

most bare floor lay the emaciated body of the old man, his arms stretched towards a few crusts that lay before him, but not within his reach. All was misery within the room, and his time worn clothes were on his person; but he was cold in death. He had evidently been taken ill, and, unable to help himself or call for aid, had died from want.

When his daughter and Annie were stripping the body to dress the corpse, they were astonished at the weight of the vest and small clothes; and on examining them, and opening up the quilting, for it was all lined and sewed over with rags, they found guineas, half guineas and crowns—I never heard how many—all concealed in the clothes. I only saw the heap upon the table. The old miser was buried, and the daughter's husband became a prosperous tradesman in the city.

How different was rough Tom, as we called him—open and free, beloved by all the inmates, full of frolic and humour, yet often very annoying to Annie when in his cups; although he had a great regard for her, and I was his favourite. He had spent his youth in the army; for twenty seven years he had served his king and country in many lands.

It was my greatest pleasure to sit and listen to his marvellous tales, as he told me of his campaigns in America. He had been in the battle of Bunker's Hill, and was with Burgoyne when he surrendered. How my young blood ebullied as he told of the fierce Red 'Engins'—their massacres and their scalplings—of peaceful homes consumed, and blackened bodies. I trembled as I listened; yet there was a fascination that held me fast, or I would have fled.—When I left his room, his stories flitted before my imagination like a phantasmagoria: Red Indians and scalplings haunted me in all their horrors; yet I loved to hear Thomas tell of them.

Of all the inmates of the garret, Tom was the most scrupulously clean. When he went out, his shoes, whether good or bad, were shining black, and every article he wore was well brushed. He might with economy have started comfortably enough through life, for he had a pension of ninepence a day for his service and wounds; but economy and Tom had never been acquainted, and when he drew his pension, which he did twice a year, it was a saturnalia in our garret until it was spent, for everybody must partake of his hospitality, and Tom was in his glory as the head and promoter of the feasting and revelry.

When all was spent, then came want and suffering again. Tom would go out and ply as a porter on the streets for any light work he could get to do, for he was far from strong; age and hard service had shaken almost to a ruin, naturally iron frame. He was often as much pinched as any of us, but, like an old soldier, suffered without complaint; all he looked forward to in this world was next pay-day, as he called it. He took the world as it came, or rather, as he made it.

The other occupants of this garret floor had never been but what they were, pure birds of prey, venders of matches and other small wares, and never had a higher ambition; enjoying heartily any little fortune that fell to them in the course of the day's excursions. Annie and I were made partakers—for we of the garret were a commonwealth—often of misery, and sometimes of gleams of happiness between.

To-morrow was a day we never thought of providing for. Want was ever at our side; and the present employed all our energies.

The period of my abode with Annie was now drawing to a close. For six years she cherished me as a son; she did all in her power to keep me free from vice; but I was too young to understand her admonitions. My memory was well stored with psalms, questions, and texts of scripture, but I saw little around me save scenes of profanity and dissipation. Except in Annie, I saw no shade of self-restraint. I loved the soldier, notwithstanding, even in his cups; and Miss Jane in her sober moods; and likewise the Mourning Lady while she was with us, for Annie loved her. With all the others, I was on good terms: I saw neither good nor evil in their ways, save in their drunkenness when they annoyed me. I was the pet of all. Young as I was, I was their messenger; wily and sharp, and active as a kid; learned above my years, for I could write a goodish hand. For this, I was indebted to Miss Jane, who taught me in order that I might write begging letters to her friends; and often I brought her answers with money in them, if I might judge by their weight.

Poor Annie, worn out with age and toil, was unable to go her wonted rounds. My scanty gatherings were unable to support us; but the other inmates spared something from their scanty means, and Miss Jane nursed her as a daughter, and never got tipsy during her illness. Annie was calm and resigned, and even wished for death; her only regret was to leave me destitute. At length, the hour came. I was sitting by her side on the miserable bed, weeping; a few of the female inmates were in the room, for even to the vicious a death bed is a solemn scene. Annie had lain for some time as if life had fled. No one spoke to disturb the passing spirit; a dead silence was in the room. She revived, as if by an effort; and placing her cold hand on my head, attempted to speak, but so indistinctly, I

could not understand her. I thought I could distinguish the words; 'Trust in God; her hand fell from my head; she gave a deep sigh—it was her last.

