

the waters, and contrasting well with the rich greens of the Banian and Peepul trees that may surround them.

Passing by the house of my friend the epon-bill, the finest head in the animal creation, that of the Bantian camel, was put forth in greeting, but the pleasures of memory connected were of a very mixed description. With the sight of the camel came back to us all the stirring interests of the ancient world; we see the cities of tents on the plains of Arabia, with the patriarchs at their doors, and the daughters of Israel returning from the wells, each bearing gracefully on her brow the beautifully formed water vessel of potter's earth; we hear the tinkling of their bracelets, anklets, and earrings as they pass, and the rich toned voices which harmonize together, in praise of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob; we see the servant setting forth to seek a wife for Isaac, and the weary camels kneeling at the well, their rich saddles laid aside under the shading tree, and the beautiful Rebekah returning with her handmaids mounted in Kajavahs, and led by the servants of the patriarch.

The camel of the present day is nothing changed in its uses, from that which rendered him valuable in the East three thousand years since; with a bridle through his nose, a rich saddle, and gorgeous trappings, he is still the bearer of the wealthy traveller in quest of pleasure or of business. With a covered Kajavah he is led forward, carrying the beauties of the harem, when compelled to fly their country; or changing their place of residence; fleets of foot, and much enduring, the courier mounts him and speeds over the Eastern plains, bearing dispatches of great moment to the several petty states ever in turbulence and excitement. Laden with baggage, the pilgrim or the merchant leads him through the very narrow mountain pass, from the plains of Central Asia to the crowded Indian cities, suffering him to feed by the way upon the thorny bushes of the desert, and supplying him with water at the distant well, which he gains, perhaps, at the end of every third day's journey; and so, with a band of beads around his neck, to guard him from the evil eye, the weary beast moves on, resting at night upon beaded knees, with his long neck stretched out upon the ground, or drooping upon the sands, to feed with his carcase the loathsome crow, or the pariah of a neighbouring village.

Then, again, let us rest by the shaded well, whose stream flows brightly forth in well-bricked channels to water the field of young and early crops; the useful camel is here also, his eyes blindfolded, and his poke fastened to the wheel; he turns the oil mill, and draws forward the heavy plough, treads out the grain, and is harnessed in the gun carriage, on parade. Such are the uses of this most valuable animal in the East; but he hath his means of annoyance as well. While laden, his groans and roars defy all rest; he will not kneel without remonstrance; and the evil odour of his breath taints the neighbouring atmosphere most offensively; when young, he is unsteady, vicious, and difficult to manage; in crossing streams under the great heat he lies down, careless of his burthen; browse on the young buds of trees; and loiters among jungle, as if purposely to alarm one's horse, and give you a broken limb. The Moslem Priests breed and cherish them, in honour of the White Camel, which so well served Mahomet in his adventures; and their milk is used in great quantities by the people generally, by whom it is esteemed a valuable delicacy.

The lions seemed out of appetite, when I dropped in, just at their dinner time; and they evidently wanted the free exercise and excitement of seeking their own meals, just as rich man, sure of his three courses and desert, longs for the appetite of the starving beggar boy to give them zest. When last I knew aught of the lion class, it was while essaying to sleep in a tent on the summit of Girnar, a sacred mount in Western India, among the forests of which the lions passed the night in quest of prey, making the rocks echo with their roars; and at early dawn, ere the mist had rolled away before the rising sun, a noble beast might often be descried stealing away among the thick underwood to his distant and sheltered lair, until the twilight hour should warn him forth again in search of food. Like the free and warlike savage of the Par West, the lion, as king in the vast solitude of nature, has a dignity of bearing that he loses wholly when surrounded by civilization. The Indian of Like Horen, who has mingled with white men, losing his distinguishing characteristics of bravery and undaunted independence, which stamps on him, savage as he is, a certain noble bearing unequalled in the world; and the lion, who has been trammelled and confined, and forgotten the art of war, has no longer the flashing eye, firm step, sleek skin, and animal grandeur of expression which marks him as lord of the mighty forests of the East.

