

thy with pedestrianism. It savours too much of vagrancy and vagabondism—too much of freedom and self-dependence. Respectability gives it the cold shoulder—sybaritism scorns it, comfort gaffaws at it, decorum looks doubtingly on it, wealth scorns it, and materialism simply ignores it. Its feats are ever regarded more with astonishment than approval. We often hear that such an one has a good head, a good heart, or even a good stomach; but how seldom that it has strong legs, good feet, or good wind. How often is it said that this man is a good shot, has a good seat on a horse, holds a good cue or good bat, plays a good rubber, or sings a good song; and how seldom is good walking enumerated among the manly virtues! Yet there have been, in all times, a few men of the staff and scandal, scrip and shoon, who have chosen to rejoice in the strength of their own legs, and depend on the thread of their own feet in their going and coming up and down the earth. We are of that brotherhood. Not that we reject or despise any other modes of locomotion. We respect them all.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A CHARACTER.

But the oddity of oddities was an old fellow who carried on a traffic in sand and coal, when railways were not, betwixt our town and a neighbouring port, by means of a troop of donkeys, of which he was the owner. There was nothing in his calling or circumstances to lead him out of the common course of peasant life; but he was a vagabond by instinct—no mendicant, yet he adopted voluntarily all the shifts, changes, and attributes of the profession. He shut the door of society on himself, and willingly stood on the outside; vagrancy was with him a nature, not a necessity; he revelled in rags, they were his motley—signs significant, as cap and bauble are of the fool's vocation, that he was at issue with respectability and civilisation. The soundest, soberest coat in his possession soon became one of many colours—a thing of shreds and patches. The sleeves of a green hunting-frock would be pieced on to the body of a brown spencer, from which would dangle the swallow-tail of a red coat. These parts, again, were patched with all kinds of material—baize, fustian, and cloth. The few buttons were of diverse patterns; the stitches were all of varied colors, and in some places a waxed end or skewer bound the seams together. Spite of these appliances, the intervals through which the bare skin and ends of ragged shirt appeared, were neither few nor far between. Bands of straw twisted round made a sort of greaves for his legs, and the upper-leathers of his shoes did merely the office of sandals by holding on the soles, for his toes were always seen protruding through. The rim of the hat was fretted into scallops and Vandyke points, and the top lifted up like the half-opened lid of a saucepan, to admit the escape of a lock of hay which flaunted forth in the air. In winter, a dirty tattered blanket was always wrapped round his shoulders. He always walked with his arms folded across his breast, and his stick grasped betwixt, in the fashion of Punch's baton. Time and weather had well battered and scored the face, and the wildness of its expression was increased by long straight locks which hung down to his shoulders and chest, and by a grey stubbly beard, through which ran little drains of tobacco-juice from the corners of his mouth.

He had no home, no hearth-stone, this self-elected outcast; no one knew where or how he lived. It was supposed that he slept somewhere about the common, where his donkeys grazed, under a hedge or haystack, or in some neighbouring shed. The mystery of his feeding was once accidentally revealed to us. We were staying in the cottage where our nurse's mother lived, after an attack of the measles, and were surprised one morn at seeing a troop of donkeys halted suddenly outside the gate by a loud "whoa." Presently their master, old Humphrey, appeared, entered the garden and stalked into the house, giving a grunt or nod of obedience to its mistress. He then walked straight to the ingle-side, seated himself, and, taking off his hat, produced therefrom a hunch of barley-bread and a lump of fat rusty bacon. These he cut into large slices, and placed in the frying-pan over the fire. When the savoury mess was cooked, the pan was taken on his knees, and handfuls of its contents were slobbered into his mouth and bolted, the grease dropping down like gravy from roasting meat. We thought that we could track the passage of the pieces down his bare throat. All being finished, he quietly raised the pan, and proceeded to lick up the fat remaining with his tongue; then put it down, and went out as unceremoniously as he had come in. We thought, with our hostess, that he might have least have left the dripping as a compliment to the pan. The sight of this meal wonderfully helped our conception of the repasts made by the ogres and giants of our story books. He had little intercourse with any one, said little, and that little was said in curt sentences, which were squirted like tobacco-juice out of the corners of his mouth; and as these had generally a sharp point, few cared to provoke their utterance. His asses were his familiars; these he addressed lovingly by name. Two of them were called May and Blossom. It may be that some rude recognition of nature's beauties—some rude touch of poetry—

