

feeling, and which is very deeply seated in the national character. He meets death and the severest punishment without fear, and strange anecdotes are told of the impossibility, as it seems to him, of disobeying the letter of the orders he has received. I have lately read a story somewhere which well illustrates this trait of character:—A soldier on duty at the palace of the Emperor at St. Petersburg, which was burnt a few years ago, was stationed and had been forgotten in one suit of apartments that was in flames: a Greek priest was the last person to rush through the burning rooms, at the imminent risk of his life to save a crucifix in a chapel, and returning he was hailed by the sentry, who must in a few instants more have been suffocated. "What do you want?" cried the priest; "save yourself, or you will be lost."—"I can't leave," replied the sentry, "because I am unrelieved, but I called to you to give me your blessing before I die."—The priest blessed him, and the soldier died at his post. The late Emperor himself, on one occasion, attempted to pass a sentinel in one of the corridors of the palace at Petersburg, who had orders to let no person pass, but the man resisted him, and when the Emperor tried to disarm him, wrestled with him and flung him back against the wall. The patience also of the Russian peasants is astonishing, in submitting without a murmur to the most cruel treatment when they happen to belong to a bad master, until at last they rise in a body, and, armed with their hatchets, massacre their oppressor. When such instances occur, the affair is quickly hushed up. The patient sufferings of the dissenters, of whom it is said that there are in Russia no less than two hundred sects, prove their deep feeling on religious matters. I have seen thousands marched, with their wives and children, from their native country, into the Caucasus, where they were colonized on bleak plains in the month of October, and the greater number perished of cold and starvation.

THE POLES.

The Poles are found in every part of the army, and particularly in the cavalry. They are born soldiers, and like no trade so well as war. After the Polish revolution, vast numbers of the Polish gentry were sent as common soldiers to the Caucasus; and at one fell swoop the whole University of Wilna, the capital of the Polish country of Lithuania, professors as well as students, were condemned to the same hard fate. It has often happened to me when I have been staying with officers in the Caucasus, to be called aside by the servant, who has whispered to me in French, "Sir, I am a Pole, an European, a gentleman born, but I was degraded and sent here for fighting for my country." And the poor fellow was always very glad to have a little sly chat, and a talk on a forbidden subject of European politics. The Russian officers are very kind to these unfortunate men, for they are a thoroughly good natured race, and are glad to get men of intelligence as servants, instead of common drunken boors.

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS.

The serfs and the lower classes are forced by the conscription into the ranks of the army, which experience has taught them to consider as the hardest fate they can meet with. Of the higher classes of society few devote themselves from taste to the military profession, but in order to maintain their station in the nobility, and to preserve its privileges to themselves and their heirs, they are obliged to serve the state for a certain number of years, until they obtain at least a subordinate rank, such as that of lieutenant. Thus among the officers possessed of landed property or independent fortunes, it is not surprising that there are many who view with disgust any event, such as war, which obliges them to remain in the army longer than they otherwise would have done. Kept in the ranks against their inclination, it is natural that on the field of battle, when facing the enemy, they are not moved by the same material and stirring spirit which animates the officers of other armies. It is not intended by these remarks to impeach the bravery of the Russian officers and soldiers, which would be absurd in the face of their former conduct in the French wars, and recently in their gallant defence of Sebastopol, but to account for their want of success when made to face in the open field the soldiers of two free nations.

From the Revue Horticole.

DESTRUCTION OF RATS AND MICE.

Some gardeners are in the habit of employing arsenic for poisoning peas, beans, grain, meat, &c., which they put in places frequented by rats and mice. This practice is exceedingly dangerous for other animals, and likewise for children. It is a much more simple and far less dangerous plan to rasp or crumble some bread, and mix it with equal quantities of powdered quicklime and sugar, and lay small parcels of this mixture in the way of rats and mice. These, being very fond of sugar, eat the powder, and the liquids of the stomach, coming in contact with the quicklime, produce an effect analogous to that produced by water on this substance; it becomes quenched. The violent inflammation which causes death, and this may be accelerated by placing a vessel full of water within the reach of the animals.

SUNRISE AT SEA.

BY WILLIAM DUTHIE.

THE dewy air lies cold upon the sea;
Within the hollow of the circling waves
We seem to pause, as though our weary ship
Had ceased to struggle unavailingly.
Above us frowns a canopy of lead;
The ocean's black as jet, save where the foam
Threads o'er its surface with a silvery mesh.

The slaty hue of heaven slowly pales,
The white moon saddens with the coming day,
There is no life within the sea or air,
Our vessel sleeps amid the wakening light.

