

we heard our host at work rolling the roof, and saw the same process going on with other houses. Goats, also, were cropping the grass growing on several roofs.—*Later Biblical Researches in Palestine and the Adjacent Regions.*

NIGHT IN AUSTRALIA.

NIGHT in Australia! How impossible to describe its beauty! Heaven seems, in that new world, so much nearer to earth! Every star stands out so bright and particular, as if fresh from the time when the Maker willed it.—And the moon like a large, silvery sun—the least object on which it shines so distinct and so still. 'I have frequently,' says Mr Wilkinson, in his invaluable work upon South Australia, at once so graphic and so practical, 'been on a journey in such a night, and whilst allowing my horse his own time to walk along the road have soled myself by reading in the still, bright moonlight.' Now then a sound breaks the silence, but a sound so much in harmony with the solitude that it only deepens its charms.—Hark! the low cry of a night bird, from yonder glen amidst the small grey gleaming rocks.—Hark! as night deepens, the bark of the distant watch dog, or the low strange howl of his more savage species, from which he defends the fold. Hark! the echo catches the sound, and flings it sportively from hill to hill—farther, and farther down, till all again is hushed, and the flowers hang noiselessly over your head, as you ride through a grove of giant gum-trees. Now the air is literally charged with the odours, and the sense of fragrance grows almost painful in its pleasure. You quicken your pace, and escape again into the open plains and the full moonlight, and through the slender tea-trees catch the gleam of the river, and in the exquisite fineness of the atmosphere, hear the soothing sound of its murmur.

NOBLE LODGING LETTERS.

MANY of the nobility make a regular trade of letting lodgings. One foreign family is accommodated by a Prince. To another a Count has the politeness to cede his first-floor, ready furnished; and we were one morning alarmed by the entrance of a chasseur in livery, with a sword and an enormous cocked hat and feathers, into our drawing-room, to assure us that his mistress, the Marchioness —, was most eager to make an arrangement to let her house for two-thirds of the price she had asked to a family of our acquaintance. When she had previously shown us the apartment, we took her for the housekeeper. Yet the Marchioness kept her carriage, and so do many others, who are said to live on macaroni and spare diet, in order to make this display. If a family wishes to hire a good pianoforte, it can be had, even from a Duchess, for a sufficient price; and one of the Royal Princes condescends to permit wine to be sold at his gate, whilst his palace is almost entirely occupied by his friends, or, in plainer language, his creditors. A Princess, who strains every point to go to court in her own carriage, to kiss the Queen's hand, probably maintains her family for 8d. a day, and never invites a friend to eat or drink within her doors. But it must not therefore be supposed that they are economical on principle, or that they fail to enjoy the pleasures of life. On the contrary, it is one of the most engrossing objects of their pursuit, and almost every means is resorted to, to obtain them, except honest labour.—*Naples, by Lord B.*

POWER OF FEMALES.

ARISTOTLE may say that of all animals males are stronger and wiser than the females, but St. Paul writes that weak things have been chosen to confound the strong. Adam was sublimely endowed, but woman humbled him; Sampson was strong, but woman made him captive; Lot was chaste, but woman humbled him; David was religious, but woman disturbed his piety; Solomon was wise but woman deceived him; Job was patient, and was robbed by the devil of fortune and family; ulcerated, grieved, and oppressed, nothing provoked him to anger till a woman did it, therein proving herself stronger than the devil.

CAGE BIRDS.

The length of a bird's life very much depends on the care which is taken of it. There are some parrots which have lived more than a century, and nightingales, chaffinches, and goldfinches, have been known to live more than twenty-four years in a cage. The age of house birds is so much the more interesting, as it is only by observing it that we can know with any degree of certainty the length of bird's lives in general. Thus, house-birds are of importance to the naturalist, as giving him information which he could not otherwise acquire. It is worthy of remark, that the quick growth of birds does not prevent their living much longer than quadrupeds. The length of life with these is estimated to be six or seven times longer than the time which they take to grow; while birds live fifteen, twenty, and even thirty times longer. This length of life is sometimes attributed to the substance of which the bones are composed being much more loose and light, consequently remaining porous longer than those of quadrupeds.—*Yarrel.*

NEW WORKS.

Adventures in the Wilds of the United States and British American Provinces. By C. Lanman.

