

a single dummy hunter would masticate the butt end of a cartridge.

YOUNG SCOTLAND.

How did they behave in battle?

O'MALLEY.

Tolerably well when we got them behind the shelter of a vineyard wall. The squadron of the Seven Dials were very descent marksmen, and picked off any Carlist officer who seemed to have a watch, with really creditable precision. I had the command for some time of the Ninth Poltroons. They were splendid foragers—first-rate fellows at the clearing of a farm house, or the excipation of the hen-roost. I have seen them, too, make very fair strip-page after a skirmish, and conduct a retreat with singular intrepidity. They fought upon the system of the ancients;—and true heroic principle. Sportsmen, too, to a man! Always shot flying. Lord bless you! the British Diomedes had no personal quarrel with the Peninsular Glaucus. He by no means thirsted for his blood, not he; he merely entertained a Homeric passion for his golden armour; and if that could not be compassed by stealth, (fair dealing was out of the question,) he hesitated not to send a bullet through Don, and possess himself lawfully of his spoils. What the deuce would you have more? Hector did precisely the same!

BON GAULTIER.

A very sensible reflection!

O'MALLEY.

Catch one of the Ninth exposing his carcass for nothing! I tried at first to reuse them with a few remarks about glory, freedom, and that sort of thing; but I soon perceived that although the eyes of the Whitechapel warriors were rigidly directed towards the left, every warlike tongue was knowingly insinuated into the dexter cheek. After that I suited my language to my audience, and by persuading them that every Carlist carried a rouleau in his haversack, we managed to do tolerable execution.

YOUNG SCOTLAND.

Did you remain long with this interesting corps?

O'MALLEY.

As short a time as possible. No sooner had my last pair of stockings disappeared, I own to some doubts about the probity of the Esaign—than I exchanged into the Black Sculkers, a fine cavalry regiment, which made war principally upon its own account. We were not very particular as to the politics of the natives. A Spaniard, you know, is not to be depended upon,—so we resolved ourselves into a sort of armed neutrality, and never harmed any body, unless he refused the key of his wine cellar. That, you know, was equivalent to an admission of treason; for where else would a man in his senses conceal his secret dispatch? Many is the cask we have emptied to the bottom in order to bring those hidden secrets to light, and many a jovial night we used to have with the Padres, who in my opinion did not care a copper whether Carlist or Christiano had the uppermost. Tom Burke, who was our Major, managed things admirably. He was as drunk as a fish during the whole campaign, and yet took such care of his men, that not a soul of them was sacrificed in battle.

BON GAULTIER.

A judicious commander indeed!

O'MALLEY.

Was he not? We never stormed any thing except a convent, and even then we behaved ourselves like gentlemen. The government were not ungrateful. Tom is a Grand Cross of the Order of Saint Sauve-qui-peut.

BON GAULTIER.

He bears his honours meekly.

O'MALLEY.

Very. Well, thank Heaven, I'm done with campaigning. It's all very nice for lads like you, but an old soldier needs repose when his may of life is falling into the autumnal leaf. Charles, what's that you're after?

YOUNG SCOTLAND.

Scratching down the heads of a Jay, 'I learned of one, I talked withal.' Shall I sing it to you? It will do famously for a chapter in your next serial—say—'A Night with the Ninth, or Heavy Marauders,' or something equally alliterative and alluring.

THE LAY OF THE LEGION.

When I was in the Legion,
A short time ago,
We went the pace as pleasantly
As ever you did know:

The cares of life and warlike strife
Were all, I ween, forgot,
As we walked into the Sherry casks,
And never paid a shot,<
For the bold lads of Evans'—
Went roving with the moon—
Old Spain was made for the Newgate blade,
And for the stout Poltroon!

We would not stand no drilling,
Oh, that was all my eye,
But did exactly as we pleased,
And kept our powder dry.
We always fired, when 'twas required,
Behind a vineyard fence;
But as for open cut-and-thrust,
We'd rather too much sense.

For we bold lads of Evans'
Marched to another tune,
And right-about! was still the shout,
That moved the stout Poltroon!

How jolly looked the Convent,
And, blow me, what a din
The Nuns and Lady Abbess made,

As we came thundering in!
What screams and squalls rung thro' the walls,
'Twas like to deafen me,
When our Captain took his helmet off,
And begged the cellar key!
Then we bold lads of Evans'
Got tipsy very soon—
And if the brave will misbehave,
Why not a stout Poltroon!