spoke in these appellations. Like all self-constituted vagabonds, he had a sturdy independence which recognised no grade of rank, and would neither bow the head nor bend the knee to squire or kaiser. With him there were two exceptions—a sea-captain, and a lady whom he had named Beauty: to these the tattered hat was doffed, and a grim grin vouchsafed. He hated upstarts, and never missed an opportunity of throwing a cutting word at them. Once an attorney, who had risen from small beginnings, accosted him on his route, and asked his advice as to the village of a moor which he had enclosed. "If I was the," said Humphrey, "I should feel 'un with queels." On a time he was missing for a long while, and no one knew of his whereabouts. It turned out that he had gone to Bristol, how or why none could tell. When asked as to his journey, he said that he walked it up and footed it down, and would vouchsafe no further particulars. During the time of his disappearance, Beauty, who was staying in Bristol, was summoned one day to the door, and there, to her surprise, saw the figure of old Humphrey. After giving her the usual nod and grin, he said that he had come to have one look at her handsome face afore he went back, then turned on his heel, and took his leave. The compliment was like that paid by the coal-porter to the duchess's eyes, unique and genuine.

He was a true vagabond to the last—even in death.

One morning he was missed from his usual path, sought for, and found lying dead in a ditch, with his donkeys standing around him. None had heard of sickness or ailing. In good time didst thou pass away, old Humphrey! A few years more, and utilitarianism would have seized on thee, and ground thee down to its patent Union pattern! It was better, perhaps, to die thus in a ditch, in companionship with nature to the last, than finish with Union grey, Union gruel, and a pauper's funeral.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

WORKMAN'S LOVE OF NATURE.

So instinctive is the affinity of the emotions and affections with the beauty of the visible world, that a combination between them takes place, even when this beauty presents itself under conditions of extreme disadvantage. Take an instance:—railways, carrying as they do over the chimney pots of great towns, give us an insight into the attic life of such places, and we see what are its discomforts, and what may be its embellishments too. On the window sill of a topmost paper patched casement there are flower pots—two or three, with bright geraniums; there is also a choice balsam, just now in magnificent bloom! But look at the Spital-fields proprietor of these floral treasures! To tend them is his first care in the foggy morning. Squall, indeed, in aspect, is this amateur; and as to his breakfast, which must be shared with a craving family, it falls far short of sufficiency for seven. Nevertheless, half starved as he is—worn with eighteen or twenty hours' labour, and his haggard, heart-sick Eve by his side, and his ill-conditioned progeny about him, with annoyances accumulated, and almost all things convenient absent, yet this man is man, and therefore beautiful nature and he shall not be sundered. Man will cling to a memento of his paradise, nor shall any ordinary sufferings wean him from the thought of this, his primeval felicity; and, so it is that if this grudging world, with its boundless superfluities, can spare him nothing more, he will yet make himself as happy as a lord, with a single flower pot and a balsam in bloom.

A MADMAN'S HISTORY.

THE next inmate to whom our attention was directed was a merchant. He had acquired great wealth by the successful shipments and importations. At every voyage he was compelled to elect whether he should load his vessel with cotton, flour or other commodity; and he gradually acquired a habit of comparing the profits which would have resulted had he exported some other article. His anxiety in this particular became stronger as he advanced in age, until he occupied all his vacant hours in such retrospection. He much inclined, at this time to load a ship with flax-seed, but ultimately loaded her with sugar for a distant voyage; sugar being of much less uncertain issue. The voyage proved highly successful, but had he shipped flax-seed, the profits would have been trebled. The misfortune (for so he deemed it), fell on him like a blight, and the continual contemplation of it deprived him of all complacency in his gains from the sugar. A farm, too, in the suburbs of the city, that he had sold some years previously at an enormous profit on its cost to him, was sub-divided into city lots by the purchaser, who realized a large fortune by the operation. In the midst of this new source of depression, he was offered a high price by Government for a piece of vacant ground that was wanted for the site of a new dockyard; but warned by the sale of his farm, he rejected the proposals of Government, who purchased another locality; and no prospect presented of again realizing for his lot the price which he had rejected. The blow was greater than he could bear. Retrospection of evil crowded on him, whether he sold or withheld from sale; whether he bought or refrained

from buying. He became timid irresolute, and morose; a torment to himself and family; and was eventually deemed a proper subject for the asylum to which he was removed.—*Visit to an American Madhouse.*

INDOLENCE OF THE OLANCHO TRIBE.