By whom, or where, she was buried, I never knew. Four men came with a plain blackened coffin and carried her to her silent grave; no mourner followed. Miss Jane got her bottle of whiskey, and gave the neighbours a dram and then commenced one of her drinking rambles.

I was once again without a friend on earth. The little furniture she had was taken by the landlord for arrears of rent. For several nights, I slept alone in the empty room, almost dead with fear; for I had heard from Annie and the others fearful stories of ghosts and other unearthly things, which those who told of them firmly believed in. Darkness and solitude chilled my young heart more than the cold I suffered; but dire necessity overcame my terrors. I went no more forth to gather. I got a morsel from the inmates for running their messages, and Miss Jane was very kind, for I was useful to her.

From Sporting Adventures in Africa.

### A LION IN THE PATH.

Whilst breakfast was preparing, I proceeded to take a saunter down to the pool, not without some faint hopes of a path, though I feared our horses, to say nothing of the other animals who had visited it during the night have muddled it too much for that. However I resolved to try, and throwing my Minie into the hollow of my arm, and cocking my wide awake over my eyes, lounged down a path among the bushes, now well beaten by the feet of men and horses. The latter I found up to their bellies in the pool, enjoying themselves as completely as the flies would let them; but as the water looked uncommonly turbid, I thought I would skirt along a little to the left and look for a cleaner spot; and so climbing a short steep, covered with long grass and underwood, I pushed aside some branches which intervened between me and a small clear space of shorter turf and—to my very intense astonishment, though I must not say at that moment to my dismay, I was so used to the sight of them—found myself within a few yards of one of the finest male lions I ever saw, and who was engaged with a look of grave patriarchal interest in watching the movements of the horses below—doubtless selecting one for his breakfast.—Have you not seen Landseer's sketching of the lion, in the old Tower Menagerie! In exactly the same attitude, still and unmoving, like a noble statue, stood this neighbor of mine; and for a few seconds I remained really lost in admiration of the grand beauty of the 'tableau' he presented.

It was however, necessary to decide on some line of action immediately. I could not help hitting him if I choose to fire, but if I did not kill him outright in one shot he was so close to me that I could hardly hope to escape without an ugly brush. Surely this was a case in which discretion would be the better part of valor; and as he was so absorbed in the contemplation of the horses below that he had not yet noticed me; I concluded as Jonathan would say, to steal off as I came. Ah! that dry twig that would place itself in the way of my very first retrograde footstep! The sharp crackle effected what the more subdued noise of previous movements had not done, and with a startled growl, the beast swung himself round, and in a second was staring at me with a look which said 'Hallo! who are you?' as plainly as look could speak. Instinctively I threw my rifle forward cocking it at the same moment, and some seconds of perfect immovableness on each side ensued, during which I was trying to make out whether he would charge or not. The study of physiognomy is doubtless pleasant enough on the whole; but when your subject is a big male lion, and the question depending you shall be summarily 'smashed' or let alone why, I confess it becomes (as Mr Weller says) too exciting to be pleasant.

How I studied every feature, trying to detect a change of some sort which might give me a clue! It came at last; he gradually lowered his head, and by the 'wiggling' of his hind quarters, which I could just spy over his shoulder, I saw he was gathering his hind legs under him—a sure indication. What odd things come into people's minds in moments of peril! That movement brought to my recollection most vividly a parallel scene in my aunt's garden at Harrow, where I watched her cat gathering herself up in an exactly similar way to pounce on a wretched sparrow.

The next moment he dashed at me with a hoarse snarl, which sounded as though a giant had drawn the bow suddenly across the strings of a stupendous violincello. I fired as he rushed in, aiming as well as I could at the middle of his forehead. As I did so, I was swept down with the force of an express train, and for a few seconds lost all consciousness.

The first thing I was sensible of, as soon as I began to get my senses together, was the clear strong voice of N— calling to me in the most placid, though earnest manner:

'Lie perfectly still, Walter; its your only chance.'