The hunting leopards, those most bacchanalian and handsome creatures, next attracted me to remember where last I had seen them in my travels. It was on one of the richest slopes in the beautiful country of the Deccan; on a merry hunting party, in presence of a group of high-couraged ladies and ardent sportsmen. The leopards were brought to the ground blindfolded, in a cart, when the deer being released, the bandages were taken from the leopard's eyes, and they bounded in a moment over the grassyward, when came the interest of the sports. Now springing immediately on its prey, the leopard crouched, cut-like, to the ground, its bright eyes, glancing like balls of fire upon the hapless and unsuspecting deer. It rose and bounded forward; then crouching again, he struck the ground with his tail, and twisting its long and glossy body into the most graceful forms; suddenly

it rose—the leap was made—the deer perceived her enemy, and bounded through the flowery brushwood; the leopard swiftly followed—a sharp cry was heard, and soon the keeper reappeared, leading back the triumphant hunter, followed by a servant bearing the body of the deer, and a bard reciting praises in honor of the leopard and of its ancestors, none of whom, he averred, were ever known to lose their prey. The sport was exciting, and the scene beautiful, while the chief interest, of course, consisted in seeing the creature in its natural condition, as when employed in the supply of its necessities. The Princes of India use hunting leopards somewhat as civilized men occasionally do each other, making the self-interest of dangerous agents minister to the requirements of themselves, as Cagliostro used the Cardinal in the famous affair of the Diamond Necklace; and as Richelieu used every man who had ability or courage for his hand, no matter how dangerous that tool might be; giving bribes to pacify his agent when excited by disappointment, as the keeper feeds the leopard, if unsuccessful in his sport; while, when threatening danger, the dagger rid the Prince of his tool as easily as the rifle stretches upon the earth the trained hunter of the Eastern Despot.

Turning back, I could not pass, without notice, the wild ass; a creature I had known as well in Cutch, both in morning rides, during the cold weather, along the edge of the vast Salt Plain of the Rann, and also in the camp, where one of the species, which had been taken by an officer of our regiment, and become, comparatively speaking, tame, and a strange delight in catering after the carriages during our evening drives, and affectionately pushing his nose under the elbow of the driver in kindly recognition.

The ancients tell us that wild asses were used to draw the chariots of war, but from what I have ever heard and seen of them in the East, the description given of them by the Man of Uz seems more applicable than that of Herodotus. "Who hath sent out the wild ass free, or who hath loosed the bands of the wild ass? Whose house hath made the wilderness, and the barren land his dwelling? He scorneth the multitude of the city, neither regardeth he the crying of the driver." The wild ass, as I have seen him in Cutch, is a peculiarly unamiable creature, galloping over the desert as the wild horse does over the prairie, in troops, and distancing the fleetest horseman. The meek-looking creature in the Zoological Gardens bears little the aspect of this character or disposition; but his position is so peculiarly unnatural, that little idea can be formed of the animal, whose pasture is the unquaint range, and who fillets the morning breeze with the thunder of his nostrils.

THE POOR HOUSE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

LOVE at the edge of a busy town,

A huge quadrangular mansion stands;

Its rooms are all filled with the parish poor;

Its walls are all built by pauper hands;

And the pauper old and the pauper young peer out, through the grates, in sullen bands.

Behind, is a patch of earth, by thorns fenced in from the moor's wide marshy plains;

By the side, is a gloomy lane, that leads to a quarry now filled with years of rains;

But within, within! There Poverty scowls, Nursing in wrath her brood of pains.

Enter and look! In the high walled yards

Fierce men are pacing (the the barren ground;

Enter the long bare chambers;—girls

And woman are sewing, without a sound;

Sewing from dawn till the dismal eve,

And not a laugh or a song goes round.

No communion—no kind thought

Dwells in the pauper's breast of care;—

Nothing but pain in the grievous past;

Nothing to come but the black despair—

Of bread in prison, bereft of friends,

Or hunger, out in the open air!

Where is the bright haired girl, that once

With her peasant sire was used to play?

Where is the boy whom his mother blessed,

Whose eyes were a light on her weary way?

Apart—turned out (so the law ordains);

Barred out from each other by night and by day.

Letters they teach in their infant schools;

But where are the lessons the great God taught?

Lessons that child to the parent bind—

Habits of duty—love untaught!

Alas! small good will be learned in schools;

Where Nature is trampled and turned to naught.

Seventeen summers, and where the girl

Who never grew up at her father's knee?

Twenty autumnal storms have nursed

The pauper's boyhood, and where is he?

She eateth her bread in the midnight lanes;

He toiled in chains by the Southern Sea.

O Power! O Prudence! Law!—look down;

From your heights on the pining poor below!

O sever not hearts which God hath joined

Together on earth for weal and woe!

O Senators grav, grave truths may be,

Which ye have not learned or designed to know.

