

the gambling house—justice discovered that he had been drummed out of the army as a vagabond, years ago; that he had been guilty of all sorts of villainies since; that he was in possession of stolen property, which the owner identified; and that he, the croupier, another accomplice, and the woman who had made my cup of coffee, were all in the secret of the bedstead. There appeared some reason to doubt whether the inferior persons attached to the house knew any thing of the suffocating machinery; and they received the benefit of that doubt, by being treated simply as thieves and vagabonds. As for the Old Soldier and his two head myrmidons, they went to the galleys; the woman who had drugged my coffee was imprisoned for I forget how many years; the regular attendants at the gambling house were considered 'suspicious,' and placed under 'surveillance,' and I became, for one whole week (which is a long time), the head 'lion' in Parisian society.

My adventure was dramatized by three illustrious playwrights, but never saw theatrical daylight; for the censorship forbade the introduction on the stage of a correct copy of the gambling house bedstead.

Two good results were produced by my adventure, which any censorship must have approved. In the first place, it helped to justify the government in forthwith carrying out their determination to put down all gambling houses; in the second place, it cured me of ever again trying 'Rouge et Noir' as an amusement. The sight of a green cloth, with packs of cards and heaps of money on it, will henceforth be forever associated in my mind with the sight of a bed canopy descending to suffocate me, in the silence and darkness of the night.

Just as Mr Faulkner pronounced the last words, he started in his chair, and assumed a stiff, dignified position, in a great hurry. 'Bless my soul!' cried he—with a comic look of astonishment and vexation—'while I have been telling you what is the real secret of my interest in the sketch you have so kindly given to me, I have altogether forgotten that I came here to sit for my portrait. For the last hour, or more, I must have been the worst model you ever had to paint from!'

'On the contrary, you have been the best,' said I. 'I have been painting from your expression; and, while telling your story, you have unconsciously shown me the natural expression I wanted.'

A CAPE BALL-ROOM.

A wealthy old Indian officer, with excellent appointments in the company's service, is travelling in the colony for the benefit of his health. He goes to every doctor in every town, and takes all they prescribe, but finds himself no better. His malady is that produced by good living in a tropical climate. At length he falls in with a shrewd apothecary from the north country, who sees at a glance that the old gentleman only wants air and exercise; but, not being an Abernethy, he is not blunt enough to say so. He prescribes, of course, the mildest and most innocent of pills and draughts, and sends his patient for a long canter every day. The patient gets well, and his gratitude is immense—his admiration of the apothecary's professional skill is unbounded. He forthwith writes him a check for £1,000, and invites him with his wife and family to accompany him back to Bombay, when he shall return thither. Meanwhile in an ecstasy of delight, he journeys about the country, and gives balls to everybody everywhere. To-night he gives us one at Graham's Town. We enter a large, long room in the hotel between eight and nine o'clock. The company are nearly all assembled; for, when they do get a ball at the Cape, and especially at Graham's Town, they take time by the forelock, being considerably in doubt when they may chance to see another.

'Let us turn to the ladies. Alas! they don't look so brilliant in complexion as in old England. The sun is a brilliant destroyer of bloom on a maiden's cheek; still there are some pretty damsels among them, and not so badly 'got up' for the land of the Desert. We ask one to dance, and she accepts. Now comes the puzzle. What the deuce is a man to talk about in a Cape ball room? There is neither opera nor theatre, nor park, nor concerts, nor court, nor news; even the weather—that eternal refuge for the destitute of small talk—won't do in a country where it is always fine. We wish we could think of something entertaining. We begin to quiz some of the company (dangerous, by the way, as you may chance to select your partner's brother, or husband, or papa for your shafts of ridicule); but we find the young lady has no taste for the humorous. We talk about the beauty of the scene; the shortest monosyllable issues from the fair one's lips, and all is silent again. We begin to suspect we are very stupid, and feel proportionately uncomfortable. A bright idea strikes us. 'Do you live in the town, or in the country?'—'In the country.' We hesitate a moment, and then, making a plunge, we say, 'How many head of cattle have you got?' 'What a start for a ball room confab with a pretty girl! No matter, it was at all events successful;'

And success is much in all things, but especially in youth.'

