

NEW WORKS.

From Colburn's United Service Magazine.
THE TAKING OF THE QUARRIES.

PAST six o'clock, and the rocket which was to be our signal is seen to go up. Our Colonel heads us. Our officers are at their posts, the men in their places, and the orders, long expected and eagerly hoped for, are issued. Clambering and climbing out the best way we can, all for a brief moment seems confusion, uproar, smoke, explosion, dust, shot-shower and blind peril; yet we know what we are about. Go ahead, Georgy! Look alive, Jem! 'Here Tom, lend a-hand! or 'Harry, give us a pull' or a push,' are sentences hastily passed among us. We form, and beginning to clamber up the irregular sides of the Quarries, firing whenever we can get a chance, at last end by making a sudden rush upon them. Hurrah; the work begins to warm us, and our reception is not less so. I could not help looking far away to the left, where the French were actually leaping over the embasures of the Mamelon, and where, before being driven out by Russian reinforcements, they spiked several guns! Meanwhile we were tumbling into the Quarries with little or no ceremony, using butt and bayonet with a most discriminate impartiality. The Russians, who were there in some strength, must, I imagine, have been taken a little by surprise, as if they had trusted too far in their fancied security. They made a desperate stand for a few brief, panting, slaughterous moments, and then evacuated their ground, pelting away towards the Redan at a furious pace, and followed by those most eager in advance, and there, with a low, frowning, broad-shouldered air of sullen strength and defiance, the terrible Redan stood before us. Knowing the great importance of the Quarries, they turned desperately upon us after their first hurry and confusion had passed, and a few of us had the audacity to think of entering the Redan—I expected so—and there doing deuce knows what! They gathered, they turned upon us, and, pressed by the sheer weight of numbers, we fell back again into the Quarries, after leaving several of our men behind, for the firing was hot, and the blows were heavy—feathers were not falling. 'Stand firm, my lads!' shouted the Colonel; 'we must not lose our ground.'—'By —— they shan't have 'em back!' cried a stout fellow as he clucked his Minie and worked way like a mill-sail! 'Charge, bayonets!' and in we went at 'em with a desperation that made the first ranks waver; but they forced us back—slowly back—while we stabbed and thrust with a vindictiveness enhanced by the mortification of relinquishing what we had already held. They forced us out once and twice, and once and twice we retook the Quarries at the point of the bayonet. It seems to me that every man present meant to remain 'in possession,' living or dead, and the Russians in turn redoubled their efforts, and more were coming to back them. We certainly found it far more difficult to retain than to possess ourselves of them for a third time, we were driven over the edge and a third time, by dint of sheer desperation, our men, gallantly led by our officers—whose numbers were fast decreasing—rallied and mingled with them in the sanguinary melee. In addition to the very superior force we had to contend against, though their crowding numbers were some little in our favour, as they embarrassed themselves, we were exposed to the guns of the Redan, to the Garden battery on our flank, to a six-gun battery in the rear, and to the Malakoff, whose works from their eminence wholly commanded us. A few desultory shots reached us, but they had then plenty to engage their attention; and hence it was that for the third and last time we charged our foes—flung ourselves like a surging hurricane against them, and drove them away in total disorder, and began to turn gabions and to throw up hasty breastworks upon them in turn.

From Snowflakes and Sunbeams. By R. B. Bantyne.

We select for extract the following romantic narrative, being the history, told by himself, of an Indian called Red-feather, who was engaged in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company.

THE INDIAN'S STORY.

My tribe was at war at the time with the Chipewyans, and one of our scouts having come in with the intelligence that a party of our enemies was in the neighbourhood, our warriors armed themselves to go in pursuit of them. I had been out once before with a war-party, but had not been successful, as the enemy's scouts gave notice of our approach in time to enable them to escape. At the time the information was brought to us, the young men of our village were amusing themselves with athletic games, and loud challenges were given and accepted to wrestle, or race, or swim in the deep water of the river, which flowed calmly past the green bank on which our wigwams stood. On a bank near to us sat about a dozen of our women,—some employed in ornamenting mocassins with coloured porcupine-quills; others making rogans of bark for maple sugar, or nursing their young infants; while a few, chiefly the old women, grouped themselves together and kept up an incessant chattering chiefly with reference to the doings of the

