

her beautiful face and form evidently in full health: the clear colour glowing upon her cheek, the bright gleam of her eyes, and the whiteness of her displayed hands, would have formed a picture a painter would have loved to trace; but the *expression* of the features was that of a fallen angel, for the seal of an evil life was there unmistakably set.

"How beautiful she is!" was Harry's involuntary exclamation.

"And how fallen!" replied Arthur, as they passed through and out of the Exchange into the lane, into a crush and crowd of human life such as they thought no other portion of the city could have furnished a parallel.

"Space is well economized here," remarked Harry, as they stopped in the lane opposite a tea and coffee-house, where, in a spot twelve feet square, were congregated vendors of oranges, ices, old tools, waistcoats, cloth caps, onions, mackerel, and ginger beer.

"Here is another example," replied Arthur, pointing to a shop of six-feet frontage, where butcher's meat, tin ware, and china and glass were all exposed together.

"Here's your author's pickled cucumbers," said Harry; "but he did not mention these oyster tubs full of pickled walnuts, onions, and cabbage. How fond the denizens must be of such edibles, if the supply is any indication of the demand."

"Not more so than of sweetcakes and sweetstuff generally, judging by the same rule," remarked Arthur, "for it is hard to tell which predominates."

So they went on their way, in the midst of the crowd, while in other parts of the city men and women and children occupied churches and chapels, and the air was resonant with the praises of God; for then it was the hour of praise and prayer.

They had passed nearly through "the lane," when they heard some lads saying, "Let's go to Club Row."

"Where's that?" asked Harry.

"Don't know," was the reply; "but we can easily ascertain."

They inquired of a city policeman who was near, and who directed them upon their way.

"I have seen enough for to-day," said Arthur; "my head is sick, and my heart faint; let us leave Club Row for another day."

So passes, week by week, earth's fast-fleeting sabbaths to thousands of men, women, and even little children. Is it ever possible that the immortal spirits within them can be fitted by such experiences for the eternal sabbath of heaven and of God?

NOTES OF A WESTMORELAND NATURALIST.

DEATH FROM FRIGHT.

THAT animals frequently die from the shock of a sudden terror, is well known. The following instance has recently come under notice. A friend of ours, an enthusiastic naturalist, who resides in our beautiful Westmoreland, discovered that a fine pair of large white owls had been making their

rummy nest in a loft, where they *would be* disturbed by the entrance of very few rays of ungenial light. He climbed a ladder and looked in. There sat the solemn pair, in the deep hush of intense gravity—she upon the nest, he beside her, with no less than thirteen dead mice laid out in order before him, in readiness for the regular return of the meal times. They sat in all the stolid dignity of prescriptive wisdom, gravely blinking at the lord of the manor, though much too philosophical to betray the least surprise at anything which could happen. But at a short distance from the sages was dimly visible the shadowy outline of a wood-pigeon sitting on her nest. Again and again, and day after day, did our friend climb the step-ladder, and superintend the birth, growth, and training of the family of hideous young owls; and still the shadowy form of the gentle wood pigeon sat noiseless on her nest. By this time, the form was sinking, and drooping, and losing its fair rounded outlines. She was dead: she had been dead from the first; and it is supposed that her gentle breast heaved with such a sudden paroxysm of terror, when the *white-plumed* sages first flapped in to fix upon a building site, that life departed: she had literally died of fright.

One of our fine Windermere swans was found, not long ago, sitting in grand monumental attitude upon her eggs, in a retired nook of the little dreamy bays. She was perfectly uninjured, and yet quite dead. The shadows of the mountains silently came and went, the reeds spoke in whispers only, and the old oaks had said and done nothing new for centuries. So that no natural cause of alarm was likely to have reached her in her calm seclusion. Perhaps some fox, bent on no good, had rustled the underwood not far off, or had slunk through the ferns just within sight; and, with one heave of terror, the swan's life may have left her. But nobody knows why the stately matron had failed to lead forth a little fleet of white cygnets on the serene waters of Windermere.

Another case of fright, with a less tragic ending, came under the observation of a gifted naturalist of Westmoreland. He was one day driving along the road, when, to his great surprise, a poor sky-lark suddenly flew into his gig. Panting and trembling with affright, it took refuge by his side. He looked round and above in search of the reason, and there, just over his head, was hovering a hawk, ready to pounce on his prey. The thing was intolerable; and away drove our friend, determined to defend the poor flutterer that had claimed sanctuary almost in his bosom. But the hawk was in no mind to be baffled; and on he wheeled, too, keeping his keen eye on the sky-lark. It was a chase. Which will beat? hawk or horse, wings or wheels? One mile is done; on spin the wheels, but on circles the bold fellow overhead. Two miles: there he is still, just overhead, circling, hovering, swooping with matchless determination. That fine bandit of the air deserves to win, were it not that the trustful little poet deserves to live to sing a fresh hymn in the sky; the little creature still clings to his new ally, showing the most eloquent signs of intense

terror. At last, after the two miles of road, (for our friend well knew the distance,) the bandit gave in and swept away: and then, when all danger was over, when there was no dark spot overhead winnowing the air with strong wings, the fugitive crept out of sanctuary, and bounded joyously away.

THE RESCUE.

An instance of considerate affection, but rather of sagacity than of sentiment, occurred in the same neighbourhood. A couple of ducks had been reared in the paved court of a town-house, where a small dish of water was the only sphere in which their aquatic instincts could be developed. So much fuss was made about this mimic bath, that the water supply used soon to be flicked and flirted away. Deprived of their natural element, the creatures grew up strangely enough; one was gaunt and lean, the other excessively deformed, with a long neck bent the wrong way, and with a singular propensity to tumble backward when she walked. As their lady-patroness was a humane person, she sent the invalids out of town to our cottage in the country, for the benefit of fresh air and hydropathy. One day, after enjoying the luxury of the great pond at Giltwhaite-ridge, the deformed duck was accidentally caught by the wry neck in the twisted root of an overhanging tree. Unless soon rescued she must die of strangulation. Away bustled the brother, up to the back door of the house, and there he stood, quacking vehemently. One of the servants was struck with the earnestness of the creature's manner, and threw him some food. Oh no, he would not eat a mouthful. "What, then?" Having fixed her attention, he ran quacking down towards the pond, looking back over his shoulder to see if she were following. At last he allured her to the very spot desired, where was still suspended by the neck the poor infirm duck. The servant immediately rescued the sufferer, and the excited message-bearer instantly subsided into his usual common-place character.

