

and bewildered as they were, had time to get way upon their lugger, and were plying their sweeps with desperate energy before the revenue boat was fairly turned in direct pursuit.

The frantic effort to escape was vain, and so was the still more frantic effort of resistance offered when we ran alongside. We did not hurt them much: one or two were knocked down by the sailors' brass-budded pistols; and after being secured they had leisure to vent their rage in polyglot curses, part French, part English, and part Guernsey patois, and I to look round and see what had become of Cocquerel.

The blue-light still shed a livid radiance around, and to my inexpressible horror and dismay, I saw that the unfortunate man was suspended in the rope cradle, within about a fathom's length of the brow of the cliff, upon which Somers was standing and gazing at his victim with looks of demonic rage and triumph. The deadly trap contrived by the inexorable old man was instantly apparent, and to Cocquerel's frenzied screams for help I replied by shouting to him to cut himself loose at once, as his only chance, for the barrel of a pistol gleamed distinctly in the hand of Somers.

'Lieutenant Warneford,' cried the exulting maniac—'he was nothing less—I have caught this Cocquerel nicely for you—got him swinging here in the prettiest cradle he was ever rocked in. Ha! ha!'

'Cut loose at once!' I again shouted; and the men, as terribly impressed as myself with the horror of the wretched smuggler's position, swept the boat rapidly towards the spot. 'Somers, if you shoot that man you shall die on the gallows.'

'Cut himself loose, do you say, lieutenant?' screamed Somers, heedless of my last observation. 'He can't. He has no knife. Ha! ha! ha! And if he had, this pistol would be swifter than that; but I'll cut him loose presently, never fear. Look here, James Cocquerel,' he continued, laying himself flat on the cliff, and stretching his right arm over it, till the mouth of his pistol was within a yard of Cocquerel's head, 'this contains payment in full for your kindness to Ally Somers—a debt which I could in no other manner repay.'

At this moment the blue light suddenly expired, and we were involved in what by contrast was total darkness. We could still, however, hear the frantic laughter and exulting gibes of the merciless old man in answer to Cocquerel's shrieking appeals for mercy; and after a short while when the figures of the two men had become partially visible, we could distinguish the words, 'One, two, three,' followed by the report of a pistol, and in half a minute afterwards a dark body shot down the face of the cliff, and disappeared beneath the waters.

The body of Chequerel never appeared, and the only tidings I ever heard of Somers were contained in the Hampshire Telegraph, a journal at that time published at Portsmouth.

The body of an aged, wretched man was found frozen to death in the churchyard, on Wednesday morning last, near two adjoining graves, one of which, that of Alice Maynard, recalls the painful circumstances connected with the sad story of the death of that ill-fated, and as we believe, entirely, innocent person. At the inquest holden on Friday it was ascertained beyond a doubt, that the deceased is John Maynard, who after his wife's untimely death, assumed the name of Somers, and was, we believe the person who shot a French smuggler, with whom he had quarrelled, at the Isle of Wight under somewhat peculiar circumstances, about seven years ago. He was buried in the grave that contains the body of his son John Alice Maynard, which was interred there shortly before the commission of the homicide just alluded to. There has never been to our knowledge any regular investigation of that affair, but we believe that then, as before, Maynard's pistol was pointed by a frantic and causeless jealousy.

There are several mistakes sufficiently obvious to the reader in this paragraph, but of the main fact that John Somers, alias Maynard, perished as described in the Devonshire Journal, there can be no reasonable doubt.

A FAIR AND HAPPY MILKMAID.

A fair and happy milkmaid is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all face physic out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellences stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than outside of tissue; for, though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silk worm, she is decked in innocence a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long in bed, spoil both her complexion and condition; nature hath taught her, too, immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she rises, therefore, with chancicleer, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lamb her curfew. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk press makes the milk whiter or sweeter; for never came almond glaze or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new made hay-cock. She makes her hand hard with labor, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter even-

ings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, she sings defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair; and in choosing her garments, counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and the beehive are all her physic and surgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep in the night and fears no manner of ill, because she means none; yet to say truth, she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with eusing idle cogitations. Lastly her dreams are so chaste that she dare tell them; only a Friday's dream is all her superstition; that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she; and all her care is she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding sheet.—*Sir Thomas Overbury's Characters.*

From Hogg's Instructor.