O me, that glorious Legion!
If I were there again,
I would not leave an ounce of plate
In any house in Spain.
I'd fake away, the livelong day,
And drink till all was blue;
For a happier life I could not lead,
No more, my lads, could you,
Than to be a boy of Evans',
No milk-and-water spoon,
And crack the flasks, and drain the casks,
Like a regular Poltroon!

From the Ladies Cabinet

MY BROTHERS.

"MY BROTHERS!" years have passed away
Since first my childish heart
Was conscious of the sacred tie
That death alone can part.
Then, from your kind, unselfish care,
I learned to know how blest
Is she who owns the love that lives
Within a brother's breast.

Our home was bright and beautiful
With all things rich and fair.
Yet dreary would its halls have been
Had not your love been there;
For who would share a princely home,
Though filled with pomp and mirth,
If sweet affections hovered not
Like angels round its hearth?

But oh, I can remember still
How in the midst of play
You threw, to please your baby pet,
The ball and hoop away.
To teach my faltering lips to speak,
For hours you'd linger near,
And hail with joy the faintest sound
That fell upon the ear.

"My brothers!" were the gentle words
That first I learned to name,
And glad was I, each lesson o'er,
He knew of love to claim.
And now, as looking o'er the past,
Too sadly I repine,
Its checks the tear-drop and the sigh
To think you still are mine.

I never knew a mother's love—
That blessing Heaven denied—
My footsteps through the paths of life
It was your task to guide;
And when amidst brilliant hopes,
My happy heart beat high,
You whispered there was sweeter joys
Beyond the azure sky.

"My brothers!" on each brow there dwells
A cloud of thoughtful care,
But may no deed or word of mine
E'er place a shadow there;
And though I never may repay
Your deep and changeless love,
The earnest prayer I breathe for you
May reach the throne above.

And when mine eyes are close in death
My spirit shall be near,
For sure I am the dead will watch
O'er those in life most dear;
And in the home to which I go,
Life's errors all forgiven,
Oh, with what joy shall I behold
My brothers meet in Heaven!

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

EXCITING SCENE.

[The following is an extract from a recent German novel, by Emelie Carlen, entitled "The Rose of Tistelon." The craft pursued, is owned by a desperate character named Haraldson, who is in the boat at the time, together with his two sons Birger and Arve. The vessel pursuing is a Government cutter, commanded by Lieutenant Arman, who had received intelligence of the design of the smugglers to land a rich cargo on the coast.]

The boats soon came in sight, and Arman bore down on the smugglers, who, under favour of the darkness and the gale, were bound for Gottenburg with a rich cargo.

Haraldson and Birger had already perceived the danger; and, without wasting many words in discussion, they altered their course, and made straight for Paternoster Rocks, in the hope of deceiving the officer, and making good their escape. Arman, however, followed up the pursuit; and as the custom house pinnace was the fastest sailer, he gradually gained considerably on the seal-shooters.

"During this desperate chase, the characteristic wildness of Haraldson's features darkened into a yet more savage expression; the large grey eyes rolled fearfully under the shaggy eyebrows, and the muscles of the face plainly showed the working of fierce passions.

"The game grows serious!" said he, in a low voice, to Birger, who was busy with the rigging: "they will be upon us in a moment; and then—But how now, boy!—have you lost your tongue? Now is the time for a bold stroke!"

"Birger turned, and by the faint light of a moonbeam, which broke through the clouds

for a moment, the father saw the pale haggard face of his son. Haraldson, who had not particularly observed Birger since his return from Erika's room, attributed the extraordinary change in his appearance to fear of the approaching danger, and exclaimed furiously, "Dogs! do you hang your ears when you see your father ready to venture all for life and goods?"

"I will not be behind hand," said Birger, in a voice so fearfully calm that Haraldson perceived the injustice of his suspicion; and added, more quietly, "it will soon come to a trial of courage. I have hit upon a desperate plan."