How my heart leaped at the voice! Help was at hand, but the very words that announce-

ed it, at the same time pointed out my extreme danger; it needed only the most moderate exercise of my returning faculties to understand why.

I was lying on my face among the long grass at the top of the little steep I have mentioned, I could see nothing, but I could feel the lion close to me. I could hear his deep short angry breath, like staccato purrs of an enormous cat—could detect a smacking noise, which I afterwards found arose from his licking a stream of blood which flowed down the side of his nose, from a deep sore on his forehead given him by my ball—yea I could feel his huge tail, as he rolled it angrily across from side to side, rest for a moment on my side now and then.

The bitter anguish of those few years or moments, well you can guess all that. Presently I heard the crack of a rifle on my left, a sharp whistle close to my head, and a 'thud' on my right as the shot told among the fur, succeeded by another snarl louder than the first—another crack a sensation like a red hot wire across my neck (being at the bottom of the slope they could but just sight the lion over my head, and N— had fired a quarter of an inch too low,) another furious snarl, and then a roar—such a roar—within a yard of my tympanum. I never heard such a sound out of anything, living or dead; then three or more shots close together; and a bustle at my side which sounded like my neighbor settling down among the grass and bushes.

'Now roll! roll for your life!' shouted N—'s clear voice again. I was saved the trouble—the dying brute in his convulsions, giving me a kick with his hind leg which sent me flying down the steep out of reach of further danger.

## Incidents of the War.

### FUTURE OPERATIONS.

The Times correspondent writes:—As to future operations it is not becoming in me to speak, but the Russian General must be a man of extraordinary confidence if he thinks he can extricate his army when the spring comes from the grasp of an enemy which already clutches the whole of his coast, is established at two points in his rear, and has four distinct bases of operations, with sufficient troops to use them all, and to concentrate a prodigious force on any point he pleases. He may err, and if he does, and the blot is hit, the result will be fatal. The Russian infantry, in spite of its stubborn endurance and passive courage, is not equal to either French, Sardinian, English, or Turkish troops. Every day shows us that it has no chance even against the latter when they are led and officered by Englishmen, or brave skilful European soldiers. Their cavalry in equal numbers will be ridden down like grass whenever they stand before English or French squadrons; and, notwithstanding the excellence of their artillery compared with other arms of their service, it cannot compete with ours for an instant as regards rapidity of motion or precision of fire. Prince Gortschakoff will be a grand strategist opposed to very weak generals if he succeeds in saving his army and marching them scatheless from the Crimea.

### CONDITION OF THE ARMY.

The Times Correspondent writes on November 20, as follows:—

The health of our troops is excellent: the draughts that arrive are rather younger than is desirable, but they will get experience and instruction during the winter. They are admirably clothed, and fed as no army was ever fed before—fresh meat, bread, and vegetables are issued to all. Henceforth the men are only to get fresh meat three times a week, and bread only three times a week, instead of every day. On the other days they will receive pork or salt beef, and excellent biscuit. In respect to winter clothing, hutting, and feeding our men are immeasurably better off than our allies, and it is not unusual to see the latter eating in the English camp of the excess of our soldiers cooking kettle. Little friendships have sprung up in this way. 'Francese' comes over with his spoon, a smile, an onion, and a bit of salt, or savoury condiment, to some sapper or grenadier day after day, about dinner time, indulges in pantomimic conversation, interlarded with many bones, and regales on good soup and broth, to the great delight of his entertainer. Thus both are satisfied—a true entente cordiale is established through the medium of the stomach, and no one is a loser. The reinforcements to our ally contain, like our own, many very young men, and I was particularly struck with the youthful appearance of the men of a regiment which arrived at Kamiesch on Monday. There is scarcely any use in keeping up an appearance of a diary, for one day is uncommonly like another. Preparations for the winter are evident on every side. December will be inaugurated with a steeple-chase of English dimensions in stakes, jumps, and fences. Theatricals are looking up, and nearly every division will have a theatre open during the Christmas week, and some daring spirits are even talking of a pantomime, and of essaying a repetition of the bold experiment of an amateur performances in Guy Faux; or, a Match for a King, with which it is hoped the author will not interfere by any

question of copyright. Indeed, there would be some difficulty in raising it in the Crimea, unless the Provost-Marshal considered the matter came under his jurisdiction, which is very sharp, short, and decisive.