WHAT WE MIGHT HAVE DONE.

While time doth last, shall evermore
Shall rise one yearning cry—
A voice whose echo shall resound
Unto eternity.
And mingle with the latest wail
Of many a parting one:
Oh, had we life to live again,
What good we might have done!
Such ever is the fruitless wish
Of all we e'er have met.
Who has not gazed into the past
With something of regret?
And when its bright but misspent hours
Far from our souls have gone,
We sigh, when they can come no more,
For what we might have done.

We might have stored our deathless minds
With wisdom's truths sublime,
And treasured great and lasting thoughts
From the deep page of time;
And memories left like perfume sweet,
For men to think upon,
Which they might strive to imitate
And do as we had done.

We might have meekly, humbly trod,
With mercy in our day,
And sought our suffering brother's path,
And cheer'd him on his way;
And gazed with pity not with scorn,
On misery's erring son,
Whose offer fate hath bid our hearts
For what we might have done.

We might have lent a willing ear
To merit's gentle claim,
And never suffer'd slander's breath
To blight another's name;
Nor pass with haughty spirit by
A good though humbler one;
And sweet had the remembrance been
Of all we e'er had done.

For could we justly estimate,
From what we hourly see,
How vain the fleeting things of time—
How vast eternity—
How would we seek the paths of peace
And ever strive to shun
Whate'er might cause a vain regret
For what we might have done.

Oh! many a storm shall toss the bark
On time's remorseless wave,
And many a trial meet the heart
From the cradle to the grave,
Through disappointment's icy chill,
Through passion's scorching sun:
Blest be who at the end can say,
All that I could I've done.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

LEOPARDS.

On the pampas of Paraguay, great havoc is committed among the herd of horses by the jaguars, whose strength is quite sufficient to enable them to drag off one of these animals. Azara caused the body of a horse, which had been recently killed by a jaguar, to be drawn within musket shot of a tree, in which he intended to pass the night, anticipating that the jaguar would return in the course of it, to its victim; but while he was gone to prepare for his adventure, behold the animal swam across a large and deep river, and having seized the horse with his teeth, dragged it full sixty paces to the river, swam across again with his prey, and then dragged the carcass into a neighbouring wood; and all this in sight of a person, whom Azara had placed to keep watch. But the jaguars have also an aldermanic gout for turtles, which they gratify in a very systematic manner, as related by Humboldt, who was shown large shells of turtles emptied by them.—They follow the turtles towards the beaches, where the laying of eggs is to take place, surprise them on the sand, and in order to devour them at their ease, adroitly turn them on their backs; and as they turn many more than they can devour in one night, the Indians often profit by their cunning. The jaguar pursues the turtle quite into the water, and when not very deep, digs up the eggs; they, with the crocodile, the heron, and the gallinago vulture, are the most formidable enemies the little turtles have. Humboldt justly remarks, "when we reflect on the difficulty that the naturalist finds in getting out the body of the turtle, without separating the upper and under shells, we cannot enough admire the suppleness of the jaguar's paw, which empties the double armor of the

carapace, as if the adhering parts of the muscles had been cut by means of a surgical instrument."

The rivers of South America swarm with crocodiles, and these wage perpetual war with the jaguars. It is said that when the jaguar surprises the alligator asleep on the hot sand-bank, he attacks him in a vulnerable part under the tail, and often kills him, but let the crocodile only get his antagonist into the water, and the tables are turned, for the jaguar is held down under water until he is drowned.

