

Pitt had conceived for her. Thus, her tribunes, her public papers, her popular meetings, her very streets and public places rung with indignation against her Government and her aristocracy. The ground trembled in London under the steps of the multitude that assembled at the slightest appeal or opportunity; the language of the people breathed anger; the physiognomies hatred of class to class; hideous poverty hung up its tatters before the doors of the most sumptuous quarters; women in a state of emaciation, hectic children, and ghastly men were seen wandering with a threatening carelessness about shops or warehouses loaded with riches; the constables and the troops were insufficient, after the scandalous process of the Queen, to bridle that perpetual sedition of discontent and of hunger. The painful consciousness of a tempest hanging over Great Britain was felt in the air. A cabinet, the author and victim of that false position, sunk under the effort. A statesman sought in despair a refuge against the difficulties which he saw accumulating on his country, and which he could no longer dominate but by force. I avow that I myself, at that time young and a foreigner, and not yet knowing the solidity or the elasticity of the institutions and the manners of England, was deceived, like everybody else, by these sinister symptoms of a fall, and that I prognosticated, as everybody else also did, the approaching decline and fall of this great and mysterious country. The Ministry of Mr Canning placed me happily in the wrong.

I saw England again in 1850, a few months after our revolution July. At that time the political Government of England was moderate, reasonable and wise. It endeavored, as Lord Palmerston, as Sir Robert Peel, as the Duke of Wellington have done, after the revolution of February, to prevent a collision on the continent between the revolution and counter-revolution. It then refused, as it refused in 1848, to be a party to anti-French or anti-republican coalition. It proclaimed not only the right and independence of nationalities, but also the right and independence of revolutions. It thus humanely avoided irritating the revolutionists. It spared Europe the effusion of much blood. But in 1830 it was the misery of the English and Irish proletaires, that frightened the regards and brought consternation to the thoughts of observers. Ireland was dying of inanition. The manufacturing districts of the three kingdoms having produced more than the world could consume during the fifteen years of peace, left an overflow of manufactures; the masses, emaciated, vitiated in body and mind, and vitiated by their hatred against the classes of society who possess. The manufacturers had dismissed armies of workmen without bread; these black columns were to be seen with their mud coloured jackets, dotting the avenues and streets of London, like columns of insects whose nests had been upset, and who blackened the soil under their steps.

The vices and brutishness of these masses of proletaires, degraded by ignorance and hunger—their alternate poverty and debaucheries—their promiscuousness of ages, of sexes, of dens of fœtid straw—their bedding in cellars and garrets—their hideous clamours, to be met with at certain hours of the morning in certain lanes of the unclean districts of London—when that human vermin emerged into the light of the sun, with howling, groaning or laughter that was really Satanic, would have made these masses of free creatures really envy the fate of the black slaves of our colonies—masses that are abused and flogged, but at all events loathed! It was the recruiting of the army of Marius; all that was wanting was a flag. Social war was visible there, with all its horrors and its furies. Everybody saw it, and I myself forebode it like everybody else. These symptoms struck me as so much evidence of an approaching overthrow for a constitution which thus allowed its vices to stagnate and mantle, that having some portion of my patrimony in England, I hastened to remove it, and to place it where it would be sheltered from a wreck which appeared to me to be inevitable. During that time the aristocracy and the great proprietary of England appeared insensible to these prognostics of social war, scandalised the eyes of the public by the contrast of their Asiatic luxuries with these calamities, absented themselves from their properties during whole years, and were travelling from Paris to Naples and to Florence, while at the same time propagating speculative or incendiary liberalism with the Liberals of the continent. Who would not have trembled for such a country.

(Remainder next week.)

From the Graham Town Journal.

THE LOCUST BIRD.

It is most gratifying to state that the locust bird has made its appearance in the adjoining district of fort Beauford in great numbers. Opportunity was afforded us, about nine days since, of witnessing several flights of this bird, and it was peculiarly interesting, in connection with their great services to man, to observe their rapid but graceful motions while in pursuit of their prey. Their numbers, like the locusts, are incredible, presenting at a distance the appearance of a dark cloud floating in graceful evolutions in the clear atmosphere. Their pursuit of the locust is incessant, soaring occasionally into regions so high, as to appear to the spectator a mere speck, and then descending with the velocity of a swallow, which they greatly resemble when on the wing, to the surface of the earth. The largest flight of locusts is destroyed by them in a day or two, and sometimes in a few hours, and thus merciful provision is

made by an ever-watchful Providence against a scourge which, but for Omnipotent Power, would speedily lay bare and render useless some of the fairest regions of the earth.

