

bolted right into the midst of the spectators, and the other—as Greek horses always do—followed their leader, scattering and upsetting the crowd in all directions; and thus was the 'course cleared' at Corfu, not of dogs and dandies, but of riders and race-horses.

The Greeks were the next performers, and, seated on their wooden saddles, they galloped furiously around the race-course, their only jockeyship being to push their horses at once to their utmost speed. One of them more than distanced all the rest, yet to the last he continued, with voice, legs, and arms, to urge on his horse, screaming in triumph as he passed the winning-post.

The island of Corfu is almost entirely covered with olive-trees, their fruit being the staple product of the place. In large masses, the dusky leaves of the olive have a dull and sombre appearance, and are also said to render the atmosphere unhealthy; but, individually a fine old tree is a peculiar and most interesting object, the vast trunk being gnarled and split, twisted, loop-holed and honeycombed, till it looks like a mass of net work. When too old to bear, it is cut over, and springs again as from a new birth. The olives from which the oil is made are smaller than those used at table, and, when ripe, are jet black and glossy, and hang in thick clusters, weighing down the branches.

In Corfu, the inhabitants allow the fruit to drop on the ground, and gather it from thence while in Greece it is picked from the trees. The Corfiates declare their mode of harvesting the crop to be the best; but their extreme indolence may bias their opinion. The land in Corfu is managed, as in Ireland, by a wretched system of middlemen, and the actual cultivator is always a miserable pauper. There are laws against the cutting of olives, and the proprietors being generally absentees it is very difficult to obtain permission to fell a tree, even when the advantage of so doing is obvious.

The late crop has been a good one, which is the more fortunate, as an almost entire failure for several seasons had reduced the peasantry to a state of utter starvation. While the olive, varied only by a few cyresses, covers nearly the whole rugged surface of Corfu, the wilder heights are clothed with bushwood of infinite variety, and a botanist may find there a vast collection of curious and interesting plants.

The English have made good roads throughout the island, one of the best of which leads to the Garuna Pass, a height from which there is a magnificent view, not only of Corfu, but of the sea on either side of it, and of the high mountains of Albania to the east.

In all warm countries, the persecutions of the insect world seem to be the grand cause of annoyance and discomfort to the traveller. Thanks, probably, to the season of the year, we suffered comparatively little from this cause, and on two occasions only were we furiously attacked. The first encounter occurred at Corfu, and proved a lesson for the future. We had sat down to sketch on a spot behind the citadel, overgrown by long dry grass. In an instant—as if the earth had suddenly produced them—we were covered by one black living mass of "industrious fleas." The ground was teeming with countless myriads and from every point they sprang upon their prey. A few seconds had sufficed to cover us with suits of sable, and the combined attack of thousands of minute but active enemies caused sharp pain—nay, torture. Sketch-books thrown aside and forgotten, we fled homeward, leaving, like a defeated army, our baggage on the field. But the wretches stuck to us like remorse. In vain we threw our clothes out of the windows, our ubiquitous persecutors seemed to multiply around us. I had a short time previous read Southey's "Tradition of Bishop Hatto," and the attack of the fleas seemed fearfully similar to the assault of the rats:—

"For in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls, by thousands they pour,
And down through the ceiling, and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the bishop they go.
They have wetted their teeth against the stones;
And now they pick the bishop's bones."

I trust, however, the sable squadrons were not sent, like the rats, as a 'judgment,' as they were ultimately beaten off, and we learned from the attack, that all secluded, unoccupied places near towns, as well as caverns and mountain caves, are in Greece liable to this curse.

The presence of the fleet made Corfu very gay, and the week we spent there was a continuous festival, the hospitalities of which I shall not soon forget. But there was work as well as play, and during the forenoon, from 1500 to 2000 sailors were exercised on shore in artillery practice. It was astonishing to see with what quickness the guns were loaded, fired, dismantled, and re-constructed. Before the smoke cleared away, the cannon lay dismembered on the ground, and was then as

swiftly remounted, and dragged off to another point. To save time the gunners are apt to neglect the necessary duty of damping the gun after firing, and, in consequence of this the cannon nearest me went off when being charged, blowing away the gunner's arm at the shoulder, and wounding a Greek who stood by. 'His own fault,' said a sailor boy, 'he didn't sponge; but he's got himself a good pension by it anyhow.'

