

the glass he was brought up again into the court—and talk about education,—my eyes, messmates, but his'n was a defence, indeed—the words came as smoothly out of his mouth as if every one on 'em had been buttered; and when he spoke of his youth, and their taunting him about his poverty, and described the general treatment he had received where he had expected all kindness and good fellowship, there wasn't hardly a dry eye in the cabin. He talked about the humble but happy home of his childhood—the tenderness of his mother, and the care she had taken of him—and he placed alongside of these the insults and ill-usage he had suffered from Larkins. Hurried on by the pettiness of his feelings, and determined to show 'em that he was no coward, he was induced to accept the challenge, for he considered they were all in earnest; and whatever might be the judgment of the court, he should never cease to regret the unhappy consequences of misguided rashness, which had brought a fellow countryman and a messmate to an untimely grave.

Here he finished, and placing his hands over his face, he sobbed as if his heart was bursting. This was too much for the Admirals and the Captains. Sir Richard Bickerton held down his head, and waved his hand for 'em to clear the court—the other officers looked aft at the President, so as to hide their faces, and many a far dashed his spray from his cheeks as he hurried out of the cabin. The prisoner was conducted below, and more than an hour passed in the most painful suspense, to both mother and son—though, for the matter of that, there wasn't a soul belonging to the ship but felt great interest in the proceedings, and anxiously waited for the decision of the court. At length it was ordered to be open, and every part was instantly filled—it was close stowage, messmates, I can tell you. When Mr. Moodie was brought up and placed on the larboard hand of the Judge Advocate—his face was flushed and agitated; but I'm blessed if I don't believe he was thinking more of his mother than he was of himself. There was no need to order "silence," there was scarcely a breath to be heard—all was so still and solemn, as the President requested that all the young gentlemen should be admitted into the cabin, and after some showing and squeezing they all got in for themselves.

"Prisoner," says the Admiral, "it now becomes my painful duty to pass upon the judgment of the Court." At the word "prisoner" there was a heavy drawing of the breath by all who heard it, for it spoke at once what the judgment would be. "Prisoner," continues the Admiral, "you have been fairly and faithfully tried by the laws of your country, for wilfully and knowingly taking the life of a fellow creature, and that fellow creature, a brother officer and a messmate. We the members of this Court, have duly considered both the evidence and the defence, giving to each a patient and impartial investigation; and though on the one hand it must be admitted that you received great provocation—that you were accustomed to the service, and perhaps the dread of being thought a coward, operated on your mind, yet we cannot disguise from ourselves the fact that you deliberately aimed at the life of a fellow creature. There is no proof as to how the pistol came to be loaded with ball, for it has been shown that the duel which has ended so unhappily, was got up in sport; and here I would warn every young officer in the service to avoid such conduct in future, for as in the present instance, there's no telling how it may end. You, prisoner, however, fully believing that the pistol was charged with ball, and fired it with deadly purpose at your opponent, by which his life was sacrificed. This, in the opinion of the Court amounts to murder." There was a deep groan, messmates, from all hands; the Admiral stopped, looked round him, waved his hand for silence, and then went on. "It is truly distressing to see one so young placed in your perilous situation; we all deeply feel it, but there is a superior duty we are bound to discharge. The Court find you guilty of the crime laid to your charge, and the sentence is that you be hung"—here the confusion burst out—there was sobbing and groaning, and cries of "Lord, have mercy upon him!" but it only lasted for an instant or two, the Admiral's voice commanding "silence," quickly restored order. As for poor Mr. Moodie, he stood like one stupefied or stunned, and yet, I'm sure he was thinking of his mother. The President continued, "at the foreyard arm of such ship, and at such time as the Lords of the Admiralty shall see fit to direct. But, prisoner," the listeners held their breath to catch the rest. "But, prisoner, though we can hold out no certain hopes of mercy, yet we conceive that sufficient has come before us, to recommend your case most earnestly to the clemency of our Sovereign, in order that your life may be spared."

This was a sudden lull after the gale, messmates, and though many thought the sentence too hard, and others swore it was unjust—not in court though, messmates, for there they were silent after the delivery of the sentence—yet, mayhap, it was right according to law, and done more to keep others from playing such monkey-tricks by frightening on 'em a bit, than for any real intention to punish severely. At first, Mrs. Moodie forgot the sentence, under a hope that his life would be saved. They had, however, but few minutes for communication, for the boat was ready, and he was guarded back to his own ship, whilst she got alongside of the Admiral, and with all a mother's love implored his favour towards the young man. An uncle that had only lately come from Inge, too, as well as the dignitary of the Church, lent a helping hand, but for some days all was doubt.

