

py from the immortal works of these authors. The effect of this upon the observer is at first rather singular: having been long accustomed to consider the scenes and characters in 'Gil Blas' and 'Don Quixote' either as the creations of fancy or delineations of a past age, he is unprepared for their constant occurrence around him; he is struck with surprise to find men thinking and acting in a way nowise differing from that of the fictitious personages with whom he is conversant, and for a time can hardly credit his senses, so unreal does everything appear. After this impression wears off, there remains the conviction that Spain is the land of incident and adventure; a conviction that deepens the more he mingles with its people, and, as a spectator or actor is introduced to strange passages,—far stranger than any that have sprung from the imaginations of her novelists.

From the London People's Journal.

A NIGHT IN THE BAYOU.

The Mississippi, like the Nile, is divided at its mouth into a number of outlets, thus forming a delta of islands, which, though devoid of anything like scenic beauty, are not devoid of interest.

The great river, washing (as it does) the banks of a country many thousand miles in extent, carries down in solution great masses of soil, which the declining impetus of its current, through the reaction of the sea, aided by subterranean salt-springs and accumulating drift legs, causes to settle in banks at the mouth, which, in the lapse of time and the ordinary course of nature, obtain an elevation above its surface, and become sprinkled with tokens of vegetable life.

Those islands nearest the sea possess the fewest traces of vegetation; some of them being adorned by only one or two tufts of reed grass, while those on the extreme confines of the coast are wholly without vegetable productions: the formation of the latter being too recent to allow time for the germination of chance seeds.

The numerous creeks which intersect these islands, are termed bayous, and wind amongst interminable spaces of marsh, and overgrown with tall and cane-like reeds. These are the favorite haunts of alligators, snakes, and other aqueous and amphibious reptiles, whose solitude is rarely disturbed by man. An exploring party entering these precincts, will find the navigation, from the shallowness of the water, both troublesome and difficult.

On the afternoon of a hot day in summer, a boat with a crew of four men and a coxswain, belonging to an outward bound ship lying at anchor in the stream, was seen to make its way into one of the bayous. The coxswain was the chief officer of the vessel, and the men at the oars were the picked men from his watch. Embarked as they were, for no other purpose than the gratification of curiosity, the reserve usually maintained between master and men was laid aside, and jokes and comments freely passed, a proceeding which Mr Adams, the officer, rather encouraged than suppressed. Indeed, the latter occasionally threw in a remark likely to increase hilarity and dispel restraint. Under such auspices, their labor was light. The oars bent to their strokes, and the boat cleft the water like a fish.

'Give way, my lads,' said Mr Adams. 'Pull with a will. Make a noise, some of you. Jack, strike up with something.'

Jack, who sung well and had a good voice, commenced a rearing song.

'Ease the starboard oar,' interrupted Mr Adams. 'Pull in for that creek, d'ye see. There—steady the goes.'

'Aye, aye, sir,' said Jack.

They had not more than reached the middle of the creek before the boat touched bottom, and though she moved slowly to the strokes of the oars, yet the labor of propelling her became greater every moment; and the men at last passed to breathe.

'I thought it was only a bank, and we should have got her over, but the mud seems sticky here,' said Mr Adams. 'Back her off!' She was accordingly backed off, and they pulled for a narrow bayou nearer the entrance of the creek, which proved deep and navigable. Mr Adams directed them to make for a small cove in one of the islands, at which he proposed to land. The landing was effected with some difficulty upon the trunk of a tree, one end of which rested on the shore while the other floated in the water. The boat was run aground, and the party had to walk some distance on the log, which the washing of the water had rendered slippery and insecure. However, they landed in safety; and Mr Adams, directing two of the men to make fast the boat and remain to bale her out, set off with the other two to investigate the island. He found the place wooded with a large species of shrub which grew considerably higher than his head, and formed in places an almost impenetrable thicket, through which they forced their way with difficulty. Birds of bright and beautiful plumage, flew from tree to tree, seemingly without alarm at the individuals who were intruding on their retreat. Chatterboxes of transient and varying hues ran along the bushes, changing colour to that of the spot on which they alighted, so as to be scarcely discernible from the material on which they rested. Tracks of racoons marked the soil in different directions, and the party would occasionally stop to listen to the cry of one of those creatures at a little distance. The parched and thirsty soil, covered here and there with rank and wiry grass, was cleft into long and deep fissures, which were suggestive of subtle and deadly snakes lurking in the hollows.