Having carried with me an introduction to Admiral Dundas, we were delighted to exchange, during a portion of our stay at Corfu, the wretchedness of our only inn, Del Club, for the magnificence of the Britannia, with all its kindly, and to us, novel hospitalities.

If our navy were searched, in order to find the model of 'a fine old English gentleman,' and at the same time a bluff, bold, jolly, kind hearted English sailor, the perfect type of both would be met with in Admiral Dundas. Loved and respected by his officers and men, he is absolutely adored by the 'middies'—his boys as he always calls them, to whom he ever acts the part of a kind, and indulgent father, and, while their duty is never forgotten, their health and sport are constant objects of his care.

The admiral is a keen agriculturalist; and on one occasion, after discussing free-trade, deep ploughing, and the supply of guano, he remarked, 'Well I don't leave all my farm behind me; I have a portion of it here.'—And I was thereupon introduced to what he called his dairy farm, down far below sea-level, where an admiral cow ruminated in perfect comfort; and our host declared with pride, that the animal absolutely pined when on shore, and always threw when at sea.

At sunset and early in the morning, the fleet for a few minutes presented a singular scene. Twice during each day the men were allowed to bathe, and almost the entire crews availed themselves of the permission. On a trumpet being blown, the lower shrouds, the sides, and the bows of all the stately ships swarmed with tars clad in nature's uniform. In another instant the sea boiled and foamed, from the almost simultaneous plunge of five thousand men. The dexterity displayed was wonderful, and the aqueous feats performed strange and prodigious. One of the men dived under the Albion, the heaviest ship in the fleet, coming up at the other side, whilst an order had been issued to prevent certain of the sailors from plunging from some of the higher spars. Ten minutes in the water, and at the sound of a gun, the whole countless multitude of heads turned towards the ships, and rushing, splashing, and shouting, they dashed forward to the vessels. With the agility of apes they scaled the huge hulls, leaping in at the portholes, or bounding over the bulwarks. It seemed as if legions of savages were taking the ships by storm.

Eminent amidst the fleet now in the Mediterranean, not only as regard her sailing capabilities, but in the extraordinary perfection to which her management has been brought, is the Phaeton. This ship can out-sail every other in the fleet; and her men boasts that she is the pride and the envy of the whole navy. Almost the only vessel that disputes the pre-eminence is the Belle-rophon; and to such an extent has the rivalry been carried, that when any portion of the crew of either ship is allowed to go on shore, none of the other is permitted to land. The ardent sailor is sure to quarrel over their cups; and a collision, which recently took place, having ended in a fatal fight, stringent orders were issued on the subject. We to that enemy upon whom those two gallant ships shall have an opportunity of exercising their might, and proving their prowess. Their rivalry will bring destruction to a foe.

On parting, Admiral Dundas gave us an introduction to another gallant British officer who has done good service to Europe in re-constructing and organizing the Turkish Navy, Captain Slade (Mustapha Pacha), to whom we were indebted for much attention at Constantinople.

It was a grand sight when all those mighty ships spread their sails, and, leaving Corfu, stood out majestically for the Mediterranean—the proudest sight it had been my lot to witness since I saw our fleet, nearly 12 years before, return to Malta in triumph from the victory of Acre.