"He now ordered Birger to hoist the foresail better up; and then to be on the look-out that he might catch the first glimpse of the Paternoster Rocks against the dawning sky. Nothing was yet in sight, however; but the tremendous breakers sounded like distant thunder; and as the boats drew nearer the rocks, and expression of satisfaction spread itself over the hard features of Haraldson, "Hark how they roar: the sea-witches sing and dance!—fine sport for them to night!" said he to Birger, who lay beside him with his eyes fixed gloomily on the mysterious gulf. "Once, long ago," resumed Haraldson, with a strange smile, "I sailed between the breakers. The passage is barely ten yards wide: if you miss the course by a hair's breadth, your life's not wor a rope's end. I succeeded that time, I saw my pursuer dashed on the rocks before my eyes. Do you understand, Birger? it is our only chance: and with the devil's help we shall do as well this time."

"We shall see," said Birger, coldly; "we are not there yet." He suddenly sprang up, "Do you hear, father? he hails us; he is just upon us."

"Not yet, not yet," said Haraldson with wonderful coolness; "we have still got a little the start of him; but if we don't give ourselves up he will fire before we reach—"

"There! he hails us again!" said Birger, with the like calm resolution, worthy of a better cause.

"Now!" exclaimed Haraldson, in the greatest excitement, when the boat had almost reached the gulf; but at the same instant a line of fire shot through the pinnace, which had come quite near; a ball whizzed past the seal-shooter's boat, and the second cut the foresheet. "Death and destruction! we are lost if—Do what you can, Birger; our lives hang by a hair." But without waiting his father's order, Birger had already seized the foresail as it flapped in the wind, caught hold of the end of the rope, and now held it with giant strength in one hand, and by the side of the boat with the other.

"Well done, boy!" exclaimed Haraldson, as the boat once more shot through the raging breakers. They were not waves that they dashed through; neither earth nor sky, rocks nor water were to be seen; nothing but white foam surrounded the vessel below, above, and on either side; while the waves, as they were shattered against the rocks, howled forth their dying groans. At length the boat darted into the open sea, on the western side of the rocks. The danger was past, and Haraldson raised his head with a bold confidence which the success of a desperate experiment was calculated to produce in a character like his. "That was a good piece of work!" said he, triumphantly, to Birger. "Fasten the rope now as well as you can, and then we shall see what the government boys behind us are after."

"It was the morning dawn; the storm had lulled, but the air was thick and chilly. Haraldson strained his keen experienced eyes to discover the fate of the detested custom-house boat. An expression of satisfaction and cruel mockery shone in his eyes, but soon changed to one of the bitterest rage, as he turned to Birger, who was trying in vain to fasten the sail, and said, in a voice that, for the first time during the whole affair, betrayed some unsteadiness. "By all the devils! the old government thief has got through with a whole skin! There is no time to be lost; we must not waste it in words: we are lost unless—And he gave his son a significant look, while he thoughtfully balanced the rifle in his hand.

"A wild, strange smile on Birger's lip replied to the half-expressed hint. "Erik!" muttered he between his teeth, "I could not have done this yesterday; to-day, I fear nothing: I care not now for my own life or the lives of others." He made a sign of intelligence to his father, then springing forwards, hauled down the foresail, under which he carefully concealed his musket. Haraldson, who had already completely recovered his usual coolness, laid his at the bottom of the steerage, and then brought the boat's head to the wind. The pinnace now came near, and the officer hailed the boat for the third time. Haraldson confessed that he had contraband goods on board, but surrendered himself, as all opposition was now useless.

"It is well, you acknowledge it at last," said Arman, with pardonable pride; "but it would have been better if you had spared us both a risk which might have cost us dear. Lay-to, now, that the pinnace may come along side."

Haraldson obeyed with every appearance of humble submission; and in a few minutes the government boat was laid alongside the seal-shooter's.

"We have got the upper hand at last, Martin, and must make these fellows pay old scores," said the lieutenant, as he prepared to step over the gunwale; but before he could do so, Haraldson had, unobserved, seized his rifle and taken his aim. The next instant it went off, and the brave old Arman, who had so nobly fulfilled the dangerous duties of his office, fell forward, shot through the head, on the deck of the smuggler's boat. Almost at the same moment, Birger was on board the

pinnace; and after a short but desperate struggle with the two boatmen, which required the exertion on Birger's giant strength, he threw the one overboard, while he mortally wounded the active, fearless Martin, with the butt-end of his gun, just as he had almost succeeded in dragging Birger over the gunwale. Both fell back on the deck; and Martin's last words were "Bloodhound! when you hang upon the gallows, you will remember this day's work; and when your sinful soul has left your wretched body, you will answer before God for my two boys, whom you have made fatherless."