While the two men were engaged in pursuit of a small animal among the bushes, Mr

Adams pushed through the thicket and lost sight of them. He soon gained the opposite side of the island and came to water again. Here, trunks of great trees stretched along the bank so as to form a kind of jetty. Mr Adams stepped from one to another of these immense pieces of timber, which had no doubt been swept from the skirts of some mighty forest, drifted down the river and deposited here. He rounded a point of land and found a number of these logs lying together, making a rude bridge to an adjoining island. He tried them with his foot, and finding them firm, by treading resolutely and carefully, he managed to cross to the opposite shore. This island he found less inviting in appearance than the one he had left. There was a little clump of brushwood in the centre, but otherwise the place was bare of vegetation. The soil was soft and muddy at the landing, so much so that Mr Adams sunk almost ankle deep at every step. There was a salt spring in one place which had the shape of a cone of glistening mud, from the top of which a narrow stream of brine trickled down, and settled in a pool at the foot.

There were two small mounds of earth, each with a board at one end, on which an inscription was rudely carved. Mr Adams did not need to be informed that these were graves, for the effluvia arising from them indicated the interments to have been recent. In roaming over the island he found a great number of similar mounds, from which it would seem that this had been a burial ground for the numerous ships leaving a sickly port, and that the dead had been thus disposed of in preference to being launched into the sea. The association was not pleasant, and Adams turned away to return by another path. The soil in this direction was so treacherous and soft, that he sank ankle deep at every step. When half way across, he found himself plunging up to his knees in a clayey and adhesive soil, to extricate himself from which required the most violent struggles. It was with an apprehension new to him that he found himself at every pause in his exertions settling deeper and deeper into the mud. To aggravate his distress, he was assailed by innumerable sand flies, which fastened on his hands and face, and stung him to madness. By repeated and almost frantic efforts he succeeded in gaining a small patch of hard soil, whence he could just see the bridge by which he had crossed. There was a small lake of mud similar to that through which he had passed, surrounding the spot on which he stood. He looked towards the shore of the opposite island in the hope of seeing some of the men; but as none of them came, he was nerving his mind for another plunge through this terrible slough, when he observed an unusually large tree come drifting down the bayou towards the bridge. For a moment he trembled for the safety of the fabric by which he hoped to recross, and was struck with dismay to see it completely swept off by the concussion; leaving a passage a hundred feet in width of deep water, and with a rapid current, which he would have to ford, for he was no swimmer.

He breathed hard, and again ventured on the yielding soil, which here was softer if possible than before. He had nearly reached the middle, when he was tempted to place his foot on a seemingly hard substance like a piece of dead timber imbedded in the mud. To his surprise, this substance rose instead of sinking under him, and the head of a great alligator with open mouth emerged from below. What he had mistaken for a drop of water on the surface was the eye of the creature while basking in the sun. With an involuntary exclamation he sprang aside, and by means of a series of convulsive plunges he managed to flounder through to the solid ground; while the reptile, fortunately for him, waddled off to another part of the island at a speed which made him shudder. When he reached the bank, he hallooed for the men till he was hoarse, but received no answer. The sun was setting, and in a few moments it would be quite dark. He waited at this point as long as it was possible to see anything, and then seated himself on a stray log, where he had not rested a second, before something like a twig glided from beneath his feet, and displayed to him a large serpent, which in his dismal condition, he imagined to be twice its actual size. He rose up hastily, and for a long time would not sit down at all; as he knew not what reptile might be concealed beneath his seat. But now the evening breeze sprang up, and blew away the myriads of minute sand flies that had hitherto tormented him. Then the mist of the river came rolling in and hid every surrounding object in an impenetrable cloud. No London fog was denser or colder than this. It was the exhalation of a moist and pulpy alluvium, pregnant with the vapour of decaying vegetation and endless swamps. It was not long before his teeth chattered with cold. He fortunately had matches in his pocket, and with them he attempted to light a fire. In his search for dry chips, he struck against what appeared to be a stone; but, on taking it up, it proved to be a human skull. He threw it away in disgust. Some cold substance adhering to his hand, he struck a light to examine it, and discovered that an enormous centipede had crawled out of the skull, and was making its way up his sleeve. Every nerve in his frame seemed to start at the sight, and he hastily swept it off. It required more fortitude than he possessed now, to stir without alarm. Every substance around him he knew was alive with venomous reptiles. Vipers were concealed in the dead timber on which he might sit. Centipedes and scorpions nestled under the bark. Insects that fed on decomposed and putrefying matter, were generated in the malaria he inhaled, and swarmed about him in clouds; and, when he had succeeded

in kindling a fire, the mosquitoes, settling on their defenceless victims, puncturing him with a thousand stings, and buzzing into his ears with a wailing and ceaseless hum, seemed to crown the pandemonium into which he had fallen.

