

The horrible nausea was gone; the bloody blind film turned to a pale green; I wondered whether I was yet dead, or still dying. But of a sudden some motionless form brushed my side—some inert, coiled fish of the sea; the thrill of being alive again tingled in my nerves, and the strong shunning of death shocked me through.

For one moment an agonised revulsion came over me as I found myself utterly sinking. Next moment the force of my fall was expended; and there I hung, vibrating in the mid-deep. What wild sounds then rang in my ear! One was a soft moaning, as of low waves on the beach; the other, wild and heartlessly jubilant, as of the sea in the height of a tempest. Oh soul! thou then hearest life and death; as he who stands upon the Corinthian shore hears both the Ionian and the Enean waves. The life and death poise soon passed; and then I found myself slowly ascending, and caught a dim glimmering of light.

Quicker and quicker I mounted, till at last I bounded up like a buoy, and my whole head was bathed in the blessed air.

I had fallen in a line with the main mast; I now found myself nearly abreast of the mizzen mast, the frigate slowly gliding by like a black world in the water. Her vast hull loomed out of the night, showed hundreds of seamen in the hammock nettings, some tossing over ropes, others madly flinging overboard the hammocks; but I was too far out from them immediately to reach what they threw.

I essayed to swim toward the ship; but instantly I was conscious of a feeling like being pinioned in my feather bed, and moving my hands, felt my jacket puffed out above my tight girdle with water. I strove to tear it off, but it was looped together here and there, and the strings were not then to be sundered by hand. I whipped out my knife, that was tucked in my belt, and ripped my jacket straight up and down, as if I were ripping open my self. With a violent struggle it then burst out of it, and was free. Heavily soaked it slowly sank before my eyes.

Sink! sink! oh, shroud! thought I; sink forever! accursed jacket that thou art!

'See that white shark,' cried a horrified voice from the taffail; 'he'll have that man down his hatchway! Quick; the grains! the grains!'

The next instant that barbed bunch of harpoons pierced through the unfortunate jacket, and swiftly sped down with it out of sight.

Being now astern of the frigate, I struck out boldly towards the elevated pole of one of the life buoys which had been cut away. Soon after one of the cutters picked me up. As they dragged me out of the water into the air, the sudden transition of elements made my every limb feel like lead, and I helplessly sunk into the bottom of the boat.

Ten minutes after, I was safe on board, and springing aloft, was ordered to reeve anew the stun-sail halyards, which, slipping through the blocks when I had let go the end, had unrove and fallen to the deck.

The sail was soon set; and as if purposely to salute it, a gentle breeze soon came, and the Neversink once more glided over the water, a soft ripple at her bows, and leaving a tranquil wake behind.

ENGLAND IN 1850.

BY M. DE LAMARTINE.

This time (September, 1850) I was struck in visiting England, with an impression wholly opposed to the impressions which I have just depicted to you. I arrived in London, and I no longer recognised that capital, excepting by that immense cloud of smoke that that vast focus of English labor or leisure raises in the heavens, and by that overflowing without limits of houses, workshops, and chateaux, and agreeable residences, that a city of two millions six hundred thousand inhabitants casts year after year beyond its walls, even to the depths of her forests, her fields, and her hills. Like a polyus with a thousand branches, London vegetates and engulfs, so to speak, on the common trunk of the City, quarters on quarters, and towns upon towns. These quarters, some for labour, and others for the middle classes; some for the choice leisure of the literary classes, and others for the sumptuosities of the aristocracy, and for the splendours of the Crown, not only attest the increase of that city which enlarges itself in proportion to its inhabitants, but they testify to the increase of luxury, of art, of riches, and of ease, of all which the characters are to be recognised in the disposition, in the architecture, in the ornaments, in the spaciousness, and in the luxury, sometimes splendid, sometimes modest, of the habitations of man. In the west two new towns—two towns of hotels and palaces—two towns of Kings of civilization, as the ambassador of Carthage would have said—have sprung up. Towards the green and wooded heights of Hampstead, that St. Cloud of London, is a new park, including pastures, woods, waters, and gardens in its grounds, and surrounded by a circle of houses of opulent and varied architecture, of which each represents a building capital that it frightens one to calculate. Beyond the solitude inclosed in the capital, other towns and suburbs have commenced and are rapidly climbing, step by step, and hillock after hillock, these heights. In these places arise chapels, churches, schools, hospitals, penitentiary prisons on new models, which takes away from them their sinister aspect and signification, and which hold out moral health and correction to the guilty, in place of punishment and branding. In these

places is to be seen hedges of houses appropriated to all the conditions of life and fortune, but all surrounded by a court or a little garden, which affords the family rural recollections, the breathing of vegetation, and the feeling of nature present even to the very heart of the towns.