SAVAGE WARFARE.

It was the close of a long siege of cruel warfare, and the afternoon of a day in the delightful Indian summer. The sunshine threw a mellow haze upon the prairies and tinged the multitudinous flowers with the deepest gold; while, in the shadow of the forest islands, the doe and her fawn reposed in quietness, lulled into a temporary slumber by the hum of the grasshopper and the wild bee. The wilderness world wore the aspect of a perfect Sabbath. But now, in the twinkling of an eye, the delightful solitude was broken by the shrill war whoop and dreadful struggle of bloody conflict upon the prairies and in the woods. All over the country was seen the dead bodies of the ill-fated Illinois, when it was ordered by Providence that the concluding skirmish between the hostile parties should take place in the vicinity of Starved Rock. The Pottowattomies numbered near three hundred warriors, while the Illinois tribe was reduced to about one hundred, who were mostly aged chiefs and youthful heroes—the more desperate fighters having already perished, and the women and children of the tribe having already been massacred and consumed in their wigwams. The battle was most desperate between the unequal parties. The Illinois were about to give up all for lost, when, in their frenzy, they gave a deafening shout, and retreated to the rocky bluff.—From this, it was an easy matter to keep back their enemies but alas! from that moment they were to endure unthought of suffering, to the delight of their baffled, yet victorious enemies. And now to describe in words the scene that followed and was prolonged for several days, were utterly impossible. Those stout-hearted Indians, in whom a nation was about to become extinct, chose to die upon their strange fortress, by starvation and thirst, rather than surrender themselves to the scalping-knife of their exterminators. And, with a few exceptions, this was the manner in which they did perish. Now and then, indeed, a desperate man would lower himself, hoping thereby to escape, but a tomahawk would cleave his brain before he touched the ground or water. Day followed day, and those hapless captives sat in silence, and gazed imploringly upon their broad and beautiful lands, while hunger was gnawing in their very vitals. Night followed night, and they looked upon the silent stars, and beyond, to the home of the Great Spirit, but they murmured not at his decree. And if they slept, in their dreams they once more played with their wives, and roamed the woods and prairies in perfect freedom. When morning dawned, it was but the harbinger of another day of agony, but, when the evening hour came, a smile would sometimes brighten up a haggard countenance, for the poor unhappy soul, through the eye of an obscure faith, had caught a glimpse of the spirit land. Day followed day, and the last lingering hope was utterly abandoned.—Their destiny was sealed, and no change for good could possibly take place, for the human bloodhounds who watched their prey, were utterly without mercy. The feeble, white-haired chief crept into a thicket, and there breathed his last. The recently strong-bodied warrior, uttering a protracted but feeble yell of exultation, hurled his tomahawk upon some fiend below, and then yielded himself up to the pains of his condition. The little form of the soft-eyed youth parted with its strength, and was compelled to totter, fall upon the earth, and die. The weary, weary days passed on, and the strongest man, and last of his race, was numbered with the dead, and a glorious banquet was presented to the vulture and the raven.

A PERILOUS POSITION.

During the Christmas holidays some twelve years ago, the St. Lawrence froze in a night off against Trois Pistoles to the width of six miles. In the morning, which was calm and bright, this extent of ice was seen to be spotted with hundreds of seals basking in the sunshine. As soon as the news could fly, people from all parts of the parish hastened to enjoy the promised sport. The seals nearest to the land were first killed and drawn off bodily on sleds. Those further out were skinned on the spot where they were slaughtered. In the course of a few hours the massacre of the poor creatures became general, and extended to the outer edge of the ice; heaps of reeking hides and blubber multiplying in every direction; pools and paths of blood all around—a field of carnage as shocking as it was novel. But the wild excitement attending the killing of the seals was presently to be followed by an excitement of a different kind. It seems as if the genius of the deep, offended by the effusion of blood, silently determined to turn the sudden good fortune of the people of Notre Dame des Anges into a deadly snare.—A southerly wind sprung up which, working with the ebbing tide, broke the main field of ice from the shore and floated it off into the stream. This was happily discovered in time to secure, though with the loss of large portions of their booty, the escape of all except a few par-