We left Corfu by another Austrian steamer at noon on the 19th; and, on awaking next morning, found the ship at anchor in the harbour of Argostoli, the Capital of Cephalonia; an island, the bare and parched slopes of which are saved from an aspect of utter sterility by a few scattered shrubs and olive-trees. In spite of the pig-hunting (so the wild boar of Greece is modestly designated,) and the matchless woodcock shooting of the mainland, Cephalonia is but sorry quarters for a youthful 'votary of waltz and war.' We had passed by without seeing Santa Maura, where love-lorn Sappho quenched her burning brain. Neither did we obtain a sight of Ithaca,

"Where sad Penelope o'erlook'd the wave;" and, leaving Cephalonia, we landed at Zante, the capital of the island of that name. The

town consists of two very long parallel streets and is built on the margin of the sea, hemmed in by hills, the picturesquely irregular forms and jagged summits of which gave a wild beauty to the scene. The citizens seemed to think that, in spite of the burning heat we must be anxious to supply ourselves with salted fish; and at every step we were invited to become purchasers of a most revolting commodity of this description, which the whole population appear to be either buying or selling. A dwarf species of grape, called currants, forms the staple product of Zante, and great quantities are exported to America, as well as to Europe. This season the crop has been a total failure, the plant as well as the vines in many parts of Greece being afflicted by a disease very similar to the potato blight; and it is worthy of remark, that, while all the vines reared on espaliers were diseased, those trained along the surface of the ground were not affected.

(To be continued.)

STRANGE TURKISH AUXILIARIES.

The Constantinople correspondent of the Times says: Two mornings since a report was brought that a beautiful girl of 17 had conducted 60,000 warriors from the heart of Asia, and had laid their services at the feet of the Sultan. It was natural at first to believe that this rumour was only as true as others with which we are amused or annoyed in this metropolis of idleness. However, an unusual tumult in the streets proclaimed something of importance, and it soon appeared that there was a sediment of truth, after wiping away the froth of Oriental exaggeration. The eastern and southern parts of Asia Minor are the patrimony of wandering tribes, who to a fierce Mussulman spirit unite a strong feeling of independence, and who are always ready to contest the authority of the Sultan, except when it is in real danger. A line drawn from Sinope to Smyrna will mark the boundary of the regions which, totally subjected to the authority of the Pashas, furnish their contingent of Bashi-Bazouks according to a regular militia law of great antiquity. To the south-east of this line the peninsula contributes no certain supply of men; and it is only on occasions like the present that the name of the Prophet or the love of plunder induces them to quit their plains and mountains, and venture into contract with civilized man. One of these tribes, said to be capable of furnishing 4000 horsemen, is under the guidance of a woman, whose name or rank is expressed by the word 'Fatima.'—Their home is in the mountains of Cilicia, and whether or not they are of kin to the ancient pirates, they certainly bear a strong moral resemblance. 300 of them set out from their stronghold six weeks ago, and their appearance at Scutari gave rise to the excitement I have mentioned. The queen, or prophetess, for she is endowed with supernatural attributes, is a little dark old woman of about 60, with nothing of the Amazon in her appearance, although she wears what seems to be intended for male attire, and bestrides her steed like the warriors of her train. She is attended by two handmaids, like herself in masculine costume, and was brought across the Bosphorus with a select band of followers to a species of barrack in Stamboul.

The Bashi-Bazouks are beings of refined intelligence in comparison with these nomads of the Karamanian wilds, and whose condition and numbers are unknown even to the Pashas of the province. Their arms are various, and seem to indicate a mode of warfare in which each man keeps the spoils he has won. Some carry the pistols and yataghan of the Albanian, here and there a rifle that may have come from Birmingham, and a carved cimeter from the forges of Gyria. One will carry a wooden club or mace, which he swings round his head, chattering his teeth, and gesticulating violently, as if to make up for the poverty of his armament by a display of ferocity. The long matchlock of the Affghan is not wanting, and individuals of the tribe are said to retain the bow and arrows of their remote forefathers. One account declares that conjugal affection has impelled the heroine to her perilous enterprise. Her husband is expiating sundry misdemeanours in a Candian prison, and Fatima, fearful that her entreaties would have little effect on the Sultan without some proof of her loyalty, has brought 300 of her best warriors to fight the Muscovite, on the reasonable terms of 80 piastres a month, with tooth and stirrup money in every village they may traverse.

HOW TO PLEASE A HUSBAND.

