heels, nor stopped until he was a full hundred yards from the spot. Here he told his story in safety; and the intruder was in good time got rid of by the cautious use of fire arms.

Very different from the conduct of this fellow was that of one of his comrades in the same barracks, who was exposed to an almost unprecedented trial from a similar cause. In the vicinity of the barracks assigned to the European soldier in India, there is usually a number of little solitary buildings or cells, where the more disorderly members of the corps are confined for longer or shorter terms by order of the commanding officer. In one of these, on a certain occasion, was locked up, poor Jock Hall, a Scotsman, belonging to Edinburgh or Leith. Jock had got intoxicated, and being found in that condition at the hour of drill, was sentenced to eight days' solitary imprisonment. Soldiers in India have their bedding partly furnished by the Honorable Company, and find the remainder for themselves. About this part of house-furnishing, however, Jock Hall troubled himself very little, being one of those hardy, reckless beings on whom privation and suffering seem to make no impression. A hard floor was as good as a down bed to Jock; and therefore, as he never scrupled to sell what he got, it may be supposed that his sleeping furniture was none of the most abundant or select. Such as it was, he was stretched upon and under it one night in his cell, during his term of penance, and possibly was reflecting on the impropriety of in future putting an "enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains," when, lo! he thought he heard a rustling in the cell, close by him. At this moment, he recollected that he had not, as he ought to have done, stopped up an air-hole, which entered the cell on a level with its floor, and also with a rock, externally, on which the building was planted. A strong suspicion of what had happened, or was about to happen, came over Hall's mind, but he knew it was probably too late to do any good, could he even find the hole in the darkness, and get it closed. He therefore lay still, and in a minute or two heard another rustle close to him, which was followed by the cold slimy touch of a snake upon his bare foot! Who in such a situa-

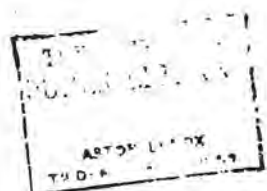
tion would not have started and bawled for help? Jock did neither; he lay stone still, and held his peace, knowing that his cries would most probably have been unheard by the distant guard. Had his bed-clothes been more plentiful, he might have endeavored to protect himself by wrapping them closely around him, but this their scantiness forbade.

Accordingly, being aware that, although a motion or touch will provoke snakes to bite, they will not generally do it without such incitement, Jock held himself as still as if he had been a log. Meanwhile, his horrible bedfellow, which he at once felt to be of great size, crept over his feet, legs, and body, and lastly over his very face. Nothing but the most astonishing firmness of nerve, and the consciousness that the moving of a muscle would have signed his death-warrant, could have enabled the poor fellow to undergo this dreadful trial. For a whole hour did the reptile crawl, backwards and forwards, over Jock's body and face, as if satisfying itself, seemingly, that it had nothing to fear from the recumbent object on its own part. At length it took up a position some where about his head, and went to rest in apparent security. The poor soldier's trial, however, was not over. Till daylight, he remained in the same posture, flat on his back, without daring to stir a limb, from the fear of disturbing his dangerous companion. Never, perhaps, was dawn so anxiously longed for by mortal man. When it did come, Jock cautiously looked about him, arose noiselessly, and moved over to the corner of his cell, where there lay a pretty large stone. This he seized, and looked about for the intruder. Not seeing the snake, he became assured that it was under his pillow. He raised the end of this just sufficiently to get a peep of the creature's crest. Jock then pressed his knee firmly on the pillow, but allowed the snake to wriggle out its head, which he battered to pieces with a stone. This done, the courageous fellow for the first time breathed freely.

When the hour for breakfast came, Jock, who thought little about the matter after it was fairly over, took the opportunity of the opening of the door to throw the snake out. When the officer whose duty it was to visit the cells for the day, was going his rounds, he perceived a crowd about the cell-door examining



A BOA CONSTRICTOR.



the reptile, which was described by the natives as of the most venomous character, its bite being invariably rapid and mortal. The officer, on being told that it had been killed by a man in the adjoining cell, went in and inquired into the matter.

"When did you first know that there was a snake in the cell with you?" said he.

"About nine o'clock last night," was Jock's reply.

"Why didn't you call to the guard?" asked the officer.

"I thought the guard wadna hear me, and I was feared I might tramp on't, so I just lay still."

"But you might have been bit. Did you know that you would have died instantly?"

"I kent that very weel," said Jock; "but they say that snakes winna meddle with you if you dinna meddle with them; sae I just let it crawl where it liket."

"Well, my lad, I believe you did what was best after all; but it was what not one man in a thousand could have done."

When the story was told, and the snake shown to the commanding officer, he thought the same, and Jock, for his extraordinary nerve and courage, got a remission of his punishment. For some time at least, he took care how he again got into such a situation as to expose himself to the chance of passing another night with such a bed-fellow.

It has frequently been asserted, that the most tremendous of the snake tribe, the boa-constrictor, does not now exist in Hindostan, and has not done so for a considerable time. This statement is to be taken with some reservation. When the Anglo-Indian army were called to the field a few years ago, to teach a lesson to an obstinate native potentate, two of the soldiers left a temporary encampment of the troops, in order to indulge in a bathe. They had a portion of jungle to cross, and in doing so, the foot of one of them slipped into a hole. This proved to be an old elephant trap; that is to say, a pit of considerable size dug in the earth, and covered over with branches, sticks, and such like matters, so as to deceive the wild elephant into placing his mighty weight upon it, when he sinks, and is unable to get out again. The soldier got his foot withdrawn from the trap, though at the cost of his shoe, which the close-

ness of the branches caused to come off. Little did the poor fellow know at the moment what a fate he had narrowly escaped! But he soon became sensible of it. On looking down to see where his shoe had gone, and if it was recoverable, he beheld a sight, which, but for the hold he had of his companion's arm, would have made him yet totter into the pit from sheer horror. Through the opening made by his foot, he saw an enormous boa-constrictor, with its body coiled up, and its head curved, watching the opening above, and evidently prepared to dart on the falling prey. Hurrying from the spot, the two soldiers informed some of their officers, who immediately came to the trap with fire-arms. It was still there, had most probably remained in the place for a length of time, preying on the unfortunate animals, great and small, which tumbled into its den. Ball and swan shot, both used at once, brought the reptile's life to a close, and it was got out of the hole. It proved to be fifteen feet long, and about the general thickness of a man's thigh. The skin and scales were most beautiful. It was intended to make two cases of the skin, for holding the regimental colors, and would have been large enough for the purpose; but it was intrusted to unskilful hands, and got withered and wasted in the preparation.

