

whole interior wet with its splashing. No gallery has been found which leads to the bottom of this most beautiful dome. We found other similar domes in which the pendant curtains just described had fallen; and portions of it but little removed from their original position seemed poised to a second fall.

Of the mysterious rivers, with their many-tongued echoes—the mounds of mud and drift which they annually heap up—the long miles of avenues which stretch away beyond them, rugged or smooth—and also of the vaulted ceilings, crystal grottoes, and gypsum coronets, which tempt the mineralogist to untiring explorations, I shall say nothing, having already trespassed so far upon your patience.

A CHASE.

Within twenty years from the foundation of the village, the deer had already become rare, and in a brief period later, they had died from the country. One of the last of these beautiful creatures seen in the waters of our lake, occasioned a chase of much interest, though under very different circumstances from those of a regular hunt. A pretty little fawn had been brought in very young from the woods, and nursed and petted by a lady in the village until it had become as tame as possible. It was graceful, as these little creatures always are, and so gentle and playful, that it became a great favourite, following the different members of the family about, caressed by the neighbours, and welcome every where. One morning, after gambolling about as usual until weary, it threw itself down in the sunshine, at the feet of one of its friends, upon the steps of a store. There came along a countryman, who for several years had been a hunter by pursuit, and who still kept several dogs; one of his hounds came to the village with him on this occasion. The dog, as it approached the spot where the fawn lay, suddenly stopped; the little animal saw him, and started to his feet. It had lived more than half its life among the villagers, and had apparently lost all fear of them, but it seemed now to know instinctively that an enemy was at hand. In an instant a change came over it, and the gentleman who related the incident, and who was standing by at the moment, observed that he had never in his life seen a finer sight than the sudden arousing of instinct in that beautiful creature. In a second its whole character and appearance seemed changed, all its past habits were forgotten, every wild impulse was awake, its head erect, its nostrils dilated, its eye flashing. In another instant, before the spectators had thought of danger, before its friends could secure it, the fawn was leaping wildly through the street, and the hound in full pursuit. The bystanders were eager to save it; several persons instantly followed its track, the friends who had long fed and fondled it, calling the name it had hitherto known, but in vain.—The hunter endeavoured to whistle back his dog, but with no better success. In half a minute the fawn had turned the first corner, dashed onward toward the lake, and threw itself into the water. But, if for a moment the startled creature believed itself safe in the cold bosom of the lake, it was soon undeceived; the hound followed in hot and eager chase, while a dozen of the village dogs joined blindly in the pursuit. Quite a crowd collected on the bank, men, women, and children, anxious for the fate of the little creature known to them all. Some threw themselves into boats, hoping to intercept the hound before he reached his prey; but the splashing of the oars, the eager voices of the men and boys, and the barking of the dogs, must have filled the beating heart of the poor fawn with terror and anguish, as though every creature on the spot where it had once been caressed and fondled had suddenly turned into a deadly foe. It was soon seen that the little animal was directing its course across a bay towards the nearest borders of the forest, and immediately the owner of the hound crossed the bridge, running at full speed in the same direction, hoping to stop his dog as he landed. On the fawn swam, as it never swam before, its delicate head scarcely seen above the water, but leaving a disturbed track which betrayed its course alike to anxious friends and fierce enemies. As it approached the land, the exciting interest became intense. The hunter was already on the same line of shore, calling loudly and angrily to his dog, but the animal seemed to have quite forgotten his master's voice in the pitiless pursuit. The fawn touched the land—in one leap it had crossed the narrow line of beach, and in another instant it would reach the cover of the woods. The hound followed, true to the scent, aiming at the same spot on the shore; his master, anxious to meet him, had run at full speed, and was now coming up at the most critical moment: would the dog harken to his voice, or could the hunter reach him in time to seize and control him? A shout from the village bank proclaimed that the fawn had passed out of sight into the forest; at the same instant, the hound, as he touched the land, felt the hunter's strong arm clutching his neck. The worst was believed to be over; the fawn was leaping up the mountain side, and its enemy under restraint. The other dogs, seeing their leader cowed, were easily managed. A number of persons, men and boys, dispersed themselves through the woods in search of the little creature, but without success; they all returned to the village, reporting that the animal had not been seen by them. Some persons thought, that after its fright had passed away, it would return of its own accord. It had worn a pretty collar, with its owner's name engraved upon it, so