One morning the boat came off with the

letters from the Post Office, and a portly looking gentleman, in black, as took a passage in her, mounted the side, and walked aft on the quarter deck to the Captain, who stood near the binnacle talking to the Purser. The gentleman pulled off his hat to the Skipper, and made a grand salaam, all ship shape, and proper, and then he hands him a packet with a black seal as big as the truck at the mizzen royal masthead, and makes him another bow. The captain takes the letter, looks at it from clew to earring, and then invites the gentleman in black into his cabin! and "mayhaps," thinks I, "it's the death warrant for the unfortunate prisoner, poor fellow," and I look up quite doleful at the foreyard arm.

Well, messmates, just then the flag-ship's cutter pulls alongside, and brings Mrs. Moodie, who runs up the accommodation ladder as quick as a main-top man; and says I to myself, "It's all plain enough, she's come to pass a few more miserable hours with him, afore she parts company with him for ever—it's a hard case though," and my heart seemed to sink down like a dippy lead. Well, aboard she comes, laughing and crying hysterically; and the First Lieutenant went to her at the gangway where she was howling on for support, and offers her his arm, but she could not stand, and so they brought her a chair and a glass of water, and, "Poor sowl," says I, "it must be a terrible blow to her, and she already a widow."

Well, messmates, as soon as she had recovered a bit, the Lieutenant takes her arm under his own, and walks into the Captain's cabin; and he had hardly time to leave her there, when alongside comes the Commissioner's barge, with an old army officer in regimentals, with a slip of black crape round his arm, and another little cribbage face, could gentlemen in black, with a shovel-cut sky-sail aloft, and a small bit of black silk, like a woman's apron, hanging down afore the flaps of his tights; and as he ascended the side, I heard one on 'em spoken to as "General"—"somebody," I always forgets names, and the other was called "My Lord," in regard of his being a Bishop; and there turned out to be the uncle from Inge, and the dignitary of the Church, and the captain comes out and salaams to 'em, and there was so much politeness as would have served the whole Onatham division of Jollies for six months; and then away they all goes into the cabin together. By and bye poor Mr. Moodie was sent for, and he came up the ladder almost the ghost of his former self: he looked pale and thin, and ill, and "they won't have over-and-above much trouble in doing for him, poor young gentlemen," thinks I to myself; "it's pretty well up with him as it is."

As soon as he got on to the quarter deck, the Lieutenant luffs up to him. "Come, cheer up, Mr. Moodie," says he, rather more joyous than I thought was proper, considering the predicament he was in; there may be comfort in store for you yet," says he, "your mother—"

"What—what of my mother, sir?" says the poor young gentleman, clasping his hands, "for the love of heaven do not conceal any thing from me—what has happened to my mother?"

"Nothing—nothing, my good fellow," says the Lieutenant, seemingly surprised at his eagerness, "I merely intended to tell you that she is now on board in the Captain's cabin—that's all."

"Is there indeed no other intelligence that you can communicate?" asked Moodie, as he fixed his large dark eyes on the other's face.

"Am I—am I?"

"Oh, yes, yes," says the Lieutenant, as if almost bore down with agitation. "You are indeed—"

"God's will be done," says the youngster; "oh, my poor mother! this will break her heart."

"What will break her heart, my lad?" asks the Lieutenant, so he took the condemned youth by the hand; "oh, no—no; she was a little bit flustered at first, but she is all at-a-unto now."

"All at-a-unto!" repeats Moodie, as if horror-struck; "what! calmly satisfied when her son has to suffer death?"

"Suffer what!—suffer death!—no such thing," says the Lieutenant; "there's a free pardon come aboard—there's your uncle the sojer, and t'other relation the Bishop, alongside of the Skipper. The old Earl of some place or t'other, and his son, are both dead, and you as the next heir have succeeded to the title and estates;—no give us your slipper, my Lord—eh!—what's all this?"