THE indolent habits of the *Olancho* have passed into a proverb in Honduras. Imagine a native reclining in a hammock attached to the rafters of a hut, through the chinks of which percolate the cooling gales of these paradisiacal regions. From above, and within reach, depends a luscious bunch of plantains or bananas. He swings leisurely to and fro, watching the curls of his *cigarro* wreathing in fantastic figures between his vision and the blue mountain peaks that form the green valley of his birth-place. To all the great issues and sounding events of the noisy world beyond and abroad, he has remained all his life in blissful ignorance. When appetite demands, he detaches a plantain, transfixes it upon a long stick, and, leaning out of his luxurious nest, deliberately toasts it at the embers smouldering near the door. This simple operation completed to his taste, Don Fulano hauls the fruit into the hammock, and discusses it stretched at full length in his swinging eyrie.

A FAITHFUL ZOUAVE.

MY Zouave drew me towards the Black Battery, by which the division Bosquet had so severely suffered in valiantly defending their position. On arriving there he recognised the dead body of one of his late comrades, and he implored me to allow him to remain till it was buried. As it was getting dark, and it was not probable they would bury him that evening, I promised to allow him to return in the morning. Looking pitifully at the corpse, he said, "Poor Adrien, what fun we had in Algeria! and now you are dead." Stooping down over the body and kissing it on both cheeks, he continued—"To-morrow I will return and perform the last sad duty of a friend. Look, governor, would you not think he smiles? He was such a fine fellow—I am sure his soul has gone straight to head-quarters." It was almost dark, and we galloped home. The next morning my Zouave attended the funeral of his friend.

THE DANE AND THE SCOTTISH LORD'S DAUGHTER.

DURING a foray in Morayshire, a Danish warrior was captured by the Scots, and placed in a strong tower, where a speedy death awaited him. But the daughter of the lord of the castle, who had fallen in love with him, and who was loved by him in turn, opened the door of his prison one night, and fled away with him. In the morning the lord of the castle set out in pursuit, and came up with the fugitives on the banks of the Findhorn, which runs through Moray. The lovers who were both on one horse, attempted to cross the stream, but the tired-out animal could not contend with the current, and the loving pair found a grave in the deep waters of the Findhorn. Near Dalsie, in Nairnshire, there is a little dell, enclosed by steep banks, overgrown by hanging birches. In the midst of this lovely spot may be seen a grave, forming a heap of stones, at one end of which stands an elevated monument, ornamented with a sculptured cross and several ancient tokens. This, say the common people, is the grave stone of the Scottish princess.—*Danish Memorials.*

PLATINUM MINES.

AFTER riding a few versts in this direction, we turned off to visit the platinum mines near the crest of the Oural. The alluvium is found in small ravines or depressions running up towards the summit of the mountain in masses of detritus, composed principally of fragments of serpentine, and small portions of green stone, drifted down from the higher peaks. The platinum has of late years been found in small grains—formerly it was obtained in fragments of different sizes, weighing from one to twelve ounces, and even more. There is one rare example—a piece weighing near ten pounds. I was exceedingly fortunate in procuring a curiously formed specimen weighing more than a quarter of a pound.—*Atkinson's Siberia.*

LIFE AND ITS ROGUERIES.

WHEN a man for a series of years has only had his wits to live by, I say not that he is necessarily a rogue—he may be a good fellow; but you can scarcely expect his code of honour to be precisely the same as Sir Philip Sydney's. Homer expresses, through the lips of Achilles, that sublime love of truth, which, even in these remote times, was the becoming characteristic of a gentleman and a soldier. But, then, Achilles is well off during his whole life, which, though distinguished, is short. On the other hand, Ulysses, who is sorely put to it, kept out of his property in Ithaca, and, in short, living on his wits, is not the less befriended by the immaculate Pallas, because his wisdom savours somewhat of stage trick and sharp practice. And as to convenient aliases and white fibs, where would have been the use of his wits, if Ulysses had disdained such arts, and been unanimously munchd up by Polyphemus?