that it could easily be known from any other fawn that might be straying about the woods. Before many hours had passed, a hunter presented himself to the lady whose pet the little creature had been, and, showing a collar with her name on it, said that he had been out in the woods, and saw a fawn in the distance; the little animal, instead of bounding away, as he expected, moved toward him; he took aim, fired, and shot it to the heart. When he found the collar about its neck, he was very sorry he had killed it. And so the poor little thing died. One would have thought that terrible chase would have made it afraid of man; but no; it forgot the evil, and remembered the kindness only, and came to meet as a friend the hunter who shot it.

From Hogg's Instructor. THE GRAVE-WORM.

We come, we come, of a slimy brood;
In the cold dark grave we seek our food;
In the gloomy danks of the silent tomb,
We feast on the remnants of beauty's bloom;

And on the lip of a highborn belle,
The traces we leave are too fearful to tell;
We roll and rear in the sightless eye,
And on silken tresses how snugly we lie;

For, how gorgeous soever the dress of the dead,
And how softly and high they have laid their head,
The trappings of loyalty ever so grand,
Soon crumble and rot in our slimy land.

Oh we reign undisturb'd o'er the victims of death;
They are ours, they are ours, when they yield their breath;
When the soft, warm heart hath sunk into rest,
We revel, how soon! on the cold, damp breast.

Oh Beauty, look down a tomb where we lie,
You will think it a horrible thing to die;
You will shudder to gaze on our loathsome crew,
And shut from your sight such a fearful view;

But hast thou e'er thought that a form so fair
As thine the same fate should ever share?
Around thee, and near thee, death's arrows are flying;
The time will soon come when thou too art dying;

And then, and then, in a close embrace,
With the world thou'lt lie, and that beautiful face
Will alter so strangely, a friend may not tell
The features or form that he loved so well;

The color of roses that blooms on thy cheek,
Will be changed for a hue that we dare not speak.
And the smile on thy lip, and the glance of thine eye,
Will speedily change when thou comest to die.

But why should ye tremble, frail beings of earth?
Thy doom was written before thy birth.
Oh, there's many a heart with sorrow oppressed,
Would fain lie down with the worm to rest—

Fain would pillow the weary and aching head
In that narrow house, and that dreamless bed.

Oh, many a strange, sad sight we've seen,
In our lonely home, in the churchyard green:

We have clung to the infant that scarce drew breath
Ere it sunk into rest in the arms of death;
We have heard the faint shriek of the childless one,
As she wept o'er the grave of her first-born son;

We have clasp'd the young bride in a warm embrace—
We have look'd in the husband's despairing face;
We have nestled amid the rich curls of gold,
We have coil'd up ourselves in each silken fold;

And many a rosy lip, I ween,
Hath been kiss'd by us in the grave unseen;
We have crept our cold slime over manhood's prime,
A pray to the spoiler before his time;

And the haughty brow, and the eagle eye,
Wear a humbled look when with us they lie.
Silent and sad is the work of decay—
Dust crumbling to dust, and the clay to clay.

SEA LIFE.

What can there be in the bare abstract sea-life, that it is so all-surpassing, so many seducing? If a man, with reverence be it said, be fond of any one pursuit natural to man or boyhood, he must resign it at sea; if he loves angling, or archery, or balls, or billiards, or cricket, or dancing, or driving, or elegance, or eating or fishing, or fowling, or gardening, or hunting, or horses, or independence, or leisure, or love, or music, or news, or novelty, or research, or racing, or shooting, or skating, or travelling, or tennis, or his father, or mother, or wife, or children, or family, or—or—or—indeed anything, in short, save salt beef and salt water, let him stay on shore.

THURSDAY'S MAIL.

EUROPE.

From Willmer and Smith's European Times,
February 7.