The pinnace was instantly scuttled, after it had been well searched by the greedy Haraldson; who then took a piece of rope and bound the dead bodies to the benches; and with the last circles caused by the fast sinking pinnace, over which the waves soon rolled monotonously as before, disappeared also every fear of the discovery of the murder; for, as far as the eye could reach, neither vessel or living thing was to be seen.

The father and son were terrible to look upon, as they stood, their bloody work accomplished, silent as the dead, in the uncertain gray dawn, and looking at one another with eyes that betrayed mutual horror and hatred. "What's done can't be undone," said the elder Haraldson, at length, and recovered himself by assuming a recklessness that seemed like a rejection of the last vestige of human feeling. "It was necessity," he added, in a kind of persuasive tone—"self defence; we were forced to it, if we did not choose to give ourselves up to justice: but now we must think of getting home. Where's the boy?"

"They looked round in astonishment, and now perceived, with a shudder, how the poor boy, having shrunk into the fore-hatch, stood and looked fixedly at them with a wild, vacant expression of terror. "What are you doing there, Anton?" asked Haraldson, in a tone, which from him, might be called mild. "Come here, boy."

"No, no, I dare not; you will do to me as you did to the lieutenant and the others. Let me alone, let me alone!" And, trembling with fear, he crept farther and farther down, and at last hid himself among the loose clothing and lumber below.

Madness had already seized upon the unhappy youth. The fears of Haraldson were that he might betray them.

"What's to be done now?"

"Nothing," said Birger, sullenly; "nothing can be done, for the poor boy's brain is turned. The blood of four murders rests on our heads; it had been better if the surf of Paternoster rocks had swallowed us all."

THE VALLEY OF MEXICO.

Conceive yourself pleased on a mountain, nearly two thousand feet above the level of the sea. A sky above you of the most perfect azure, without a cloud, and an atmosphere so transparently pure, that the remotest objects at the distance of many leagues are as distinctly visible as if at hand. The gigantic scale of every thing first strikes you—you seem to be looking down upon a world. No other mountain and valley view has such an assemblage of features, because no where else are the mountains at the same time so high, the valley so wide, or filled with such variety of land and water. The plain beneath is exceedingly level and for two hundred miles around it extends a barrier of stupendous mountains, most of which have been active volcanoes, and are now covered, some with snow, and some with forests. It is laced with large bodies of water, looking more like seas than lakes—it is dotted with innumerable villages, and estates, and plantations; eminences rise from it which, elsewhere would be called mountains, yet there, at your feet, they seem but ant-hills on the plain; and now, letting your eye follow the rise of the mountains to the west (near fifty miles distant) you look over the immediate summits that wall the valley, to another and more distant range—and to range beyond range, with valleys between each, until the whole melts into a vapoury distance, blue as the cloudless sky above you.

I could have gazed for hours at this little world, while the sun and passing vapour chequered the fields, and sailing off again, left the whole one bright mass of verdure and waste—bringing out clearly the domes of the village churches strutting the plain or leaning against the first slopes of the mountains, with the huge lakes looming larger in the rarefied atmosphere. Yet one thing was wanting. Over the immense expanse there seemed scarce an evidence of life. There was no figure in the picture. It lay torpid in the sunlight, like some deserted region where nature was again beginning to assert her empire—vast, solitary, and melancholy. There were no sails—no steamers on the lakes, no smoke over the villages, no people at labour in the fields, no horsemen, coaches, or travellers, but ourselves. The silence was almost supernatural; one expects to hear the echo of the national strife that filled these plains with discord yet lingering among the hills. It was a picture of "still life," inanimate in every feature, save where, on the distant mountain sides, the fire of some poor coalburner, mingled its blue wreath with the bluer sky, or the tinkle of the bell of a solitary muleteer was heard from among the dark and solemn pines.

EVILS OF A LARGE FORTUNE.

I don't know whether you will be happier with a large fortune, said Lord Eskdale. It's a troublesome thing; nobody is satisfied with what you do with it; very often yourself. To maintain an equable expenditure—not to spend too much on one thing, too little on an-