

razors contained in a splendid case given him by an old aunt, when he sailed from Europe.—His boots were ranged with care along the wall, his whips hung round, and his sporting prints studded the sides of his chamber. In fine, he had a regular English looking dressing room.

Now, one morning, Tom was pulling on a boot, when he suddenly felt something in it. It was cold and clammy; the chill of its nature struck through the thin silk stocking he wore. It moved, it writhed; it was evidently a snake. Who can imagine, far less portray the agony of the poor fellow, who at once believed that he was a dead man. Some men, indeed I may almost say every man, would have paused under these circumstances, or have endeavored to have withdrawn his foot. In either of these cases, death would have been the instant result. This all flashed, with a rapidity which nothing but thought possesses, across the mind of Tom. The snake was under his foot, evidently pinned down, striving to turn itself in order to bite. He at once saw his only hope. He pulled on the boot with considerable swiftness, and starting up, stamped on the iron edge of the Tenebian blings, continuing to do so with the fury of despair, for nearly a minute, to the surprise and terror of his servant, who unconscious of his motive, thought his master had suddenly gone mad. Then sinking, overcome with agitation and fatigue, upon a chair, he ordered the man to pull off his boot—he did so; when out rolled a small green snake, one of the most deadly of its kind—crushed to death, jammed to a perfect jelly.

The man who had accomplished such deeds was justly looked upon as one of the bravest men in India.

I dined, shortly after this exploit, with Tom Philan at his mess. The dinner passed off with much festivity. Many had been the proofs of daring recounted to us, of members of the corps present, and many were the boasts of what they intended to do, when on a sudden a young ensign, who was rising up from the table, turned round, and uttered a piercing scream. We looked back, every eye was directed towards the spot on which he had glanced, when, to our horror, we saw an enormous snake slowly crawling towards us. In another instant, every soul had risen from his place, and was flying away across the square in front of the cantonment, as fast as his legs could carry him. Tom Philan led the van, and shouting with fear; as if the monster were already coiled around his limbs. A few minutes reflection, emboldened some of our party to return. We found the reptile already dead, despatched by one of our servants. It was a rock snake, an animal wholly innocuous. It measured some eight feet long, and was a beautiful specimen of its kind. I begged to have it, in order to send it home to some friends in England to preserve. It was given me, and I returned home with it dangling upon my arm, laughing at the cowardice displayed by one, when ably supported frightened out of his wits in the midst of an armed assembly, by a harmless reptile, who had single handed performed such feats of valor, and destroyed serpents of the most deadly kind.

#### EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

Uncas and Miantonomoh; A Historical Discourse delivered at Norwich, Ct. July 4. 1842, on the erection of a Monument to the memory of Uncas. By William L. Stone.

Uncas was a Pequot by birth, and became first chief of the Mohegans, being expelled from his own country by the haughty Sassacus, against whom he had attempted to excite revolt. He soon effected a disruption, and was from the first landing of the Pilgrims to the day of his death the firm friend of the early English settlers. He became involved in troubles with Miantonomoh, a Narraganset Chief, who aspired to be the Sovereign of all the Indians in New England. The following description of the first important battle between the Pilgrim Colonists and the American Indians is spirited and interesting:—

All things being in readiness for the assault, Wequash piloted Major Mason to the North Eastern, and Captain Underhill, with his command, to the North Western entrance. It was yet an hour before day break, but the moon gave sufficient light for the purposes of the assailants. The Pequot sentinel in front of Mason had left his post for a few moments to light his pipe, so that a faithful dog was first to give the alarm to the slumbering garrison. The barking of the dog was quickly succeeded by the exclamation of the returning sentinel, 'Owannah! Owannah! Englishmen!' The alarm caused an instant rallying of the garrison, though in a state of confusion, that gave the assailants, now pressing forward