It is worthy of remark that, on the first night of the session, the leader of the Opposition in the Upper House, and the Head of the Ministry in Lower House, deemed it necessary, in discussing the present melancholy position of France, to strongly censure the honest tone of reprobation in which the English press, with scarcely an exception, has spoken of the acts of the usurper. Lord Derby's allusion to this point was much more bitter and sarcastic than Lord John Russell's, and his remarks about the President were far more eulogistic than many will consider the conduct of that functionary deserved. But this is not the first occasion, even during recent years, in which leading English statesmen have betrayed an undue apprehension of the power of the press, and an unworthy jealousy of its influence. The English Press, at the present time, is a very fair exponent of the national feeling on all great questions of the day. All the parties into which the nation is divided are represented with tolerable fidelity in our current political literature. There may be exceptional cases, but the rule is as we have stated it. Now, the unanimity amongst writers, who differ on almost every other subject, in condemning the atrocious means by which Louis Napoleon has climbed to absolute power, may be taken as tolerably conclusive evidence that nothing short of the basest moral turpitude could have produced, on this side of the Channel, such a general and indignant burst of execration. If the comments in the English press had been levelled at the French people, or if they had been in any manner offensive to them as a nation, we would have understood the anxiety of both the noble lords on this subject. But the very reverse of this has been the fact. The press of this country is, at the present moment, the only free one in Europe, and in denouncing such gigantic infamies as those to which Louis Napoleon has had recourse in his wretched attempts to ape his uncle, it is well that the organs of opinion are untrammelled by official etiquette. We can afford to call things by their right names, and villainy is not to be the less denounced and abhorred because it happens to be for the moment successful.

Whether Louis Napoleon now perceives that his decrees for the confiscation of the Orleans property have alienated all classes from him, and that it is policy to pause in his career, certain it is that his more recent acts are marked by some touch of clemency. M. Dupin and his co-executors published a solemn protest in a Belgium Journal against the spoliation of the Orleans property, which they demonstrated in the clearest manner, was a violation of the law of France and of common honesty. The Duke de Nemours and the Prince de Joinville, in acknowledging the reception of this solemn document, express their concurrence in the defence in the law courts of their case, which they regard as the cause of the whole of the society of France. They say they are happy for the honor of France that these shameful decrees have only dared to appear in a state of siege; and the best answer they can give against the calumnious preamble to the decree is silence. "SILENCE is the only decorous answer which can be given to slanders particularly odious, when directed against the memory of Louis Philippe—a king who had given France eighteen years of prosperity—by a man who twice experienced his magnanimity; and whose family never received from him aught but benefits." The question of the legality of the confiscation will be brought, it is said, before the tribunals, by the testamentary executors, demanding three years' arrears of rent from the Theatre Français. The lessees will no doubt refuse to pay to the executors, in face of the decree, which will thus be brought *coram iudice*. The Journal des Debats has been threatened with suppression for having published an article defending the reputation of Louis Philippe. The ex-queen Amelia has written to M. Dupin, counselling calmness to the adherents of the Orleans family. The Archbishop of Paris, the Bishops of Orleans and Rennes, and others, have renounced on the part of the poor clergy all share assigned by the decree in the spoil of the house of Orleans. The ministers of Louis Napoleon have influenced him to set at liberty a number of prisoners accused of having been implicated in the late disturbances. M. Persigny has issued a circular desiring the Prefects to liberate 'the misled insurgents,' who filled all the prisons of France. Forty-two of those at Brest, who were going to Cayenne, have been set at liberty. The military commissions have also been superceded throughout France, and they are replaced by a mixed commission, consisting of the Prefect, Military Comandant, and Procureur General, which will shortly decide on the fate of the accused. These are, of course, arbitrary tribunals under another name, which furnish not the slightest guarantee for personal liberty. An elaborate decree has appeared promulgating the new Electoral law. It is divided into five chapters. The first relates to the mode of election of the Legislative body; the second defines the conditions of the Franchise; the third determines the conditions of eligibility; the fourth recites the penal enactments; and the fifth adds some general arrangements.