THE TIMES' REPORTER IN INDIA.

THERE are few great prizes in any of our professions, in these days of keen and constant competition; and this is more especially so in regard to the newspaper press. The members of that profession, as a rule, exist upon salaries which, if known, would moderate the ardour of most of those youthful aspirants who are now so attracted by the flattering "attentions" which Reporters often meet with. But, in one of its modern and most extraordinary developments, the newspaper press has cut out for itself an entirely new sphere of labour; and now, wherever grim war may show its ghastly visage, the Reporter is found, jotting down its details, describing its scenes of carnage, and transmitting full particulars to the paper he represents.

One of the most gifted of these gentlemen is William Howard Russell, the "Times" Crimean correspondent, and also the correspondent of that journal at the seat of war in India, whose "Diary"*

has just been issued. Here we are let into many little secrets of his progresses, and treated to different details of personal adventure which his "Letters" did not present, and which, in fact, would perhaps have been somewhat out of place there.

Arriving in India, not "a day after the fair," but subsequent to some of the most sanguinary scenes of that sad subversion of our authority, which was able, for a time, to put an end to our supremacy, Dr. Russell saw less of the fighting and more of other matters than he could have done had his advent been earlier. But this was prevented by the misconception prevailing at first as to the nature and extent of the struggle which impended. Let us proceed to cull and classify a few facts from these comprehensive stores of interesting matter.

The worthy Doctor put in an appearance in a style which befitted the dignity of his profession and the wealth of the journal by which he was commissioned—"first class" on the voyage out, of course, and with all the honours due to his Crimean laurels, and the friendships he had formed while on his previous mission to the East. Once on the spot, "head-quarters" are his quarters, and the commander-in-chief's own stud is placed at his disposal till he can take his time to purchase horses, and set up an establishment of his own on the true Oriental scale. His Indian campaigning was a very different thing from his Crimean experience. In India, on the march, you have horses and camels, and elephants and servants without end, or very nearly so, many of whose names would constitute no mean exercise in orthography. Oriental prejudices and modes of life combine with the nature of the climate to produce these results; and if we could fancy the thermometer at the height at which they often see it in India, it would be easy to conceive of an indisposition to take more exertion upon ourselves than was absolutely necessary.

"Our Own Correspondent" was warmly received by Lord Clyde, the commander-in-chief, and he assures us that his lordship would have extended the same kindness and courtesy to any other gentleman, duly accredited for the same purpose, had such a one been present. As it was, however, "Our Own" had it all to himself, and, in some of the remoter districts, created quite a sensation. The Rajah of Puttiala, for instance, was anxious to propitiate the Malakaukbar, or "Queen's news-writer," as Dr. Russell was called; and the account of his triumphal entry into the dominions of that potentate is the finest passage in the book—one of the best "bits of descriptive" any newspaper man ever wrote about his own adventures, and fully equal to the most glowing accounts of the best received travellers in the East. The rajah's invitation was preceded by presents, consisting of large trays of fruit, flowers, and vegetables, "from the Rajah of Puttiala to Russool-General Sahib Bahadour," as the message went. This was a great treat for the said "Sahib;" and so, it seems, was his visit to the celebrated Taj of Agra, on the architectural and other beauties of which he expatiates with evident delight, with great pathos, eloquence, and interest. He had an eye for the beautiful in

* "My Diary in India," 2 vols. London: Routledge & Co.

through the rocks and earth, where they cast the spear and navigate swift canoes over big seas—far away in this sunny island poor Dan had left his home. Groups of islands lay around his island home, and in his frail canoe he paddled from the one to the other as he willed. Different as may be the human contour in different climes, yet how similar, under all climes, are the passions of the human heart! Dan, in the Southern Ocean, paddling his brave canoe over big billows dividing the island groups, gathering such sustenance as the trees offer, refreshing his thirst from the earth's bosom, taking his rest beneath the rich canopies of foliage, and visiting the surrounding neighbours of his native spot, yielded his heart to the keeping of a dark-eyed maiden. I could not describe her; but, as poor Dan grew rhapsodical, I am bound to believe her to have been lovely. That she was so in his sight I have never dared to doubt. She probably had a skewer of human bone thrust through her nasal cartilage by way of ornament, and was undoubtedly primitively extravagant in her mode of dress; still, I did not venture to inquire. To have ridiculed either of the lovers at such a moment would have been a violation of the simple confidence bestowed upon me. So Dan loved the dark-eyed daughter of the chief; and the silent groves and shades of that island in the Pacific probably overheard vows as passionate as any ever listened to within the bounds of civilization.

The people of Dan's tribe were not at that time upon friendly terms with those of the chief whose daughter he loved. I have a lingering suspicion that Dan's relations were in the habit of settling personal disputes by knocking the enemy upon the head, and disposing of his remains at a family dinner-party. So Dan determined to bear away the chief's daughter in triumph; and Love there, as elsewhere, smiling at obstacles, directed the dark-eyed maiden to abandon herself to the canoe, and fly from her island home.

He dwelt upon his remembrance of the fact that the great moon fell upon the waters, and the waters rolled playfully at the feet of the islands; whilst the parrot and night birds, shrieking in the forests, alone broke the stillness of the night. His trusty canoe glided noiselessly over the calm waters beneath the cautious stroke of his paddles, until he struck into a small bay, concealed and overhung by dense foliage. She whom he sought was awaiting him, and, with her in his canoe, he was soon again cautiously crossing the waters separating him from his home.

Men of the tribe now robbed of its chieftain's daughter lay fishing off the island, and in the moonlight recognising Dan of the people of enmity, with a woman of their own, they gave immediate pursuit, and overtook the canoe in its rapid flight. Thus Dan and the dark-eyed fugitive were led back in captivity to the island, where the enraged chief condemned him to die. He says death to him had then been good, for life without her whom he loved was as a day without a sun. At the intercession of the truant daughter, however, Dan's life was spared, but he was sold into banishment to the captain of a Yankee whaler for his weight of tobacco.