with great vigor, a decided advantage in the onset.—The timbers forming the palisades were not placed close enough together to prevent the assailants from firing between them, which they did with great effect; and the roar of musketry, mingled with the yells of the Indians within, which were answered by the war whoops of those without, formed together a horrible din of discordant sounds, such as had never before disturbed the repose of the Pequot country. After a few discharges of their arms in this manner, Mason directed his attention to the principal entrance, which was soon forced, and his troops rushed forward sword in hand. Then followed a struggle of death. The Pequods were none of them supplied with fire arms, and were obliged to fight only with bows and arrows, war clubs, and tomahawks, while the fire arms of the English gave them an advantage more than counterbalancing their inferiority of numbers. The Pequods nevertheless made a manly and desperate resistance—hand to hand and foot to foot—but the English pressing steadily forward, compelled them to retreat through the principal avenue of their walled village toward the western side of fortress, which having been entered in that direction by Underhill and his division, just in time, they found themselves between two fires. Their only refuge then was to attain their wigwams, which they entered in squads, and determined to defend. Many severe conflicts of small parties ensued, in which the combatants fought with equal desperation. In the spirited lines of Dr. Dwight, whose muse wept over the destruction of these people:—

'Undaunted on their foes they fiercely flew;—  
As fierce the dusky warriors crowd the fight,—  
Despair inspires,—to combat's face they glow,—  
With groans and shouts they rage, unknowing flight,—  
And close their swollen eyes in shades of endless night.'

In these separate onslaughts the Pequods were slain in large numbers, and several of the English fell dead, while many others were wounded. For a few moments the conflict seemed doubtful,—when Mason boldly entered one of the wigwams, and snatching a blazing brand from the fire, applied it to the dry and inflammable materials with which it was covered. While the leader was thus engaged, an Indian would have transfixed his head with an arrow, but for the interposition of one of his subordinate officers, who observing the action, promptly sprang forward and cut the string of the bow with his sword. The expedient of Mason was a successful as it was fatal to the doomed Pequods. The flames spread from hut to hut in rapid succession until the whole seventy within the enclosure were in a living blaze.—The English retiring without the walls as they extended. Then followed a scene of wild confusion and distress seldom paralleled in a community of no greater numbers. Taking courage from the example before them, the Mohegans of Uncas, and such of the Narragansets as remained, came up to the works and formed a circular line close to the rear of the English, who were near the base of the palisades. It does not appear that Uncas participated in the timidity of his followers. On the contrary, he exerted himself to animate them to the battle, and acquitted himself like a brave and fearless man—sustaining the evidence afterward given in his behalf by Major Mason.—The crackling of the flames, mingling with the wails of distress from those perishing in the conflagration, with the fatal discharges of the English musketry upon the poor wretches who were attempting to escape by leaping from the parapet, presented, altogether, a scene of appalling and terrific grandeur. The area within the walls was like a sea of fire; and as the sun had not yet risen, the dimness of the morning twilight was dissipated by the lurid light of the flames.

Many of the Pequods attempted to force their way through the gates,—but if their flight was not intercepted by the English, they were for the most part fallen upon by Uncas and his Mohegans, while numbers were driven back to perish miserably in their burning cells. The battle was ended ere the sun arose, and never since his beams were arrested by the ascending smoke of the cities of the plain, did the orb of light shine upon a scene of more complete desolation. From six to eight hundred Indians, old men and young, women and children, were either slain by the sword, or consumed in the flames. Seven only escaped, and the same number were made prisoners by the English. Eighteen prisoners, of whom ten were males, and eight females, were taken by the Mohegan and Narraganset Indians. Four of the males were disposed of to as many sachems—the other six were slain. Of the females, four were taken to Saybrook and left in the fort. The other four were carried to one of the settlements, where, being challenged by the Indians as their property, they were executed to end the dispute. 'The policy as well as the morality of this proceeding,' says Hutchinson, with great simplicity, 'may well be questioned!'

From the Western Captive.

