

they say, by the circumstances related, conferred on them the power of mastering and killing all animals: hundreds, therefore, in passing this way sacrifice something as a tribute to the ram's head; and one of the Iroquois, not to incur the displeasure of the god of hunters, hung a bit of tobacco on the horn to make his hunting propitious.—The Fur Hunters of the Far West.

THE COLLIERY VILLAGES IN THE NORTH.

OUTSIDE, all is coal dirt and gloom; inside, all is sprightly and showy, at least in the one best room, and in times of tidiness. The one best room on the ground floor commonly contains an eight day clock, a good mahogany chest of drawers, and a fine four-post beadstead, perhaps with carved posts of old mahogany. A newly-married couple consider these articles as indispensable to matrimonial felicity; and they will begin life with a debt incurred for these luxuries, which they dearly discharge by instalments. Good living is no rarity with these people. A sufficiency of fat meat is found on their tables; a girdle cake, called a 'singing honey,' from the simmering noise it makes in baking, is found at the fire side; and tea or beer appears on the table. All this is applicable to the one good meal a day after pit work, and to the Sunday dinners. Small coals are obtained for nothing, or a mere nominal charge, and large fires glow in the cottages, hot enough to roast a refractory master, or an exacting creditor, or an intrusive constable. In the fine evenings of summer and autumn, the visitors may watch dozens of pitmen wending their homeward way after work, disappearing into cottages, then re-appearing with washed persons; and, having cast off all marks and garments of blackness, forth they sally in cloth coats to the public-houses, or to a neighbour's cot, or, not unfrequently, to the Wesleyan chapel.—London Quarterly.

NEWGATE.

Newgate! what an ominous sound has that word. And yet the horror exists not in the name itself; for it is a very simple compound, and would not grate upon the ear nor produce a shudder throughout the frame, were it applied to any other kind of building. It is, then, its associations and the ideas which it conjures up that render the word Newgate fearful and full of dark menace. At the mere mention of this name, the mind instantaneously becomes filled with visions of vice in all its most hideous forms, and crime in all its most appalling shapes;—wards and court-yards filled with a population peculiar to themselves—dark gloomy passages where the gas burns all day long, and beneath the pavement of which are interred the remains of murderers and other miscreants who have expiated their crimes upon the scaffold,—shelves filled with the casts of the countenances of those wretches, taken the moment after they were cut down from the gibbet,—condemned cells,—the chapel in which funeral sermons are preached upon men yet alive to hear them, but who are doomed to die the morrow,—the clanking of chains, the banging of huge doors, oaths, prayers, curses, and ejaculations of despair! Oh! if it were true that the spirits of the departed are allowed to revisit the earth for certain purposes and on particular occasions, if the belief of superstition were well founded, and might could be peopled with the ghosts and spectres of those who sleep in troubled graves, what ineffable horrors—what a scene of terrible sights would Newgate be at midnight! The huge flagstones of the pavement would rise to permit the phantoms of the murderers to issue from their graves. Demons would erect a gibbet at the debtors door; and, amidst the sinister glare of torches, an executioner from hell would hang those miscreants over again. This would be part of their punishment, and would occur in the long—long nights of winter.—There would be no moon; but all the windows of Newgate looking into the court-yards (and there are none commanding the streets) would be brilliantly lighted with red flames, coming from an unknown source. And throughout the long passages of the prison would resound the organs of hell; and skeletons wrapped in winding sheets would shake their fetters; and Greenacre and Good—Courvoisier and Pegs-worth—Blakesley and Marchant, with all their predecessors in the walks of murder, would come in fearful procession from the gibbet, returning by the very corridors which they traversed in their way to death on the respective mornings of their execution. Banquets would be served up to them in the condemned cells; demons would minister unto them; and their food should be flesh, and their drink the gore of the victims whom they had assassinated upon earth! All would be horrible—horrible! But heaven be thanked! such scenes are impossible; and never can it be given to the shades of the departed to revisit the haunts which they loved or hated—adored or desecrated upon earth!—Mysteries of London.

EXTRAORDINARY DREAM.