O wealth, come forth with an open hand!

O Charity, speak with a softer sound!

Yield pity to Age—to tender youth,

To love, wherever its home be found; ... But I cease,—for I hear, in the night to come, the rebel drum, shaking the firm-set English ground.

COFFEE HOUSES OF LONDON.

[From an article under the above title, by AUGUS B. REACH, in the same periodical we make the following extracts.]

The London coffee-houses are a class quite sui generis. You may easily distinguish them in the streets; they generally boast of an enormously broad window—as big as half a dozen common windows rolled into one; upon the sill are arranged some dozen tea-cups, presided over at each end by a tea and a coffee pot; while a plate or two of raw ciopis or steaks delicately intimated their something more substantial than coffee and bread-and-butter is to be had within. Backing the symbols of eatables and drinkables, there is usually arranged a perfect curtain of play-bills—for coffee house windows and tobacconists' shops are favourite places for theatrical announcements. There you have them all—comedy, tragedy, opera, and farce—from the bill of fare at Drury Lane, to the crowded offices of the suburban saloon, in which, beside the cast of the play, you are generally treated to a history of the plot, and a picturesque description of the scenery. Take them all to all and you will have a very good afternoon's play bill reading; and poring over the announcements of all the theatres in London is as good as going to one.

But let us enter. We are in a large, not very high, but generally very long room, partitioned off into little boxes with a table in each. Upon the walls—stuck upon hat-pins—you have more playbills, and the eye is caught by a long list of the good things ready almost at a moment's notice, with the price of each attached. The whole place has an air of stillness and repose, yet perhaps a hundred people are seated in the different boxes, conning over books and newspapers, and sipping their coffee at the same time. Orders are given in a different tone, from the loud bullying demand you hear in the public house, as is the quiet modest appearance of the damsel who executes them from the flustering air of the right-angled, flashy young lady who stands behind the bar in a gin-palace. There is no quarrelling, no scuffling, no demands for the police. There is indeed little conversation further than an occasional—"The Times after you, if you please, Sir?" "When you've done with that magazine, I'll trouble you," passing from one box to another. Everybody is civil to his neighbour, yet the company is made up of a class who, were they at a public house instead of a coffee house, in all probability, would be brawling and bullying, or deeply immersed in such edifying discussions as to what four legged brute is to win the next prize-fight.

You see at a glance that the majority of the guests are working men; fustian jackets are plentiful; and here and there you see laid on the bench, the straw basket containing the tools of their vocations. There are no sporting customers evidently; no "gents," with cut-away Newmarket coats, and slang conversation. They would be above going to such places of course. Such atmospheres are not favourable for the sparkle of Lower Arcade Jewellery. But there are respectable men; hard working and long-headed fellows, who think while they hammer, and read when the hammering is over; who have an opinion of their own, and can express it; who can feel deeply, as well as think clearly, and who can bring a homely philosophy to the forge, and the loom. We love to see hard horny hands—not very white, perchance, on Byronic in their formation—turn over the leaves of books and newspapers; and eyes, although heavy with the labours of the day, light up as they pore over their contents. The working man, at least, in towns, is becoming more and more a reading man. He has his political faith, and he can give a reason for the faith that is in him. The times are passing away, when senators said "What have low fellows, vulgar mechanics, to do with the laws, but to obey them?" Cheap schools, cheap publications, cheap lectures, and last, not least, cheap coffee and reading rooms, have worked wonders, and will work still more.

These establishments, too, are of quite modern growth, and they have opened up a new and extensive trade. Twenty-five years ago there were not above ten or twelve coffee houses in London,—that is, houses devoted exclusively to the sale of tea and coffee. Now, there are upwards of two thousand; and for several years back the rate of increase has been about one hundred per annum. Twenty-five years ago, you could not get a cup of coffee, to say nothing of contingent advantages, under the charge of a sixpence. Now, coffee—not of course very exquisitely flavoured, but still very drinkable—can be had from three half pence to three pence per cup! There are many coffee houses in London charging these low rates, which are visited by 700 or 800 people a day, at an average; and in the vicinity of the Haymarket, there is an establishment of the kind which entertains from 1500 to 1600 people daily; the charge there is three half pence per cup for coffee; tea is somewhat dearer; forty three papers taken in daily, seven country papers, six foreign papers, twenty four magazines per month, four quarterly reviews, and eleven weekly periodicals. Altogether about £100 a year is expended in periodicals, which are circulated, be it remembered, generally among a class, who, if they had not opportunities of reading them at the exceedingly cheap rates at which they are furnished

and in similar establishments, would probably never see them at all. Besides the periodicals also, there is a tolerably extensive library provided, and this important auxiliary to the light forces of the newspapers and magazines in becoming more and more general.

