

that their affairs were desperate. Willy must get down the mountain, be the snow what it might, and tell somebody what state they were in; for now there was no more food for the cow within reach, and she gave very little milk this morning; and there was nothing else. It had not snowed for some hours; and Willy knew the way so well that he got down to the valley, being wet to the neck, and having had a good many falls by the way. At the first farm-house he got help directly. The good woman took one of the laborers with her, with food, and a basket of dry peat, and a promise to clear the way to the oat-straw and hay for the relief of the cow. The farmer set off to consult the neighbors about where Raven and his wife could be; and the rest of the family dried the boy's clothes, and gave him a good bowl of porridge.

In a very short time, all the men in the valley, and their dogs, were out on the snow, their figures showing like moving specks on the white expanse. Two of them, who had been at the sale, knew that Raven and his wife had set out for home, long before dark on the second day. Raven was, as might be expected, the worse for liquor; but not so much so but that he could walk, with his wife to keep him in the path. They might possibly have turned back; but it was too probable that they were lost. Before night, it was ascertained that they had not been seen again in Langdale; and in two days more, during which the whole population was occupied in the search, or in taking care of the children, their fate was known. Raven's body was found a little way from the track, looking like a man in a drunken sleep. Some hours after, the barking of a dog brought the searchers to where Janet was lying, at the foot of a precipice about thirty feet deep. Her death must have been immediate.

It seemed that her husband, overcome by the effect of the cold (which, however, had not been excessive) on his tipsy brain, had fallen down in sleep or a stupor; and that Janet, unable to rouse him, had attempted to find her way back; and, by going three or four yards aside from the path, in the uniformity of the snow, had stepped over the rock. There was a strange and ghastly correspondence between the last day of her married life and the first; and so thought her old friend and bridesmaid, Sally, who came over to the funeral, and who, in turning over the poor remnants of Janet's wardrobe, found the bunches of orange flowers carefully papered up, and put away in the furthest corner of a drawer.

There was nothing left for the children, but the warning of their father's life, and the memory of their mother's trials. They were not allowed to go upon the parish—not even Dan. It was plain that he would not live very long; and neighborly charity was sure to last as long as he. The others were dispersed among the farms in that and the nearest vales, and they have grown up as laborers. The land and buildings had been mortgaged beyond their value, and they went at once into the hands of strangers.

SHOTS IN THE JUNGLE.

IT was late in the month of June, 1840, that myself and a friend (who had together hunted elk on the Newara plains, and shot snipe at Ratnapocra) finding ourselves at its capital, Jaffna, resolved to have a shot at the spotted deer of the Northern Province of Ceylon. The only difficulties to overcome were the want of a tent and guide. These the government agent of the province kindly supplied, giving us, besides, a peon, who, with him, had been over the country we intended to shoot in. When we left the fort, one of the prettiest pieces of Dutch fortification in existence, it was about half-past five—the morning, as usual, lovely. The process by which our horses were shipped was so primitive, that I will stop on my way to give an account of it: The boats in which we were to cross are of about three tons burthen, with a single tall mast shipped amidships, which carries a square yard. This is hoisted according to the weather, the reefs being taken in the bottom of the sail. To the top of the mast the crew had now made fast a lot of ropes, which were seized by all hands; and the vessel thus made to careen till its gunwale met the water-level. Then, by dint of great exertions, the horses were made to jump out of the sea, here only three feet deep, into the boats. Mine refused altogether until they put a bamboo under his girth, and fairly lifted his fore legs over the bulwark. In the embarkation, our horses lost their shoes; but as all our journey lay over sandy plains, we gave ourselves no trouble on that score.

Once on board, we lost no time in making sail, and by eleven o'clock had reached the other side, which is the northern coast of the island—Jaffna being, properly speaking, an island. The sun was now extremely hot, so we rode only a mile to a dilapidated old fort, and then breakfasted; after which we set to arranging all things for our expedition. Here the coolies were curiously deceived, by insisting on carrying the smallest loads, which contained our guns and ammunition, misjudging their weight by their size. After a good deal of talking, without which nothing Oriental can be achieved, we again got our party under weigh, and proceeded due south, toward the village of Maniacolom, which was to be head-quarters for our first day's sport. The country through which we passed was a flat sandy plain, covered with low jungly brushwood, with occasional creeks and hollows, where the ancient tanks (whose builders are unknown) had once made fertile this now barren waste. No cultivation—no inhabitants; but every now and then a herd of deer, or a timid hare would dart away far ahead, disturbed by our noisy followers, or the uncouth cry of the tank-birds, break the monotony of the march. It was already dark when we made out the round roof of the village of Maniacolom, with its sugar-loaf ricks of paddy-straw, peeping above the stockade which incloses its area. The houses are built something in the fashion in which

Catlin describes those of the now extinct Mandans. A hole is sunk in the ground, and a pole fixed in the centre, to which the rafters that support the roof are tied. In these small huts, perhaps only fifteen feet in diameter, whole families live together; but the climate is so fine, that few care to sleep in their houses—preferring the peelas or verandas to their smoky room. I am sorry to say our appearance was not by any means hailed by the natives with cordiality—perhaps a ripple of the severities of August, 1848, had reached their quiet spot, and the minds of its inhabitants may still have been filled with dread of the merciless aim of our riflemen.