And thus, after several years' adventures, he for the first time was on his way to the East Indies. He told me that he thought of his lost home whenever the moon was up and falling playfully over the ripples of the ocean. He had never yet known where the island of his birth lies; yet he still hoped one day to return. But he can never know now; nor again shall the forest shades of his sunny home give him welcome. Nurtured in the genial climate of the Southern isles, as we reached the higher northern latitudes of our homeward voyage, poor Dan displayed symptoms painfully unmistakable of the approach of that sad disease which so rapidly seizes upon the children of sunnier climes who visit our shores. Arriving in London, he was at once placed in one of those admirable institutions which English benevolence has thrown open to the distressed and homeless, and where Christian charity ministers to the ills of the soul as well as the diseases of the body; and there, far removed from his people, but to the last dreaming of his lost island home, he passed away to that land wherein the longitudes and latitudes of this world are for ever lost.

ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.

BY A WESTMORELAND NATURALIST.

It is almost as interesting to observe the eccentricities of animals as to mark their regularly established habits. If we closely study their manners, we shall find that they are not wholly devoted to routine, but that they are quite ready to adopt new and independent courses of action under exceptional circumstances. Now, it is not at all a legitimate thing for house sparrows to take to carpentering; but an instance in which a precocious little fellow showed superior abilities in this line has lately come to the writer's knowledge. The sparrow had decided on building in a hole in the wall of a house. But the entrance sloped outwards so disastrously that the building materials were perpetually rolling down, and but small progress was made. The simplest way would have been to remove into a more eligible locality. But no; will, not to say obstinacy, is powerfully developed in a sparrow's character; and in that ungainly hole he was determined to settle. What did he do? He went away and gathered up a lot of little bits of wood, which he and his coinciding wife carefully fixed in an upright position, and thus built a complete little railing at the mouth of the aperture. Within this clever palisade they successfully laid the foundations of their domestic happiness, and everything went on perfectly well. This is probably a rare instance of ingenuity, and it is certainly an *interesting one*. It happened at Liskeard, in Cornwall.

At Gilthwaiterigge we were interested in watching the movements of a pair of nice little spotted flycatchers (*Muscicapa grisola*). It was that Gilthwaiterigge to which the invalid ducks, mentioned in a previous paper, were sent for the benefit of the water cure: a picturesque old Westmoreland cottage, with pointed gables, stone-mullioned windows, a polished oak staircase, walls three feet thick, a prescriptive right to a ghost story, and a

history extending back into the past for 300 years. This history mysteriously terminated in the execution of the owner, a Romanist, in the stirring days of Queen Elizabeth; but we will loyally presume that he had been plotting against the rule of the Protestant lady of the land; though the writer has seen the circumstance recorded in a Roman Catholic saint book as a martyrdom for "the faith." But there was a plot laid against the peaceable reign of the little quiet fly-catchers by a pair of travelled martins, just come home from the grand tour. The fly-catchers were in the end dispossessed, their little wigwam was torn to pieces, and the mud cottage of the martins rose in its stead, close under the eaves, and just above the small ledge where the wigwam had been planted. Scarcely had the mud of the martins' hovel dried in the sun, when a pair of sparrows that had long been peering down from the shoot above, and talking noisy treason to fill up the time, hopped in at the door of the hut and took possession. The martins tried to eject them; but they resisted the entrance of the rightful owners with their hard beaks and with prodigious quantities of chattering; and at length, the baffled builders yielded the point, and carried their little hods of mortar to another site. It seemed a hard case, but it was just, and the circle of retributive justice was not yet complete, as we shall soon see. The sparrows stuffed their ill-gotten house so full of furniture, (straw mattresses, feather-beds, and the like,) that there was scarcely room left for the family. At length, heavy rains set in; the inappropriate furniture and the noisy children were too heavy for the mud building; it fell to the ground with all its luckless inmates; the young ones perished, and the old ones had to begin the world afresh. The moral of this story is of course excellent, and needs no comment.

A lady of the writer's acquaintance was once walking amid the lovely scenery of the Isle of Wight, when she observed a little kitten curled up on a mossy bank, in all the security of a mid-day nap. It was a beautiful little creature, and the lady gently approached in order to stroke it, when suddenly down swooped a hawk, pounced upon the sleeping kitten, and completely hid it from her sight. It was a kestrel (*Falco tinnunculus*). Our friend was greatly shocked, and tried to rescue the little victim; but the kestrel stood at bay and refused to move. There he stood, on the bank, firmly facing her, and all her efforts to drive him from his prey failed. The lady hurried on to a fisherman's cottage which was near at hand, and told of the little tragedy with the eloquence of real feeling. But the fisher-folk laughed merrily, and said, "It is always so. That hawk always comes down if anybody goes near the kitten. He has taken to the kitten, and he stays near at hand to watch whenever it goes to sleep." The case was so remarkable that the lady inquired further into its history, and learnt that the kitten's mother had died, and that the fisherman's family had suddenly missed their little nursling. After some time they observed a kestrel hawk loitering about the cottage. They used to throw him scraps of meat, and they observed that he always carried off a portion of

every meal, dragging even heavy bones away out of sight. His movements were watched, and they saw that he carried his stores to the roof of the cottage. A ladder was placed, some one ascended, and there, nestling in a hole in the thatch, lay the lost kitten, thriving prosperously under the tender care of its strange foster-father. The foundling was brought down and restored to civilized life; but the bandit protector was not disposed to resign his charge, and ever kept at hand to fly to the rescue whenever dangerous ladies threatened it with a caress. It was observed that he used to feed his pet by tearing the meat into the minutest shreds possible. Years passed away—fifteen years passed—and the lady revisited the fisher's cottage. A grave, sober-minded old cat was calmly meditating on the course of time, or on other congenial topics. The romance of the hawk-fed kitten had settled into the sobrieties of this respectable presentation of advanced age. And the hawk? The hawk had been gathered to his fathers some time before.