young men. Apart from these stood three or four of the principal men of our tribe, smoking their pipes, and although apparently engrossed in conversation, still evidently interested in what was going forward on the bank of the river. Among the young men assembled there was one of about my own age, who had taken a violent dislike to me, because the most beautiful girl in all the village preferred me before him. His name was Misconna. He was a hot-tempered cruel youth; and although I endeavoured as much as possible to keep out of his way, he sought every opportunity of picking a quarrel with me. I had just been running a race along with several other youths, and although not the winner, I had kept ahead of Misconna all the distance.

He now stood leaning against a tree, burning with rage and disappointment. I was sorry for this, because I bore him no ill-will, and, if it occurred to me at the time I would have allowed him to pass me, since I was unable to gain the race at any rate. 'Dog!' he said, at length, stepping forward and confronting me, 'will you wrestle?' 'Just as he approached, I had turned round to leave the place. Not wishing to have more to do with him, I pretended not to hear, and made a step or two towards the ledge. 'Dog!' he cried again, while his eyes flashed fiercely, and he grasped me by the arm, 'will you wrestle, or are you afraid? Has the brave boy's heart changed into that of a girl?' 'No, Misconna,' said I. 'You know that I am not afraid; but I have no desire to quarrel with you.' 'You lie!' cried he with a cold sneer; 'you are afraid—and see,' he added, pointing towards the women with a triumphant smile, 'the dark-eyed girl sees it and believes it too! I turned to look, and there I saw Wabisca gazing on me with a look of blank amazement. I could see, also, that several of the other women and some of my companions shared in her surprise. With a burst of anger I turned round. 'No, Misconna,' said I, 'I am not afraid, as you shall find; and, springing upon him, I grasped round the body. He was nearly, if not quite, as strong a youth as myself; but I was burning with indignation at the insolence of his conduct before so many of the women, which gave me more than usual energy. For several minutes we swayed to and fro, each endeavouring in vain to bend the other's back; but we were too well matched for this, and sought to accomplish our purpose by taking advantage of an unguarded moment. At last such a moment occurred. My adversary made a sudden and violent attempt to throw me to the left, hoping that an inequality in the ground would favour his effort. But he was mistaken. I had seen the danger, and was prepared for it, so that the instant he attempted it, I threw forward my right leg, and thrust him backwards with all my might. Misconna was quick in his motions. He saw my intention—too late, indeed, to prevent it altogether, but in time to throw back his left foot and stiffen his body till it felt like a block of stone. The effort was now entirely one of endurance. We stood, each with his muscles strained to the utmost, without the slightest motion. At length I felt my adversary give way a little. Slight though the motion was, it instantly removed all doubt as to who should go down. My heart gave a bound of exultation, and, with the energy which such a feeling always inspires, I put forth all my strength, threw him heavily over on his back, and fell upon him. A shout of applause from my comrades greeted me as I rose and left the ground, but at the same moment the attention of all was taken from myself and the baffled Misconna by the arrival of the scout, bringing us information that a party of Chipewyans were in the neighbourhood. In a moment all was bustle and preparation. An Indian war-party is soon got ready. Forty of our braves threw off the principal parts of their clothing; armed themselves with guns, bows, tomahawks, and scalping-knives, and in a few minutes left the camp in silence and at a quick pace. One or two of the youths who had been playing on the river's bank were permitted to accompany the party, and among these were Misconna and myself. As we passed a group of women, assembled to see us depart, I observed the girl who had caused so much jealousy between us. She cast down her eyes as we came up, and as we advanced close to the group she dropped a white feather, as if by accident. Stooping hastily down, I picked it up in passing, and stuck it in an ornamented band that bound my hair. As we hurried on, I heard two or three old hags laugh, and say with a sneer, 'His hand is as white as the feather; it has never seen blood. The next moment we were hid in the forest, and pursued our rapid course in dead silence.'

From Visit to South America.

STORY OF RATTLESNAKES.