The Hindoos, or at least the serpent-charmers among them, pretend, as is well known, to handle all sorts of snakes with impunity, to make them come and go at a call, and, in short, to have a cabalistic authority over the whole race. These pretensions are necessary to the exercise of their profession, which consists, in part, in ridding private houses of troublesome visitants of this description. One of these serpent-charmers will assert to a householder that there are snakes about his premises, and, partly from motives of fear, and partly from curiosity, the householder promises the man a reward, if he succeed in shewing and removing them. The juggler goes to work, and soon snakes are seen to issue from some corner or another, obedient to his call. The performer takes them up fearlessly, and they meet like old friends. In fact, the opinion of the more enlightened residents in India is, that the snakes and their charmer *are* old friends; that he hid them there, and of course knew where to find them;

and, moreover, that having long ago extracted the poisonous fangs, he may well handle them without alarm. Still, a large portion of the community, Europeans as well as natives, believe that these charmers have strange powers over the snake tribe. In Madras, however, while I was there, this belief received a sad shake by a circumstance which occurred. One of the most noted serpent-charmers about the district chanced one morning to get hold of a cobra of considerable size, which he got conveyed to his home. He was occupied abroad all day, and had not time to get the dangerous fang extracted from the serpent's mouth; this, at least, is the probable solution of the matter. In the evening, he returned to his dwelling, considerably excited with liquor, and began to exhibit tricks with his snakes to various persons who were around him at the time. The newly-caught cobra was brought out with the others, and the man, spirit valiant, commenced to handle the stranger like the rest. But the cobra darted at his chin, and bit it, making two marks like pin points. The poor juggler was sobered in an instant. "I am a dead man!" he exclaimed. The prospect of immediate death made the maintenance of his professional mysticism a thing of no moment. "Let the creature alone," said he to those about him, who would have killed the cobra; "it may be of service to others of my trade. To me, it can be of no more use. Nothing can save me." His professional knowledge was but too accurate. In two hours, he was a corpse!

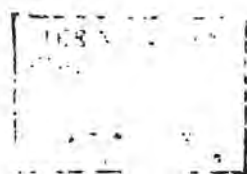
I saw him a short time after he died. His friends and brother jugglers had gathered around him, and had him placed on a chair in a sitting position. Seeing the detriment likely to result to their trade and interests from such a notion, they vehemently asserted that it was not the envenomed bite which had killed him. "No, no; he only forgot one little word—one small portion of the charm." In fact, they declared that he was not dead at all, but only in a sort of swoon, from which, according to the rules of cabalistic art, he would recover in seven days. But the officers of the barracks, close to which the deceased had lived, interfered in the matter. They put a guard of one or two men on the house, declared that they would allow the body to remain unburied for seven days, but would not permit any trickery. Of

course, the poor serpent-charmer never came to life again. His death, and the manner of it, gave a severe blow, as has been already hinted, to the art and practice of snake-charming at Madras.

Snake-charming is not confined to India. There are some of the inhabitants of Africa and America who possess the power of what is called "charming," or producing a benumbing or stupifying effect on poisonous serpents and scorpions, by handling them. This power in some is natural and hereditary, while in others it is acquired by chewing the roots or other parts of certain plants, rubbing them in their hands, or bathing their bodies in water containing an infusion of them. In that part of Africa which lies northward of the great desert of Sahara, there was formerly a tribe called the Psylli, who seem to have possessed this power, either from nature or art, in a degree that occasioned the name of Psylli to be given to all persons capable of producing similar effects. Plutarch informs us that Cato, in his march through the desert, took with him a number of Psylli, to suck out the poison from the wounds of such of his soldiers as might be bitten by the numerous serpents which infest that region. It was then ignorantly believed that this power of subduing the poison was the effect of magic, and the Psylli, to confirm this belief, always, when in the exercise of this fascination, muttered spells or chanted verses over the person whom they were in the act of curing. Many have ventured to doubt the existence of this power being possessed by any class of people, but the concurrent testimony of the best-accredited travellers seems to confirm the fact. Mr. Bruce distinctly states, from minute personal observation, that *all* the blacks in the kingdom of Sennaar are perfectly armed by nature against the bite of either scorpion or viper. They take the horned snake—there the most common, and one of the most fatal of the viper tribe—in their hands at all times, put them in their bosoms, and throw them at each other, as children do apples and balls, during which sport the serpents are seldom irritated to bite, and if they do, no mischief ensues from the wound. The Arabs of the same country, he also observes have not by nature this protective power, but generally acquire it, by the use of certain plants. The artificial means of rendering



COMBAT BETWEEN A MUNGOOS AND COBRA DI CAPELLO.



the person invulnerable to the bite of snakes, seems also to be practised in South America.

It is said that the cobra is fond of milk, and that a knowledge of this fact has sometimes saved the lives of persons who were on the point of being bitten. An anecdote is related of a party of gentlemen sitting at a table in India, when one of them felt a cobra coiling itself round his leg. Appalled at this situation, he desired his companions, in a whisper, not to speak or make any noise, if they would save his life. All were immediately silent. He next, in a low tone, requested a servant to bring a jug of milk, and pour it cautiously on the floor near his foot. This being done, the cobra in a short time uncoiled itself, and descended to partake of the milk, when, as may be supposed, little ceremony was used in despatching it.

The *cobra di capello* is one of the most deadly serpents found in the warm countries of the east. The little squirrel-like animals, called the mungoos, or ichneumon, is its constant enemy. A British traveller in India was wandering on foot at night, through a desolate part of the country, and at length overcome with fatigue, threw himself down on the dry spear-grass, and fell asleep. We will let him tell what then occurred to him.

No doubt of it! I slept soundly, sweetly—no doubt of it! I have never *since then* slept in the open air either soundly or sweetly, for my awaking was full of horror! Before I was fully awake, however, I had a strange perception of danger, which tied me down to the earth, warning me against all motion. I knew that there was a shadow creeping over me, beneath which to lie in dumb inaction was the wisest resource. I felt that my lower extremities were being invaded by the heavy coils of a living chain; but as if a providential opiate had been infused into my system, preventing all movement of thew or sinew, I knew not till I was wide awake that an enormous serpent covered the whole of my nether limbs, up to the knees!