No sooner had that magic question passed our lips, than the fair one's lips were opened also, and forth poured a torrent of information, touching cows and sheep, the breeding and rearing of them, the milking and shearing thereof, and such a quantity of practical farming observations, that we half expected she would offer to 'deal' with us, if we were

disposed to make an investment in the butter or wool line. * * * Until I went to a ball at the Cape, I never knew what thorough enjoyment of dancing was. The Africans, blessing on their simple souls! don't walk through a quadrille, or glide through a polka; but they pound away with feet and arms, and the 'orient humour' oozing from each pore of face, and hands, and neck, bears witness to the energy of their movements. And then the supper! Your partner does not take a little piece of trifle, or a cream, or a tart, and sip a thimble spoonful of negus, but she demolishes all the chicken and ham you give her, and drinks every drop of the three bumpers of champagne you pour out for her, and looks all the happier for both. As for yourself, you attack everything you can lay hands on; and, after the ladies have retired, you find yourself actually indulging in that highly dangerous and deleterious practice of 'burrubing' in response to the toast of the 'Ladies' which that fat man in a red face and a white waistcoat, with an uncomfortable tendency to work its way up to his chin, has just proposed. You find, too, that you come down again to that same supper room after the fair ones have begun to depart for their homes; you find that you prefer brandy and water to the doubtful champagne and suspicious claret; you find that you have a cigar in your pocket, and you smoke it; you find that you can sing capitolly—in a chorus; and, lastly, if you do find your way home, you are a lucky fellow.—*Five Years' Residence in South Africa.*

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE FROZEN DEAD,

IN THE MORGUE OF THE HOSPICE OF THE GRAND ST. BERNARD.

Suggested by a passage from Dr. Cheever's 'Wanderings of a Pilgrim,' which appeared in an early number of the 'Instructor.'

Uncoffin'd all—no shrouds enwrap
The still and pulseless breast,
Nor lie they on the kind earth's lap,
Beside their loved, at rest;
Nor are their stiffened limbs composed,
Nor are their eyes serenely closed.

No weeper pale bent o'er their clay,
In the hush'd evening hours,
No friend came with return of day
To strew their corpse with flowers:
They pass'd away in darkness lone,
And nought but wailing winds made moan.

A maid reclines there, as she slept
The treacherous snows among,
Nor woke, although the avalanche swept
With mighty noise along,
Nor felt the cold lavange's breath,
For 'tis less chill than that of death.

There kneels a child, as 'mid the gloom
She clasp'd her hands in prayer,
That, far above the thunder's boom,
Was heard in upper air—
Whose soul, while the red lightning flash'd,
Into the calm of heaven pass'd

And on the lofty brow of one
The same proud look is worn,
With which he bade the storm haste on,
And laugh'd the winds to scorn,
And struggled with his parting breath,
As if defying even death.

A mother holds her infant's form
Close to her loving breast,
As in the dreary midnight storm,
'Twas impotently press'd,
To shield it from the ruthless blast
That rush'd on icy pinions past.

She sat down o'er her babe to weep,
Amid the mountains wild,
Till both went to their dreamless sleep,
The mother and her child;
And the snow fell the livelong night,
And wound them in a mantle white.

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE RUSSIAN GENERAL SUWAROW.

From a sketch of Suwarow, and his Last Campaign. By the late Major Edward Nevil Macready.

He was in person miserably thin, and five feet one inch in height. A large mouth, pug nose, eyes commonly half shut, a few grey side locks, brought over the top of his bald crown, and a small unpowdered queue, the whole surmounted by a three cornered felt hat ornamented with green fringe, composed the 'head and front' of Field Marshal Suwarow; but his eyes, when open, were piercing, and in battle they were said to be terrifically expressive. When anything said or done displeased him, a wavy play of his deeply wrinkled forehead betrayed, or rather expressed his disapproval. He had a philosophical contempt for dress, and might often be seen drilling his men in his shirt sleeves. It was only during the severest weather that he wore cloth, his outer garments being usually of white serge turned up with green. These were most indifferently made, as were his large, coarsely greased slouching boots; one of which he commonly dispensed with, leaving his kneeband unbuttoned, and his stocking about his heel. A huge sabre and a single order completed his ordinary costume; but on grand occasions his field marshal's uniform was covered with badges, and he was fond of telling where and how he had won them. He often arose at midnight, and welcomed the first soldier he saw moving