CICERO tells a story of two Arcadians, who, travelling together, came to Megara, a city of Greece, between Athens and Corinth, where one of them lodged in a friend's house, and the other at an inn. After supper the person who

lodged at the private house went to bed, and falling asleep, dreamed that his friend at the inn appeared to him, and begged his assistance, because the inkeeper was going to kill him. The man immediately got out of bed, much frightened at the dream; but, recovering himself and falling asleep again, his friend appeared to him a second time, and desired that, as he would not assist him in time, he would take care, at least, not to let his death go unpunished; that the inkeeper, having murdered him, had thrown his body into a cart, and covered it with dung; he therefore begged that he would be at the city gate in the morning; before the cart was out. Struck with this new dream, he went early to the gate, saw the cart, and asked the driver what was in it; the driver immediately fled, the dead body was taken out of the cart, and the inkeeper apprehended and executed.

THE FIRST PAPER MILL IN ENGLAND.

THE first paper mill is commonly attributed to Sir John Spilman, a German, who established one in 1588, at Dartford, for which the honor of knighthood was afterwards conferred upon him by Queen Elizabeth, who was also pleased to grant him a licence for the sole gathering for ten years of all rags, &c. necessary for the making of such paper. It is, however, quite certain that paper-mills were in existence here long before Spilman's time. Shakspeare, in the second part of his play of Henry the Sixth, the plot of which appears laid at least a century previously, refers to a paper mill. In fact, he introduces it as an additional weight to the charge which Jack Cade is made to bring against Lord Say, 'Though hast most traitorously corrupted,' says he, 'the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school, and whereas, before, our forefathers had no books but the spore and tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper mill.'

GOOD AND BAD NEWS.

BAD news weakens the action of the heart, oppresses the lungs, destroys the appetite, stops the digestion, and partially suspends all the functions of the system. An emotion of shame flushes the face; fear blanches, joy illuminates it, and an instant thrill electrifies a million of nerves. Surprise spurs the pulse into a gallop. Delirium infuses great energy. Volition commands, and hundreds of muscles spring to excite. Powerful emotions often kill the body at a stroke. Chilo, Diagoras, and Sophocles died of joy at the Grecian games. The news of defeat killed Philip V. One of the Popes died of the ludicrous on seeing his pet monkey robed in pontificals, occupying the chair of state.—Muley Molech was carried upon the field of battle in the first stages of an incurable disease; upon seeing his army give way, he rallied his panic-stricken troops, rolled back the tide of battle, shouted victory and died. The door-keeper of congress expired on hearing of the surrender of Cornwallis. Eminent public speakers have often died in the midst of an impassioned burst of eloquence, or when the deep emotion that produced it has suddenly subsided. Lagrave, the young Parisian, died when he heard that the musical prize, for which he had competed was adjudged to another. The case of Hill in New York, is still in the memory of all; he was apprehended in theft, taken before the police, and though in perfect health, mental agony forced the blood from his nostrils; and he was carried out dead.

BIRMINGHAM.

If you write a letter, look at your desk, your inkstand, your steel-pen, your pen-holder, your water-stamp, your seals, your candlestick or taper stand, and think how far Birmingham has been concerned in them. If a lady, seated at her work, would gossip a little about her work-trinkets, the needles, pins, thimble, bodkin, piercer, crochet and knitting needles,—all would tell of Birmingham, or some few instances of Sheffield or Kedditch. If you walk abroad, and rain befell you, ask who made the metal work of your umbrella. If you ride on horseback, think where the bridle bit, the stirrups, and the buckles came from. In short, do anything, go anywhere, buy, beg, borrow, make, alter, eat, drink, walk, ride, look, hear, touch—you cannot shake off Birmingham for many minutes together.

PROMISING YOUTHS.—A celebrated clergyman was spending a Sunday at Greenport, R. I., not long since, and of course preached a sermon. Returning from church, he passed a number of specimens of "Young American," amusing themselves with a game of marbles, rather intimately mixed with fanny swearing. "My Boy," said the Rev. gentleman to an interesting youth of eight years, "my boy, I am quite frightened." "Are you?" answered Buttons, quite naively, "why the deuce don't you run then?"

A young lady was so much opposed to being kissed that she said she regarded it as a capital offence. A young physician attempted to commit it, but she told him, decidedly, that she never listed to have a doctor's bill stuck in her face.