GRIEF OF THE AGED.  
There is always something painfully touching in the grief of the aged. The shaking of the wasted hand, with its sallow skin and prominent veins,—the scanty supply of tears, and the sigh, which no longer comes as a relief, but deep and heavy, has become in truth a

groan, wrung as it were, from the very vitals: the hand is no longer spread upon the eyelids as if weeping brought its own consolation, but wanders uneasily about the garments, now smoothing the folds, and now pressed against the loose girdle. The foot is moved in quick restless taps upon the floor, and the eyes are never turned as if expecting sympathy from others. Alas! who is there that is ready to lay the aged and stricken head upon his bosom, and smooth the gray locks, and kiss the furrowed brow, that has known the weariness and the sorrow of many years. There is something awful in the weeping of the aged. They are those that have known the full bitterness of life,—have beheld the beloved of youth pass away to the land of spirits—have known the folly of earthly hopes—have found the canker at the root of every promise, and the golden fruit turned to ashes of bitterness. Love and youth, and hope, and glory, all the chimeras of life have passed away, and they live on like those ancient summits, that from their sterile-ness, and riven aspect, tell of former light and flame, though their fires are long since extinguished. No wonder then, that we are prone to turn fearfully away from the sorrow of the aged—to feel there is something awful in the revival of human passions, in those who are supposed to have survived them. No, no; it is for the young, the hoping, the beautiful, to weep and find a response in every heart,—the brow of the aged can repose alone upon the bosom of its God.

From Mrs. Trollope's Visit to Italy.  
ITALIAN LAZINESS NEAR GENOA.

Besides this, I had another study which detained me at this same window. Immediately under it a group of nine boys, all clothed in Marillo tinted rags, and varying in age from about 12 to 5, had congregated themselves upon a heap of sand and pebbles, and during the space of two hours that I remained either at or near the window they never changed their position,—all of them lying upon their stomachs or their sides, basking in the sun, with their heads towards one common centre. I never witnessed a spectacle of such utterly listless idleness. Their only amusement was the picking out little pebbles and flinging them at one another, but so tranquilly, that no quarrelling or noisy effect of any kind was the result. Most certainly

'In their warm cheeks the sultry season glow'd,' but could this alone cause the perfect stillness of a group, all of whom were of a sex and age that I had ever seen elsewhere appearing to delect stillness more than even painful fatigue? Other causes must, I think, have something to do with it. They one and all looked in perfect health, and I could only suppose that habitual idleness had taught them to be content with this half dead condition. Poor little fellows! Several of them were superbly handsome, with curly locks and eyes as black as sloes. I would have given something to have seen them all busily at school.

At Sestri we again saw, on different parts of the beach, little heaps of six or eight children at a time, all old enough to be profitably employed either in learning or in labour, but all lying about in the sun, in more complete inaction and idleness than I ever watched elsewhere, except perhaps in the Negro-breeding farms of Virginia, where the children preparing for the Southern market are permitted to sate in very perfect idleness.

BACKWARDNESS OF ITALIAN MECHANICS:  
THE MARBLE QUARRIES.

After looking at the quarries with such recollections as may be easily imagined, and raised thereby my estimate of the power of man to pretty nearly the highest pitch, I turned to examine the mode in which the blocks of marble were conveyed down the descent which leads to the town of Carrara. The utter and entire ignorance of every species of mechanical aid with which this process was effected appeared almost incredible, though there it was going on before our eyes. In the first place, the approach to the quarry is among and over masses of marble-rock, which the labour of a score of able bodied men for a week or two would suffice to remove for ever and ever, leaving free the access to this *tesoro sacro* till the slow chisel had removed the mighty mass.

The way thus cleared, an iron rail, of considerably less than a mile in length, would enable cars, bearing the precious blocks, to be conveyed to the door of the sawing mill without difficulty or risk of any kind. Instead of this however, this finest quarry of the world has its produce rattled down the descent in a manner which perpetually causes the blocks to be broken,—for, instead of its being an affair thus simple, it is now one of such danger and difficulty that it is really terrible to behold. The carriage upon which the blocks are placed is of very massive timber, redely and very unartistically put together,—to this six oxen are attached, but the number is reduced to two when the vehicle, as frequently happens, reaches some point of its progress at which it is rather permitted to drop down than to be drawn. At these times, the exertions of the men who have charge of the convey are really frightful, and frequently attended with dreadful accidents. In order to prevent, or impede as much as may be, the violent fall of the vehicle from one mass of rock to another, they spring, at the most imminent risk to life and limb, from one part of the rude machine to another, in order either to produce a balance favorable to the manoeuvre, or else to coerce the movements of