with a piercing imitation of the crowing of a cock, in compliment to his early rising. It is said that in the first Polish war, knowing a spy was in the camp, he issued orders for an attack at cock crow, and the enemy expecting it in the morning, was cut to pieces at nine at night—Suwarow having turned out the troops an hour before by his well known cry. The evening before the storm of Ismail, he informed his columns, 'to-morrow morning an hour before daybreak, I mean to get up. I shall then dress and wash myself, then say my prayers, and then give one good cock crow, and capture Ismail! When Segur asked him if he never took off his clothes at night, he replied, 'No! when I get lazy, and want to have a comfortable sleep, I generally take off one spur.' Buckets of cold water were thrown over him before he dressed, and his table was served at eight o'clock with sandwiches and various messes, to which Duboscage describes as '*des ragouts Kosaks detestables*,' to which men paid the mouth honours, which they would fain deny but dare not, lest Suwarow should consider them effeminate. He had been very sickly in his youth, but by spare diet and cold bathing had strengthened and hardened himself into first rate condition. English ale was his favourite drink. Soldiers, indifferently from any regiment, were his servants. His food, straw (for he used no bed), and lodging were the same as theirs. He saluted as they did: dispensed with pocket handkerchiefs like them; would be seen half naked, airing his shirt and dressing himself at a watch fire among a crowd of them; in short, he adopted all their habits. Descending to be their friend, and model, he did not only what they were obliged to do, but whatever it was to their advantage should be done; and they were proud to imitate the man who was not less their commander than their comrade, and the companion of princes. The constraint of duty was unfeigned—obedience was a delight to them. They called themselves his children, and him their father; and while he attended to their wants like one, his familiar jests with them, or in their presence, made every condescension convey some lesson. 'What I say to a soldier,' he observed, 'is told to his comrades at night, and next day the army know it. To impress on them the duty of implicit obedience, his aides-de-camp were accustomed to interrupt his dinner or his dose with 'You must eat no more,' or 'You must walk.'—'Ah!' he would answer, in affected surprise, 'by whose orders?'—by that of Field Marshal Suwarow,' was the reply; and he must be obeyed,' was the laughing and submissive rejoinder. He once had his arm raised to strike a soldier, when an officer boldly exclaimed, 'The field marshal has commanded that no one shall give way to passion; he desisted, saying, 'What the field marshal orders, Suwarow obeys.' His instructions had a tendency to form the man as well as the soldier. 'If you perceive a cannon with lighted match,' he directs, 'rush upon it creeping, the ball will pass over your head—cannon and cannoniers are your own—overset the gun and spike it—the men may receive quarter. It is a sin to slay without a cause. Do no wrong to an unoffending party. He supplies you with meat and drink. A true soldier is no robber. Spoil is to be held sacred. If you capture a camp or fortress, it is all your own; but beware of laying your hands upon spoil without previous orders.—Seek to die for the honour of the Virgin Mary, your mother (the empress), and all the royal family. The church offers up prayers for those who fall—honours and rewards for those who live. A soldier should be healthy minded, brave, intrepid, decisive, loyal and honourable. Let him pray to God, from whom proceed victory and miraculous interpositions. God be our guide! God is our leader!' 'I don't know—I can't—impossible,' were words he hated. 'Learn—do—try,' he would exclaim. When a soldier is expected to act, and does nothing, he must do wrong—if he does something, there are chances he does rightly. Many a man has within himself resources that he is not aware of. Under Suwarow he is sure to do his best. If he went into a house when the army bivouacked, he frequently ordered away the doors and windows. 'I am not cold nor afraid,' he would say, and the soldiers, who laughed as they obeyed the order, would try to brave the cold like 'their father.' When provisions were very scarce, he not unfrequently met the difficulty by ordering a general fast; which, as he kept it religiously, was cheerfully acquiesced by the men. He is a glorious instance of what may be effected by the energetic development and exercise of qualities the germs of which are in almost every human heart. Examples of a loftier class may readily be found, but none of more general application. His faults at once (so serious and so palpable) convey a universal lesson. His excellences every soldier may aspire to emulate. The first shows us how incumbent on us is the study of our art; the second, what earnest courage and devotion can effect towards covering with success our greatest errors. These qualities dignify our nature, by elevating a common energy to a level (as far as regards results) with rare and accidental gifts of intellects; they teach confidence to the soldier who distrusts his ability by showing irrefutably that to strike strongly is next to striking skillfully; and they bid him 'on and fear not,' secure in the conviction that, if his country be not benefitted by his talent, it will at least by the example of his devotion.

A REMARKABLE MAN.