The sudden change from the prospect of death to the certainty of life and fortune, was too much for the youth; he turned as pale as a corpse, and fell all along the deck in a strong fit. In an instant I whips him up in my arms, and carries him into the cabin, where I laid him on the sofa, and then skulls off for the doctor, who soon brought him to; and, oh, if you had but seen him cling round his mother's neck as she held him to her heart;—if you had but seen how they all tried to smooth him down, for the course of his thoughts was a bit wildish at first, it would have done you all good. The captain ordered him a glass of wine, and by and bye he gets more becalmed; and then they disclaimed to him how every thing was, but still he reproached himself about young Larkins, and declared he should never cease to be sorry for what had taken place. After a time they all went ashore in the Commissioner's barge, and they called him "My Lord," and paid him every respect. The next day there was a hundred guineas sent off for the ship's company; and so instead of a hanging match, messmates, there was nothing but jollification, for all hands, fore and aft, partook of his Lordship's gift; and it was only a

short time since as I met him near the Admiralty, and he gave me a guinea in token of old remembrances. He left the Service though, and made all the reparation in his power to the friends of the unfortunate Mr. Larkins. There, my messmates, is the yarn of the Cockpit Duel."

"And a good yarn, too, Tom," said the Quartermaster; "I was monstrously frightened they were going to make a jewel-block of him, and them relations had come to bid him good bye."

"The old nobleman and his son seem to have died off very conveniently," said the captain of the Foretop; "it was just in the nick of time."

"So it was, Bill, but they had been dead nearly two months before in Italy," responded the Boatwain's mate, "only they didn't know it in England; and so in course when they trying Mr. Moodie by court martial, they were tried a peer of the realm, and they tell me one of them sort of quality can only be tried by the House of Lords. Howsomer, so it was, and there he is now, God bless him, with a beautiful lady for his wife, and lots of babbies, all happy and comfortable; though I am told that he shuts himself up all day long, and can't see nobody on every anniversary of the duel, and not a soul is allowed to disturb him from morning to night, nor does he eat or drink anything all the while except a bit of bread and a drink of water; so, messmates—but there's eight bells, and I must call the next watch."

The next instant his pipe was sounding as shrill as a north-wester, and his voice, summoning the starboard watch on deck, passed down the hatchway, like an electric shock, to the hammocks of the sleepers below, which immediately discharged their nautical sparks to relieve their shipmates upon deck.

MOUNTAIN CHILDREN.

Dwellers by lake and hill! Merry companions of the bird and the bee! Go gladly forth and drink of joy your fill, With unconstrained step and spirit free!

No crowd impedes your way, No city wall impedes your further bounds; Where the wild flocks can wander, ye may stray.

The long day through, mid summer sighs and sounds, The sunshine and the flowers, And the old trees that cast a solemn shade;

The pleasant evening, the fresh dewy hours, And the green hills whereon your fathers played.

The gray and ancient peaks, on bare Round which the silent clouds hang day and night;

And the low voice of water as it makes, Like a glad creature, murmurings of delight.

These are your joys! Go forth—Live your heart's up unto their mighty power; For in his spirit God hath clothed the earth,

And speaketh solemnly from tree and flower.

The voice of hidden rills, Its quiet way into your spirit find; And awfully the everlasting hills Address you in the many toned winds,

Ye sit upon the earth, Twining its flowers, and shooting full of glee; And a pure mighty influence, mid your mirth, Moulds your unconscious spirits silently.

Hence is it that the lands Of storm and mountain have the noblest sons; Whom the world reverences: The patriot's bands Were of the hills like you, ye little ones!

Children of pleasant song, Are taught within the mountain solitudes, For hoary legends to your life belong, And yours are haunts where iantrion broods.

Then go forth—earth and sky To you are tributary; joys are spread To profusely, like the summer flowers that lie In the green path, beneath your gamesome tread.

New Works.

From Greenwood's Narrative of the Campaign in Afghanistan.

DANGEROUS MODE OF HUNTING.

The howdah generally is made something like the body of a phaeton. The sportsman sits in the front seat, and on each side of him are two divisions for the butts of his guns, the barrels of which rest, upon a kind of splash board in which groves are made to admit them. There is a door upon each side of the front seat, which is secured by long iron hooks. In the seat behind a native is placed, whose business it is to hold an umbrella over his master's head. Some people have their guns loaded by these men; but I should decline trusting that operation to a native. The howdahs thus described are liable to many objections. The docra weaken the frame very much, and frequent accidents have occurred to sportsmen when leaning over the front piece to get a shot, by its giving way, and precipitating them into the jaws of the infuriated animal. An accident of this kind occurred to an officer when lion shooting. The front of his howdah gave way and he fell close to the lion, which immediately seized, and walked off with him. I do not know how he was rescued from this perilous situation; but he used to tell the story at mess,