During the past summer an affecting event occurred in the flock of black-nosed sheep that browse under the beautiful trees of Elleray, or scour over the rocks of Orrest Head—that Orrest Head from whose noble forehead you may watch the silvery sleep of Windermere. It was sad to see the mother-sheep smitten by sudden death, the effect of some poisonous plant, it was thought: it was sad to see the twin lambs carried away by the shepherds, one under each arm, piteously calling to the dead mother to follow them. Some time after, we asked, "What has become of the orphan lambs?" "Oh, they milk a *coo*; and it is a sight to see it." So we went to the farm, and there, sure enough, were the pet lambs, "Billy and Nanny," busily milking the compassionate *coo* for themselves. The compassionate cow had "taken to them" from the first; they consumed the whole of her milk, and the fine fat fellows did excellent justice to her benevolent care.

These cases of singular adoption may be followed by an instance of strong parental feeling. A little fox, quite a small cub, once ran into the hall of a gentleman's cottage, and claimed sanctuary there. He had been frightened by dogs, it was thought, perhaps had been hunted by them. Fortunate little fugitive! he could not have found a fairer refuge than in that home of taste and of chivalrous humanity: where the free birds of the air come at bidding, hover around your head, fan the air before your face with little winnowing wings, and take the crumb of bread from between your lips: where the indulged bees glean their harvests from the beautiful flower-beds for their own, not their master's use, loving him almost as they love their queen: and where the courteous proprietor, an enthusiast for the general happiness, moves about, lord of thousands of little hearts. It was a wise instinct which prompted the startled young fox to ask sanctuary in that hall. Late at night, when the full moon, by clearing the crests of the closely embowering trees, was able to take a quiet look down into the heart of the little paradise, the owner of the place looked out of the window into the court where the young fox had been chained, like a little

dog, to a kennel. There was a stealthy movement, a figure was gliding along in the clear moonlight—gliding stealthily along—and drawing near to the chained cub. It was an old fox, literally grey about the face with age, and it had braved the formidable dogs that were tied up in different parts of the grounds, had sought out the fugitive, and had come to lay a late supper before it, consisting of a fowl—a whole fowl.

A scientific friend once mentioned to the writer a very fine instance of self-command, and of generous confidence in the real tenderness of the hand that was inflicting pain. The informant, an Inspector of Army Hospitals, was with a branch of our forces in India at the time referred to. There was a magnificent elephant, of the largest size, attached to the artillery corps. The noble creature was suffering from an enormous tumour which had formed at the back of the neck. All curative means had failed, and it was decided that a very formidable operation must be performed. There was great danger connected with the attempt, on account of the vast irresponsible strength of the elephant. Our friend determined that his own hand should be the one to test the creature's power of endurance, though the peril to himself was of course imminent. At the appointed hour, the elephant was led out. His attendant stood in front of him, and gave him the word of command to kneel down. Down lumbered the huge mass of unimpaired strength. Not a rope, not a chain, or bond of any kind was cast about him. Our friend approached, and made a fearfully deep incision. The elephant heaved one great sob from the depths of his panting chest, and recognising in a moment the meaning of that sudden agony, he quietly *leaned over* towards the operator, in order that he might have better command over his work! With the exception of this single movement, he never stirred or gave sign during the whole course of the operation. Surely there is moral grandeur in this scene, and it is a relief to one's feelings to know that the courage of the skilful operator and of the noble sufferer were repaid by complete recovery.

A fine black retriever dog of our acquaintance once met with a painful accident. He immediately betook himself to that one of his two mistresses in whose surgical skill he seemed to place the most confidence, and she bravely removed the damaged and useless claw. Ever after this, if he had the slightest ache or pain he used to betake himself to her as to a general practitioner of ascertained ability.

It is almost inconceivable that any one should be found who can wilfully ill-use any of God's creatures, when they prove themselves to be capable of such a fine appreciation of moral motive.

MARTYRDOM OF PATRICK HAMILTON.

WITHIN a few hours of the sentence passed on him by the Archbishop of St. Andrew's the stake was ready for the martyr, and the martyr for the stake. The spirit of power and of love was upon him. The officials of the archbishop offered him his life if he would recant the confession he had made in the cathedral. But in vain. The executioners then

stepped forward and bound him to the stake by an iron chain. Thus bound, he prayed, like his Master, for his persecutors; for "there were many of them blinded by ignorance, that they knew not what they did." For himself he prayed that Christ "would strengthen him by his Holy Spirit, that he might steadfastly abide the cruel pains of fire." The fagots were kindled thrice, but the flames took no steady hold of the pile, and the good man's sufferings were protracted in consequence. The flames were at last thoroughly kindled. But, surrounded by them, he still remembered in his torments his widowed mother, and commended her with his dying breath to the care and sympathy of his friends. When nearly burnt through his middle by the fiery chain, a voice in the crowd of spectators called aloud to him, that if he still had faith in the doctrine for which he died, he should give a last sign of his constancy. Whereupon he raised three fingers of his half-consumed hand, and held them steadily in that position till he ceased to live. His last audible words were, "How long, Lord, shall darkness overwhelm this kingdom? how long wilt thou suffer this tyranny of men? Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." The execution lasted for nearly six hours; "but during all that time," says one who witnessed with profound emotion the whole scene—Alexander Alane, then a canon of St. Andrew's, but thenceforward a reformer and sufferer for Christ's sake—"the martyr never gave one sign of impatience or anger, nor ever called to heaven for vengeance upon his persecutors: so great was his faith, so strong his confidence in God."

Thus tragically but gloriously died, on the 29th of February, 1528, when only four-and-twenty years of age, this noble martyr in a noble cause. "The death of Sir Patrick, the father, on the streets of Edinburgh eight years before, was the death of a hero of chivalry," says Professor Lorimer, in his *Life of Patrick Hamilton*: "the death of his son, at St. Andrew's, was the death of a hero of religion, in the noble battle of God's truth, in the high service of the religious emancipation of his country. In both sire and son we discover the same high sense of honour and duty, as they severally understood what honour and duty required at their hands; in both the same intrepid daring in the presence of danger, the same forwardness in the path of self-devotion. But along with these grand resemblances there were also exhibited some striking contrasts. The father died a victim to the faction and ambition of his powerful house: the son gave himself a sacrifice to his country and the church of God. The father poured out his blood in the tragic rage of insulted honour, and to vindicate his good name as a soldier and a Hamilton: the son yielded his life with the calm and gentle, but resolute, fortitude of a martyr, praying with his latest breath, 'Father, forgive them.'" The brave Sir Patrick died the last, or all but the last, of the Scottish knights of the middle age, the age of chivalry. His son had nothing in him of the middle age, save the noble and generous blood which it transmitted to him. He was the first illustrious Scotsman of modern times.*