This new London, which is almost rural, creeps already up these large hills, and spreads itself from season to season in the fields which environ them, to go, by lower, more active, and more smoky suburbs, to rejoin, as far as the eye can see, the Thames, beyond which the same phenomenon is reproduced on the hills and in the plains on the other side. In surveying this the eye loses itself, as if on the waves of the ocean. On every side the horizon is too narrow to embrace that town, and the town continues beyond the horizon; but everywhere also the sky, the air, the country the verdure, the waters, the tops of the oaks, are mixed with that vegetation of stones, of marble, or of bricks, and appears to make of new London not an arid and dead city, but a fertile and living province, which germinates at the same time with men and trees, with habitations and fields; a city of which the nature has not been changed, but in which, on the contrary, nature and civilization respect each other, seek for and clasp each other, for the health and joy of man in a mutual embrace.

Between these two banks of the river, and between its steeples and its towers—between the tops of its oaks, respected by the constructors of these new quarters, you perceive a moveable forest of masts, which ascend and descend perpetually the course of the Thames and streak it with a thousand lines of smoke, which the steamers, loaded with passengers, stream out like a river of smoke above the river of water which carries them. But it is not in the newly-constructed quarters alone that London has changed its appearance, and presents that image of opulence, of comfort, and of labour, with thriving—the City itself, that furnace at the same time blackened and infected of this human ebullition, has enlarged its issues, widened its streets, ennobled its monuments, extended and straightened its suburbs, and made them more healthy. The ignoble lanes, with their suspicious looking taverns, where the population of drunken sailors, huddled together like savages in dust and dregs, have been demolished. They have given place to airy streets, where the passers-by coming back from the docks, those *entrepreneurs* of the four continents, circulate with ease in carriages or on foot, to spacious and clean houses, to modest but decent shops, where the maritime population find, on disembarking, clothes, food, tobacco, beer, and all the objects of exchange necessary for the retail trade of seaports: these streets are now as well cleaned from filth, from drunkenness, and obscenity, as the other streets and suburbs of the City. One can pass through them without pity and without disgust; one feels in them the vigilance of public morality and the presence of a police which, if it cannot destroy vice, can at all events keep it at a distance from the eyes of the passers-by, and render even the *cloacæ* inoffensive.

In the country districts and secondary towns around London the same transformation is observable. The innumerable railways which run in every direction all over England have covered the soil with stations, coal depots, new houses for the persons employed, elegant offices for the administration, viaducts, bridges over the lines to private properties; and all these things impart to England, from the sea to London, the appearance of a country which is being cleared, and where the occupants are employed in running up residences for themselves. Everything is being built; and everything is smoking, hurrying on, so perfectly alive in this soil; one feels that the people are eager to seize on the new sense of circulation which Providence has just bestowed on man.

Such is England in a physical sense, sketched broadly. As to political England, the following are the changes which struck me. I describe them as I reviewed, with sincerity, it is true, but not unmixed with, astonishment. The appearance of the people in the street is no longer what filled me with consternation twenty years ago. In place of those ragged bands of beggars—men, women, and children—who swarmed in the narrow and gloomy streets of the manufacturing towns, you see well-dressed workmen, with an appearance of health and strength, going to work or returning peacefully from their workshop with their tools on their shoulders; young girls issuing without tumult from the houses where they work, under the superintendence of women older than themselves, or of a father or brother, who brings them back to the house; from time to time you see numerous columns of little children of from five to eight years of age, poorly but decently clad, led by a woman, who leaves them at their own doors, after having watched over them all day. They all present the appearance of relative comfort, of the most exquisite cleanliness, and of health. You will perceive few, if any idle groups on the public way, and infinitely fewer drunken men than formerly; the streets appear as if purged of vice and wretchedness, or only exhibit those which always remain on the scum of an immense population.