Look! suddenly a ruddy-coloured beam,
As 'twere a bar of iron, demi-slanted,
Into the heaven shot lengthwise, glows aloft;
While down to the horizon heaven still
Looms dull and grey. More light! we know
Not whence;
It fills the quiet air—above—around,
And over us there spreads a ruby tint,
The spreading reflex of that heated bar
Which brighter glows. At first the sullen
flood

No colour yielded 'neath the reddening sky.
But now it throws an angry answer back,
And flashes savagely. More heavenly light!
It mellow the horizon in the East
With a pale yellow gush of radiance;
The ruby pales before the brighter tint,
And fades and softens to a roseate hue.

More light! each moment brings an added
flood,
Still richer and more radiant; the waves
Are tempered in their sudden wrath,
And with a gloomy lustre speed their way.

The distant sea verge gleams—a golden flush
Fills up the East; and there, before us, swims
The glorious disk, as 'twere of molten gold!
Light, blessed light! the sky is full of it:
It melts the edges of the clouds; it swims
Upon the surface of the sea; it breaks
In liquid spangles on the crested wave!
Light, glorious light! it freshens up the soul—
It kindles, soothes, reanimates: it beams
The obvious presence of a Diety!

With light comes life; and from the dingy
depths

Of our dark vessel start the human throng,
And as with upturned faces they emerge
Into the gorgeous presence of the sun,
Their flushing features seem to utter praise:

"Oh, God! Thou surely dwellest with us
now,
If not in this glad brightness, where art
Thou?"

From the private life of an Eastern king.

GRATITUDE OF THE KING OF OUDE

The king is at dinner, his guest an English
traveller:—

When we followed his majesty into the
dining-room, he would have his newly-found
friend seated next to him at dinner.—"Perhaps
master, you will let Mr R. sit beside me," said
the king, turning to the tutor; and the tutor
made way forthwith. This was another honour;
but my friend Mr R. was beginning to become so
accustomed to honours, that he accepted it with
the greatest possible sang froid, as if indeed, to
sit beside a king at dinner was a thing he had
been accustomed all his life. As course suc-
ceeded course, and one bottle of champagne pop-
ped pleasantly after another, the king's heart
opened. "The greatest of my friends is in Eng-
land now," said he; "and you are going there
too." This "greatest of his friends" was a former
resident, with whom the king had been on
very intimate terms; let us call him Mr Smith,
that name will do as well as any other. Mr
Smith had a very captivating wife; and scandal
did say that the king was fonder of Mrs Smith
than of her husband. All that, however, was
before my time in Lucknow, so that I can only
speak as rumour reported. Mr Smith left
Lucknow, quoth rumour, with seventy-five
lakhs of rupees, that is, with 750,000. So large
was the amount invested in Mr Smith's name
in company's paper, that an investigation took
place,—an investigation conducted by the Beg-
gar government with closed doors; and the re-
sult was that Mr Smith resigned the service, and
returned to England.—"The greatest of my
friends is in England now," said the king; "and
you are going there too." There was pathos in
his majesty's words—a pathos conceived of sen-
timent and born of campagne.—"And who had
the honour to be your majesty's greatest friend?"
asked Mr R. somewhat boldly.—"Wah, wah,
but it was Mr Smith—he was once resident
here, was his majesty's reply.—Mr Smith! ex-
claimed my friend. "Mr Smith! I was his
agent. I knew him well.—"You knew him, my
friend, my very good friend; you knew him,
did you say? I loved him, and well it's no
matter now. Boppery bopp! but I could cry
over it. Fill your glasses, gentlemen—a bumper,
a brimming bumper to Mr Smith.—The
bumper was drunk, a tumbler of champagne was
poured incontinently down every man's throat.
—"And now, gentlemen," said the king, "fill
your glasses again—to the brim, gentlemen.—
Two bumpers disappeared—two tumblers of
campagne rolled whizzing down the throats of
us all. The king was fast scumbling. His
sentiment and the campagne were too much for
him.—"shall you see my best friend, Mr Smith,