* From "Work and Conflict." A book of facts and histories. By the Rev. John Kennedy, M.A., P.R.G.S. Published by the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row.

self by his superior talents from his associate ranks, rose Sir James Mackintosh; well educated, intended for the medical profession, but relinquishing it for the study of law, and (for a season) the law itself leaving, in order to devote himself to a political career. Before the "Edinburgh Review" constellation appeared, he had come to London, and besides contributions to the "Courier" newspaper (to whose proprietor he was nearly related), wrote or assisted in several publications advocating the cause of the French democracy. The crown of this pamphleteering was his celebrated "Vindiciæ Gallicæ," a defence of the Revolution, in which he measured strength with no less formidable an adversary than Edmund Burke. The great ability displayed in this work attracted much attention, and it must be presumed led to some patronage, and a different direction of the powers of the applauded author. He lectured on the British constitution as professor at Lincoln's Inn; he pronounced the famous defence of Peltier for a libel on Buonaparte in the "Ambigu" journal; and was appointed to the Recordship of Bombay. This office was with some difficulty squeezed from the king, who, when assured of the change in Mackintosh's views, yielded with the shrewd remark, "A man may be allowed to change his opinions, never his principles." On his return from India, where he performed good service to literature, he was elected into parliament and joined the Opposition, with Lord Lansdowne and the other leaders with whom he was ever after connected; holding office, however, also under the too brief administration of Mr. Canning, who had forgiven, if he had not forgotten, his painful vote against him on the Lisbon mission question. But politics furnish no lines for my sketches, and I only introduce so much of the public man, in order to serve as a back-ground to the traits of private portraiture.

Mackintosh was an indolent being. On his sofa in Cadogan Place he would repose in loose attire; take his quiet ride round Hyde Park, and then to the House, wherein he spoke seldom; but he made himself a name for ever by his movement for the reform of the criminal laws, and the admirable eloquence with which he supported it. When we reflect on the prodigal and disgusting waste of life which made almost every week a saturnalia in London, we cannot be too grateful to those who exerted themselves so zealously to free us from these degrading and depraving executions, when a Dr. Dodd and a burglar, and ten or more wretched men and women at one time, would make a morning show to excite a brutal mob.

But the most extraordinary endowment of Mackintosh was his prodigious memory. From the deepest reading in his library and most learned researches, to the merest temporary relaxations, even to the last new poem or novel when enjoying his sofa relief, he seemed to forget nothing. The classic and philosophical lessons of his youth, the comprehensive literary attainments of his riper years, and the cream of his later amusements, were all stored as in a museum of enormous extent and endless variety, and could be referred to and brought forth at pleasure. The charm of his conversation was

consequently unrivalled; it was like that of no other man I have ever known, or, I should say, that no man I have ever known could in this respect compare with him. Quote, for example, a remarkable line or expression in Dante: he would on the instant recall its prototype in a Greek or Roman author, its resemblance in Shakespeare, or Milton, or Schiller, or Racine, or Pope, or some obscure writer at home or abroad, of all ages and in all countries. The exhibition was wonderful. Person alone, with reference especially to the poets of Greece and the thousand reflections of their thoughts and images, came in that measure into competition with the more general though less profound illustrative powers of Mackintosh. He was strongly formed, and looked like a Scot; and for any other countryman, when he opened his lips, he could not be mistaken. His "History of England" did not sustain his reputation; but his "Discourse on the Law of Nations and Nature," his political pamphlets, and his numerous contributions to the "Edinburgh Review," fully warrant the elevated station, for penetrating judgment, deep inquiry, and masterly reasoning, which contemporary admiration assigned to him with one accord.

THE DOGS OF CORNWALL.

BY A WESTMORELAND NATURALIST.

"OUR mountain sheep-dogs" have had a chapter to themselves,* and perhaps they will claim another at some future time; but our note-book has so many references to the dogs of the west, that it seems but fair they should have a little record of their own.

We are not going to debate that mysterious and wholly bewildering question, "What is Instinct?" and therefore no grave psychologist need be alarmed at the prospect of a vapouring rhapsody. Materials for argument, facts for philosophers, rudiments for reasoning, may perhaps be found in these desultory papers; while it is earnestly hoped that they will tend to the cultivation of a large-hearted sympathy in the interests of the brute-world, as well as a reverential admiration of the goodness and wisdom of the great Creator.

It is very entertaining to observe how thoroughly dogs sympathize in any great popular emotion—how ready they are to join in any novel excitement. There was one public-spirited dog in Cornwall who rejoiced exceedingly at the opening of poor Brunel's railway not long ago—that beautiful line which so triumphantly spans the subject valleys, binds hills together in unexpected fellowship, and refuses to be dismayed by little obtrusive inlets of the sea, or by the languid protest of the winding rivers. Small hamlets, which had previously slumbered on under the illusion that they were lost in the deep hush of country life, and were at liberty to take as long naps as they chose, were suddenly startled up into a flurry of excitement by that portentous voice, a railway whistle. The dog mentioned above had hitherto led a sober life, quietly going through the

* See "Leisure Hour," No. 339.

routine of his simple duties as a farmer's dog. But the opening of that wonderful railway completely turned his honest head. He could not bear to miss the sight of a single train. He would catch the sound of the whistle long before the ear of any one else was pierced by it; and, seizing the children of the family by the frock or the trowsers, he would actually *drag them out* to see too. Poor fellow! his passion for the startling novelties of progressive science cost him very dear. He had lost his head figuratively before—he lost it actually now; for, one evening when he had gone in the dark to watch the approach of the iron dragon's glaring eyes, and to hear its prodigious snort, the fancy took him to make a nearer inspection; and so, stepping forward, he stretched out his poor speculative head, and instantly it was whirled away. That dog was a public loss, for he represented the feeling of the whole Cornish community; only the community has kept its head—and a fine intelligent head it is.

