

boat, with no other harm than a severe ducking. I was safe—I was saved.

The budgerow had grounded on a sand-bank; and, being unable to proceed, they had sent forward a portion of the boat's crew in a light canoe. It had just turned the point as I leaped into the stream, and miraculously picked me up in the very nick of time. After uttering a prayer of thanksgiving for my escape, I looked round. The bull was still pacing up and down the bank, apparently half inclined to pursue me, even into the water. I looked with terror at him. He was severely wounded, and, evidently, unable to live; he was fast bleeding to death. But this fact, instead of decreasing his rage, seemed to add strength to it. He tore up the earth around him, and kept pacing about in agonies of pain and anger.

I never felt more happy than when I re-entered my budgerow. The fright had altogether robbed me of appetite for my breakfast. This I was annoyed at, as I wished to be looked upon as a man of courage by my followers; but, then, again, I rightly argued that a Brahmin bull was a most unfair foe. The two servants who had fled I never saw again. On passing the spot, in my barge, where I had left my antagonist, I saw him lying down in the last agonies of expiring life. One of my people soon after went ashore, and recovered my English guns; which were both, however, injured by being thrown down. That night I slept most uneasily, and began to dislike travelling by water. The next morning I was disturbed from my slumbers by a loud and angry colloquy between my crew and a number of persons, who stood jabbering away on the bank of the river. I instantly went out, and found a crowd of natives, accompanied by some of their strange looking provincial guards, with shields and rusty arms, yet half-naked and barefoot, clamorously calling for my presence. It appeared, as soon as I was able to make out the case, that, in the first place, the people were dreadfully irate at my having killed a sacred bull; and, in the second, the owner of the said animal insisted on my making good to him the price of the brute I had destroyed; and, until the matter was settled, they positively refused to let my boatman amoor the budgerow. A conflict with these people, even had I been sure of victory, would have brought me into much trouble and annoyance, so I philosophically determined on giving them the sum demanded, though I confess I did so grumbling all the time, at thus paying for being nearly killed. The case was, however, clear. I had no right to trespass; and, if I had not trespassed, I should not have been attacked by the bull; so I handed them the amount, and was suffered to proceed on my voyage.

I was annoyed all day by the constant sight of dead bodies floating down the stream. Every now and then one of these grim objects would bump against the boat; and when I looked out to see the cause, I frequently beheld objects so sickening to view, corpses so mutilated by birds of prey and carnivorous fish, and so decomposed that I drew in my head with horror and disgust. I found two scorpions in my cabin; one of my dandies broke his leg. I never spent a more unpleasant day. I forgot, moreover, to put down my gauze curtains that night; and, consequently, was almost bitten to death by mosquitoes.

When I was sitting on the deck next morning, smoking my hookah, with a chatter over my head, I saw at a distance a wild duck swimming about in the water, near a large bed of rushes. I sent for my gun, and was about to fire at it, when I found that it was an Indian fowler, who, ensconced in an artificial and moveable bunch of rushes, was sitting in the river, with his decoy duck, to draw others near him; but, as he had no weapon, I was anxious to know how, when the game was within a proper range, he would be able to destroy it. This I soon learnt. As soon as a flight of wild ducks settle in the river, he peeps a large jar (called in India a *kidgerie* pot,) or a gourd, over his head, and, entering the river considerably above, manages to swim, or float, uprightly down with the stream. The ducks see nothing but the gourd, or jar, coming down; and, unsuspectingly, remain where they are, and allow the wary Indian to get in amongst them, who drags them down one by one, and fixes them in his girdle; continuing to do so till some unlucky accident betrays him, when he shifts his quarters, and re-enacts the same scene elsewhere.

In the evening I went to take a stroll on the shore, which was sandy; and, as there was a village near, I had no fear of being attacked by bulls, or other wild animals. After walking for some time, and taking up several of the skulls which lay scattered about, I heard the assurance of a native that the jagged joining of the upper and lower parts were nothing more than the predestination of the man, written by the finger of his Maker on his pericranium before he is sent into this world. I found that my shoe-string had become undone, and was about to place my foot on a log of wood, which lay just in front of me, for the purpose of tying it, when, lo! the apparent log suddenly started up, and plunged into the river. It was an enormous alligator that I disturbed; a monster with whom, had he attacked me, I could never have been able to cope. My very blood ran cold. I hastily got back to my budgerow, from which, I firmly vowed, I would not again move till I arrived at Berhampore.

I was about to retire to my couch, when I perceived a light on shore. I went on deck; and found that it proceeded from a bonfire, on which some natives were burning a dead body. I instantly made my people undo the vessel, and proceeded a mile higher up the river. Here I was again annoyed by precisely the same occurrence. I afterwards found that I was almost sure to be subjected to the same thing, if I persevered in my wish to make fast my budgerow in the neighbourhood of a native village.