ties of the more ardent and adventurous, who were too distant to be seasonably warned of their peril. When at length they became apprized of it there was half-a-mile space of blue water between them and the land. The distance was rapidly increasing, the wind freshening, the tide swiftens, and the short December day speedily drawing to a close. At this crisis there was made evident an appalling fact; there was not a boat available along the shore—all were under cover at home. By no possibility could the ice stand the swell through the lengthy night. All were given up for lost. They gave themselves up to inevitable death, and lay down several of them, in an agony of grief and terror, flat upon the bloody surface. There were fifty men of them. Poor fellows! They went wandering, little parties of them, up and down the landward edge of their dreadful float, which seemed to be bearing them from their homes and families, who also were running back and forth along the beach, shrieking and distracted at the horrible position of friends whom the approaching darkness would shut from their view for ever. Heightening the solemnity and tenderness of the awful parting was the giving of absolution by the priests: now to one company from the church, then to another from the chamber-windows of M. Tetu's house, to another from a point below.

During these solemnities all, both upon the ice and upon the shore, knelt or prostrated themselves, with their heads bare and their hands stretched towards heaven, pouring forth floods of tears and volumes of cries and supplications. In the midst of this thrilling, painful scene a bold fellow launched a little skiff, and darted over the roughening water to the rescue.—With this frail barque, only capable of taking three or four at a time, he succeeded, almost miraculously under the circumstances, in landing every one of those forty men upon a rocky islet past which they were drifting. The last one was taken off late at night when the ice was in a state of rapid dissolution. From the crag upon which they were saved they walked over solid ice to the mainland, and were received with frantic joy by crowds of friends who regarded them as good as raised from the dead. In the morning there was not in sight a vestige of the field upon which the people had been so busy the day before.

THE DYING ANGLER.

On my arrival at Bathurst I was informed that the two Acadians who had built my first and most spacious camp, according to a letter that proceeded me, had been much annoyed by a person named William Gillmore, who pretended to possess the exclusive privilege of fishing at the Falls, where he had kept a camp for years. I learned further, that when he discovered my men building a new camp, he threatened to shoot them, whereupon they had him arrested and put in prison. I arrived in Bathurst the day after he had been liberated on bail. He was represented to me as a desperate man, and I was told to look out for my life when I visited the Falls. I was, of course, provoked and troubled at all this; but when further informed that Gillmore was the best angler who had ever fished in the Nipisiguit, that he made a capital fly, that he was a native of Dublin, came of a good family, had once been in affluence and an officer in the British army, that Gillmore was probably not his real name, that important points in his history were involved in mystery, that he had received a thorough education, and was now a schoolmaster, teaching only in the winter, however, and fishing at the Falls all summer, and that he had latterly been addicted to intemperance, my feelings were entirely changed, and I at once felt a peculiar interest in his welfare. I immediately visited his camp, and found him lying on a bed of spruce boughs and rags. I mentioned my name and spoke kindly to him. He gave me the whole history of his troubles with the Frenchmen; and stated that he was intoxicated at the time, and that he only intended to frighten them and thereby prevent them from illegally spearing salmon by torch-light. He spoke of his imprisonment, for even two days, in the most humiliating manner, and added that if the court which was to try him should send him to jail again, he would never come out alive. I found him the mere wreck of a large and handsome man, and noticed with anxiety that he was constantly pressing his left side with his hands, and conversed with difficulty. In spite of this, he spoke to me in the kindest manner, using the very best of language; and when I told him I would intercede with the authorities in Bathurst to have him released from bail and would assist him in other particulars, his eyes brightened to an unnatural brilliancy, and he said he had six dozen flies, and though they were all the property he possessed in the world, I should have them all; and that in a day or two he expected to be quite well, and would introduce me to the best pools in the river, and devote himself exclusively to my interests. I complied with my promise to interfere in his behalf, and having succeeded, went to his cabin to give him the good news; but on opening the door I found him dead. He lay upon the ground, on a bed of rags; and a half famished, sickly little girl, with an angelic countenance, was the sole watcher beside his corpse. She was the daughter of a poor but kind-hearted neighbour, who had gone to Bathurst to obtain a coffin for the

dead angler and schoolmaster; and this worthy man informed me that among the very last words which the departed man had uttered in his ear were these: 'Don't forget to give my flies to the stranger, for he is my friend; and tell him to remember the flat rock.' The spot alluded to was the schute already mentioned, and it ought hereafter to be known as Gillmore's Cast. At the expense and by the hands of strangers was the dead angler buried.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE BRIGAND SPADOLINO.