At last an old man came up and told us not to encamp near the wells, as the women of the village could not come for water. He said all the young men were out shooting, so we could have no guides or gun-bearers; moreover, that there was neither milk nor rice for our horses; but that a few miles further on, there was plenty of all that was here deficient—in short, he begged to suggest the propriety of our moving on. Being quite up to the old gentleman's strategy, we answered, that the ladies need not fear us (they were certainly no beauties, as we found out afterward); that we could do without his young men, and had our own gun-bearers; that as to milk or paddy, we could do without the former, and had got enough of the latter; and, finally, that we meant to stay where we were. Having failed in his diplomatic embassy, the old gentleman retired. So we set to, pitching the tent; and soon the savory smell of a couple of hares we had shot by the way, gave the villagers an idea of the destructive propensities of their unwelcome visitors. While we were smoking our afternoon cheroots, a volunteer from the village, having heard, no doubt, that we were good pay, came in, and offered to show us the best ground and pools or tanks, and said he would bring a companion with him at gun-fire next morning. He was a small, well-made fellow, his hair fastened in a jaunty club on the side of his head, instead of behind it, as is the Cingalese fashion, which the Malabars of the Northern Province only adopt when married; his dress, as usual, nothing but a cloth bound round his loins, with the usual accompaniment of a betel-cracker and pouch. Having come to a satisfactory agreement with this hero, we rigged out our iron beds, blew up our air mattresses, and in less than ten minutes were deep in dreams of waltzes and polkas with the fair nymphs of our island capital.

At four next morning, having got our rifles and double-barreled guns ready, we sat down, expecting the arrival of our last night's friend. He came, after sundry messages had been sent after him, and with him his *fidus Achates*. The head of hair which this fellow had defies all description. It was curled into a thousand little corkscrews, each consisting of about twelve hairs, and varying from three to six inches in length, darting out at all angles from his head

like the quills of an angry porcupine. Giving each of these guides a spare gun, we started in silence, and nothing but the cracking of some ill-natured stick, or the cry of a wild bird we had started from its roost, gave warning of our progress.

The excitement we felt can not be described, when we first got sight of our game feeding in a tank, about a quarter of a mile from us. Imagine a herd of sixty or more spotted deer grouped in every imaginable way in a grassy bottom, some under the branches of stately tamarind trees, some drinking at the edge of the water; some lying down, little dreaming of the greedy and remorseless eyes so eagerly watching their repose. Our gun-bearers now altered our direction in order to gain the lee of their position; and a few anxious moments brought us again in sight of the deer, and not more than two hundred yards from a stately stag, the outlying picket of their troop. Looking to our locks, we now took the place of guides, and began cautiously to advance.

By this time it was past five. The sun had not yet risen, but the light was quite sufficient to distinguish every twig and blade, and the increased noise of the awakening spoonbills and water-fowl served considerably to conceal our careful approach. A hundred yards are now passed—twenty more would make success a certainty—when crash went a dead branch under a leathern sole, and the whole herd at once are roused from their careless attitudes. The stag I had just marked, at once prepared for flight; but, stopping to sniff the wind, fell under my first bullet. My friend's gun also brought down a fine buck, just as he was starting at the report of my shot. The herd are now off; but still two fall as they press forward; one, never to rise.

Thus ended our first morning's sport, and having gathered our game together, we left a fellow in charge, to drive off the jackals, and other wild beasts, while we joyfully wended our way back to the encampment to dispatch a dozen of our men to bring in the spoil, and to recruit ourselves with a hearty breakfast.

As we had expected, we found the whole village, ladies and all, at the tent, looking with curiosity at our apparatus, and bringing scanty supplies of milk, eggs, and fowls, which they exchanged for a few charges of powder, and a bullet or two. Here money is of little value, for they grow all the food they require in the Palmyra tree and paddy-field. A few yards of cloth last them for years, and what taxes they pay to government are generally brought in, in kind.

The sun, between nine o'clock and four, is too powerful to allow of our being out, so we read and talked till the lengthened shadow of the tent showed us that the time of action was again come. I took a stroll with my rifle as companion, and returned about seven o'clock with a fine doe. My friend had not shot any deer; but a young pea-fowl and some hares made a goodly

show at our dinner. As we had another kind of sport for the night, we did not waste much time over this meal, and were ready by eight, *p. m.*, to take possession of our olives, or watching-places.