the oxen, who are often brought into such positions as to render any ordinary mode of driving them impracticable. The barbarous ignorance with which all this brute force is required, and applied, has something in it truly lamentable, and very directly suggests a doubt whether the intact purity with which his Highness of Modena labours to preserve his territory from all intercourse with other races of human beings, is calculated to produce benefit to those who have the honor of calling him lord? It appears utterly impossible that this Robinson Crusoe-like style of engineering could be persevered in were less pains taking to keep intruding eyes and blabbing tongues from the district where it is carried on. To these who are aware how low the rate of wages is in that part of the world, it may convey some idea of the toil and difficulty of this work, to be told that the men so employed work but for four hours in the day, and the price they receive for this is the value of five francs. The appearance of the poor fellows when thus employed is really terrific. The whole of the upper part of the bodies is without clothing, the skin the colour of bronze, and every muscle and every feature so disorted by the vehemence of the action they are using as to make it exceedingly painful to watch them.

ROMAN AMPHITHEATRES. VERONA.

I almost lament having seen the stupendous Roman amphitheatre here. \* \* I am half angry with myself, I think, for being so greatly struck with the grandeur of this unholy edifice. I am less 'and antique Roman' than most people,—having very little respect for their greatness, which neither in its origin or end appears to me of the best quality. But I felt it impossible, as I stood in this boldly conceived theatre, to deny that their brutal joys must have had as much sublimity thrown around them as genius and power could bestow. Why is it that, with all the accumulated science of so many ages to help us, we can no longer rear such works as this?—so beautiful in its grand simplicity, and at the same time so completely fulfilling the purpose for which it was planned, that the grace and the dignity seem to have grown out of it as if by accident. Fitness of form seems to constitute beauty in the same manner that ease of movement constitutes grace. In both cases, a sort of instinctive common sense tells us that it is right—the mind is satisfied, and the spirit pleased. It is a pity that what seems so simple, while acknowledged to be so admirable should ever be departed from. The object being to accommodate thirty thousand persons in the best manner possible, for the purpose of their all having a perfectly commodious view of what was doing in the arena, it is impossible to imagine any other mode or manner in which it could be done so well. So gracious in the form, so majestic the proportions of these bare rough elements of a building, that all the glorious of Palladio, which I had so lately been gazing at with delight, seemed little better than so much Dresden china, by comparison with them.

I looked, and looked, till I began to quarrel with all human improvement,—and the nineteenth century was rapidly descending to a discount in my imagination when I happened to fix my eyes upon sundry openings, which were evidently not intended either for the entrances or the vomitories of the thirty thousand spectators. 'What were those apertures for?' said I. 'Those were for letting in the wild beasts upon the gladiators,' was the reply. It is wonderful how suddenly the ideas suggested by this answer disenchanted me.

From Young's Residence on the Mosquito Shore.

MISSIONARIES OF THE MOSQUITO SHORE.  
A short time back, a missionary arrived for the purpose of giving them some idea of a future state: a house was speedily found for him, and he commenced preaching; and for a few Sundays he gave some of the chiefs a glass of grog each, to entice them to hear him. At length, one Sunday a great number of the natives attended to hear the white stranger talk: on this occasion the worthy and reverend gentleman was more than usually eloquent; when one of the chiefs arose and quietly said, 'All talk—no grog—no good!' and gravely stalked away, followed by all the natives, leaving the astonished preacher to finish his discourse to two or three Englishmen present.

Other attempts have been made to bring them from this state of blind ignorance; but with the same result. I think it of little use teaching the old people: they must begin by establishing schools for the young children, so that in one generation a great change might be effected, as the children are very apt, and report speaks very highly of the King's son, Clarence, who was at school at Beliza when I left.

CARIB DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENTS.

Polygamy is general among them, some having as many as three or four wives,—but the husband is compelled to have a separate house and plantation for each, and if he makes one a present he must make the others one of the same value,—and he must also divide his time equally among them, a week with one, a week with another, and so on. When a Carib takes a wife, he sells a plantation and builds a house; the wife then takes the management; and he becomes a gentleman at large till the following year