“My God! I am lost!” was the mental exclamation I made, as every drop of blood in my veins seemed turned to ice; and anon I shook like an aspen leaf, until the very fear that my sudden palsy might rouse the reptile, occasioned a revulsion of feeling, and I again lay paralyzed.

It slept, or at all events remained motionless; and how long it so continued I know not, for time to the fear-struck is as the ring of eternity. All at once the sky cleared up—the moon shone out—the stars glanced over me; I could see them all, as I lay stretched on my side, one hand under my head, whence I dared not remove it; neither dared I look downward at the loathsome bed-fellow which my evil stars had sent me.

Unexpectedly a new object of terror supervened; a curious purring sound behind me, followed by two smart taps on the ground, put the snake on the alert, for it moved, and I felt that it was crawling upward to my breast. At that moment, when I was almost maddened by insupportable apprehension into starting up to meet, perhaps, certain destruction, something sprang upon my shoulder—upon the reptile! There was a shrill cry from the new assailant, a loud, appalling hiss from the serpent. For an instant I could feel them wrestling, as it were, on my body; in the next, they were beside me on the turf; in another, a few paces off, struggling, twisting round each other, fighting furiously, I beheld them—a *mungoos* or *ichneumon* and a *cobra di capello*!

I started up; I watched that most singular combat, for all was now clear as day. I saw them stand aloof for a moment—the deep, venomous fascination of the snake glance powerless against the keen, quick, restless orbs of its opponent; I saw this duel of the eye, exchange once more for closer conflict; I saw that the *mungoos* was bitten; that it darted away, doubtless in search of that still unknown plant whose juices are its alleged antidote against the snake-bite; that it returned with fresh vigor to the attack; and then, glad sight! I saw the *cobra di capello*, maimed from hooded head to scaly tail, fall lifeless from its hitherto demi-erect position with a baffled hiss; while the wonderful victor, indulging itself in a series of leaps upon the body of its antagonist, danced and bounded about, purring and spitting like an enraged cat!

Little graceful creature! I have ever since kept a pet *mungoos*—the most attached, the most playful, and the most frog-devouring of all animals.

There is a species of snake called the python, which closely

PYTHON ATTACKING A LASCAR.





resembles the true boa, but more terrible. Pythons are found in India, Africa, and Australia. Wild hogs, antelopes, and even men fall victims to these monsters. They are not poisonous, but strangle and crush their large victims by powerful compression. The ular sawa, or great python of the Sunda Isles, is said to exceed, when full grown, thirty feet in length. But the pythons of India have excited the most dread, by their awful depredations.

Some years ago, an Indian ship was passing the Sunderlands, and the captain sent a boat into one of the creeks to obtain some fresh fruits. The inhabitants of this inhospitable region are few and miserable. They have but little communication with the rest of the world, and that only occurs, when passing vessels send to purchase some of their fruits, which they are chiefly engaged in cultivating. Having reached the shore, the crew, six in number, moored the boat under a bank. A lascar was left to take care of it, while the rest of the party went after the fruit.

The day was very hot. Not a breath stirred the trees, whose branches overhung the water. The birds had sought the cool groves farther inland. The sky was without a cloud, and like burnished brass—the water its reflection. The air seemed standing still and panting for a cool breath. The lascar waited patiently. The party did not return. Probably they were forced to proceed farther to get the fruit than they expected. A half-hour passed and they did not appear. The lascar, made listless by the intense heat, sank down under the seats of the boat, and gradually yielded to the soft soothings of sleep. In a few moments after lying down, he was dead to all external appearances. He did not feel the heat.

Suddenly, the head—eager and dreadful—of an enormous snake, of the python species, peered over the branch of a tree, near the boat. It quickly glanced around, as if to assure itself that no wakeful foes were near, and slowly stretched its head downward toward the boat. Good heavens! the lascar remains unconscious of the monster's advance. How it licks its slimy chops in anticipation of a good meal! What length! Many feet are stretched forward, and many remain coiled around the

trunks of the trees. Its skin is glossy, variegated, and very beautiful; but, oh! how deadly will be the enormous folds! It has reached the boat, and has begun to coil itself around the body of the lascar. Its jaws, foul and slimy, are extended; its forked tongue protrudes. Soon the coil will crush the bones of the man. A yell of fear and surprise pierces the air. The lascar awakes to feel his awful situation, and to know that his friends have arrived, and are at work for his deliverance. A portion of the monster's tail is severed with a hatchet, and he has lost the power of doing mischief. The poor lascar shrieks to his companions to save him.

A few more blows with oars and hatchets, and the serpent is despatched, its head being severed and thrown into the water. The lascar is rescued, and is but slightly bruised. Filled with joy and gratitude he embraces his preservers. Upon measurement, this serpent was found to be sixty-two feet and some inches in length. With the skin and some of the fat, which the natives esteem for its curative properties, and the fruit which they had purchased, the crew of the boat returned to the ship.





Joseph II.



IN the streets of Vienna, the Emperor Joseph II., while walking alone, dressed as a private individual, met a young girl, weeping, and carrying a bundle under her arm.

"What is the matter with you?" said he, affectionately; "what are you carrying? Where are you going? Cannot I calm your grief?"

"I am carrying the clothes of my unfortunate mother" replied she to the prince, who was unknown to her, "and I am going to sell them. It is our last resource," added she, in a broken voice. "Ah! if my father, who shed his blood so often for the country, still lived, or if he had ob-

tained the recompense due to his services, you would not see me in this state."

"If the emperor," said the monarch, much affected, "had known your distresses, he would have relieved them. You ought to present him a petition, or employ some one to relate your misfortunes to him."

"I have done so," replied she, "but it was in vain; the nobleman to whom I addressed myself, told me that he had never been able to obtain any thing."

"The truth has been disguised to you," answered the prince, trying to hide the emotion such an avowal cost him; "I can assure you, that nothing has been said to him about your situation; and he loves too well the principles of justice, to suffer the widow and daughter of an officer to perish, who has served him well. Make him a petition, carry it to him to-morrow, at the palace, in such a place, at such an hour; if what you say is true, I will speak of you to the emperor, and you will obtain justice."

The young girl, drying her tears, thanked, again and again, the unknown, when he added, "But you must not, however, sell your mother's clothes. How much did you expect to receive for them?"

"Six ducats," said she.

"Permit me to lend you twelve, until we shall have seen the success of our plan."

At these words, the young girl flies to her home, gives her mother the twelve ducats with the clothes, and imparts to her the hopes which an unknown nobleman had just given her. She describes him, and the persons who listen to her recognise the emperor in all she says of him. In despair at having spoken so openly, she cannot resolve to go the next day to the palace. Her relations compel her to go. She arrives, trembling, sees her sovereign in her benefactor, and faints away.