No wonder that he became a prey to unnatural terrors. He fancied he saw the fierce eyes of crowds of alligators twinkling at him through the blaze, that he heard the snapping of their fearful jaws on every side of him, that every unburnt ember in the fire was a deadly serpent thawing into life, and about to spring upon him with fatal bite. Then he fancied that scorpions had crept into his linen, and was afraid to move lest a centipede should sting his bosom. Worse than all, he began to think that he was resting on one of the graves, and that the worms from beneath were anticipating his decay; and, O, horror of horrors, that the air rung with dismal cries, which seemed to be approaching from a distance, until he became overpowered with his fears, and trembled and moaned helplessly like an infant. But he was now really ill. The chills and ague crept over him, and happily rendered him insensible to everything but physical suffering, until he was roused by the crackling of twigs near him as of something stealthily approaching. This was the climax. He jumped up with a cry of terror more like a yell than a human voice, and rushing towards the water's edge, fell unconscious to the ground.

If he had retained his faculties he might have known that a light was at no great distance, that the water reflected the flame of beacons blazing on every island; that a boat full of men was approaching; that these men were shouting for him with all their might, and that help was at hand, though he knew it not.

Some days after, when his ship had got well out to sea, and he had recovered from the delirium of a high fever, they ventured to tell him about his escape. The boat's crew had at first searched for him in every direction but the right one, and foolishly gone back to the ship for orders. They were immediately despatched again with lanterns, and instructions to remain all night if necessary. They soon discovered his fire, and after infinite pains, contrived to reach the spot in time to rescue him from a watery grave.

Though some years have now passed over his head, and he has attained the command of a large ship, yet it always gives him pain to be questioned as to the cause of his premature grey hairs; nor can he ever recall without tremor the sufferings of this Night in the Bayou.

From Murray's *Clues and Wilds of Andalusia.*

ANDALUSIAN LADIES.

There is, however, nothing boisterous or unfeminine on the part of Cadiz's daughters; their liveliness, though wanting that subdued tone we deem essential to polished manners, is graceful and becoming in its flights; it is the overflow of spirits which, like the beautiful wild flowers of their own land, are stirred by the lightest breath of air, and, like them, give forth a pleasant rustle when so agitated. At the same time the traveller, if he has indulged in exaggerated notions of Spanish beauty, will here be taught in what it consists. Probably his final impression will be one of disappointment; and even he who has drawn in his imagination a less glowing picture of its charms, will find the reality fall short of his ideal sketch. If he has kept out the pure red and white, and the eye of heavenly blue that mark the beauty of a northern sky, he has judged rightly; but after supplying their place with the pale or dusky cheek of a southern clime, and its eye, which, whether it be wild or gentle, flashing or languid, is always dark, he will need to use his pencil with caution. In truth, the Spanish dame, as regards regularity of feature, and those charms which form beauty of countenance, must yield the palm to the dames of other nations; her attractions centre in her dark glossy hair, and in those eloquent eyes, that unite with an ever-varying play of expression in rendering her wondrously fascinating. In beauty of form, however, she reigns alone; nothing could be more symmetrical or more exquisitely rounded than the shapes of the Gaditanian belles, as they glided or floated—anything but walked—through the mazes of the gay crowd on the promenade; indeed, the Andalusian grace is proverbial in Spain, and the traveller must confess that he has never beheld elegance of motion until he has stood upon an Andalusian alameda. What it is, can hardly be described by words; it is beyond the power of language to describe those slow and surpassingly graceful movements which accompany every step of the Andalusian; her every attitude is so flowing, at the same time so unforced, that she seems upborne by some invisible power, that renders her independent of the classically moulded foot she presses so lightly on the ground.

From the Lisbon Correspondent of the London Daily News.

PORTUGUESE COURT GOSSIP.