The onset of the jaguar is always made from behind, partaking of the stealthy, treacherous character of his tribe; if a herd of animals, or a party of men be passing, it is the last that is always the object of his attack. When he has made choice of his victim, he springs upon the neck, and placing one paw on the back of the head, while he seizes the muzzle with the other, twists the head round with a sudden jerk which dislocates the spine, and deprives it instantaneously of life; sometimes, especially when satiated with food, he is indolent and cowardly, skulking in the gloomiest depths of the forest, and scared by the most trifling causes, but when urged by the cravings of hunger, the largest quadrupeds, and man himself, are attacked with fury and success.

Mr. Darwin has given an interesting account of the habits of the jaguar: the wooded banks of the great South American rivers appear to be their favorite haunt, but south of the Plata they frequent the reeds bordering lakes; wherever they are they seem to require water. They are particularly abundant on the isles of Parana, their common prey being the carbincho, so that it is generally said, where carbinchos are plentiful, there is little fear of the jaguar; possibly, however, a jaguar which has tasted human flesh, may afterwards become dainty, and like the lions of South Africa, and the tigers of India, acquire the dreadful character of man eaters, from preferring that food to all others. It is not many years ago since a very large jaguar found his way into a church in Santa Fe; soon afterwards a very corpulent padre entering, was at once killed by him; his equally stout coadjutor, wondering what had detained the padre, went to look after him, and also fell a victim to the jaguar; a third priest, marvelling greatly at the unaccountable absence of the others, sought them and the jaguar having by this time acquired a strong clerical taste, made at him also, but he, being fortunately of the slender order dodged the animal from pillar to post, and happily made his escape; the beast was destroyed by being shot from a corner of the building, which was unroofed, and thus paid the penalty of his sacrilegious propensities.

On the Parana they have killed many woodcutters, and have even entered vessels by night. One dark night the mate of a vessel, hearing a heavy but peculiar footstep on deck, went up to see what it was, and was immediately met by a jaguar, who had come on board, seeking what he could devour: a severe struggle ensued, assistance arrived, and the brute was killed, but the man lost the use of the arm which had been ground between his teeth.

From Hogg's Instructor.

WILD SPORTS IN ALGERIA.

By M. JULES GERARD.

I knew of a large old lion in the Smauls country, and betook myself in that direction. On arriving, I heard that he was in the Bonarif, near Bainah. My tent was not yet pitched at the foot of the mountain, when I learned that he was at the Fed Jong, where, on my arrival, I found he had gained the Aures.—After travelling one hundred leagues in ten days, in the trace of my brute without catching a glimpse of anything but his footprints, I was gratified on the night of the 22d of August with the sound of my lord's voice. I had established my tent in the valley of Ousten. As there is only one path across this thickly covered valley, I found it an easy task to discover his track, and follow it to his lair. At six o'clock in the evening, I alighted upon a hillock commanding a prospect of the country around. I was accompanied by a native of the country and my spahi—one carrying my carbine the other my old gun. As I had anticipated, the lion roared under cover at dawn of day; but instead of advancing toward me, he started off in a westerly direction at such a pace that it was impossible for me to come up with him—I retraced my steps at midnight, and took up my quarters at the foot of a tree upon the path which the lion had taken. The country about this spot was cleared and cultivated. The moon being favorable, the approach of any thing could be described in every direction. I installed myself, and waited.—Weary, after a ride of several hours, over a very irregular country, and not expecting any chance that night, I enjoined my spahi to keep a good watch, and lay down. I was just about to fall asleep, when I felt a gentle pull at my burnous. On getting up I was able to make out two lions, sitting one beside the other, about one hundred paces off, and exactly on the path in which I had taken up my position. At first I thought we had been perceived, and prepared to make the best of this discovery. The moon shed a light upon the entire ground which the lions would have to cross in order to reach the tree, close to which all within a circumference of ten paces was completely dark, both on account of the thickness of the tree and the shadow cast by the foliage. My spahi,