One day as Zachariah Hodgson was going to his daily avocations after breakfast, he purchased a large codfish, and sent it home with directions to his wife to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode of cooking was prescribed, the good woman well knew whether she boiled it or made it into chowder, her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him once if possible, and therefore cooked several portions of it in several different ways. She also, with some difficulty procured an

amphibious animal from the brook back of the house, and plumped it into the pot. In due time her husband came home; some covered dishes were placed on the table, and with a frowning, fault-finding look, the moody man commenced conversation.

'Well, wife, did you get the fish that I bought?'

'Yes my dear.'

'I should like to know how you cooked it, I will bet anything you have spoiled it for my eating. [Takes off the cover] I thought so. What in creation possessed you to fry it? I would as lief eat a boiled frog.'

'Why, my dear, I thought you liked it best broiled.'

'You didn't think any such thing. You know better, I never liked fried fish, why didn't you boil it?'

'My dear the last time we had fresh fish, you know I boiled it, and you said you liked it fried. But I have boiled some also.'

So saying she lifted the cover; and lo! the shoulder of a cod, nicely boiled, was neatly deposited in a dish, a sight of which would have made an epicure rejoice but which only added to the ill nature of the husband.

'A pretty dish, this! chips and porridge! If you had not been one of the most stupid of womankind you would have made it into a chowder!'

His patient wife, with a smile immediately placed a tureen before him, containing an excellent chowder.

'My dear,' said she, 'I was resolved to please you. Here is your favorite dish.'

'Favorite dish, indeed, indeed! I dare say it is an unpalatable wishy-washy mess. I'd rather have a boiled frog than the whole of it.'

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by his wife, who, as soon as the preference was expressed uncovered a large dish near her husband, and there lay a large Bull Frog, of portentous dimensions and pugnacious aspect, stretched out at full length! Zachariah sprang from his chair not a little frightened at the unexpected apparition.

'My dear, said his wife, in a kind entreating tone, 'I hope at length you will be able to make out a dinner.'

Zachariah could not stand this. His surly mood was finally overcome, and he burst into a hearty laugh. He acknowledged that his wife was right, and that he was wrong and declared that she would never again have reason to read him such another lesson; and he was as good as his word.

THE RUSSIANS AT VARNA IN 1829.

Varna is situated on a gentle slope a short distance from the shores of the Black Sea, and three or four miles to the south of a range of hills, between which and the town the unfortunate Russian army was encamped during the war of the year 1829. I say unfortunate and all will agree with me, if they take into consideration a fact which I write on undoubted authority. When the Russians invaded Turkey in 1828 they lost 50,000 men by sickness alone, by want of the necessaries of life, and neglect in the commissariat department: 50,000 Russians died on the plains of Turkey, not one man of whom was killed in battle, for their advance was not resisted by the Turks. In the next year (1829) the Russians lost 60,000 men between the Pruth and the city of Adrianople. Some of these, however, were legitimately slain in battle. When they arrived at Adrianople the troops were in such a wretched condition from sickness and want of food, that not 7000 men were able to bear arms; how many thousands of horses and mules perished in these two years is not known. The Turkish Government was totally ignorant of this deplorable state of affairs at Adrianople till some time afterwards, when the intelligence came too late. If the Turks had known what was going on, not one single Russian would have seen his native land again; even as it was, out of 120,000 men not 6000 ever recrossed the Russian frontier alive.

A PORTRAIT OF SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

A farmer-looking man with a fat face, thick lips, and a tremendous nose covered with snuff; large ears like the flaps of a saddle, and like "Uncle Ned" in lyric history, with no wool to speak of on the top of his head, although his phrenological developments displayed an extensive surface where the wool ought to grow; the head placed on the body of a stunted alderman, whose clothes appear to have been pitchforked on his back, with one shirt collar up and the other down, his waistcoat buttoned awry, and his shirt front smeared with snuff—and you have the portrait of Sir Charles Napier. If there is a thirst for further or more minute particulars, it may be added that the Admiral wears Blucher boots, and takes snuff with three fingers.

'Mine Got! Vot vill de Frenchman make next,' as the Dutchman said the first time he saw a monkey.