The Politician.

From the Halifax Acadian Recorder.

A POLITICAL LESSON FROM NEW BRUNSWICK.

The late special elections in New Brunswick, but particularly the one which has taken place in Northumberland County, seem to afford an indication of a better state of political feelings in that Province than the events of the last previous twelve months would have led one to suppose existed there. Last winter a change of Government took place in that Province. Between the outgoing and incoming party of that time, there was really very little to choose. There were two great and important questions before the country at which they were at issue. They, in imitation of political parties elsewhere called themselves "Liberals" and "Conservatives;" but wherein the one was more liberal than the other, or what the latter wanted to conserve which the former did not, it would be difficult to ascertain. The question, or almost the only one, for an elector to decide for himself was, not which party's political creed was the soundest, but whether was the out-going or in-coming, administration composed of men of the greatest energy, integrity and intellectual capacity. We ourselves entertained great hopes of the Chandler and Gray Government at the time of its formation and for some time afterwards. It did not receive a fair trial before the Country; but it must be confessed that the partial trial which that Cabinet underwent does not leave upon the observer's mind a very favorable impression as to the energy of its members, but does leave there some suspicion that, taken as a whole, the Cabinet rather lacked the knowledge and intellectual capacity which such a body should possess. As for integrity both parties in that Province are very free with their charges of dishonesty and corrupt practices against their opponents. Such charges are too frequent in all countries possessing a Constitutional Government, and perhaps there is, in all cases, too much ground for them. We have not sufficient opportunity of knowing what goes on behind the scenes in New Brunswick, to be enabled to say what ground there may be for such charges made there, against whichever party brought.

The Chandler and Gray Ministry fell after a very brief and stormy existence. The principal reasons furnished by its leading and most determined opponents for accomplishing that overthrow, was that they were determined to accomplish it: they would do it, just because they would. They succeeded. They formed a Government themselves. It now soon became manifest that whether the party coming into power were guided by any great principle or not, some of the more influential of them were animated by one very little principle. They soon intimated in an unmistakable manner that an article of their political creed was: "to the victors belong the spoils." A Government which has reached power through the triumph of a party, not of a principle, is in dangerous predicament. Those who take a leading part in the contests leading to such changes, want something. If there are no great political reforms, or supposed reforms, for which they contend, they must have some more sordid object in view. A great number of the champions of the triumphant party in this instance wanted office. That was the secret of their zeal for the in-coming Administration. To gratify them, old officers—in many instances, competent and faithful officers—must be turned adrift without any reason, or explanation, except that their offices were wanted. To do the present Government justice, they have not had the hardihood to announce openly that they would make this political piracy the rule of their conduct. Doubtless they are ashamed to do so—ashamed even to practice it to any extent and as quietly as possible—as every man of any moral standing and of respectable intellect must be. We have no doubt that the present Government of New Brunswick has been urged to the partial adoption of such a course by the alternate threats and entreaties of a crowd of greedy hangers-on, who really have no politics other than what might be supposed to animate the public acts of a footpad. Unfortunately they have given way to such threats and entreaties in many instances; in so many indeed that what is called a "clean sweep" of all office-holders not of their "side" appears, for some time past, to have been expected by both parties.

They have now received a warning not to pursue this policy any further. A few months since, Mr. Edward Williston, held two public offices in the County of Northumberland. Not belonging to the Government "side," he was removed to make place for one who did. A few weeks later, Mr. Sutton, one of the members for that County, is presented by the Government with a local appointment necessitating the removal of another old officer and also rendering it necessary for Mr. Sutton to vacate his seat in Parliament. He offers himself for re-election and is opposed by Mr. Williston one of the victims of the Government "clean sweeping" policy. The Executive Councilors and their thick-and-thin adherents, think there can be no doubts as to Mr. Sutton's re-