This man was a sort of hero in his way, affecting to rob the rich in order to assist the poor, gaining by this reputation no end of partisans among the peasants, who invariably wink at all that sort of work. There was, it is said, a certain miller, who had long kneaded his loaves in peace, with a large family rising around him, until bad times came; the stream was no longer needed to turn the once merry wheel, starvation came upon him, he could not pay his rent, and was to be turned out of the place he had looked upon as his home. The miller, in despair, sought the deep recesses of this very wood, wandering up and down its dark like glades, and at last seating himself on a rock, he burst out into sighs and groans without Italian *furor*. Chance had led him into the immediate haunt of Spadolino, who, hearing a noise, suddenly appeared, no one knew whence, as a true brigand always should. But the miller, who had nothing to lose, was bold with the confidence of utter poverty, and cared neither for his stiletto nor his gun, but wept on, and wrung his hands unmoved. 'What is the matter?' quoth Spadolino: 'and, diavolo, why are you making such a noise in my wood?'—'Ah! cried the miller, 'I care neither for you nor the devil, who you may be for aught I know.—I am ruined and undone, unless by this time tomorrow I can produce ninety francsconi to pay my rent. Santa Maria! I have not a quattrino, and we shall be turned out of the country, me and my poor children, to starve.' And with that he buried his face in his hands, and wept louder than before. 'Do you know me?' said Spadolino, 'No,' replied the miller; 'but I guess you are a brigand by your dress. But what is that to me?'—'Because,' answered Spadolino, 'if you knew me you might expect help from me, for I have the power to do that and much more if I please. When has it ever been said that Spadolino has refused to assist a poor man in distress? Amico mio, you shall have the money—my hand upon it.'—'Santa Maria!' cried the miller, starting up and seizing the brigand's iron fist, 'is it possible? Can this be true? Oh, angel of my life! saviour of my family! Thanks—thanks.' And down he tumbled on his knees and kissed Spadolino's feet. 'Be here,' returned the latter, 'by sunrise to-morrow, and I will give you the money. Go home and drink the health of Spadolino the Briganti, the friend of the poor and the terror of the rich, and beware in future, for he may not again be at hand to assist you; the hell hounds hunt me sore, and I have often dreamt of late of the domes of Florence—a bad sign for me, as I shall only see them when my time is come.'

That evening a carriage was stopped crossing the very bridge at the bottom of the pass, and a rich booty secured. Spadolino, as cruel to the rich as he was merciful to the poor, deliberately cut the throats of the men it contained and left the women in the road mourning over their corpses. Women, he told his band, were no subjects for him; and he would neither injure nor insult them, nor carry them into the wood, as the younger among the amiable brethren suggested. As soon as the earliest streaks of morning tinged the neighbouring Apennines, the miller returned to the spot where they had met the previous night, and found Spadolino somewhat pale and anxious, but holding in his hand the promised money tied up in a bag.—'Here,' said he, 'is the gold. Let one man, at least, bless my name, though my hands be bloody. The miller shuddered as he saw that so indeed they were; but, without asking inconvenient questions, clutched the bag, earnestly thanking the brigand as the saviour of his fortunes. 'Ay, you may thank me,' said Spadolino, gloomily, 'for this night's work shall be my last. If I can escape into Romagna I will never draw knife more in Tuscany. They are too close upon me. Go, amico mio; carry this money home, and when the fattore comes to turn you out of your mill throw it into his face, and let him feel 'tis genuine.' The miller faithfully followed his advice, and by mid-day felt doubly gratified by having paid his rent and insulted the fattore, who came with similar Christian intentions. But poor Spadolino had run his race.—This last robbery and murder had been hurried and ill-combined; when the gendarmes arrived on the spot they traced the brigands into the recesses of the forest. Spadolino was taken, and soon after hung at the Porta Santa Croce, at Florence, to the infinite sorrow of the grateful miller, who, however, held his tongue most determinedly on his part in the catastrophe.

Thou artest me, 'What is hope?' It is a leading and flattering star of mankind, which obscures and disappears with the least heating of thy heart.