On the following night my head-boatman was very particular about choosing a place for mooring. On inquiry, I found that the greatest danger might be apprehended if he made the slightest mistake, and it was just at that period of the moon's age when a boa might be expected. Though somewhat alarmed at this intelligence, I was rather pleased at having an opportunity of witnessing this strange phenomenon. As the man had foretold, at ten o'clock it came on. For miles before it reached us I could hear the roar of the waves as it plunged down the edge of the river, destroying everything in its course; for I must inform my reader that the boa is a dreadful wave, of some ten or twelve feet high, which at certain periods regularly surges down one of the banks of the river, crosses at particular points, travelling its exact, its invariable, course, which is so well known, that a skillful and practised dandy may always manage to avoid it. My pilot unfortunately anchored a little too near a spot where it crossed; so that, though not exactly in it, we caught the swell at a short distance. The boat lurched over; and I was thrown down. By this accident I received such a severe blow on my head that I was for a time deprived of consciousness. On the following morning I arrived at Barhampore, thoroughly sick of the river and its barges.

New Works.

From the London Spectator.
 LIEUT. EYRE'S ACCOUNT OF THE DISGRACES AT CABUL, AND HIS OWN IMPRISONMENT.

THE CATASTROPHE.
 After the usual salutations, Mahomed Akbar commenced business by asking the Envoy if he was perfectly ready to carry into effect the proposition of the preceding night? The Envoy replied, 'Why not?' My attention was then called off by an old Afghan acquaintance of mine, formerly chief of the Cabul Police, by name Gholam Moyn-ood-deen. I rose from my recumbent posture, and stood apart with him conversing. I afterwards remembered that my friend betrayed much anxiety as to where my pistols were, and why I did not carry them on my person. I answered, that although I wore my sword for form, it was not necessary at a friendly conference to be armed cap-a-pee. His discourse was also full of extravagant compliments; I suppose for the purpose of lulling me to sleep. At length my attention was called off from what he was saying, by observing that a number of men, armed to the teeth, had gradually approached to the scene of conference, and were drawing round in a sort of circle. This Lawrence and myself pointed out to some of the chief men; who affected to drive them off with whips; but Mahomed Akbar observed that it was of no consequence, as they were in the secret. I again resumed my conversation with Gholam Moyn-ood-deen; when suddenly I heard Mahomed Akbar call out, 'Begeer, beger,' (seize, seize); and turning round, I saw him grasp the Envoy's left hand with an expression in his face of the most diabolical ferocity. They dragged him in a stooping posture down the hillock; the only words I heard poor Sir William utter, being, 'az beræ Khooda.' (For God's sake.) I saw his face, however, and it was full of horror and astonishment. I did not see what became of Trevor; but Lawrence was dragged past me by several Afghans, whom I saw wrest his weapons from him. Up to this moment I was so engrossed in observing what was taking place, that I actually was not aware that my own right arm was mastered, that my urbane friend held a pistol to my temple, and that I was surrounded by a circle of Ghazees with drawn swords and cocked jezails.

The disasters of the retreat, so far as we can venture a judgment, could not have been prevented after the unwieldy mass was once set in motion. Time, no doubt, was lost by halting to listen to Akbar's insidious proposals, instead of unceasingly pressing onward to the goal; but if this fault had been avoided, it is questionable whether any other result would have followed than a difference in the distance of the dead from Cabul. Had Xenophon himself been raised from the grave to conduct this retreat, his only course, it strikes us, would have been—to select the efficient men, seize upon the scanty provisions, and to press on regardless of friend or foe, abandoning the wounded, the sick, the feeble, and the helpless to their fate. By this means, it is probable that a remnant might have reached Jellalabad; but it is also possible that it might not; for the real destroyer was cold and hunger. It is true, the Afghans constantly hung upon the rear, and occupied the defensive positions in front; whilst their marksmen, lining the heights of the narrow defiles, and safely screened, poured in a deadly fire upon the immense masses impeding one another in their struggles to escape, and spreading disorganization to such a degree, that at last the rear guard, 'finding delay was only destruction,' abandoned their post, and forcing their passage through the mass, 'made the best of their way to the front.' Still, the exposure to the night-frosts, without covering and without food, killed more, probably, than the enemy; and it must not be forgotten that it was cold and hunger which created confusion and rendered the enemy formidable. Here is a picture of

THE PASSAGE OF A DEFILE.
 Once more the living mass of men and animals was in motion. At the entrance of the Pass an attempt was made to separate the troops from the non-combatants; which was but partially successful, and created considerable delay. The rapid effects of two nights' exposure to the frost in disorganizing the force can

hardly be conceived. It had so nipped the hands and feet of even the strongest men, as to completely prostrate their powers and incapacitate them for service: even the cavalry, who suffered less than the rest, were obliged to be lifted on their horses. In fact, only a few hundred serviceable fighting men remained.