Some curious information relative to coffee houses, and their effects upon the middle and lower classes of society, is supplied by the evidence taken a few years ago before the Import Duties Committee. A number of landlords were examined, and they all concurred in representing the gradual improvement worked by these establishments in the tastes and habits of the working men, their frequenters. The class of publication taken in, in many of them, underwent a gradual and steady improvement. Periodicals, which were at first in vogue, fell below par as taste improved by cultivation, and which at first were never thought of, came into great demand. Benefit clubs and provident institutions were formed, and are forming; at coffee houses, for another purpose than mere convivial meetings, and literary and debating societies meet in many of them.

How different is all this from the tavern life of old—to which every one whose business or whose inclination forced him to seek refreshment away from home was obliged to adapt himself! "Tom and Jerry" tastes fast wearing out, the vulgar roystering and practical joking—bearing inferior old watchmen used to be considered very capital joking—have had their day, and in all classes of society, more refined and more humanizing notions are growing up.

New Works.

Greenwood's Campaign in Afghanistan.

SAGACIOUS ELEPHANTS.

It is astonishing how docile these animals become, after being some time domesticated. The mahout, his wife, children, and the elephant all form one family. The elephant has his dinner of large cakes of unleavened bread, prepared for him at the same time as his ruler, and they all eat together. I have seen a mahout and his wife go to the bazaar to make their daily purchases, leaving their child, an infant not able to walk, in charge of the elephant. It was really most amusing and interesting to see the solitude displayed by this gigantic nurse. As his little charge would crawl nearly out of his reach from the place where he was picketed, he would stretch out his trunk, and gently lifting the infant up, place him down near his feet. After playing about some time, the child got tired and went to sleep, the elephant meanwhile breaking off a branch from a tree, waved it gently backwards and forward over the face of the sleeping infant lest the flies should disturb him in his slumber. The creature might have been taught to do this, but it still proves of what extraordinary sagacity these animals are possessed. I was once out on a tiger party, in which there was a female elephant remarkably tame and sagacious. She used to come to our tents every morning, while we were breakfasting to beg for pieces of bread, or any thing else that was to be had. On being presented with a piece of money she would walk off to the bazaar, and purchase sweets, and woe betide the dealer if he attempted to cheat her. More than once, the mahout informed us, she had pulled the whole shop over the heads of knavish dealers who had not given her a fair exchange for her money. She would draw the cork from a bottle with her trunk, no matter how tightly it was hammered down, and drink the contents. It appeared, indeed that she was given to strong liquors; and the mahout told us she had been repeatedly dead drunk when gentlemen had given her a sufficient quantity of spirits. Two buckets full he informed us, was about the quantity necessary to make her groggy. We did not, however, try the experiment, thinking that an intoxicated elephant in a close camp would be about as pleasant a customer as a bull in a china shop.

Hay's Western Barbary.

A FLIGHT OF LOCUSTS.

At the period to which I refer, the locust first appeared near Tangier in the winged form and did not commit much injury, but, setting along the sea coast, deposited their eggs and died. Some months afterwards, in July, I remember rightly, the grub first appeared and was about the size of what is commonly called the lion ant. A price had been set by several European residents at Tangier upon each pound of eggs that was brought by the natives, and many thousand pounds worth by this means were destroyed, but apparently it was of no avail; it was but one drop of water from the ocean; for soon the whole face of the country was blackened by columns of these voracious insects; and, as they marched on in their desolating track, wither the slightest barriers, nor water, nor fire, daunted them. Quenching with their numbers, the hottest fire, the rear of the dreadin columns passed over the devoted bodies of those who had preceded them. Across ditches, streams, or rivers it was the same. On, on they marched; and as the foremost ranks of the advanced columns were drowned; their bodies formed the raft for those that followed; and where there seemed most resistance to their progress, thither did the destructive insects appear to swarm in the greatest numbers. One European resident at Tangier, the consul-general for Sweden, who possessed a beautiful garden in the neighbourhood, abounding with the choicest flowers and shrubs of Europe and Africa, waged for a long time a very successful war against them. His large garden had the advantage of a high wall; and outside the barrier he had stationed labourers, hired for the purpose of destroying