Meanwhile, the prince, who had asked, in the evening, her father's name, and that of the regiment in which he had served, and gained some information, and had found out that all she said was true. When she recovered her senses, the emperor led her into his cabinet with her relations, and said, in the most obliging manner, to her,

"Here is, for your mother, the certificate of a pension equal to the appointment your father had, half of which will be continued to you, if you should have the misfortune to lose her. I am sorry not to have learned your situation sooner; I should have relieved you immediately."

After that event, the prince appointed a certain day in the week, on which all classes of his subjects could have access to him.





Adjutant Martinel.



THE incident we are about to relate, happened at the Champ de Mars, on the night of the 14th of June, 1832. After the fete was terminated, the crowd, hurrying to get out of the Champ de Mars, had obstructed the passage of the Military School. A woman fell; those who followed trampled upon her, pressed forward by the increasing crowd, who threw themselves onward, and crushed them under foot. Great disorder followed—a frightful tumult, cries of distress, of wounded persons, of the dying; in short, a series of misfortunes, limited in number, but which would have become incalculable without the devotion, the presence of mind, and the humane intelligence of one man, whom other courageous persons hastened to imitate. This was Adjutant Martinel, of the first regiment of cuirassiers. He was at this moment, before the quarters of his regiment, in the neighborhood of the iron gate. He heard the tumult; he has-

tened and placed himself before the crowd, which he tried to repulse by his efforts, his voice, and his entreaties, in order to make the passage freer, and draw out the victims; but the crowd, ignorant, and at the same time frightened at what passed, kept continually pressing forward, and thickening more and more, increasing their peril by the efforts which they made to fly from it. It was then almost in vain that the brave Martinel, aided by some cuirassiers, tried to snatch from impending death the unfortunate overthrown and wounded persons. He soon saw that there was but one means of helping them, and of preventing the greatest disasters: this was to stop the crowd at the edge of the gate. He ran to the quarters of the regiment; they sounded to horse. He himself did not wait until the men should be ready; for there was not an instant to be lost. Taking with him some cuirassiers, he sprang on foot, into the interior of the Champ de Mars; he ploughed his way through the crowd with all the strength which the consciousness of his mission lent him; he used, in order to arrive at the heart of the peril, all the ardor which others used to draw themselves from it. He at last reached it, guiding the cuirassier Spenlee, the only one of his companions who had succeeded in following him; and there, backing the crowd after the manner of one of Homer's warriors, he worked with admirable energy, in order to disengage the passage, and raise those who were no longer alive, and save those who yet breathed. An old invalid, and a young soldier, were carried away in his arms, and thus snatched by him from death; and afterwards, a young boy, a woman, and a little girl, and others, making in all nine persons. He was seen to go out and return continually. While drawing victims from the crowd, it was necessary to be in it. It did not matter, he returned to seek for more, and he never thought of ceasing from his task. Exhausted, and out of breath, nothing could stop the insatiable longing with which his humanity stimulated him. He pursued his heroic task at the continual peril of his life, giving motion, encouraging every body by his voice, as well as his example. The cuirassier, Spenlee, electrified by his example, saved at the same time, from the terrible scuffle, a man and a child. The officers of his regiment were there also, as well re-

presented as the under officers and soldiers. The ensign, Mits, rushed forward to save a woman whom the crowd were crushing; the lieutenant, Gruss, who carried away in his arms an insensible young girl, also ordered that a young girl should be placed on his shoulders, and struggled half an hour against the crowd with this double load; he at last fell, on the point of perishing, and Martinel, overthrown by him, was about to give up.

It was then that a curious and touching spectacle was seen; it was then that a band of cuirassiers, sent to present a barrier to the immense crowd, who were crushing down the gate, appeared far above the crowd, executing the manœuvre of safety, in this strange assembly. These brave men were seen, appalled and silent, to advance step by step, slowly, on horses which, as if conscious of the humanity of their masters, seemed to walk themselves with caution. It was touching to see, on all sides, hands lifted up towards them as towards liberators, and reaching children to them, with whom they loaded the backs and necks of their horses. By dint of deliberation and care, one by one, or two by two, in a long and patient file, they succeeded in gradually dividing the crowd. It was, at last, broken through, and they placed a boundary to its immense mass; the gate was disengaged, the communication re-established, and the people filed off. Officers, colonel and general, restored order, completed measures for safety, and organized those for relief.

Then the scene changed, and another means of exercising their humanity was presented to the soldiers and citizens; they both united in helping the victims, and in carrying them to places of safety. They established, in the soldiers' barrack, hospitals; and suttlers became sisters of charity. They carried the wounded there; they bestowed the most delicate and attentive cares on them. Young girls, on coming to themselves, and frightened by finding themselves in the arms of soldiers, were soon reassured by the respect with which they were treated. It was beautiful to find in those warriors so many feelings of sweet and delicate piety, and to feel such humane hearts beating under cuirasses. Diligent, active, and on foot all night, they incessantly brought the wounded their linen, their mattresses, and

their coverlets; as admirable in this charitable watch as they were on a battle field.

In the midst of so many brave persons, it was a great glory to have been able to distinguish one's self. It was very honorable to Martinel, when so many others had a right to the recompense, to have been named by all, as him who most deserved it. And the Academy, when this universal approbation came to demand of them the crown with which they reward virtuous actions, judged him still more worthy, when they recognized in these successive acts of devotion, which were renewed often enough in an hour to honor a life, the characteristics of virtue, constancy, perseverance, and the entire forgetfulness of self. Martinel's being so much at his ease in the midst of danger, accomplishing such difficult actions in so natural a manner, is thus alluded to in the report of the Academy: "This man is in the habit of doing such actions, he finds them so easy as to be accomplished without the slightest effort." In his previous life, the truth of this remark is abundantly proved.