The idea of threading the stupendous Pass before us, in the face of an armed tribe of bloodthirsty barbarians, with such a dense irregular multitude, was frightful; and the spectacle that presented by that waving sea of animated beings, the majority of whom a few fleeting hours would transform into a line of lifeless carcases to guide the future traveller on his way, can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. We had so often been deceived by Afghan professions, that little or no confidence was placed in the present truce; and we commenced our passage through the dreaded Pass in no very sanguine temper of mind. This truly formidable defile is about twelve miles from end to end, and is shut in on either hand by a line of lofty hills, between whose precipitous sides the sun at this season could dart but a momentary ray. Down the centre dashed a mountain-torrent, whose impetuous course the frost in vain attempted to arrest, though it succeeded in lining the edges with thick layers of ice, over which the snow lay consolidated in slippery masses, affording no very easy footing for our jaded animals. This stream we had to cross and recross about eight-and-twenty times. As we proceeded onwards, the defile gradually narrowed, and the Giljyes were observed hastening to crown the heights in a considerable force. A hot fire was opened on the advance, with whom were several ladies; who, seeing their only chance was to keep themselves in rapid motion, galloped forward at the head of all, running the gauntlet of the enemy's bullets, which whizzed in hundreds about their ears, until they were fairly out of the Pass. Providentially, the whole escaped, with the exception of Lady Sals, who received a slight wound in the arm. It ought, however, to be mentioned, that several of Mahomed Akbar's chief adherents, who had preceded the advance, exerted themselves strenuously to keep down the fire; but nothing could restrain the Giljyes, who seemed fully determined that nobody should interfere to disappoint them of their prey. Onward moved the crowd in the thickest of the fire, and fearful was the slaughter that ensued. An universal panic speedily prevailed; and thousands, seeking refuge in flight, hurried forward to the frost, abandoning baggage, arms, ammunition, women, and children, regardless for the moment of every thing but their own lives.

CONDITION OF THE LADIES.
 Up to this time scarcely one of the ladies had tasted a meal since leaving Cabul (three days). Some had infants a few days old at the breast, and where unable to stand without assistance; others were so far advanced in pregnancy, that, under ordinary circumstances, a walk across a drawing-room would have been an exertion; yet these helpless women, with their young families, had already been obliged to rough it on the backs of camels, and on the tops of the baggage yabooos; those who had a horse to ride, or were capable of sitting on one, were considered fortunate indeed. Most had been without shelter since quitting the cantonment; their servants had nearly all deserted or been killed; and, with the exception of Lady Macnaghten and Mrs. Trevor, they had lost all their baggage, having nothing in the world left but the clothes on their backs; those, in the case of some of the invalids, consisted of night-dresses, in which they had started from Cabul in their litters. Under such circumstances, a few more hours would probably have some of them stifling corpses. The offer of Mahomed Akbar was consequently their only chance of preservation. The husbands, better clothed and hardy, would have infinitely preferred taking their chance with the troops; but where is the man who would prefer his own safety, when he thought he could by his presence assist and console those near and dear to him?

Amidst all these accumulated horrors, two slight circumstances are worth noting as traits of Afghan humanity, or perhaps of human nature. Two little children were lost in the course of the confusion, and preserved safe amid the thousand deaths around them. One, a boy, was immediately taken to Akbar, or to the English officers he had detained, and was among the first objects which greeted the parents' eyes when they arrived at the chieftain's quarters; the other, a girl, was carried all the way to Cabul, and adopted into a family, but restored to her parents some months afterwards, when Akbar brought his prisoners close to the capital.

CONDUCT IN MISERY.
 About twenty jezailchees, who still held faithfully by Captain Mackenzie, suffered less than the rest, owing to their systematic mode of proceeding. Their first step on reaching the ground was to clear a small space from the snow, where they then laid themselves down in a circle, closely packed together, with their feet meeting in the centre; all the warm clothing they could muster among them being spread equally over the whole. By these simple means, sufficient animal warmth was generated to preserve them from being frost-bitten; and Captain Mackenzie, who himself shared their homely bed, declared that he had felt scarcely any inconvenience from the cold. It was different with our Sepoys and camp followers, who, having had no former experience of such hardships, were ignorant how they might best provide against them; and the proportion of those who escaped, without suffering in some degree from frost-bites, was very small. Yet this was but the beginning of sorrows!