Mrs. Partington says that because dancing girls are stars, it is no reason why they should be considered heavenly bodies.

Incidents of the War.

From late Letters received from Correspondents at the Seat of War.

THE FAVOURITE SONG OF THE CAMP.

The singing of old songs, catches, glees, and choruses forms a principle feature in the amusements of the Camp. During the long evenings of the past summer our men used to sit in some old redoubt or abandoned trench, and there the song and toast went round, and once or twice I heard some original and extemporaneous verses apropos to the time and place, to our Government at home, to our Generals at head-quarters, to the Czar and his palace, and to Johnny Russ in front, which were not only witty and satirical, but highly indicative, of poetic genius. I took a note, one evening, on an encore verse to the "British Grenadiers," which was received with wonderful enthusiasm by a large quantity of red-coats who were watching the infernal fire of the Redan upon our advanced trenches. It was getting dark, but the Redan dropped shells every few seconds into our work producing the effect of the most brilliant fireworks. Unfortunately, when morning dawned, a terrible list of killed and wounded proved the accuracy of Russian Artillery practice. The verses was as follows:

And soon a song of victory shall cheer the hearts of all,

Where Frenchmen brave, and black Zouaves, the men who know no fears,

Have side by side like brothers fought with British Grenadiers:

The Great Redan shall thunder find, and we will find the cheers—

With a row-dow-dow, and a row-dow-dow for the British Grenadiers!

But of all songs the favourite song at the camp, is "Annie Laurie." Words and music combine to render it popular; for every soldier has a sweetheart, and almost every soldier possesses the organ of tune. Every new draught from England marches into regimental quarters at the camp, the band playing this old and recently modernised Scotch melody. I heard a song sung on the evening of the 7th of September, under circumstances so peculiar that I never can forget them. Codrington had visited us on parade in the afternoon, and addressed the men. We were told that on the next day the assault was to be made on the Great Redan; "And," said the General, "the Commander-in-Chief feels assured that the Light Division—never known to fail—will nobly do its duty." This was a good speech, according to the poetry and the romance of war; a Manchester orator would have said—"The Commander-in-Chief sends his congratulations, and begs to state that at this hour to-morrow about 1500 of you will be killed or wounded." Every man understood it according to the Manchester version; but though a few cheeks turned pale, not an eye quailed, not a muscle trembled. About eight o'clock in the evening I walked towards the victoria Redoubt to gaze for the last time on the terrible batteries of Sebastopol. Hundreds of soldiers were sitting on the other side the hill looking on the doomed city. A song was proposed, silence obtained, and a corporal in the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade started "Annie Laurie." He had a tender voice, tolerably good, and sang with expression, but the chorus was taken up by the audience in a much lower key, and hundreds of voices in the most exact time and harmony sang together—

And for bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me down and die!

The effect was extraordinary; at least I felt it so. I never heard any chorus in an oratorio rendered with greater solemnity. The heart of each singer was evidently far away over the sea. It was more like a psalm than a ballad; for at such a time, on the eve of a great battle, a soldier thinks only of his love and his God. The song was scarcely finished when the bugle sounded to quarters, and the company dispersed—never to meet again. Ere the next sunset the singer of the song and scores of those who joined in the chorus, were lying stiff and stark in the ditch of the Redan, "laid down and died" at the command of a sterner mistress than any one of womankind. And there they still lie; and the ditch that used to be so deep is now level with the embrasures. Alas! how many hearts are breaking for them at home! How many eyes "dark blue" as Annie Laurie's have scanned the horrid list recording the names of the dead, finding what they most dreaded to see! How many loving women whose happiness is for ever buried in the grave which hold the mangled remains of the idol they have treasured have fallen on their knees and asked God to take pity on them and let them die too?—Letter from the camp.

AN IRISHMAN AT SEBASTOPOL.