in England?" he asked.—"I must see him. I
have business to transact with him," was Mr
R.'s reply. The king took off his beautifully
jeweled watch—a watch of exquisite workman-
ship, that had cost 15,000 francs in Paris; watch
and chain he took them both off; and throwing
the chain round my friend's neck, "promise me,"
said he, "promise me as a—hic, hic—as a gen-
tleman, that you'll put that chain round Mrs
Smith's neck as I put it round yours—hic, hic—
promise me."—"I gave you my word of hon-
our as a gentleman, I will, if she'll let me," was
Mr R.'s prudent reply. "Tell her it comes from
me, and she will hic, hick—khan go and order
killut for my friend, a killut of some worth, and
hic,—add five hundred gold mohurs to it."—
The killut or king's present was brought—two
Cashmere shawls of exquisite workmanship, and
a handkerchief for the neck. The king himself
put the shawls and the handkerchief on his
newly-found friend, being assisted therein by
the barber; and Mr R. perspired amazingly,
for it was very hot; perspired and professed
himself highly honoured. The revel continued
into the small hours of the morning. His ma-
jesty could talk only of Mr and Mrs Smith, his
very good friends, saying far more than it would
be safe for me to put on record our palanqueens
awaited us—the revel was over. The king was
borne into the harem after an affectionate leave-
taking with Mr R.; and still accoutred in his
dress of honour, I followed my friend down to
the portico, where our vehicles stood. The
distance was not great; but the stairs were very
wide. Next morning, before we had concluded
breakfast, a servant of the nawab made his ap-
pearance with a bag of gold mohurs, five hundred
in number, which he placed upon the table,
as a part of the killut of the "Refuge of the
World" for R. Saheb. Mr R.'s first impulse
was to refuse accepting it. I assured him that
he could not offer a greater insult to the king,
which was the case yet it was not without much
talking that I persuaded him to retain the 8000.
thus thrown into his purse. Court etiquette re-
quired it to be accepted unhesitatingly; to have
refused it would have been to say that it was
not enough, and that he was determined to in-
sult his majesty in return.

THE MAN EATER.

Here is a terrible account of a monstrous horse
known as the "man-eater";—

"He is coming sahebs," shouted the trooper
from the house-top; "take care, take care!"—
Far along the road in front of us we could see
the wild brute—a large bay entire horse he
was, as we afterwards found—shaking a child
whom he had seized as he held it in his mouth,
shaking it savagely, but evidently coming to-
wards us. In another moment he had seen the
vehicle, threw the child upon the road, dead no
doubt, and rushed forward with savage fury to
attack us. There was still a considerable space
to be passed by him; but not a moment was to
be lost. We turned rapidly round, our horse
almost unmanageable from terror, flying over
the ground; and away we went in a mad gallop
down towards an enclosure with iron gates that
we had passed a short time before. The man-
eater pursued with hearty good will. We
could hear his iron hoofs clattering over the
road as he advanced. We gained the enclosure
—turned into it—my companion leaped from
the buggy, and shut the gate. The whole was
the action of a moment. It fortunately shut
with a heavy bolt which fell into a socket;
and just as the fall of the bolt secured our safe-
ty, the man-eater came tramping up. His head
was covered with blood, his jaws streaming with
recent slaughter, his cheeks horrid with coagu-
lated gouts that had most probably spirited from
his victims. There he stood, looking savagely
ly after us through the iron railings, with disten-
ded nostrils and glaring eye balls, altogether as
ferocious-looking a monster as any wild beast.
Our horse trembled at the sound of his impatient
snorting—trembled as if shivering with cold!
He glared at us through the iron bars, and
walked round to the side; but all was hard
iron railing, substantial too. There was no en-
trance to be got. Satisfied that he was baffled,
at length he turned round, rattled his iron heels
against the bars, and then scampered, with head
erect and cocked ears down the road, towards
an archway which was built over it. Here a
party of troopers were waiting for him. A
noose was thrown skilfully over the uplifted
head. He was upset, muzzled, and conducted
to his stable. And the poor woman and youth
and child? you ask. I heard nothing more of
them. Doubtless their friends bore them off
and buried them.

TERRIBLE COMBAT.

The king resolves that the man-eater and
Burrhea, a famous tiger, and victor in a hun-
dred fights, shall do battle together. The lists
are duly prepared; the king is on a sofa, his
ladies behind him, his court in attendance:—
The order was given, and Burrhea's cage was
brought into the verandah. A door in the
bamboo railing, prepared for the purpose, was
drawn up, the cage door was opened, and Bur-
rhea bounded into the court-yard, lashing his
sides with his long tail, and glaring furiously
upon the man-eater and his female friend. A
more beautiful tiger than Burrhea it would not
be easy to discover in all India. His glossy
coat, regularly streaked, shone in the enclosure
in pleasant contrast with the frowny covering
of the little mare. Even the well-kept hide of

the man-eater was sadly wanting in brilliancy
when compared with the glittering skin of Bur-
rhea. The tiger had been kept without food or
drink from the previous day to prepare him
for the assault. He glared savagely at the horses
as he entered, and commenced slowly stealing
along towards them. The man-eater kept his
eyes fixed on the eye balls of the enemy. Not
for an instant did he take them off; his head
lowered, standing in an easy attitude, with one
foot slightly advanced he waited the attack,
moving as Burrhea moved, but always with the
eyes intently fixed.