and amuse every body very much by the quaint way in which he related it. I was worse off than Daniel," he used to say, "for Daniel was in the lions' den, but, by Jove, I was in the lion's mouth." When in Calcutta I saw another officer who had been carried off by a tiger, and was only saved by his extraordinary presence of mind. I believe he also fell into the jaws of the brute by his howdah giving way; but however that was, the tiger seized and carried him off. His friends were afraid to fire at the beast, lest they should kill the officer. Fortunately he had a brace of pistols with him; and while the tiger was taking him away, he drew one and discharged it into his body. The only effect which this produced, was to make the savage beast clench his teeth still deeper into the flesh of his victim and growl with rage, but one chance was now left, and our friend resolved to make the best of it. By getting firm hold of the long hair about the neck of the animal, he managed to work himself round in the tiger's mouth, so as to be able to feel with his hand where the heart of the monster beat strongest, and firing his remaining pistol in that place killed him on the spot. His friends attracted by the shots came up, and found him senseless, and the tiger dead. The gentleman recovered, however, but was always lame, from the dreadful lacerations he had received.

From the Edinburgh Review.

THE RISE AND FALL OF CROCKFORD'S CLUB.

For several years, deep play went on at all these clubs—fluctuating both as to locality and amount—till by degrees it began to flag. It was at a low ebb when Mr. Crockford came to London, and laid the foundation of the most colossal fortune that was ever made by play. He began by taking Watier's old club-house, in partnership with a man named Taylor. They set up a hazard bank, and won a great deal of money, but quarrelled and separated at the end of the first year. Taylor continued where he was, had a bad year, and broke. Crockford removed to St. James's-street, had a good year, and instantly set about building the magnificent club-house which bears his name. It rose like a creation of Aladdin's lamp; and the geni themselves could hardly have surpassed the beauty of the internal decorations or furnished a more accomplished *maitre d'hotel* than Ude. To make the company as select as possible, the establishment was regularly organised as a club and the election of members vested in a committee. "Crockford's" became the rage; and the votaries of fashion whether they liked to play or not hastened to enrol themselves. The Duke of Wellington was an original member, though (unlike Blucher, who repeatedly lost every thing he had at play) the great captain was never known to play deep at any game but war or politics. Card tables were regularly placed and whist was played occasionally; but the aim, end, and final cause of the whole was the hazard-bank at which the proprietor took his nightly stand, prepared for all comers. There was a recognised limit at which (after losing a certain sum) the might declare the bank break for the night but he knew his business too well to stop. The speculation, it is hardly necessary to add was eminently successful. During several years, every thing that any body had to lose and cared to risk, was swallowed up. *Le Wellington des Joueurs* lost £23,000 at a sitting beginning at twelve at night and ending at seven in the following evening. He and three other noblemen could not have lost less sooner or later than a hundred thousand pounds a piece. Others lost in proportion (or out of proportion) to their means; but we leave it to less occupied moralists, and better calculators to say how many ruined families went to make Mr. Crockford a millionaire—for millionaire he was and is, in the English sense of the term, after making the largest possible allowance for bad debts. A vast sum, perhaps half a million, is due to him but as he won all his debtors were able to raise, and easy credit was the most fatal of his lures we can not make up our minds to condole with him on that amount (frightful though it be). He retired three or four years ago, much as an Indian chief retires from a hunting-country when there is not game enough left for his tribe; and the club is said to be now tottering to its fall.

From Butler's Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM AT SUNSET.

We generally resorted to the city as the sun declined. Solemn, sepulchral, is the character then impressed on the mind. Here is a city still to the eye, extensive and populous, but no voice arises from its wide area and the hills and valleys around. The evening breeze rustles among its hoary trees, sweeps the city, touching its domes, minarets with a last dying gleam; and the glen below, where sleep millions of the sons of Israel, and the sad graves which shrouded the agony of Christ are sinking into the shades of night.

Such is the hour to view Jerusalem, alone seated under some ancient tree, memorial of her past burden of glory and guilt. Then, looking eastward over the far horizon of Moab and the desert glowing in the sun's last rays, complete the indelible impressions of a scene that for its associations is unequalled in the world. Our survey of Olivet would be incomplete without visiting Beethany (which is, in fact, at its eastern extremity), the village to which Jesus so often retired to visit the hospitable family of Lazarus. The path continues from the crest of Olivet, and as we lose sight of Jerusalem, presents us with a succession of pleasing landscapes. The approach is through the open cornfields: the white roofs of the sequestered village are seen among groves of olives, which mark nearly the extremity of cultivation, before we reach the solitudes of the desert. There are, on the right, the remains of a building of the middle