If you converse in a drawing room, in a public carriage, at a public dinner table, even in the street, with men of the different classes in England; if you take care to be present, as I did, at places where persons of the most advanced opinions in the country meet and speak; if you read the journals, those safety-valves of public opinion, you must remain struck with the extreme mildness of men's minds and hearts, with the temperance of ideas, the moderation of what is desired, the prudence

of the Liberal opposition, the tendency evincing towards a conciliation of all classes, the justice which all classes of the English population render to each other, the readiness of all to co-operate, each according to his means and disposition, in advancing the general good—the employment, comfort, instruction, and morality of the people—in a word, a mild and serene air is breathed in place of the tempest-blast which then raged in every breast. The equilibrium is re-established in the national atmosphere. One feels and says to oneself—"The people can come to an understanding with itself; it can live, last, prosper, and improve for a long time in this way. Had I my residence on this soil I should not any longer tremble for my hearth."

I except, it must be understood, from this very general character of harmony and reconciliation, two classes of men whom nothing ever satisfies—the demagogues and the extreme aristocrats—two tyrannies which cannot content themselves with any liberty, because they eternally desire to subjugate the people, the one by the intolerance of the rabble, and the other by the intolerance of the little number. The newspapers of the inexorable aristocracy, and of the ungovernable radicalism, are the only ones that still contrast, by their bitterness, with the general mildness of opinion in Great Britain. But some clubs or Chartist, rendered fanatical by sophistry, and some clubs of diplomatists, rendered fanatical by pride, only serve the better to show the calm and reason which are more and more prevailing in the other parts of the nation. The one make speeches to the emptiness of places where the people are invited to meet, and the others pay by the line for calumnies and invectives against France and against the present age. No one listens, and no one reads. The people work on. The intelligent Tories lament Sir R. Peel, and accept the inheritance of his conservative doctrines by means of progress.

It appears that a superhuman hand carried away during that sleep of 20 years all the venom which racked the social body in this country. If a Radical procession is announced, as on the 10th of April, 250,000 citizens of all opinions, appear in the streets of London as special constables, and preserve the public peace against these phantoms of another time. Such is the present appearance of the public mind in England to a stranger.

From the London Morning Chronicle.

STREET BALLAD-SINGERS.

I am what may be termed a regular street ballad-singer—either sentimental or comic. Sir, for I can take both branches. I have been, as near as I can guess, about five-and-twenty years at the business. Of the regular ballad-singers, sentimental and comic, there are not less than 250 in and about London. Occasionally the number is greatly increased by an influx from the country. I should say that throughout England, Wales and Scotland, there are not less than 700 who live solely by ballad-singing, and selling ballads and song-books. In London the ballad-singers generally work in couples—especially the comic singers. The sentimental more commonly go alone; but there are very few in London who are merely sentimental ballad-singers—not more than a dozen at the very outside. The rest sing whatever comes up. The tunes are mostly picked up from the street bands, and sometimes from the cheap concerts, or from the gallery of the theatre, where the street ballad-singers very often go for the express purpose of learning the airs. They are mostly utterly ignorant of music, and some of them get their money by the noise they make, by being paid to move on. There is a house in the Blackfriars Road where the people have been ill for the last sixteen years, and where the street ballad-singer always goes because he is sure of getting twopenny to move on. Some, too, make a point of beginning their songs outside of those houses where straw is laid down in front. Where the knockers are done up in an old glove, the ballad-singer is sure to strike up. The comic songs that are popular in the street are never indecent, but are very often political. They are generally sung by two persons, one repeating the two first lines of a verse, and the other the two last. The street ballads are printed and published chiefly in the Seven Dials. There are four ballad publishers in that quarters, and three at the East End. Many ballads are written expressly for the Seven Dials press, especially the Newgate and the political ones, as well as those upon any topic of the day. There are five known authors for the Dials press, and they are all street ballad-singers. I am one of these myself. The little knowledge I have picked up bit by bit, so that I hardly know how I have come by it. I certainly knew my letters before I left home, and I have got the rest off the dead walls and out of the ballads and papers I have been selling.

I write most of the Newgate ballads now for the printers in the dials, and indeed, anything that turns up. I get 1s. for a copy of verses written by the wretched culprit the night previous to his execution. I wrote Courvoisier's sorrowful lamentation. I called it 'A Voice from the Jail.' I wrote a pathetic ballad on the respite of Annet Meyers. I did the *helegy*, too, on Rush's execution. It was supposed, like the rest, to have been written by the culprit himself, and was particularly penitential. I didn't write that to order. I knew they would want a copy of verses from the culprit. The publisher read it over and said, 'That's the thing for the street public! I only got 1s. for Rush. Indeed they are all the same price, no matter how popular they may be. I wrote the life of Manning

in verse. Besides these I have written the lament of Calcraft the hangman on the decline of his trade, and many political songs. But song and Newgate ballad-writing for the Dials is very poor work. I've got five times as much for writing a squib for a rag-shop as for a ballad that has taken me double the time.