The correspondent of the Morning Post, in describing the proceedings during the time of truce before Sebastopol on the 25th says:—All were curious to visit the scene of attack during the time the flag was flying. The Light Division went down and the enemy did the same, and many a lively joke had passed, such as 'What are you going to storm the town?' and such like, but amongst the most laughable

was that of an Irishman serving in the Russian army inside of the garrison who still retains his old Irish blarney. He came running up whilst intermixed one amongst the other in burying the dead, and said in a strong Irish voice.—And sure is there ever a one of yez from Belfast? because if there is, here is a townsman sure. But how many is there of yez mounts in the trenches of a night, sure? All this at one breath. An English soldier answered, 'About two-hundred.' About two-hundred is it,' said the Russo-Irishman, 'and sure ye name two thousand, and when are yez coming into the town? and sure we are tired waiting for yez, and now jist tells us the night yez are coming boys, and sure we'll look out for yez. Now this is in reality what actually passed. He afterwards said that he had been in the Russian service some time, but could not get away they kept him so close. He could not desert under a flag of truce—not lawful, not honorable.

THE VALLEY OF BAIDAR.

This romantic locality, upon the beauties of which so many travellers have dwelt with rapture, has lately acquired a new interest from the military movements taken place in its vicinity. On the 23rd ult., we heard of French troops moving on the Russian left by Baidar Valley, apparently engaged in discovering the extent of the Russian position. The following facts and speculations relating to the strategic movement of the Allies in the Crimea, from the mountain of Baidar and the town of Eupatoria, are by Colonel St. Ange, the military writer in the Journal des Debats.

The corps d'armee of Eupatoria constitutes, although at a distance, the extreme length of the general system of operations of the Allies. This corps menaces both the right of the Russians and the centre of their communications with Southern Russia, from which they obtain their supplies in the Crimea. Their army before Sebastopol maintains for the present its right at the northern forts, its centre in the fortifications of the Mackenzie Heights, opposite the lower course of the Tchernaya and its left on the heights above Tchepagou, which are occupied by the Piedmonties. But this left appears at present greatly menaced by the movements of the right wing of the Allies in the mountains of Baidar. The only elements of appreciation which we yet possess are the despatches of General Gortschakoff, the last of which is dated the 6th. He first of all speaks of engagements vanguard towards the Uakoussa, or Ruilkacsta according to the maps, a village situated above Baidar, and said that our advanced posts had been repulsed by the Cossacks; then he announced that that place remained in our power; and that the Allies had on the 22nd ult. an engagement with his infantry, and that they retired towards the same Uakoussa; and afterwards that the Allies, having come down from the mountains, had "forced themselves a passage" an ingenious expression to dissimulate some combat in which the Russians were driven from their position. Finally, under date the 4th, the Russian General announces that the Allies were extending their operations, from the mountain of Baidar to the valley of the Upper Belbec; and, according to another despatch of the same General of the 6th, our troops had left the Upper Belbec.

Thus then, they had only gone so far to make a reconnoissance. But this safe indication denotes a marked progress of the Allies on the left wing of the Russians to surround them. The Belbec, in fact, flows at three or four leagues to the rear of Mackenzie. We do not know to what part of the valley of the Upper Belbec they went, but it may be supposed that it was to Karlon, opposite Foti Sala, because there exists there a road which crosses the mountains of Baidar to that village. It is even to be noted that from Foti Sala the road runs on the right bank of the Belbec, to join the high road from Sebastopol to Simpheropol, at a place named Khutor-Traktir (the Inn Farm). It is the road in which the Tartars of the southern region were accustomed to take to reach Bagtcheserai. As the Russians no doubt still occupy the village of Ai-Todor at the rise of Chouhou, which falls into the Tchernaya at Tchougou, and the village of Chemli-Ozembak, the Allies will probably not attempt to establish themselves on the Upper Belbec before having driven the enemy from Ai-Todor and the other position—if that is to form part of the plan of Marshal Pelissier to prolong his right wing to the Belbec. General Gortschakoff lastly announces that the Allies have removed their troops from their right between Balaclava and the Tchernaya. This is very well explained by the movements which we have just described. The Russians will not attempt to advance in that direction, (where, by the way, there are reserves,) because that they would expose themselves to be taken in the rear by our right wing. However this may be, all the right wing of the army has taken possession of the mountains situate between Baidar, the Chouhou, and the Belbec, on the extreme left of the Russian army. It is even fortifying itself in the most important passages, in aiming redoubts on commanding positions, and is forming roads to facilitate the arrival of provisions and ammunition. These measures seem to indicate that the army think of establishing itself during the bad season, on the line from Sebastopol to the Upper Belbec.