IL ZINGARO.

A TALE.

Among the great men of the middle ages may be reckoned he who is known among Italian painters by the name of Il Zingaro, or 'The Gipsy,' a man whose story we could never read without thanking God for giving us such a witness in such an age.

Il Zingaro, as his name imports, was a gipsy, and belonged to a band which wandered among the mountain solitudes of the Abruzzi. In the course of some of his rambles he performed some service for a celebrated painter of that day, named Colantine del Fiore, who was so pleased with his activity and obliging disposition, that he took him to his own house and made him his assistant. Il Zingaro would not have remained long a servant to any man—for his heart was among the woods and wilds where he had been used to dwell—but the bright eyes of Anetti, his master's only daughter, were a spell to keep him by her side. They wandered through the sunny fields, they sang the delicious songs of their native land together, and revelled in all the luxury of young, innocent, and trusting love.

Years rolled on, and the love of Il Zingaro and Anetti del Fiore grew with their growth, and strengthened with their strength. They loved each other with that strange over-mastering passion that can never be conceived, and is but rarely felt by the native of a colder clime. At length Il Zingaro resolved to ask Colantine for his daughter. Ask for her he did; and was turned out of doors for his pains, with the additional comfort of knowing that Colantine had vowed to his patron saint that Anetti should never wed, save with a better painter than himself. Our poor gipsy's prospects were now gloomy enough; but, taking counsel of his own bold heart, he resolved to dare and do what man could to gain her of whose constancy he felt assured.

About the middle of the fourteenth century, the most celebrated school of painting in Italy was that of Lippo Dalmassio of Bologna. Thither accordingly Il Zingaro wended, resolved to study under that great master of the art, which was to be his passport to happiness and fame. How to raise the money to pay Lippo's admission fees was the grand difficulty. Our hero was considering how he could overcome it, when the cry of 'water' rung in his ears. Instantly his resolution was formed: he resolved to be a water carrier.

Il Zingaro was soon noted as the most expert and obliging water-carrier in all Bologna. The maids smiled on him, and his brethren in trade envied him; but he was alike proof against smiles and envy. He labored on from day to day, and from week to week, until he had amassed the destined admission money; and then, with a light heart, he enrolled his name as one of Lippo's students. He was then no longer to be seen during the mid-day hours amongst the other water-carriers—for he was then eagerly prosecuting his studies—but at evenings and mornings he was still to be found at his ordinary place, as expert and obliging as ever.

Il Zingaro's strange conduct at length attracted the notice of Lippo Dalmassio. Rightly judging that there must be something extraordinary in a young man who had such a love for his art, he began to distinguish him among his students. He placed him in situations where his talents could be shown to the best advantage, and his fame as a painter rose as rapidly as his fame as a water-carrier had done. Five years did Il Zingaro prosecute his studies with untiring diligence, till at length he was declared master of his art. He was then called upon, as was the custom of Lippo's school, to paint a picture as a proof of his proficiency. The subject given him was a Madonna and child. Well knowing that his fate and prospects depended on this picture, Il Zingaro put forth all his powers. No countenance could his imagination call up for the Madonna, save that of his beloved Anetti; and his sad thoughts of what she might then be suffering for his sake mingled themselves with his handiwork, and gave to the Madonna such an air of refined and holy melancholy, that all who looked upon the picture were struck by it. The Bolognese were in raptures with the young painter and his picture. The rich flattered, and the beautiful smiled on him. Those who would have trampled the poor gipsy, or tired water-carrier, under their horses' feet with little or no remorse, thought themselves honored by the notice of the young painter.

But Bologna had few charms for Il Zingaro, and he accordingly transferred his picture and himself to Naples. There, by good luck, he sold his work to a Neapolitan princess, whose family painter was no less a personage than our old friend Colantine del Fiore. Loud were the exclamations of Colantine when he saw the now celebrated picture; but they were louder still when he found that it was painted by the same gipsy boy whom he turned from his door with contempt. The old man's pride was now humbled, and Il Zingaro found the reward of his genius and perseverance in the love of Anetti del Fiore.

Such is the story of Il Zingaro; and we trust that when the names of those men who have held their nobility by heaven's charter—who have exalted the dignity of human nature, and set before men such a noble example—are repeated and treasured up in the chambers of the heart, that the name of the gipsy painter of Italy will not be forgotten.

If this tale should fall under the eye of any one who, in secret, is striving against the cold

hearted pride and *keep-him-downism* of the world, to raise himself in the scale of being—and if it should for one moment cheer him under his labors, or strengthen his resolution, then will the writer be satisfied that it has not been written in vain.