But why relate here the different acts of devotion, of courage, and of humanity, which have honored his career; his promptitude in rushing forward on every occasion, in order to save the unfortunate, either in the water, or in fires, whenever there is a risk to run, wherever there is good to be done. Two traits will suffice to give here an idea of all the rest. In 1820, at Strasbourg, a soldier fell into the river Ill, near the sluices of a mill; the place left no chance for help, and what was to be done for the unfortunate creature! Hearing the despairing cries of a woman, Martinel, who was passing, threw himself in with all his clothes on, and, without looking to see if there were a chance for his life or not, he swam directly towards the sluice, and there supporting himself by one hand on the post of the water gate, he attempted to seize, with the other, in his passage, the unfortunate being whom a rapid current carried toward the wheel of the mill. He saw him coming, already sunk several feet under the water; it was necessary to quit his support, in order to seize him, by which action he would be carried away himself. However, he quitted it, seized the body, passing under the mill-wheel with him, carried away by the rapidity of the current,



ADJUTANT MARTINEL SAVING THE DROWNING SOLDIER.

and soon reappeared on the other side of the sluice, without having let go of the poor creature, whom he carried to the shore, and to whom life was restored.

Another time, while at Strasbourg, he threw himself into a greater, and more certain peril—a powder magazine, which was on fire, and about to blow up. An exalted sentiment of humanity and devotion compelled him on; immediately above the magazine (which contained a barrel of powder and a thousand packets of cartridges) was a large chamber, used as an infirmary, where nine of his comrades were confined in their beds. The people fled on all sides. Martinel engaged several of the men to aid the invalids with him, and he mounted without perceiving that the increasing fire had already prevented his companions from following him. He arrived alone at the door of a chamber near that in which the cartridges were kept; he found that, by a fatality, this door was locked. He made a battering ram of a bench, and burst it open, and as he was about to rush in, great flames repulsed him. Then his resolution tottered, he recoiled, and was about to descend. Then he remembered that the fire was approaching the cartridges, and that if his resolution failed him, his companions were about to be blown up. The instinct

of self-preservation then no longer stopped him ; he dashed forward, closing his eyes, across the flames, and with clothes, face, hands, and hair blackened and burned, he found with joy, that the cartridges were untouched. He pressed onward, and snatched away the heaps of enveloping papers which the fire was on the point of reaching. He appeared at a window ; he cried and called " Water ! water !" His presence in the powder magazine reassuring his comrades as to the imminence of the peril, they mounted, the chamber of cartridges was inundated, and the nine unfortunate invalids were saved.

Such facts, of which we should have been ignorant, if recent facts had not brought them to light, sufficed to make him merit the Academy's reward, and to gain him such a testimonial as the following : " Ah ! this was not an ordinary devotion, which enabled him thus nobly to brave fire, water, and all kinds of dangers. After having seen him at Strasbourg, in 1820, at Nanci, in 1817, and every where else where an opportunity was presented of signalizing his strength, humanity, and courage, we find him again, in 1837, at Paris, in the Champ de Mars, the same at the end of twenty years. When we see him crown his habitual devotions by a devotion so truly admirable, we cannot hesitate to give him the prize which his comrades, his officers, and all the witnesses of his action, grant him with so unanimous a voice. We are not content with listening to this voice from afar, we have been ourselves to interrogate those whom admiration for him inspires ; we went ourselves to the place where his devotion was seen ; we have heard the generals, the officers, the soldiers, the citizens, the saved victims, the magistrates of the city, we listened in the barrack to his emulators themselves, and those who had the most right to dispute the prize with him, were the most ardent in declaring that he was most worthy, and that he had carried off the glory of the day."

The French Academy, in giving him the prize, wished to crown, in and by him, the great number of brave men who signalized themselves around him on the evening of the festival of the Champ de Mars. They wished to be able, in a manner, to detach for each one a leaf from the laurel which was given to Martinel. The lieutenant, Gruss, the ensign, Mitz, the cui-

rassier, Spenlee, are assuredly worthy to be named with him with the same honor as they were before their regiment by order of the commander-in-chief of the army.

But all the corps present at the Champ de Mars, carried thither their contingent of devotion, zeal, and humility. The orders of the day of five regiments have signalized the names also worthy of praise. The 11th regiment of dragoons, those of the Brigadier Budy, of Vigier, of Rivallier, and of Schuburer; the 19th light infantry, the musician Schirach, and the chasseurs Blondin and Michans; the 27th, 44th, and the 51st of the line, the under Lieutenant Thirion, the Sergeants Charpentier and Bellanger, and the braves Robert Blanc and Cornu. Honor to the chiefs of such soldiers; honor to the soldiers whose humanity equals their courage.





SEBASTIAN CABOT.

Carver's Travels in North America.



WE propose to make the reader acquainted with a curious and now forgotten book—the “Travels of Jonathan Carver, in North America”—in which is given by far the most interesting and rational account of the Red Men, the inhabitants of the Western Wilderness, of any traveller with whose works we are acquainted.

These original inhabitants of America, it must be observed, have very stupidly, all along from the time of their first disco-

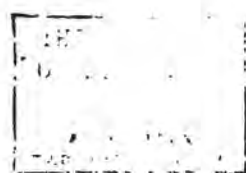
very in 1492, received from Europeans the denomination of Indians, although they never had any thing more to do with the country called India, than they had to do with Sancho's island of Barataria, or Gulliver's island of Lilliput. This awkward mistake originated in the mere circumstance of Columbus being in search of a road to India by the west, when he found his course interrupted by the islands and continent of America; to which was given forthwith the strange denomination of the *Wes' Indies*—thus confounding under one appellation two most important portions of the globe, which were, in fact, as distinct from one another in their entire nature and productions, as they happened to be in their relative geographical positions. Yet such is the inveterancy of popular customs, after it once gets a firm footing in the world, that it would now be impossible to change these denominations; and, therefore, the term *Indian* must henceforth always continue to be the name of every one of the original inhabitants of the whole continent and islands of America.

The different tribes of Indians, or original natives, in that extensive portion of North America called Canada, were at one time almost innumerable; but they have been observed to decrease in population where the Europeans are most numerous, owing chiefly to their immoderate use of spirituous liquors. Ardent spirits, the most fatal present the Old World ever made to the New, was no sooner known to the Indian tribes, than they grew passionately fond of it. It was equally impossible for them to abstain from it, or to use it with moderation. It was soon observed, that this liquor disturbed their domestic peace, deprived them of their judgment, made them furious; that it occasioned husbands, wives, children, brothers and sisters, to abuse and quarrel with one another. In vain did some sober Frenchmen expostulate with them, and endeavor to shame them out of these excesses. "It is you," answered they, "who have taught us to drink this liquor; and now we cannot do without it. If you refuse to give it us, we will go and get it from the English. It is you who have done the mischief, and it cannot be repaired."