Some of the Cornish dogs are capable of following a very noble and generous course of action. One day a little stranger dog presented himself to the late well-known "Blind Teacher" of Cornwall—a blind teacher of the blind, who visited his benighted brethren in their own homes, and taught them to read the Bible for themselves, by the aid of those precious raised characters which have guided so many dark minds to the light of life. Well, the little dog presented himself to the blind teacher, and insisted on remaining with him. The thing seemed providential, and so a compact was forthwith formed between man and dog, after the manner of a covenant, which was to last for life. The blind man tied a string around the neck of the other party to the contract, and he became his own little servant. Well and faithfully did he serve him. The first thing he had to do was to learn off the round of visits by heart; and such an earnest interest did he take in this part of his education, that after a while his master had but to tell him *where* he wished to call, and the dog led him to the right house. But he refused to obey any other teaching than that of his blind master. Master was a Wesleyan, and a very constant attendant at the chapel; and the dog had to be initiated into the fact that he occupied a different place on the Sabbath from that in which he sat on other days of the week. But his intelligence was equal to this rather severe test, and never did he fail to lead his master to the right place on the right day. At last the beloved master fell sick in the midst of one of his distant rounds in the western part of the county. There was a mansion where lived a Christian old lady, about half-way between eighty and ninety years of age, of whom the blind man could say, like some wayfarers of old, that she had often "courteously entreated and lodged" them. Oh, if he could but reach Burncoose, he laid up there, and there he nursed. "To Burncoose! yes; to Burncoose, my little dog." And to Burncoose they went. The blind teacher was soon settled into his comfortable chamber: but it proved to be the chamber of death. Of death? Nay; of life, and light, and glory everlasting; for there the scales fell from his eyes, and

"he beheld the King in his beauty, and saw the land that was very far off." And what became of the dog? The brother of "the man who had been blind, but who now saw," came and led away his little sorrowing guide, and comforted him concerning his master.

A story in painful contrast to the above here presents itself. A hard bad man, of most drunken habits, owned a very devoted dog, who could forgive all his master's roughness and love him still. On one occasion the man's road to his home led him across a common abounding with holes and pits, and now full of water. He was intoxicated, and, stumbling in his helpless folly, he fell into a pit. He would have been inevitably drowned had there not been aid at hand. That aid came from his poor loving dog, who eagerly set to work and dragged his degraded master out of the water. Soon after this deliverance, the tax which had previously been laid only on sporting dogs was equalized; and the ungrateful master, in order to save money for drink, actually destroyed his deliverer. But the story has a sequel, and a sorrowful one. Again did that man wander homeward at night, intoxicated; again did he fall into the water; and now, for want of the poor dog to drag him out, he was drowned.

Turn we to something brighter. There is an old gentleman trying to get up the fire in his office; but no, it will not burn. He blows and blows with the bellows; he stuffs in paper; but the paper only flares up and disappears, without imparting its short-lived animation to the torpid coals. His little pet dog watches, with head on one side, and mouth twisted now this way, now that—as much as to say, "No; you'll never succeed in *that way*, sir." At last, feeling the need of personal interference, the little fellow runs out of the room, and presently returns with a piece of wood in his mouth, which he holds up for master to put into the grate.

There was an enormous Newfoundland dog which belonged to a family residing in a lovely nest-like home called "Wood," beside a little creek on the south-west coast of Cornwall. He used to swim across the inlet every day to fetch the letters for the household. They were placed in a waterproof bag; and the fine fellow used to take a firm hold of this bag with his teeth, and plunge with it into the creek. It must have been a hard struggle sometimes to breast the united power of wind and tide; but the brave dog never faltered, and never would he give up his trust to other than the authorized hand.

When we ourselves resided in Cornwall, we owned a highly valued terrier, called "Tartar." He was a capital little fellow, with ludicrously short legs, with a long body, brown and close-haired, and a face of extraordinary intelligence. Tartar came originally from Pengreep, a stately old mansion, where ages and generations of rooks had discussed life in the glooms of their grand old trees; where one square pond pours its affluent waters into another square pond, and that other into a third, by small measured waterfalls, which hold them together—mere flights of black steps these

cataracts, adown which pours ever the well-trained current; and there the stately swans debate, within their snowy breast, whether the long hour of aristocratic leisure shall be spent on the upper waters, the middle, or the nether. Tartar came from this fine old Pengreep, as a bridal present to my father from the old squire who then owned the place. Faithful as he was to the house of his service, Tartar had still a keen eye to his own interests, especially at the dinner hour of each day. He vibrated between the three houses comprising the family circle, and determinately dined at the one where roast meat was in the ascendant. He evidently did not believe in boiler or crock: they were dark secrets, wholly unintelligible; but the spit was a reality—a good old English fact. On one occasion he had gone over to “the cottage” to dine, for the substantial reason above stated; but, from some cause unknown, he had lingered on, long after the plates and dishes were washed and put away. The tea-hour came and passed, and Tartar was still there. At length it was time to lock up. “Go home, Tartar.” No; he would not stir. “Tartar! go home directly.” Not he; and so firmly did he plant his little figure and make known his determination to spend the night there, that at last the family yielded the point, and he settled into a watchful repose. In the dead of the night Tartar roused up and began to bark warningly, then fiercely, then furiously. In the morning, when the servants opened the shutters, a pane of glass, which had been cut all round, fell into the room. Burglars had been there, and had nearly effected an entrance, but, deterred by the furious protest of the little self-elected guard, they had given up the attempt. Self-elected! Who shall say that Tartar had not unconsciously received his commission to protect the slumbering household?

There is another remarkable story of the same kind, which is equally well avouched. Most tourists into the West of Cornwall—and, depend upon it, the numbers of Cornish tourists will now rapidly increase under the guidance of poor Brunel’s railway—must have made a passing acquaintance with a remarkable hill, near Redruth, called Carn Brea. There are strange wierd-looking groups of rocks on the hill, seemingly Druidical in origin; and but small aid from imagination is asked in order to fill in the whole repulsive scenery of a Druid sacrifice. Little sprouts of oak saplings, doing their best to rise above the encumbering rocks of the hill-side, attest that life yet lingers in the roots of the Druidical groves. There is a little quaint castle-like building crowning the height, in which, some time since, resided a miner and his wife: perhaps they live there still, amid the hoary rocks, and scooped and channeled altars—faint outlines of an extinct idolatry. The miner’s toilsome work often kept him the greater part of the night from his castle home. One evening a very large dog, quite a stranger, and very formidable in his strength, came up the hill and made a sudden friendship with the miner’s wife. She was hospitable to him at first; but as night drew on she tried to send him away. Like Tartar, he firmly refused to go; and, after much debate with the huge dog, she was obliged to allow him to remain within doors.