From Cumming's Five Years' Adventure in South Africa.

ENCOUNTER WITH A LIONESS.

THE lioness having had a long start of me, we went over a considerable extent of ground before I came up with her. She was a large, full-grown beast, and the bare and level nature of the plain added to her imposing appearance. Finding that I gained upon her, she reduced her pace from a canter to a trot, carrying her tail stuck out behind her, and slewed a little to one side. I shouted loudly to her to stop, as I wished to speak with her, upon which she suddenly pulled up, and sat on her haunches like a dog, with her back towards me, not even deigning to look round. She then appeared to say to herself, 'Does this fellow know who he is after?' Having then sat for half a minute, as if involved in thought, she sprang to her feet, and, facing about, stood looking at me for a few seconds, moving her tail slowly from side to side, showing her teeth, and growling fiercely. She next made a short run forwards, making a loud, rumbling noise, like thunder. This she did to intimidate me; but, finding that I did not flinch an inch, nor seem to heed her hostile demonstrations, she quietly stretched out her massive arms, and lay down on the grass. My Hottentots now coming up, we all three dismounted, and, drawing our rifles from their holsters, we looked to see if the powder was up in the nipples, and put on our caps. While this was doing the lioness sat up, and showed evident symptoms of uneasiness. She looked first at us, and then behind her, as if to see if the coast was clear; after which she made a short run towards us, uttering her deep-drawn murderous growls. Having secured the three horses to one another by the reins, we led them on as if we intended to pass her, in the hope of obtaining a broadside. But this she carefully avoided to expose, presenting only her full front. I had given Stofolus my Moore rifle, with orders to shoot her if she should spring upon me, but on no account to fire before me. Kleinboy was to stand ready to hand me my Purday rifle, in case the two-grooved Dixon should not prove sufficient. My men as yet had been steady, but they were in a precious stew, their faces having assumed a ghastly paleness; and I had a painful feeling that I could place no reliance on them. Now, then, for it, neck or nothing. She is within sixty yards of us, and she still keeps advancing. We turned the horses' tails to her. I knelt on one side, and taking a steady aim at her breast, let fly. The ball cracked loudly on her tawny hide, and crippled her in the shoulder, upon which she charged with an appalling roar, and in the twinkling of an eye she was in the midst of us. At this moment Stofolus's rifle exploded in his hand, and Kleinboy, whom I had ordered to stand ready by me, danced about like a duck in a gale of wind. The lioness sprang upon Colesberg and fearfully lacerated his ribs and haunches with her horrid teeth and claws; the worst wound was on his haunch, which exhibited a sickening, yawning gash, more than twelve inches long, almost laying bare the very bone. I was very cool and steady, and did not feel in the least degree nervous, having fortunately great confidence in my own shooting; but I must confess, when the whole affair was over I felt that it was a very awful situation, and attended with extreme peril, as I had no friend with me on whom I could rely. When the lioness sprang upon Colesberg, I stood out from the horses, ready with my second barrel for the first chance she would give me of a clear shot. This she quickly did; for, seeming satisfied with the revenge she had now taken, she quitted Colesberg, and slew her tail to one side, trotted sulkily past within a few paces of me, taking one step to the left. I pitched my rifle to my shoulder, and in another second the lioness was stretched on the plain a lifeless corpse. In the struggles of death she half turned on her back, and stretched her neck and fore arms convulsively, when she fell back into her former position; her mighty arms hung powerless by her side, her lower jaw fell, blood streamed from her mouth, and she expired. At the moment I fired my second shot, Stofolus, who hardly knew whether he was alive or dead, allowed the horses to escape. These galloped frantically across the plain; on which he and Kleinboy instantly started after them, leaving me alone and unarmed within a few paces of the lioness, which they, from their anxiety to be out of the way, evidently considered quite capable of doing further mischief.

A FAITHFUL SLAVE.

THE following is an extract from the Will of Judge Upshur, late Secretary of State of the United States, killed by the explosion on board the steamer Princeton:—"I emancipate and set free my servant David Rich, and direct my executors to give him one hundred dollars. I recommend him in the strongest manner to the respect, esteem, and confidence of any community in which he may happen to live. He has been my slave for twenty-four years, during all which time he has been trusted to every extent, and in every respect. My confidence in him has been unbounded; his relation to myself and family has always been such as to afford him daily opportunities to deceive and injure us, and yet he has never

been detected in any serious fault, nor even in an unintentional breach of the decorums of his station. His intelligence is of a high order, his integrity above all suspicion, and his sense of right and propriety correct, and even refined. I feel that he is justly entitled to carry this certificate from me in the new relations which he must now form: it is due to his long and most faithful services, and to the sincere and steady friendship which I bear him. In the uninterrupted and confidential intercourse of twenty-four years, I have never given, nor had occasion to give, him an unpleasant word. I know of no man who has fewer faults or more excellencies than he."