Each was provided with a bottle of very weak grog, blankets, guns, and a small piece of ember; for the natives are afraid to be out at night without fire to keep away devils. Thus fortified, we proceeded to the edge of the tank, which had proved so fatal in the morning to the deer, and found a round hole dug in the ground, between the water's edge and the jungle; it was about two feet deep, with the earth it had contained thrown up as a breastwork, and some loose branches strewn before it, so as to screen the hunter from sight, and make the ground look natural. This was to be my sleeping-place, so unto it I crept, and curling myself up to adapt myself to its shape, began meditating on the comforts of a four-poster at home, and on the luck my friend would meet with, at his watching-place, which they told me was half a mile distant. Gradually my thoughts began to give way to faint images of bygone scenes—I was riding a hurdle-race at Colombo—dancing the *deux-tours* at Government House—shooting ducks at Bolgoddá—playing whist at the mess—when "Ani, Ani," struck on my ear, and sure enough, there they were—sixteen splendid elephants standing on the other side of the tank, drinking its thick waters, or filling their trunks with the mud, jetting it over their huge backs. But how to get at them! My friend was on that side; so off I set, in hopes of catching him before he began his attack. By dint of great exertion, I got round just as he was starting for the onslaught; but still we were too far off to do any good by shooting at them, so down we went on our hands and knees, to crawl nearer to our unsuspecting foes. All went well at first. By the moonlight their backs—now covered with white mud—looked strangely ghost-like, and they loomed twice their natural size in the hazy atmosphere. We were now within twenty paces of them, and I was still crawling on, when a scuffle behind me suddenly drew away my attention—my friend's gun-bearer had got frightened; and, judging that we were already near enough, was trying to make off with the gun; unfortunately, as he turned, he was caught by the heel, and in the struggle the gun was discharged. I saw it was of little use firing, as the startled elephants were already on the move; but taking aim at the nearest, an old one, with her punchi, had the luck to bring her down on her knees. Delusive hope! she quickly rose again; and in an instant, the far-off crashing of the jungle was all that told us of the reality of our late encounter. Anathematizing heartily our cowardly follower, we returned to the olives, and sought comfort in the sleep from which we had been so fruitlessly aroused. The growling of the bears fighting for the yellow fruit under the iron trees, mixed with the mournful belling of the bucks, was our melodious lullaby.

It must have been some hours afterward that I was again aroused by my watchful companion, who pointed out two splendid elks, a doe and a buck, within sixty paces of my lair. To indemnify me for my last failure, these both fell before my fowling-piece, which is second to none for smooth-bore ball-practice; so I returned about three, *a. m.*, to the tent to rest, as we were to begin another day's work with a thirteen miles' march to Tanicolam.

Thus passed seven days, during which we visited Coolvellan, Tanekai, and several other Tamil villages, shooting spotted deer, wild boar, bears, chetas, and elks at night, and deer, hares, peacocks, alligators, and jungle-fowl by day; sometimes bivouacking under the spreading shade of a tamarind tree, sometimes by the side of a lonely tank among the lemon grass and reeds, which thickly ornament its thorny margin. The eighth morning saw us journeying homeward, regretting the shortness of our leave, but consoling ourselves with the thought, that when duty calls we must obey. We had traveled fifty miles south of Jaffna, into solitudes where white faces had, perhaps, never before been seen—our bag was respectably filled: eighteen spotted skins bore testimony to our skill; and what with alligators and boars' heads, surmounted by peacocks' tails, our party made a brilliant re-entrance into the northern capital.

A VISIT TO ROBINSON CRUSOE.

I AM not going to describe savage life, or uninhabited islands: what I have to say relates to most civilized society, and to no island whatever. My object is simply to "request the pleasure" of the reader's company in a short excursion out of Paris: an arrangement which secures to him the advantage of visiting a place which is beneath the notice of the guide-books, and to myself the society of that most desirable of companions—one who allows me to engross the entire conversation.

Imagine, then, a party of Englishmen in Paris, rising one morning with the general desire to "do something to-day." Having done nothing for several weeks except amuse themselves—having been condemned to continual festivity, the necessity for some relaxation became imminent. We had been to see every thing that we cared to see, and every body who cared to see us, with a little over in both cases. We had filled "*grand scène*" boxes until the drama became a bore, and had reclined in *cafés* until their smoke became a nuisance. We had scoured the Boulevards by day, and the balls by night; "looked in" at the monuments with patronizing airs, and at the shops with purchasing propensities. We had experienced dinners both princely and penurious; fathomed mysterious *cartes* from end to end, and even with unparalleled hardihood had ventured into the regions of the *préfixe*. We had almost exhausted every sort of game, active and sedentary; at billiards, we had exploded every cannon, possible and impossible, and reposed on every "cushion" convenient and