like me, was in range of the shadow, while the Arab lay snoring ten paces off in the full light of the moon. There was no doubting the fact—it was this man who attracted the attention of the lions. I expressly forbade the spahi to wake up the Arab, as I was persuaded that when the action was over, he would be proud of having served as a bait even without knowing it. I then prepared my arms, and placed them against the tree and got up, in order the better to observe the movements of the enemy. They were not less than half an hour traversing a distance of one hundred metres. Although the ground was open, I could only see them when they raised their heads to make sure that the Arab was still there. They took advantage of every stone and every tuft of grass to render themselves invisible; at last the boldest of them came up crouching on his belly to within ten paces of me and fifteen of the Arab. His eyes were fixed on the latter and with such an expression that I was afraid that I had waited too long.—The second, who had stayed a few paces behind, came and placed himself on a level with, and about four or five paces from the first. I then saw for the first time that they were full grown lionesses. I took aim at the first, and she came rolling and roaring down to the foot of the tree. The Arab was scarcely awakened, when a second ball stretched her dead upon the spot. The first bullet went in at the middle and came out at the tail; the second had gone through the heart. After making sure that my men were all right, I looked out for the second lioness. She was standing up within fifteen paces, looking at what was going on around her. I took my gun and levelled it at her. She squatted down. When I fired she staggered, roaring, and disappeared in a field of maize on the edge of the road. On approaching, I found by her moaning that she was still alive, and did not venture at night into the thick plantation which sheltered her. As soon as it was day I went to the spot where she had fallen, and all I found were blood-marks showing her track in the direction of the wood. After sending the dead lioness to the neighboring garrison, who celebrated its arrival by a banquet, I returned to my post of the previous night. A little after sunset, the lion roared for the first time, but instead of quitting his lair, he remained there all night roaring as if he were mad. Convinced that the wounded lioness was there, I sent on the morning of the 34th two Arabs to explore the cover. They returned without daring to approach it.

On the night of the 24th, there was the same roaring and complaining of the lion on the mountain and under cover. On the 25th at five in the evening, I had a young goat muzzled, and proceeded with it to the mountain. The lair was exceedingly difficult of access; nevertheless I succeeded at last by crawling now on my hands and now on my belly, in reaching it. Having discovered certain indications of the presence of the inhabitants of this locality, I had the goat unmuzzled and tied to a tree. Then followed the most corical panic on the part of the Arabs who were carrying my arms. Seeing themselves in the middle of the lion's lair, whom they could distinctly smell, and hearing the horrified goat crying out with all its might, was a position perfectly intolerable to them. After consulting together as to whether it were better to climb a tree or clamber on a rock, they asked permission to remain near the goat. This confidence pleased me, and obtained them the privilege of a place at my side. I had not been there a quarter of an hour when the lioness appeared; she found herself suddenly beside the goat, and looked about her with an air of astonishment. I fired and she fell without a struggle. The Arabs were already kissing my hands, and I myself believed her dead, when she got up again as though nothing was the matter, and showed us all her teeth. One of the Arabs who had run toward her was within six paces of her. On seeing her get up, he clung to the lower branches of the tree to which the goat was tied, and disappeared like a squirrel. The lioness fell dead at the foot of the tree, a second bullet piercing her through the heart. The first had passed out at the nape of the neck without breaking the skull bone.

IMPOSSIBILITIES POSSIBLE.

What mere assertion will make any one believe that in one second of time, in one beat of the pendulum of a clock, a ray of light travels over 192,000 miles, and would therefore perform the tour of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink with our eyelids, and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride? What mortal can be made to believe, without demonstration, that the sun is almost a million times larger than the earth? And that, although so remote from us that a cannon-ball shot directly towards it, and maintaining its full speed, would be twenty years reaching it, it yet affects the earth by its attraction in an inappreciable instant of time? Who would not ask for demonstration, when told that a goat's wing, in its ordinary flight, beats many hundred times in a second; or that there exists animated and regularly organised beings, many thousands of whose bodies, laid close together, would not extend an inch? But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical inquiries have disclosed, which teach us that every point of a medium through which a ray of light passes is affected with a succession of periodical movements, regularly occurring at equal intervals, no less