Late at night, there was a sound heard at the door. She opened it, supposing her husband had returned earlier than usual. The strange dog instantly sprang out and grappled furiously with some person or persons in the darkness. There was a long and terrible conflict; but at last *footsteps* were heard in retreat, the huge protector quietly returned to her side, and the door was again fastened. But the poor lone woman was miserable from the fear lest, after all, it might have been her husband; and, lighting a lantern, she sallied forth into the darkness with the dog by her side. As they descended the hill she looked eagerly round, fancying she might come upon the prostrate figure of her miner, torn and perhaps lifeless. Just at the foot of Carn Brea she met the unconscious husband calmly returning after the close of his hours of subterranean labour. Ah, the joy of that meeting! The chivalrous protector, instead of springing on the figure thus encountered in the dark, gave him a tacit approval, and disappeared into the night. His wonderful mission was accomplished, and he went on his unknown way.

The writer, who is so old-fashioned as to believe in the happy doctrine of a particular Providence, has no hesitation in attributing this remarkable intervention to the good hand of God. That blind impulse which we agree to call “instinct,” is wholly insufficient to account for the appearance of the lone woman’s protector at the hour of need. She never could discover whence he came or whither he went. Surely he was providentially there; and so thinks the Cornish miner’s wife, who dwells amid the Druidical rocks of Carn Brea.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN BOOKBINDER.

NO I.

It is most certain that many thousands of volumes are annually destroyed in this country for want of the timely services of the bookbinder; and it is likely that in this age of periodical literature, millions of the weekly and monthly numbers of serial works, which would be volumes were they duly bound together, are wasted during the same period, owing to the same cause. We design, therefore, under the above head, to impart such information to the possessors of unbound books and periodicals as may enable them, at little expense beyond that of their own time and labour, to prevent this loss, and to preserve their weekly and monthly gatherings in the shape of permanent volumes.

To bind a book well, certain tools are of course indispensable; but very few will go a good way; and it is a fact that a book may be put together very decently with the aid of no other tools than a shoemaker’s hammer and a glue-pot, with the addition of such implements as are usually to be met with in every household. For the convenience of all parties we shall describe both methods, commencing with that to be recommended as doing the most perfect justice to a book worth binding. Premising that we do not counsel any amateur to bind anything larger than a music-book, and advising all beginners to make their first

"Hae ye heard o' them?" cried Mrs. Simpson, bouncing from her seat.

"I could na miss, beann blessed wi' the precious gift o' hearin; and, what's better, I saw 'em," said Geordy.

"Saw them, Geordy! Whar are they, and here's a whole shillen for ye;" and Mrs. Simpson's purse, or rather an old glove used for that purpose, was instantly produced.

"Weel," said Geordy, "I slipped in ae day, and sean the siller unguarded, I thought some ill-guided body might covet it, and just laid it by, I may say, amang the leaves o' that Bible, thinkin' you would be sure to see the spoons when you went to read."

Before Geordy had finished his revelation, Nancy Campbell had brought down the proudly displayed but never opened Bible, and interspersed between its leaves lay the dozen of long-sought spoons.

The minister of Bathgate could scarcely command his gravity while admonishing Geordy on the trouble and vexation his trick had caused. The assembled neighbours laughed outright when the daft man, pocketing the widow's shilling, which he had clutched in the early part of his discourse, assured them all that he kenned Mrs. Simpson read her Bible sa often the spoons would be certain to turn up. Geordy got many a basin of broth and many a luncheon of bread-and-cheese on account of that transaction, with which he amused all the firesides of the parish. Mrs. Simpson was struck dumb, even from scolding. The discovery put an end to her ostentatious professions, and, it may be hoped, turned her attention more to practice. By way of making amends for her unjust imputations on Nancy Campbell, she consented to receive her as a daughter-in-law within the same year; and it is said there was peace ever after in the farmhouse; but the good people of Bathgate, when discussing a character of more pretence than performance, still refer proverbially to Widow Simpson's spoons.

NOTES BY A WESTMORELAND NATURALIST.

CATS—MARTENS—HEDGEHOGS—WILD CATTLE—FIELD VOLES.

It is not easy to get up much sentiment on the subject of cats. They are not a high-minded portion of the living community; and there is so much savagery about them in the matter of birds, that it requires some such piece of noble conduct as that which we are about to relate to raise them in the moral scale. There is a favourite cat belonging to a family which resides just within the mountain gateway into Easedale, one of the finest spots in Westmoreland. The grand Helme Crag, so familiar to lake tourists as the rugged buttress on whose summit the "Lion and the Lamb" meet in serene fellowship, guards the entrance on the right hand. The little dale, walled in by mountains, is before you in deep stillness; and Grassmere, with its one island and its white church, is left behind. The house is planted rather above the roots of the fell, and in this beautiful home the

Grey Cat of Helme Crag brought forth so many interesting families as to perplex the indulgent humanity of her owners. At first, one representative kitten was always spared to her; but kittens have the incurable propensity to grow up into old cats; and in order to check the excessive spread of the race, the whole of the infant families had lately been doomed.

A few weeks previous to the time of my writing, the grey cat disappeared; but it was soon observed that she came back to the house for a few minutes twice in each day; in the morning to "get her breakfast," as we say in Westmoreland; in the evening to "get her supper;" and after each meal she disappeared again. At length, very severe weather set in. The snow lay all around. Silver How stood like a white wall before the blue of the sky, showing that in winter it must have received its graceful name, and not when it was clad in the purples and opals of summer. Fairfield, too, was glistening in resplendent justification of its title; and steep Steel Fell, refusing to be wrapped like the rest of the brethren in snowy winding-sheets, and only tolerating here a frosting and there a network, looked its name well. Still, the poor grey cat came home, pleading for her breakfast, about half-past eight, and again in the evening for supper to fortify her endurance against the miseries of the night. Our friends tried to track the poor creature, for they felt sure that, in order to preserve her offspring from the fate of their predecessors, she had gone up to the heights and brought forth her young in some lonely hollow in the rocks, or on some soft bed of heather, now changed into a cold bed of snow. And so they traced the little round foot-prints dotting the snow for a considerable distance up the hill-side. There is a great crag above the residence, but the little dotted lines went beyond the crag, padding upward over the fell; then they were lost, and the search had to be given up. Some days more, and still the snow and the bitter cold. At last, one morning the grey cat came home, half-dragging, half-carrying a kitten in her mouth; and, making her way into the sitting-room, she laid down the little perishing creature at her kindly mistress's feet with a look of such wonderfully expressive appeal as, it is needless to say, was perfectly irresistible. No other kitten was brought in; and it is hence inferred that the others had all perished from the cold, and that, to save the life of her last, she had determined on trying the eloquence of her mute appeal. Prosperous days followed, and the nursling of the fells is a spoiled pet, taking all manner of liberties with her much-enduring mother—lying in ambushes, leaping out unawares, carrying on dreadful assaults and batteries, and persecuting her mother's tail to within an inch of her violent indignation.