The suffrage is direct and universal; the scrutiny secret. Algeria and the colonies are

wholly disfranchised. All Frenchmen of 21 years old are electors, and in fact, the admirers of Chartism will find all the points of the charter realised, and after all, when carried into effect, there will be a Legislative Chamber without power, influence, authority or respect. The whole will be a mere mockery representation, wherein neither publicity, nor the right of initiating any law exists. What little power there may be will reside in the paid Senate, who will be the mere instruments of Louis Napoleon.

It is difficult to judge accurately of the internal state of France. It cannot be concealed, however, that numerous arrests continue to be made in all parts of the country. We hear daily of the apprehension, or deportation of a great number of persons, but the ultimate fate of those arrested scarcely ever comes to light from the dark recesses of the dungeon. M. Cabet, the famous Icarian chief has been sent away by the police to England.—In the higher circles of Paris the most disgraceful system of espionage seems to prevail. Reports of the interference of the Prefect of Police with the amusements, and even conversation of the frequenters of the Parisian salons, develop a state of social servitude and degradation more humiliating than even that which existed in the days of the infamous Fouché. With regard to the foreign relations of France, we need only say that Spain has been threatened, and a demand made for payment of the debt due to the war of 1823. Belgium has been overawed, and its honorable-minded King has been forced reluctantly to interfere with the press, and otherwise to do the bidding of the ruler of France. The *Bulletin Français* has been seized at Brussels. In Switzerland matters are assuming a serious aspect; and it is generally believed that, to overawe the Radical party, a French and Prussian Army of intervention will occupy Switzerland. France ignores the claims of Prussia Neuchâtel, whilst on the other hand, Austria would not permit two neutral powers to approach so near her frontiers. But Switzerland once in the power of France, she can threaten Italy, Austria and Prussia, and whenever the Prince President is disposed to make war, he will not be wanting in pretexts for the glory and aggrandisement of France.

By a telegraphic despatch, we learn that an attempt on the life of the Queen of Spain was made on the 2nd inst., which we believe was the day appointed for her to go out and take her first airing to the church of Atocha, to be churched after her accouchement. Her Majesty was struck on the shoulder by a pistol shot, but at present the wound is reported to be not dangerous.

Since our last we have fresh news from the Cape to the 28th December. Nothing decisive had taken place which could determine the issue of the war. Sir H. Smith has not moved from King William's Town for the last ten months, and as we have frequently said, has been virtually a prisoner, hemmed in by the Kaffirs, who unmolested till their fields and gardens in sight of the garrison. It is said that the chief Seyolo has made overtures to ascertain upon what terms he may come in and surrender; which, if true, would indicate that the reprisals which our troops have recently made of cattle across Kei River have dispirited the enemy. These captures have been to the extent of several thousand head of cattle, and this is the only mode of producing an effect upon the enemy. The abandonment of the Orange River Sovereignty is spoken of; but this is not the portion of the colony which gives us the most trouble. The predatory Kaffirs are nearer to us and must be rooted out of British Kaffraria, before we can hope for any permanent security. No two persons agree upon the proper line of frontier, nor indeed upon the policy which should be followed to keep the Kaffirs in subjection, and yet effectually to control their predatory habits.

TRADE.—The explanations in Parliament are generally viewed as having postponed at least, if not diminished the chances of the expected ministerial crisis, and all sorts of securities have consequently advanced since the delivery of the royal speech on Tuesday last; although some disappointment is expressed at the absence of any contemplated reform in the customs or excise. The produce markets have also partaken of the improvement, export operations having increased during the last few days, and many fresh orders are expected. The home trade remains good, and is evidently on the increase, but speculators, with very few exceptions, refrain from operating.

FOREIGN.

Bavaria.—In a late sitting of the second chamber at Munich, M. von Lassaulx, in giving his vote for the military estimates, stated he did so the more readily as the states of Germany must be prepared for all eventualities, since the political power in France had been seized by a 'buccanier.' The French minister made a formal remonstrance to the president of the ministry, M. von der Pfordten, against the use of such an expression by a deputy of the chambers in reference to the chief of the French Government. In the sitting of the 24th, M. von der Pfordten expressed his regret that M. von Lassaulx should have used so injurious a term; had he heard it he should have requested the hon. deputy to be called to order. The president of the chamber also stated that he had not heard the word—a declaration the chamber received with considerable