Canada was first discovered in 1497, by John and Sebastian Cabot, of Bristol, and it was settled by the French in 1608. It



INDIAN LEARNING TO USE SPIRITS.



was conquered by the English in 1759, and confirmed to them by the French at the peace of 1763; at which time the narrative of the travels of our present author, Captain Jonathan Carver, commences. "No sooner," says he, "was the late war with France concluded, and peace established by the late treaty of Versailles, in the year 1763, than I began to consider—having rendered my country some service during the war—how I might continue still serviceable, and contribute as much as lay in my power to make that acquisition of territory, gained by Great Britain, advantages to it. It appeared to me indispensably needful, that government should be acquainted, in the first place, with the true state of the dominions they were now become possessed of, To this purpose, I determined, as the next proof of my zeal, to explore the most unknown parts of them, and to spare no trouble or expense in acquiring a knowledge that promised to be so useful to my country."

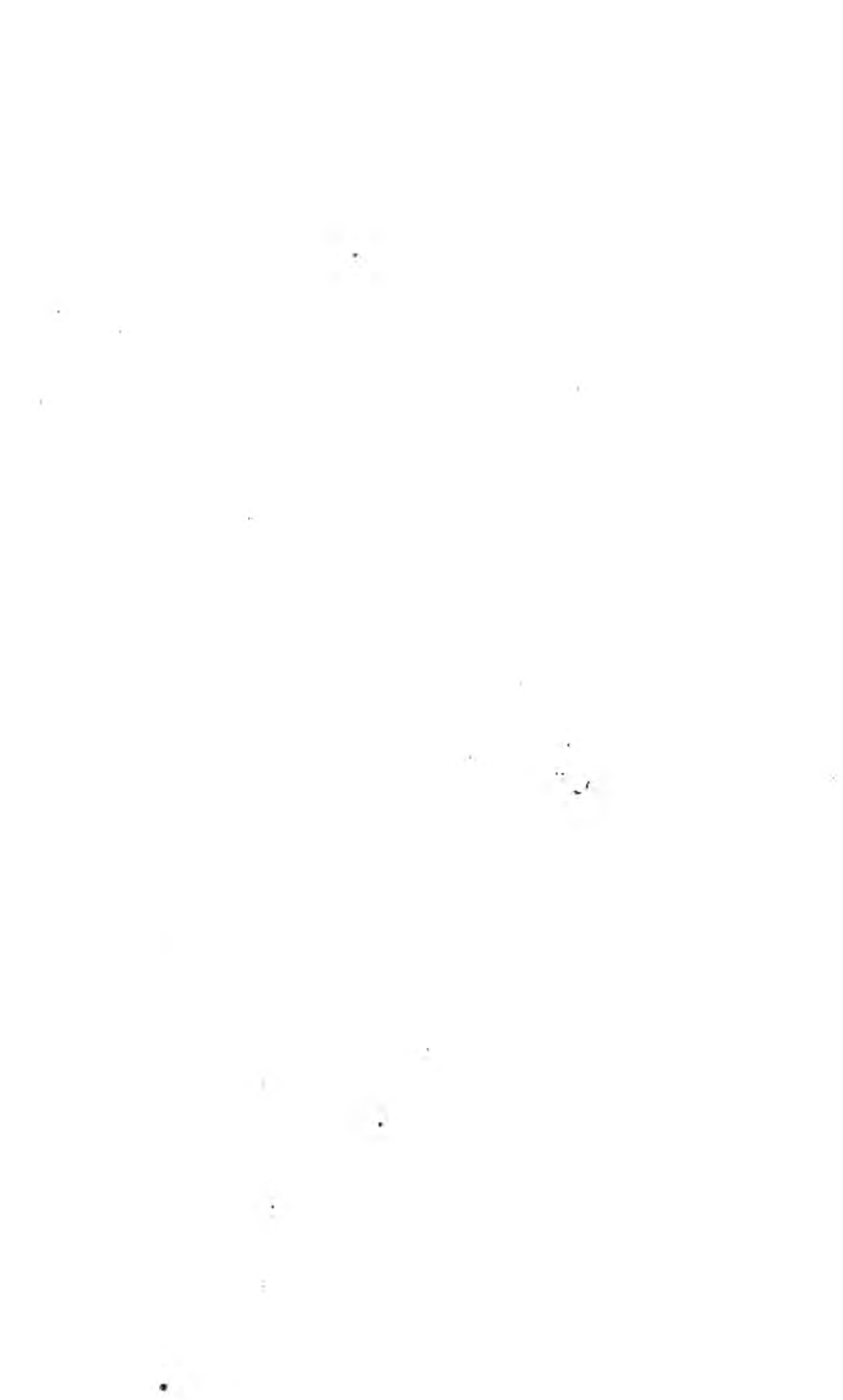
With the laudable design of accomplishing these objects, Captain Carver set out from Boston, in June 1766, with the full intention of penetrating to the Pacific Ocean on the west. He proceeded by way of Albany and Niagara to Michilimackinac, a fort situated between the lakes Huron and Michigan, and distant from Boston thirteen hundred miles. "This," says he, "being the uttermost of our factories towards the north-west, I considered it as the most convenient place from whence I could begin my progress, and enter at once into the regions I designed to explore."

At the entrance of the bay, about ninety miles long, called Green Bay, on the north-western extremity of Lake Michigan, is situated a string of islands described by our author under the name of the Great Traverse. On one of these occurred his first meeting with one of the tribes of the Red Men, the primitive hunters of the west; and he gives the following interesting description of the reception he met with from the Indians:—"On the largest and best of these islands, stands a town of the Ottawas, at which I found one of the most considerable chiefs of that nation, who received me with every honor he could possibly show to a stranger. But what appeared extremely singular to me at the time, and must do so to every person unacquainted

with the customs of the Indians, was the reception I met with on landing. As our canoes approached the shore, and had reached about three score rods of it, the Indians began a *feu-de-joie*, in which they fired their pieces loaded with balls, but at the same time they took care to discharge them in such a manner as to fly a few yards above our heads; during this, they ran from one tree or stump to another, shooting and behaving as if they were in the heat of battle. At first, I was greatly surprised, and was on the point of ordering my attendants to return their fire, concluding that their intentions were hostile; but being undeceived by some of the traders, who informed me that this was the usual method of receiving the chiefs of other nations, I considered it in its true light, and was pleased with this respect paid to me.