From Punch's Letters to his Son.
 THE BRIGHT POKER.
 'The widow Mugeridge, in her best room,

had two pokers. The one was black and somewhat bent; the other shone like a ray of summer light—it was effulgent, speckless steel.

'Both pokers stood at the same fire place. 'What?' you ask, 'and did the widow Mugeridge stir her fire with both?' Certainly not. Was a coal to be cracked—the black poker cracked it; was the lower bar to be cleared—the black poker cleared it; did she want a rousing fire—the black poker was plunged relentlessly into the burning mass, to stir up the heart of the sleeping Vulcan; was a tea kettle to be accommodated to the coals—the black poker supported it. 'And what,' methinks you ask, 'did the bright poker?' I answer nothing—nothing save to stand and glisten at the fire-side,—its black, begrimed companion, stocking, rocking, burning, banging, doing all the sweating work. As for the bright poker, that was a consecrated thing. Never did Mrs. Mugeridge go to Hackney for a week to visit her relations, that the bright poker was not removed from the grate; and, carefully swathed in oiled flannel, awaited in greasy repose the return of its mistress. Then once more in glistening idleness, would it lounge among shovel and tongs; the jetty slave, the black poker, working until it was worked to the stump, at last to be flung aside for vile old iron! One dozen black pokers did the bright poker see out; and to this day—doing nothing—it stands lustrous and inactive!

'My son, such is life. When you enter the world, make up all your energies to become—'A Bright Poker.'

From Combe's Moral Philosophy.

QUALITIES FOR MONEY GETTING.
 In Britain that individual is fitted to be most successful in the career of wealth and its attendant advantages, who possesses vigorous health, industrious habits, great selfishness, a powerful intellect, and just as much of the moral feelings as to serve for the profitable direction of his animal powers. This combination of endowments would render self aggrandizement and worldly-minded prudence the leading motives of his actions; would furnish intellect sufficient to give them effect, and morality adequate to restrain them from abuses, or from defeating their own gratification. A person so constituted would feel his faculties to be in harmony with his external condition; he has no lofty aspirations after either goodness or enjoyment which he cannot realize; he is pleased to dedicate his undivided energies to the active business of life, and he is generally successful. He acquires wealth and distinction, stands high in the estimation of society, transmits comfort and abundance to his family, and dies in a good old age.

From Wild's Travels.

LOVE OF JEWS FOR JERUSALEM.
 With all this accumulated misery, with all this insult and scorn heaped upon the Israelite here, more even than in any country, why, it will be asked, does he not fly to other and happier lands? Why does he seek to rest under the shadow of Jerusalem's wall? Independent of the natural love of country which exists among this people, two objects bring the Jew to Jerusalem—to study the Scriptures and the Talmud; and then to die, and have his bones laid with his forefathers in the valley of Jehoshaphat, even as the bones of the patriarchs were carried up out of Egypt. No matter what or how far distant the country where the Jew resides, he still lives upon the hope that he will one day journey Zionward. No climate can change, no season quench, that patriotic ardor with which the Jew beholds Jerusalem, even through the vista of a long futurity. On his first approach to the city, while yet within a day's journey, he puts on his best apparel; and when the first view of it bursts upon his sight, he rends his garments, falls down to weep, and prays over the long sought object of his pilgrimage, and with dust sprinkled on his head, he enters the city of his forefathers. No child ever returned home after long absence with more yearnings of affection; no proud baron beheld his ancestral towers and halls, when they had become another's with greater joy than the poor Jew when he first beholds Jerusalem.—This, at least, is patriotism. 'It is curious,' says the learned author from whom I have already quoted, 'after surveying this almost total desertion of Palestine, to read the indications of fond attachment to its very air and soil, scattered about in the Jewish writings; still it is said, that man is esteemed most blessed, who, even after his death, shall reach the land of Palestine, and be buried there; or even shall have his ashes sprinkled by a handful of its sacred dust. 'The air of the land of Israel,' says one, 'makes a man wise;' another writes, 'he who walks four cubits in the land of Israel is sure of being a son for the life to come.' The great wise men are wont to kiss the borders of the Holy Land, to embrace its ruins, and roll themselves in its dust.' The sins of all those are forgiven who inhabit the land of Israel.' He who is buried there is reconciled with God, as though he were buried under the altar. The dead buried in the land of Canaan first come to life in the days of the Messiah.' It is worthy of remark, as stated by Sandys, that so strong is the desire this singular people have always manifested for being buried within those sacred limits, that in the seventeenth century large quantities of their bones were yearly sent thither from all parts of the world, for the purpose of being interred in the valley of Jehoshaphat; for the Turkish rulers at that time permitted but a very small number of the Jews to enter Palestine. Sandys saw ship loads of this melancholy freight; Joppa, and the valley of Jehoshaphat, are literally paved with Jewish tombstones.