Great complaints are uttered of the parsimony of the court. There are no entertainments, no balls, no routes, nothing that would distinguish the Necessidades as being inhabited by people in fashionable life. Parsimony, rather than actual poverty, is said to be the cause. It was not long ago, that a man who had bought up some of the allowances of the domestic servants, finding no money forthcoming for the payment of the wages and board-wages which he regularly bought of the servants, who were obliged to sell to him in order to supply themselves with the common necessaries of life, sued the treasurer of the household for payment, and at length execution issued against

the goods and chattels, produce and effects of her Majesty at Quelez. To avoid a more disgraceful scene, namely, the moving of her Majesty's property to the public place of sale, (as by a sheriff's execution), the money was paid; but not without an attempt to pay in bank notes instead of specie. The other servants, stable men, &c., hearing of this success, thought of another expedient in order to save that sacrifice which the selling of their wages and board wages would entail upon them, perhaps 25 or 36 per cent., and actually struck for wages; the King Consort was very much annoyed at it, and paid the money out of his own private resources. A curious incident has happened, which will furnish a subject for tea-table chat. Donna Maria de Gloria was invited to a ball and supper by the Philharmonic Society of Lisbon; she had accepted the invitation, and preparations were going on to produce a most magnificent entertainment; it appears, however, that the entrance, as well as the building, are neither very commodious, and that therefore it was provided she should enter through the private dwellinghouse of the Baroness de Barcelino, whose husband is a strong progressive whether for electioacering purposes or otherwise does not appear, but the Queen was advised not to go, and accordingly she sent an excuse.

From the London Daily News.

NAPOLEON AND THE ALMANACK DE GOTHA

When the French dominion gave law to prostrate Germany, this almanack was obliged to be published in French as well as German; genealogies lost their exclusive possession of its pages; and diplomacy manoeuvred with its usual skill and success, for ministers and ambassadors were introduced. This innovation was shortly followed by another, for by the command of that conqueror who did not even disdain to superintend the arrangement of a horn-book for the infant King of Rome, the almanack was obliged to submit and append statistics, which Mr McCulloch has no doubt already consulted without requiring any hint from us. The almanack of 1792 had declined to recognize the French republic, and under the rubric of France, Louis XVII. still figured as King. The moment, however, Napoleon placed the iron crown on his brow, they took especial care to note him down as emperor. A new humiliation awaited the editor or rather proprietor of that time, for in 1808 he was obliged to smile while French gendarmes were destroying the edition just 'ready' for the press for distribution to its European patrons, in lieu of which a new edition was published in Paris. The reason of this violent proceeding was because the Saxon Ernest line, as was customary, opened the genealogical pages, and then Aahalt followed in alphabetical order, while the Emperor Napoleon, protector of the Rhenish confederation, not only insisted on being placed at the head of the Rhine princes, but took the most effectual means for seeing that it was done. There was another reason assigned also, and this was, that the editor had committed the fault of placing among the sovereigns a few mediatised personages, such as the Abbess of Queandlinburg, for example. In the ensuing years the almanack gave only the likenesses of Jerome Napoleon, of King Maximilian Joseph, King Frederick Augustus; and it was not till the restoration was deemed safe and permanent that the portrait of the Prince Regent of England was admitted. The victories of the allies, too, were now commemorated for the first time in this most renowned of chronicles.

RESEARCHES IN AFRICA.

We are informed that Government has determined to afford effectual assistance to Mr Richardson, the African traveller, in prosecuting his travels and researches in the great desert of Sahara, Soudan, and the regions of Bournou and Lake Tshad. We understand that it will be part of the duties of Mr Richardson, to endeavour to bring the chiefs and princes of the interior of Africa into relations of commerce and amity with this country. Mr Richardson is enjoined to embrace every opportunity of impressing upon the mind of the people and princes of Africa that legitimate commerce is preferable to that of the traffic in men. Mr Richardson will be accompanied by Drs. Barth and Overweg, Prussian savans, who are charged by government to draw up a scientific report. This will render the mission complete, and the interests of science will be equally consulted with those of commerce and philanthropy.

From the London Literary Gazette.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES IN ABYSSINIA.

M. Rocher d'Hericourt, who has lately returned from a voyage in Abyssinia, has brought with him about a score MSS. in the Ethiopian language, all of vast antiquity and great literary value. They are folio in form, bound in red leather, with the Greek cross, and strange ornaments on the covers. In some of them the writing runs right across the page; in others it is in columns, in nearly all it is firm and old in character. Some of the MSS. are on history, religion, and science; one is a complete and very curious treatise on the mysteries of eastern astrology; and one, which appears to have been written at the beginning of the 11th century, contains a copy of the Bible, which differs in some respects from the ordinary version. To obtain these treasures, M. d'Hericourt passed a long time in Abyssinia, had to employ