A stout negro, belonging to a friend near Stabroek, brought in from the bush two rattlesnakes in a box; he seemed to have completely subdued them by intimidation, and after a time he would let them out in the verandah, and they would return to him at his call. One day they were missing, and the negro's master going to an outhouse, saw them coiled up under the step of the door; he was a long time imprisoned, but at last plucked up courage and sprang into the open air over them. The ne-

gro went out with his box to catch them. 'Ah! you—— rascal, you go away! Get in house this minute,' said Quaco; and the reptiles obeyed him! Sometimes he would irritate his pets, and they would bite him in the hand; then he would run out to the high grass near the house, and rub the wound with a plant, the name of which he would not reveal, for his fellow-slaves looked on him with great respect from his being a snake charmer. At last, on one occasion, he got drunk, began handling the snakes, they bit him, he neglected to apply the antidote, went to the field to work, and in a short time was a bloated corpse. I have seen the cobra di capello, or hooded snake of India caught in my garden; have watched the snake-charmer with feathered turban sitting beside a hole under the edge of prickly pear, and piping on a rude musical instrument made from a gourd, and a bit of looking-glass in front of it; unlike the deaf adder, the head of the cobra would soon appear above ground, as if listening to the wild strains, and his eye attracted by the dazzling glass. An assistant would be ready to catch him behind the neck, would draw forth his yellow and writhing length, and without extracting the poisonous fangs, would slip him into a covered basket, muttering the usual curse of 'Hut Tere!' Next day the charmer would return, place his basket on the ground, sit on his haunches before it and pipe, the lid would rise, and the snake come forth, partly coil himself up, and move his head to the music and ever and anon display his spectacled hood or hiss when the charmer approached his hand. The assistant would go behind, and hold up the reptile by the tail, then he could do no injury; but if a fowl were to be thrown at him, it would be dead in a few minutes.—What I have said of tame rattlesnakes is less surprising than the feats of oriental snake-charmers with the Cobra. Nourished in hot swamps is the mighty camoodi, aboma or boa; he drags his great bulk to the edge of his favorite marsh, and lies in wait for the passing deer, or even the wandering Indian; suddenly twines round his victim, breaks the yielding bones of his prey (writhing in helpless agony,) covers it with saliva, and slowly gorges the prepared morsel. But far more dreaded by the red man is the conacoushi Waterton, the prince and paragon of wanderers in desert places, enthusiastic as a naturalist, and peerless as a preserver of birds, of this formidable snake beautifully says, 'Unrivalled in his display of every lovely colour of the rainbow, and unmatched in the effects of his deadly poison, the conacoushi glides undaunted on; sole monarch of these forests, both man and beast fly before him, and allow him to pursue an undisputed path.' The conacoushi is better known by the name of bush-master. I saw one twelve feet long, and his general appearance was that of the head of the ugliest toad on the foul body of a serpent. The Indians avoid this monster by means of their dogs, sent in advance to warn their masters of the bush-master's occupying the path; but I have also been made aware of the vicinity of a poisonous snake by the strong musky odour left by it in its progress through the herbage. The labari is nearly as poisonous as the conacoushi, and is sometimes killed in Stabroek. No object can be conceived more horrid than this reptile; when irritated, every scale rises from its body like the feathers of a cock, the eye sparkles with malignant ire, and the open jaws show the long fangs ready to dart the venom into the shrinking limb.

MATRIMONIAL PEPPER. — Scolding is the pepper of matrimony, and the ladies are the pepper boxes! So says an old foggy bachelor. We would give his name, but are afraid that the peace of the neighbourhood might be disturbed by the noise of a broom handle.

An Englishman observed a stone roll down a staircase. It jumped on every stair till it came to the bottom; there of course it rested. — 'That stone,' said he, 'resembles the national debt of my country; it has bumped on every grade of the community, but its weight rests on the lowest.'

The butler of Lord Pruxfield gave up his place because his Lordship's wife was always scolding him. 'Lord!' exclaimed his master, 'ye've little to complain o'; you may be thankful ye're not married to her.'

DIFFERENT KINDS OF MONEY.

Acri money defiles the human breast,
Har money soothes the soul to rest,
Cere money, words to men addressed,
Testi money, evidence to attest,
Patri money, evidence of bequest,
Matri money, state to make you blest,
Ready money, what many love the best.