As for the poor little mare, she was trans-
fixed with fear—paralysed—apparently unable
to take a thought of preservation. She stood
covering in a corner, awaiting her fate. With
a slight bound Burrhea was upon the mare in
an instant. A blow of his paw threw her over
on the ground; his teeth were fastened in her
neck, and he drank her blood greedily. It was
simple butchery; for there was no resistance.—
"It will make Burrhea only the more savage,"
said the king, rubbing his hands gleefully. The
European courtiers assented; and the female
attendants, ignorant of the language, but cer-
tain that the king was pleased, were mightily
pleased too. They exchanged glances of ap-
probation and of satisfaction ere they turned
again to watch the proceedings in the court-
yard. Burrhea might have been from three
to five minutes enjoying his draught of blood
—not more—his head turned towards the man-
eater all the time, and his eyes for the most
part fixed on him. The man-eater, on his side,
expressed no uneasiness. An impatient snort
or two escaped him; that was all. With pro-
truded neck and cocked ears, and glaring eye-
balls, he watched his enemy intently, still stand-
ing in an easy attitude of attention, as if pre-
pared for immediate action. At length Burrhea
was satisfied, or else no more blood was forti-
coming; and taking his claws out of the dead
animal, and shaking himself as he did so, he
began to go stealthily around the court-yard,
like a cat stealing a march on a rat. He made
no noise whatever. The large paws were
placed one after the other upon the ground,
the soft ball of the foot preventing any sound.
Slowly they were raised and depressed; whilst
the long back as slowly made its way forward,
now raised at the shoulders, now at the hind-
quarters, as the legs were moved, the skin
glancing backwards and forwards as if hardily
belonging to the bones and muscles beneath it.
It was not a scene to be forgotten: the king
and his attendant females gazing intently
above; the European courtiers straining their
eyes and ears to catch every movement and
every sound; the man-eater in the centre of the
court-yard slowly turning as the tiger turned,
head, ears, eyes, and neck ever the same; the
tiger stealing along, so cat-like in aspect, and
yet so gigantic in strength. Not a sound was
audible but the grating of the man-eater's feet,
as they were raised and lowered again; but all
was mute expectation and anxious gazing. At
length the tiger bounded with the rapidity of
lightning upon his enemy; the horse was fully
prepared. It had evidently been Burrhea's in-
tention to seize the head and four-quarters; but
the man-eater was too adroit for that; and by
a quick diving motion of his head and shoulders,
had received his antagonist upon his muscular
haunches behind. The claws sank deeply into
the flesh, whilst the hind feet of the tiger made
a grasp or two at the fore legs of the horse; but
there was no time to secure his position. The
man-eater lashed up with his iron heels into
the air with tremendous vigour, and in a mo-
ment Burrhea was sprawling on the ground,
not at all the better for his attack. We could
hardly perceive, however, that he had been
thrown upon his back—partly against the
bamboo railing, partly on the ground—when
he was on his legs again, gyrating as before,
moving stealthily around as if nothing had hap-
pened. With an indignant snort the man-eater
resumed his former position, and awaited an-
other spring, his muscular haunches bearing
evidence in their lacerated skin, and in the
gouts of blood which disfigured them, of the
sharpness and strength of the tiger's claws.—
"Burrhea will kill him yet!" exclaimed the
king, turning to the nearest European.—"Un-
doubtedly, your majesty," said the courtier.

Cat-like did Burrhea pace round and round
again, his broad round head ever turned towards
his wary antagonists. Each foot with its brawny
paw was lifted and lowered again in succession,
noiselessly as before, whilst the beautifully-
streaked hide played over the bones and mus-
cles freely, with distended nostrils and flashing
eyes, the man-eater watched again as intently
as ever, exactly in the same position as former-
ly,—the head and neck lowered and pretruded;
the ears cocked rigidly; the eyes fixed in a
glazing stare at the stealthily-gliding tiger; and
one fore-foot ever slightly advanced, to admit,
doubtless, of that rapid diving and trusting for-
ward of the shoulder and head, by which he had
formerly succeeded in getting his antagonists
upon his hind-quarters. For fully eight or ten
minutes did this monotonous circling of Bur-
rhea continue, the man-eater ever facing him
and gazing intently, an angry snort now and
then bursting from the horse as he turned.—
Burrhea opened his huge jaws widely at times,
and licked up the drops of blood which still
clung to them; and once (but once only) he
paused for a moment over the dead mare, as if