From Cumming's Adventures in South Africa.

AN APPALLING TRAGEDY.

SUDDENLY the appalling and murderous voice of an angry, bloodthirsty lion burst upon my ear, within a few yards of us, followed by the shrieking of the Hottentots. Again and again the murderous roar of attack was repeated. We heard John and Ruyter shriek 'the lion, the lion!' still, for a few moments, we thought he was but chasing one of the dogs round the kraal; but next instant John Stofolus rushed into the midst of us almost speechless with fear and terror, his eyes bursting from their sockets, and shrieked out, 'the lion! the lion! He has got Hendrick; He dragged him away from the fire beside me. I struck him with the burning brands upon his head but he would not let go his hold. Hendrick is dead. Oh, God! Hendrick is dead! Let us take fire and seek him.' The rest of my people rushed about, shrieking and yelling as if they were mad. I was at once angry with them for their folly, and told them if they did not keep quiet the lion would have another of us; and that very likely there was a troop of them. I ordered the dogs, which were nearly all fast, to be made loose, and the fire to be increased as fast as could be. I then shouted Hendrick's name—but all was still. I told my men that Hendrick was dead, and that a regiment of soldiers could not help him, and hunting my dogs forward, I had everything brought within the cattle kraal, when we lighted our fire and closed the entrance as well as we could. My terrified people sat round the fire with guns in their hands till the day broke, still fancying that at every moment the lion would spring again into the midst of us. When the dogs were first let go, the stupid brutes, as dogs often prove when most required, instead of going at the lion, rushed fiercely on one another, and fought desperately for some minutes. After this they got his wind, and going at him, disclosed to us his position; they kept up a continued barking until the day dawned, the lion occasionally springing after them, and driving them in upon the kraal.

The horrible monster lay all night within forty yards of us, consuming the wretched man whom he had chosen for his prey. He had dragged him into a little hollow at the back of the thick bush, beside which the fire was kindled, and there he remained till the day dawned, careless of our proximity. It appeared that when the unfortunate Hendrick rose to drive in the ox, the lion had watched him; and he had scarcely lain down when the brute sprang upon him and Ruyter (for both lay under one blanket) with his appalling murderous roar, and roaring as he lay, grappled him with his fearful claws, and kept biting him on the breast and shoulder, all the while feeling for his neck; having got hold of which, he at once dragged him away backwards round the bush into the dense shade. As the lion lay upon the unfortunate man he faintly cried, 'Help me, help me! Oh, God! men, help me!' After which the fearful beast got a hold of his neck, and then all was still, except that his comrades heard the bones of his neck cracking between the teeth of the lion. John Stofolus had lain with his back to the fire on the opposite side, and on hearing the lion he sprang up, and seizing a large flaming brand, he had belabored him on the head with the burning wood; but the brute did not take any notice of him. The bushman had a narrow escape; he was not altogether scatheless, the lion having inflicted two gashes in his seat with his claws.

From a New Work entitled Notes from Nineveh.

THE WANDERING TRIBES OF TARTARY.

To the northeast of Persia extend the widely spread plains of Tartary, which from the earliest ages were inhabited by wandering tribes, who maintain even to this day, the habits of a pastoral and nomadic race. The first remarkable notice of these warlike shepherds occur in the thirteenth century of the Christian era. The first chieftain who possessed sufficient influence to cement together the various conflicting hordes, was Chengis, or Gengis Khan. Before this time, the Tartars lived in subjection to the monarchs of Cathay, or China, and are spoken of by Bar Hebraeus as a race whose savage and uncivilized habits provoked the disgust of their contemporaries. Their clothing was composed of the skins of wolves and of dogs, and they fed greedily on the carrion of dead animals. Their leader was distinguished by an iron stirrup borne before him, which served as standard in their numerous predatory expeditions.

The religion of this wild people seems to have resembled the rude and baseless superstitions of the early Turcomans. They professed to believe in a god, but they paid him neither honor nor worship, while they received with avidity the predictions and advice of certain kami, or soothsayers, whose credit was however destroyed by the contrivance of Gengis Khan. Having understood that the Chinese possessed magnificent idols and priests of uncommon wisdom, he sent an embassy to request that some of the