Our mountains used to be inhabited by a race of beautiful little animals, which have now almost, if not entirely, disappeared before the eager quest after their skins. They were martens; and when a shepherd in his tramps over the fells had caught sight of one of these little creatures, and had knocked it down and killed it, he was sure of securing a good price for it from the Kendal

furrier. Our marten, like some of the lesser animals of the arctic world, had the wonderful provision of turning white in winter, in harmony with the surrounding snows—a gift which finely shows the superintending care of Providence in minute adaptation to the habits of the animal and the dangers of the times. A little dead specimen was brought to be shown to some friends of the writer some years ago, which was just in the transition state—white nearly all over, though the brown lingered still about the head. It was, in fact, a beautiful little native ermine, tinged here and there with a slight yellow hue. A lady's fur cape of large dimensions was made about that time from the skins of these poor hunted aborigines of the Westmoreland mountains. But we never hear of them now. They have gone with the eagles.

The quaint little hedgehogs have an excellent mode of providing themselves against the cold of winter. They creep into a heap of dry dead leaves, and, rolling themselves round and round, are soon provided with a russet great-coat. Each little prickly spire has done its best to pick up a leaf, and soon the surtout—a very ragged one, to be sure—is complete. This is certainly a beautiful piece of native tailoring. The writer does not mean to say that the hedgehog walks out in his great-coat, but that he wraps himself in it when he is about to take a long nap.

During the last few months we have been able to reckon horned cattle as amongst the wild denizens of our Westmoreland mountains. Mr. Rigg, who keeps the large hotel near the railway terminus at Windermere, being in want of more extended pasture for his horses when they were "turned out for a run," had secured some wild land on the fells over towards Kentmere. Some cattle had also been placed there to pick their free living over the heights. But the air of liberty was so sweet, as they sniffed it in with expanded nostrils, and ran riot over heather, bracken, and crag, that the cattle announced their determination never to submit to restraint again—announced it as expressively as tossed heads and wild eyes, rude snorts, fly-away tails, and scampering hoofs could declare. There was no doubt whatever about their meaning, as Mr. Rigg and his men found whenever they tried to reclaim the runaways, or to fulfil some contract with the butcher. They were mostly spirited little Scotch cattle, to begin with, and to be living a wild Highland life again was delicious. A long bright summer's holiday it was. But the longest day has a close, and the poor truants found that it was useless to strive with man, or to set at nought his power. A *battue* was organized: men carrying long poles went out on the fell, surrounded them, hemmed them in, drove them together; and men armed with rifles stood and picked out the well-favoured ones. One received a bullet in his forehead, and dropped dead; another in the spine, and died instantly; and so on. There is no pleasure in describing this part of the story, but there is the satisfaction of believing that the deaths which those fine little mountaineers died were as easy and speedy as can possibly fall to the lot of doomed beasts. With regard to the beef, they say

it was excellent. The writer, a few weeks ago, came unexpectedly upon a little group of them which had been partially reclaimed, and placed in a craggy and bosky inclosure on one of our fine uplands. Not knowing their history at the time, the surprise was great at observing their extremely wild manners, half-scared and half-defiant, as they scoured away amongst the rocks—reminding one of the wild, weird-looking shaggy buffaloes which we see blundering about in the Pontine marshes between Rome and Naples.

It is entertaining to watch the habits of a pretty little animal called the field vole. Perhaps it is more like a dormouse than anything else. It is almost as red as a squirrel, has a large head for the size of the body, short ears, bright pleasant eyes, and a short tail. The disproportioned size of its head is its chief peculiarity. A family of these field voles lived in the loosely-built stone wall of our garden some time ago, and the cook almost tamed them by spreading dainty little dinners for them on the top of this wall. But they would not come and dine, if they were aware that any one was watching. In another house they used to make forays into the back-kitchen, and live there at free quarters. The other day there was a rustling in a bed of moss and ferns on a bank under the tall trees in the beautiful Elleray woods, which are now sorrowfully thinned by the unrelenting rigour of the axe, and presently out ran the little rufus, with his queer large head and glancing eyes. Life seemed to be a pleasant festal sort of thing; and he flirted about, nibbling this and sniffing at that in most dainty fashion, until, made aware that he was watched, he scuttled away into a hole at the root of a tree. He seems to be a good deal of an epicure; for one of his brethren, some time ago, took up his dwelling in a hot-house, which was richly festooned with purple grapes. These he managed to reach by climbing, and he went on from bunch to bunch, biting off the end of the delicious fruit, and sipping the pure juice of the grape. But he left them all in proper order still richly pendant from the vine; something like the performance of one of the great men of our day, and one of the cleverest, who, when he was a young boy, was more than suspected of having been at work at the peach-tree in the walled garden. The lady-mother, administered a rebuke, and Henry promised that "he would never pick another peach." Next day, when the stately matron swept out of the hall, and went to visit her gardens, she found that Henry had been biting a section from the sunny side of every peach, and had yet left them all hanging on the tree; thus legally keeping to the letter of his promise, that "he would never *pick* another." That lad certainly promised to make a great lawyer.

BENEFIT CLUBS.

Few schemes have been more seductive in gaining the adhesion, and awakening the hopes and expectations, of the operative classes of this country, than "Benefit Clubs." And none have been more injurious to those classes, by absorbing their earnings,