### PASSAGE OF THE INGOUR.

The following account of the forcing of the passage of the river Ingour by the Turks under Omer Pacha, is from the pen of the correspondent of the Times:—

Turkish camp, Banks of the Ingour, Nov. 5th. Having heard that the avant poste of the army was encamped within two hours' march of the Ingour, I determined a week ago to leave Shemserrai, where Omar Pacha still retained his head-quarters, and to push on to the front. At about seven miles from Shemserrai to the road crosses the Godava river, and finally leaves the coast. The country is flat, but for the most part covered with a dense forest, where swamps frequently occur which are calculated seriously to impede the progress of an army on the march. I found myself surrounded by a miscellaneous concourse, straggling by devious paths through the deep mud. There were infantry and cavalry in long lines winding between the magnificent oak and beech trees of which the forest is composed—Abasians on wiry ponies dodging in and out, and getting past everybody—mules and pack horses, in awkward predicaments, stopping up the road on whose devoted heads were showered an immense variety of oaths by their drivers, who in their turn were sworn at by the rest of the world. There were some batteries of artillery which looked so hopelessly embedded that nothing short of British energy, as impersonated in the young Englishman who commanded, could have extricated them. There were broken down baggage waggons and broken down mules, and everything but broken-down men. Here and there a pacha was squatted by the roadside indulging in his nargilleh, enjoying his kief, and watching placidly the exertion of his troops.—At last I got past this scene to a pretty village perched upon the river, where the peasants were grouped up the roadside, selling Indian corn cobs, and cakes made of the same grain, or of millet, to the passers by. Everything we paid for regularly, and the property of the country people in Abasia has been scrupulously respected by the Turkish army during its passage through the country. Beyond this the road was more open and dry, and occasional ravines were roughly bridged. I found the avant poste encamped in a large plain near the village of Ertiscal, about twenty-four miles distant from Shemserrai. On the following morning they received the order to march for the Ingour. Two battalions of chasseurs, commanded by Colonel Ballard, an officer in the Indian army, and one of the heroes of Silistria, led the way, followed by about 6,000 infantry and artillery, the whole being under the command of Abdi Pacha. The main body of these troops halted at about an hour's distance from the river, while the chasseurs, with two field pieces and two battalions of infantry took up a position on a large plain separated from the river by a belt of wood about half a mile in width.

On the following morning I rode down to the river to reconnoitre. The Ingour is one of the principal streams which enter the Black sea upon its eastern shore, and it is the boundary of Abasia (or, more properly speaking, of Samouraschan, which forms part of Prince Michael's territory) and Mingrelia; rising in the snowy Caucasus, it winds through the densely wooded country which extends from the base of the range to the sea, and debouches at Anaklin. Creeping past our outposts and approaching the bank of the river, as if stalking deer, I was enabled to see across the river and follow the line of stockades erected among the trees upon the opposite bank, behind which appeared the heads of great numbers of Russian soldiers; and Mingrelian militia. At one point there was a tabia, where thirty or forty well grouped together; at others they were posted at regular distances behind the stockades, or amid the thick brushwood. In the afternoon a drooping shot or two informed us that we had been perceived by the enemy, and a company of rifles was marched down for Minie practice.

On the 3rd, desultory firing of this sort was pretty brisk and the utmost caution was required in reconnoitring. The sharp ping of the Minie was sure to follow an imprudent exposure. There was only one casualty, however during the day. A young Abasian, a nephew of Prince Michael, was wounded in the leg.—The bed of the river at this point averages about 203 yards in breadth, but there is very little water in it at present, and large stony islands intersect it in every direction. The two branches at which it is most easily fordable are about thirty yards broad each, and are supposed to be knee deep. The wood upon the opposite side of the bank is so dense, however, was so blocked up with felled timber and stockades, that any attempt to cross here will be attended with considerable difficulty.—In the course of the afternoon Omar Pacha arrived and inspected the position himself. Yesterday his highness again rode over the ground, and ordered two batteries to be constructed to command the passage of the river, and which should at the same time enfilade a great portion of the opposite bank. These were con-