It is an extraordinary fact that when people come to what is commonly called high words they generally use low language.

Once, at a table, Pitt was expiating on the superiority of the Latin over the English language, and cited as an instance, that two negatives made a thing more positive than one affirmative could do. 'Then your father and mother,' said Lord Thurlow, 'must have been themselves two negatives to have produced such a positive fellow as you are.'

The Politician.

THE BRITISH PRESS.

From the Illustrated London News.
RENEWED PEACE.

The star of England is once more in the ascendant. There was a time, not very remote, when it seemed to be obscured by the inexperience or the incapacity of our officials; by the lukewarmness of our Government in carrying on a struggle, when the success of which the people had set their hearts; and when the capture of the Malakoff by the French afforded a pretext to all who were jealous of or hostile to our influence in Europe to assert that our power was on the wane, and that our glory had long since reached its culmination. But that day has passed.—Whatever may have been thought or desired a year ago, it is now patent to the world that Great Britain was never stronger, or more influential than she is now: that the burden of war which pressed on other empires and states with intolerable severity was scarcely felt in this richer and more vigorous nation; and that any efforts, however stupendous, which the people and the Government may have made in times past to maintain the equilibrium of Europe and their own high position in the councils of the world would by no means overtax their energies at the present time, but might be easily exceeded at the first sound of danger, or the first promptings of duty.

To the British Government, Press, and People, and to the knowledge that there were a fine army and a still finer navy in reserve to back their high pretensions, the result is entirely owing. When the preliminaries of peace were signed in March, 1856, the people almost unanimously felt that terms by far too merciful and too favourable had been accorded to the ambitious Power which, for its own selfish purposes, had thrown Europe into confusion. The press, with still greater unanimity, gave expression to the popular feeling; and when it was found that Russia, emboldened by the leniency that had been shown her, endeavoured to take advantage of her own wrong, and retain, in spite of the obvious intentions of the framers of the Treaty, two points of the Turkish dominions which would have enabled her to dominate both in the Euxine and on the Danube, Lord Palmerston, with equal courage and sagacity, threw himself upon the English people, and determined, even though England should fight the battle single-handed, to compel Russia to the strict and equitable observance of the contract which was the sole result of a two years conflict.

Let Lord Palmerston have the credit of his boldness, and of the success which rewarded it. He did not miscalculate the force of honesty of purpose, nor rely in vain upon the moral sentiment of his countrymen to support him in a wise and dignified policy. The difficulties in his path were many and formidable. France had reaped glory enough in the war, and looked with the gloomiest apprehensions on the possibility of its renewal. The Emperor had either pledged himself to support the Russian interpretation of the Treaty, or considered the possession of Bolgrad and the Isle of Serpents a matter of too little importance to be worth a struggle. Sardinia sided with France as her nearest neighbour and most essential ally. Turkey was either too helpless to urge her wishes with effect, or her effete Administration was too indifferent to the future to care for anything but present repose, and lay at the command of the Powers which had aided her to adjourn *sine die* the question of her dismemberment. Austria was estranged and offended; and her Emperor and Ministers were distrustful of the English and of English statesmen, and more especially of Lord Palmerston, whose name to them was all but synonymous with encouragement to rebellion in Hungary and Lombardy. Where then, was Lord Palmerston to look for support out of his own country? Nowhere but in France, and in France the needful support was not immediately rendered. But the statesmen of Austria saw the opportunity, and took advantage of it. If Russia retained the mouths of the Danube, the horrors of the next war, come when it might, would fall upon Austria rather than upon Turkey.—Russia owed the Austrians a debt of revenge which the possession of Bolgrad and the Isle of Serpents would help her to discharge. For once Austria was bold, and she has reaped her reward. She forgot the Hungarian grievance, and the sympathies of the English press, people and Government with the Italians, and united herself cordially with Lord Palmerston in wresting justice from Russia, even though a renewal of the war might have been the result. Russia declined the chances of the struggle. Foiled on the battle-field by the united forces of Great Britain and France, she was foiled a second time on the field of diplomacy by the united efforts of Great Britain and Austria. The result is the Peace of 1857, which is a more satisfactory, and therefore a more stable, peace than that of