From Reid's Rifle Rangers.

LASSING A MEXICAN BULL.

AT some distance from this enclosure, thousands of cattle were now browsing upon the grassy level, their spotted flanks, and long upright horns, showing their descent from the famous race of Spanish bulls. Some of them straggling from the herd, rambled through the 'moites,' or lay stretched out under the shade of some isolated palm tree. Ox bells were tinkling their cheerful but monotonous music. Hundreds of horses and mules mingled with the herd; and we could distinguish a couple of leather clad vaqueros, galloping from point to point on their swift 'mustangs.' These, as we appeared upon the ridge, dashed out after a wild bull that had just escaped from the corral. All five, the vaqueros, the mustangs, and the bull, swept over the prairie like wind, and the bull bellowing with rage and terror; while the vaqueros were yelling in his rear, and whirling their long lassos. Their straight black hair floating in the wind, their swarthy, Arab-like faces, their high Spanish hats, their red leather 'calzoneros,' buttoned up the sides, their huge jingling spurs, and the ornamental trappings of their deep saddles, all these, combined with the perfect 'manage' of their dashing steeds, and the wild excitement of the chase in which they were engaged, rendered them objects of picturesque interest; and we halted a moment to witness the result. The bull came rushing past, within fifty paces of the place where we stood, snorting with rage, and tossing his head high in the air—his pursuers close upon him. At this moment, one of the vaqueros launched his lariat, which, floating gracefully out, settled down upon one horn. Seeing this, the vaquero did not turn his horse, but sat facing the bull, and permitted the rope to run out. It was soon carried out; and scarcely checking the animal, it slipped along the smooth horn, and spun out into the air. The second vaquero now flung out his lasso with more success. The heavy loop, skilfully projected, shot out like an arrow, and embraced both horns in its curving noose. With the quickness of thought, the vaquero wheeled his horse, buried his spurs deep into his flanks, and, pressing his thighs to the saddle, galloped off in an opposite direction. The bull dashed on as before. In a moment the lariat was stretched. The sudden jerk caused the thong to vibrate like a bowstring, and the bull lay motionless on the grass! The shock almost dragged the mustang upon his flanks. The bull lay for some time where he had fallen; then, making an effort he sprang up, and looked around him with a bewildered air. He was not yet conquered. His eye, flashing with rage, rolled round until it fell upon the rope leading from his horns to the saddle, and, suddenly lowering his head with a furious roar, he rushed upon the vaquero. The latter, who had been expecting this attack, drove the spurs into his mustang, and started in full gallop across the prairie. On followed the bull, sometimes shortening the distance between him and his enemy; while, at intervals the lariat tightening, would almost jerk him upon his head. After running for a hundred yards or so, the vaquero suddenly wheeled, and galloped out at a right angle to his former course. Before the bull could turn himself, the lariat again tightened with a jerk and flung him upon his side. This time he lay for an instant, and again springing to his feet, he dashed off in fresh pursuit. The second vaquero now came up, and as the bull rushed past, launched the lariat after, and snared him round one of the legs, drawing the noose upon his ankle. This time the bull was thrown completely over, and with such a violent shock that he lay as if dead. One of the vaqueros rode cautiously up, and bending over the saddle, unfastened both of the lariats, and let the animal free. The bull rose to his feet, and looking round in the most cowed and pitiful manner, walked quietly off, driven unrestingly towards the corral.

THE ELEPHANT EXECUTIONERS OF CEYLON.

THAT elephants possess the faculty of memory to an extraordinary extent has been evinced in numberless instances, and that they also understand the meaning of language has been distinctly proved, and we will adduce the following in corroboration of our assertion:—

During the last native dynasty it was the practice to train elephants to put criminals to death by trampling upon them, the creatures being taught to prolong the agony of the wretched sufferers by crushing the limbs, avoiding the vital parts. With the last tyrant King of Kandy this was a favorite mode of execution, and as one of the elephant executioners was at the former capital, during our sojourn there, we were particularly anxious to test the creature's sagacity and memory. The animal was mottled, and of enormous size, and was quietly standing, with his keeper seated upon his neck; the noble who ac-