“I remained here one night. Among the presents I made the chiefs were some spirituous liquors, with which they made themselves merry; and all joined in a dance that lasted the greatest part of the night. In the morning, when I departed, the chief attended me to the shore; and as soon as I had embarked, offered up, in an audible voice, and with great solemnity, a fervent prayer in my behalf. He prayed ‘that the Great Spirit would favor me with a prosperous voyage; that he would give me an unclouded sky and smooth waters by day; and that I might lie down by night on a beaver blanket, enjoying uninterrupted sleep and pleasant dreams; and also that I might find continual protection under the great pipe of peace.’ In this manner, he continued his petitions till I could no longer hear them.

“I must here observe that, notwithstanding the inhabitants of Europe are apt to entertain horrid ideas of the ferocity of these savages, as they are termed, I received from every tribe of them in the interior parts the most hospitable treatment; and am convinced, that, till they are contaminated by the example and spirituous liquors of their more refined neighbors, they retain this friendly and inoffensive conduct towards strangers. Their inveterancy and cruelty to their enemies I acknowledge to be a great abatement of the favorable opinion I would wish to entertain of them, but this failing is hereditary, and, having





INDIAN LODGES.

received the sanction of immemorial custom, has taken too deep root in their minds to be easily extirpated.

"Among these people, I ate of a very uncommon kind of bread. The Indians in general use but little of this nutritious food. Whilst their corn is in the milk, as they term it—that is, just before it begins to ripen—they slice off the kernels from the cob to which they grow, and kneed them into a paste. This they are enabled to do without the addition of any liquid, by the milk that flows from them; and when it is effected, they parcel it out into cakes, and, enclosing them in the leaves of the basswood-tree, place them in hot embers, where they are soon baked. And better flavored bread I never ate in any country.

Notwithstanding the primitive simplicity of these wanderers of the wilderness, and their friendly and inoffensive conduct towards strangers, yet, from the remains of a regular fortification which Captain Carver saw, or at least thinks he saw, amidst the prairies of the Mississippi, it would appear that, in former ages, there must have been a population of remarkably scientific warriors located in this quarter. The following is our author's account of this important discovery: "One day, having landed on the shores of the Mississippi, some miles below Lake Pepin, whilst my attendants were preparing my dinner, I walked out to take a view of the adjacent country. I had not proceeded far before I came to a fine, level, open plain, on which I perceived at a little distance a partial elevation, that had the appearance of an intrenchment. On a nearer inspection, I had greater reason to suppose that it had really been intended for this many centuries ago. Notwithstanding it was now covered with grass, I could plainly discern that it had once been a breast-work of about four feet in height, extending the best part of a mile, and sufficiently capable to cover five thousand men. Its form was somewhat circular, and its flanks reached to the river. Though much defaced by time, every angle was distinguishable, and appeared as regular, and fashioned with as much military skill, as if planned by Vauban himself. The ditch was not visible, but I thought, on examining more curiously, that I could perceive there had been one. From its situation, also, I am convinced that it must have been designed for this purpose

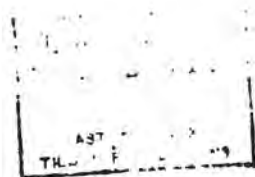


SQUAW AND CHILD.

It fronted the country, and the rear was covered by the river; nor was there any rising ground for a considerable way that commanded it; a few straggling oaks were alone to be seen near it. In many places, small tracks were worn across it by the feet of the elks and deer, and, from the depth of the bed of earth by which it was covered, I was able to draw certain conclusions of its antiquity. I examined all the angles and every part with great attention, and have often blamed myself since for not encamping on the spot, and drawing an exact plan of it. To show that this description is not the offspring of a heated imagination, or the chimerical tale of a mistaken traveller, I find on inquiry, since my return, that M. St. Pierre and several traders have at different times taken notice of similar appearances, on which they have formed the same conjectures, but without examining them so minutely as I did. How a work of



THE YOUNG CHIEF.



this kind could exist in a country that has hitherto—according to the general received opinion—been the seat of war to untutored Indians alone, whose whole stock of military knowledge has only, till within two centuries, amounted to drawing the bow, and whose only breast-work, even at present, is the thicket, I know not. I have given as exact an account as possible of this singular appearance, and I leave to future explorers of these distant regions, to discover whether it is a production of nature or art.”

We must confess that our philosophy is completely at fault here, and all the antiquarian lore of which we are possessed will not enable us to solve this difficult problem. It is a pity that the redoubted Edie Ochiltree is now no more, as, perhaps, he might have been able to clear up the mystery of this matter in as easy a way as he did that of Monkbarns's celebrated intrenchment.

The furthest point of Captain Carver's perigrination to the north-west was at the river St. Francis, about sixty miles beyond the Falls of St. Anthony of the Mississippi, which are situated in latitude forty-six degrees north, longitude ninety-five degrees west from London, and at the distance of nearly two thousand miles from the mouth of the Mississippi. These Falls, which, till of late, formed the furthest limits to which Europeans had penetrated into the wilderness in that direction, received their name from Father Louis Hennepin, a French missionary, who travelled into these parts about the year 1680, and was the first European ever seen by the natives. The body of waters which form the falls is about two hundred and fifty yards in breadth, producing a most beautiful cataract; it falls perpendicularly about thirty feet; and the rapids below, in the space of three hundred yards more, render the descent considerably greater; so, that, when viewed at a distance, the Falls appear to be much higher than they really are. The country around them is extremely beautiful. It is an uninterrupted plain, where the eye finds no relief, but it is composed of many gentle ascents, which, in the summer, are covered with the finest verdure, and interspersed with little groves, that give a charming variety to the prospect. “On the whole,” says our traveller, “when the

Falls are included, which may be seen at the distance of four miles, a more pleasing and picturesque view cannot, I believe, be found throughout the universe."

The following description given by Carver of the behaviour of a young Indian prince, who went in company with him to view this celebrated place for the first time, presents a most interesting picture of the power which the natural, sublime, and beautiful are capable of exercising over the human mind in its unsophisticated state: "We could distinctly hear the noise of the water full fifteen miles before we reached the Falls; and I was greatly pleased and surprised when I approached this astonishing work of nature; but I was not long at liberty to indulge these emotions, my attention being called off by the behaviour of my companion.

"The prince had no sooner gained the point that overlooks this wonderful cascade, than he began with an audible voice to address the Great Spirit, one of whose places of residence he imagined this to be. He told him that he had come a long way to pay his adorations to him, and now would make him the best offering in his power. He accordingly first threw his pipe into the stream; then the roll that contained his tobacco; after these, the bracelets he wore on his arms and wrists; next, an ornament that encircled his neck, composed of beads and wires; and at last the ear-rings from his ears; in short, he presented to his god every part of his dress that was valuable. During this, he frequently smote his breast with great violence, threw his arms about, and appeared to be much agitated.