At a temperance meeting held in Alabama, about six years ago, Colonel Lemanous-

key who had been twenty three years in the armies of Napoleon Bonaparte, addressed the meeting. He arose before the audience, tall, erect, and vigorous with a glow of health upon his cheek, and said:—

'You see before you a man seventy years old. I have fought two hundred battles; have fourteen wounds on my body; have lived thirty days on horse flesh, with the bark of trees for my bread, snow and ice for my drink, the canopy of heaven for my covering, without stockings or shoes on my feet, and only a few rags for my clothing. In the desert of Egypt I have marched for days with a burning sun upon my naked head; feet blistered in the scorching sand, and with eyes, nostrils, and mouth filled with dust and a thirst so tormenting that I have opened the veins of my arms and sucked my own blood. Do you ask how I survived all these horrors? I answer, that under the Providence of God I owe my preservation, my health and vigor, to this fact, that I never drank a drop of spirituous liquor in my life; and continued he, Baron Larry, chief of the medical staff of the French army, has stated as a fact, that the six thousand survivors who safely returned from Egypt were all of them men who abstained from ardent spirits.'

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

To the ignorant gaze of former ages, science and religion appeared like two mighty men in the distant horizon, at the head of hostile armaments, nodding defiance at each other from opposite crags, on either side an impassable gulf; but as the alarmed spectator approaches, his eye observes the banners and waving plumes of a friendly power and associate, while his ear catches the sound of interchanging congratulations, as their separate ranks move onward to a general union and co-operation. That which seemed like a gulf, is but the shadow of a passing cloud. The giant figures that seemed to frown and menace, are smiling in the joy of mutual welcome and hailing the prospect of glorious victories. Yes science and religion are as one. They are not antagonists, but confederates, religion being the great commander-in-chief, while science is every hour mustering mighty forces, armed with telescopes, microscopes, chemical and mineralogical tests, geological hammers, and rods of measurement instead of swords, and is bending in reverent humility, and with dignified concurrence of thought and action, to the dictates of superior wisdom and authority. And the time hastens when the moral conquest of the earth will be proclaimed in the enthronement of religion, amidst the gathered treasures of science, and the plaudits of brighter worlds.—*Dr. Cox.*

THE SEA-SWALLOW.

As we were passing the Carmiata Islands, off the western coast of Borneo, we were visited by the term of sea-swallows, which I had seen in my former passage up the China Sea, not many hundred miles from the same spot, as this species has a certain range among the islands that strew the sea between Borneo and Sumatra. The bill and feet are deep black; the throat and upper parts of a snow white. All the upper parts are of a brownish black, which reflects a peculiar redness when the sun falls directly upon them. The feathers upon the head, nap, and back, are edged with white; hence the smaller the feathers on any part, the greater is the quantity of white. There is also a white line over the eyes. The purity of the white is admirable, which appears the more striking because it is contrasted with the black. The tail is forked and long, as are also the wings. But, notwithstanding the advantage for flight, the bird is soon tired, owing to the incessant motion of the wings. When tired, it cannot rest upon the wave, as the petrels and other birds do, but is obliged to seek for some object whereon to alight. When it comes on board ship, it is generally very fatigued, and glad to repose under any circumstances. Hence they are thought to be very foolish birds, and have obtained the whimsical name of noodles in allusion to their want of headpieces. The one I am describing had a black and lively eye, and rested with great composure in the cabin while I took a sketch of it; but, as the wings were dropped or raised to rest the different muscles, the outline and attitude were so often changed, that it turned out to be a very stiff and unfaithful likeness.—*Long's Voyage of the Himmaleh.*

THE TITLE OF ESQUIRE.—Real esquires are of seven sorts. 1. Esquires of the king's body, whose number is limited to four. 2. The eldest sons of knights, and their eldest sons born during their lifetime. It would seem that, in the days of ancient warfare, the knight often took his eldest son into the wars for the purpose of giving him a practical military education, employing him meanwhile as his esquire. 3. The eldest sons of the youngest sons of peers of the realm. 4. Such as the king invests with the collar of SS, including the king of arms, heralds, &c. The dignity of esquire was conferred by Henry IV. and his successors, by the investiture of the collar and the gift of a pair of silver spurs. Gower, the poet, was such an esquire by creation. 5. Esquires to the knights of the Bath, for life, and their eldest sons. 6. Sheriffs of counties, for life, coroners and justices of the peace, and gentlemen of the royal household, while they continue in their respective offices. 7. Barristers of law, doctors of divinity, law, and medicine, mayors of towns, and some others, are said to be of scrutinial dignity, but not actual esquires. Supposing this