"All this while he continued his adorations, and at length concluded them with fervent petitions, that the Great Spirit would constantly afford us his protection on our travels, giving us a bright sun, a blue sky, and clear and untroubled waters; nor would he leave the place till we had smoked together with my pipe, in honor of the Great Spirit.

"I was greatly surprised at beholding an instance of such elevated devotion in so young an Indian; and instead of ridiculing the ceremonies attending it, as I observed my Catholic servants tacitly did, I looked on the prince with a greater degree of respect for these sincere proofs he gave of his piety; and I

doubt not but that his offerings and prayers were as acceptable to the universal Parent of mankind, as if they had been made with greater pomp, or in a consecrated place."





The Humane Pilot.



AMES DELPIERRE, a sailor of the port of Boulogne, often made in his youth, successful voyages; and when the coasts of France were blockaded, he captured several English brigs. In 1811, among others, he boarded and captured a brig of forty guns, which was well defended. The capture was brilliant, and merited encouragement. He was offered the choice between the cross of honor, and the immediate return of his father, who was a prisoner in England. This was a misconception of the brave sailor's heart. James Delpierre chose the liberation of his father, and the minister forgot to give him also the cross of honor. The king of the French repaid

this oversight in 1832. Delpierre was then decorated with the star of the brave.

This father, whom he attended with the most affectionate care, he quitted always to run to the succor of the shipwrecked. The navy register bears accounts of his numerous acts of devotion. On one occasion, he contributed to the saving of the crew of a stranded vessel; and on another, he saved two fishermen; who were about to perish by drowning. One day, his boat having drifted far from the port, the waves swallowed up three men who accompanied him. One of them floated. Delpierre had seized an oar, which aided him in sustaining himself on the water; it was his only hope of safety. He gave this oar to the man, and was only saved himself, as it were, by a miracle. He is cited as having thrown himself twenty times into the sea at the first cry for help, and to have snatched from the waves, a soldier, some passengers, and several children. One night during a violent storm, the cry, "Help!" "Help!" caused him to throw himself, with his clothes on, from a promontory near Boulogne. This time, his zeal was well recompensed: the youth whom he saved was his son.

Until his last days, Delpierre was always ready to devote himself for the safety of others, and his end was worthy of his admirable life. In 1840, he perished, the victim of his zeal, in attempting to save a shipwrecked boat.

This brave sailor did not shine only by his courage and heroism; he possessed other qualities which make a man estimable; he was very industrious, and knew how to make himself loved by all who knew him.

Delpierre had two sons; one perished with him! the other, who owed his life to him twice, has inherited something more precious than gold; a name revered by all who know how to appreciate courage and humanity.



Count Ernest of Mansfeld.



HIS bold and enterprising warrior may be regarded as one of the most remarkable heroes of the Thirty Years' war in Germany. Without lands or vassals, he gathered thousands of brave soldiers about him, by the mere celebrity of his name, and led them for lure or for booty, whithersoever an opportunity for exercising his prowess presented itself. Being out of employment at the commencement of the Thirty Years's war, he entered into the service of the Protestant or Evangelical Union, and continued faithful to the cause of religious liberty, under all reverses. He set the example of that dreadful system of making war support itself, or of keeping an army at the expense of his enemies, which was followed by Wallenstein, and which, in the course of the war, converted all Germany into a desert. Mansfield was

defeated by Wallenstein, at the bridge of Dessau, and driven into Bohemia, where he disbanded his army, and set out to procure funds, with which to organize another in England. He had undergone superhuman struggles and fatigues in the course of the war, and his constitution, exhausted by these heavy trials, could support no more. On arriving at the village of Urackowitz, in Zara, he found his end near at hand. He had himself clothed in his military coat, armed himself fully, and thus equipped, stood up, supported by two of his friends, until death came to terminate his career. He died on the 20th of November, 1626.



WALLENSTEIN.



The Careless Father.



BEING on the point of making a long voyage, a rich inspector of manufactures, in China, appointed a governor for his two sons, the eldest of whom was only nine years old. The father had scarcely set out, when the governor, abusing the authority which had been confided in him, became the tyrant of the house. He sent away the honest servants who might declare his misdemeanors, and discharged those amongst them who had their absent master's interest most at heart. In vain was the inspector informed of this proceeding. He did not believe it; because, having a lofty soul, he could not imagine how any one could act thus. It would have been only half the harm if this pedagogue

had given his pupils some virtues or talents; but as he wanted them himself, he only made them rude, impertinent, false, cruel, libertine, and ignorant children. After some years had elapsed, the inspector on returning, saw at last the truth when too late; and without otherwise punishing the serpent which he had warmed in his bosom, he contented himself with sending him away. This monster had the impudence to cite his master before the tribunal of a Mandarin, for not having paid him the promised salary.

"I would willingly pay it, and even double," answered the other, in the presence of the judge, "if this wretch had given my children back to me, such as I ought naturally to expect. Here they are," pursued he, addressing the man of law, "examine them and pronounce." Ultimately, after having questioned them, and seen their failings, the Mandarin pronounced this honorable sentence; "I condemn this governor to death as the homicide of his pupils, and their father to pay the fine of three pounds of gold dust: not for having chosen ill, as all are liable to be deceived; but for having had the weakness to employ so vile a teacher for so long a time. It is necessary," added he, after some reflection, "that a man should have the strength to reprimand another when he deserves it; and above all when the good of several persons require it."





Perseverance Rewarded.

BERNARD PALISSY was a painter on glass, who settled at Saintes, in France, in 1539, and prospered in business until he saw a certain cup very beautifully turned and finished; when he became desirous to imitate it. For this purpose, he abandoned his former business and spent all his time in kneading earth, and afterwards baking it.

At first unsuccessful, he became poorer and poorer. Nothing could change his purpose, until at the end of twenty years, his very furniture was burned to keep a fire in his oven. Then a loud shout of exultation rang through the vaulted cellar and house; his wife came running down, and found her husband motionless, with his eyes fixed on a piece of pottery of splendid colors. Palissy was successful. He was soon sent for by King Henry III., who conferred on him a patent for his invention of "Royal rustic pottery," of all sorts. He was lodged in the royal palace, and called "Bernard of the Tuilleries." His fortune was thus made by unflinching perseverance.

