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## Select Poetry.

### RESULT OF FREE THOUGHT.

A doubting doubter doubted long,  
His doubts at first seemed very strong;  
But soon he doubted of his doubt,  
And then a host of doubts broke out;  
Could he these doubts his own doubts call?  
Had he felt any doubts at all?  
Was his first doubt a doubt or not?  
Were all the rest true doubts or what?  
So 'midst these doubtful ins and outs,  
These doubts, and doubts about his doubts,  
Fresh doubts did doubtful doubts make,  
Till this was all he could find out,  
That he undoubtedly did doubt.

### POETRY.

The world is full of poetry; the air  
Is living with its spirit, and the waves  
Dance to the music of its melodies,  
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veiled,  
And mantled with its beauty; and the walls  
That close the universe with crystal in,  
Are eloquent with voices that proclaim  
The unseen glories of immensity,  
In harmonies too perfect and too high  
For aught but beings of celestial mould,  
And speak to man in one eternal hymn,  
Unfading beauty and unyielding power.

## Things Abroad.

From the New York Observer.

### ENGLISH SPORTS.

Every day, we hear of their sports, and the character of a people can, in many respects, be determined by their national amusements. A Roman sympathizer, with its wild beasts and compelling gladiators, indicated the cruel and bloodthirsty temper of the thousands who gazed upon them.

The sports of "the chase are said also to indicate the pluck and prowess of the English people. Among all the characteristic spectacles of England none is more impressive to a stranger than a "meet" in some rural town, in front of some ancient castle, in the heart of England; and no one can fully understand the English character till he has seen it. It is essentially an English sport, and while horse-racing has become a national sport in all countries, fox-hunting can be seen in all its glory only in England. The hunts in Italy, Austria and Maryland, are only feeble imitations. The reason is, that it is a pastime which can be sustained only by a cultivated, rich and well organized community. I have seen the "meet" on the Roman Campagna, but it does not compare with the chase in England. Before I had seen the hounds in full chase, I thought what a foolish, unmeaning and unmanly sport for 50 or 100 men, as many hounds, and 40 or 50 hounds, to spend one whole day in running down one poor innocent fox or stag, and when wearied out, to kill the poor animal and bear home its tail as a trophy of the prowess of 100 men.

So I thought before the hunt. I came to the "meet" and when I saw the 40 or 50 hounds, on the track of the stag, come rushing in by full cry, and the riders, with red coats and high-top boots, on their splendid hunters, following at their highest speed over fences, ditches and fields, all shouting with excitement as they stretched away in a long line over the wide field, I think, if I had had a horse, I should have joined in with them. Nothing in the way of sport can exceed the beauty of the chase as I saw it one beautiful morning, in England, about 40 miles from London. The "meet" was on the top of a hill, near an old church in Hortham. You could see for miles in every direction—the whole landscape diversified with irregular fields of grass and grain, with patches of woods, and farm-houses surrounded by large stacks of hay and grain scattered here and there, and now and then a fine residence in the distance surrounded by a large park and lawn beautifully green even in winter; while the country roads, with steep sides lined with hedge rows and holly, wound irregularly over the whole landscape like a wreath of green.

The stag was brought to the "meet" in a wagon. Around him were assembled the country gentlemen, the farmers, the workmen and boys of the whole vicinity for miles. He was let loose, and away he went over fences, across hedges and ploughed fields, towards a wood, with head erect and a defiant air. He was allowed, for fair play, fifteen minutes' start of the hounds. A pack of about 40 dogs were then let loose. They took the scent one after another in a long line, with a continual cry; and then the men, already mounted, followed on. The men and boys on foot, all shouting, join in or cut across the lots to intercept the course of the stag. Soon the cry of the dogs ceases. They have lost the scent. They go wandering around, as in a maze, in every direction. The trainers, wearing red caps, with a horn, at last, by dint of shouting, calling this dog and that by name, bring them all back on the old trail until the scent is once more found, when all the hounds again set up their cry and are off again.

What surprised me most was, that the people of the whole country joined in this sport. Land proprietors, Members of Parliament, nobility, farmers in their smocks on their small cows, workmen and boys—in short, the whole community joined in the sport.

The stag was said to be coming towards the public road at the foot of the hill. As we drove down we heard the hounds approaching us. They crossed the road in full cry just in front of our carriage. Then came on the riders. I expected to see some neck-breaking leaps, for the bank from the field into the road was high, and a fence also shut it off; but as the men, one after another, came to the fence, they halted, looked for a good place to leap, and then looked to the other side to see where they would land. It was not quite

the wild, reckless leaping we have been wont to associate with the chase, although it was a fine sight to see them come down some eight or ten feet into the road. Aside from one or two being unhorsed there were no mishaps. The most reckless rider and leader of the chase was an American, who is well known in New York. They followed the stag till night before they brought him down, and then he was captured and not killed. He was taken home and reserved for another chase. The stag is not ordinarily killed. The dogs are kept from him, but poor Reynard generally yields up his life in the contest.

The hunt sometimes makes sad havoc with the soft-ploughed fields of the farmer, for if the fox chooses to cross them they are badly cut up; and though the law of England protects a man's field as much as his own house from intrusion, yet we bow to the man who dares to interfere with the sport of the nation. He would be put under the town pump, as one of the country gentlemen told me, if he should attempt it.

It is surprising how general this sport is in Europe in England and Scotland. It is more general and popular than ever before. It was prophesied, twenty years ago, by a great sportsman, that railroads would destroy this manly sport in England by rendering men so effeminate that they could not endure the fatigue and exposure required by the chase; but if any one could see the list of "meets," filling whole columns of the *London Press*, he would see that modern facilities for traveling has rendered the hunt a more general sport than ever before.

Fox and stag hunting is now thoroughly organized by every county in England. The gentlemen of the county form an association, and keep their packs of hounds, generally three or fifty in each. They have their keepers and trainers. One of the gentlemen is chosen leader for the year. The place to "meet" for nearly every day in winter is appointed and notice given in the sporting papers. Any one can come.

The ordinary hunt is made up of the nobility, country gentlemen, farmers, lawyers, officers, artists, workmen,—in short, anybody and everybody who chooses to come. This is one of the best features of the sport. There is here a general mingling of society on an equality. If any serious injury is done to the crops or fences of any farmer he is paid from the general purse. The hounds run every other day during the winter.

The facilities of traveling are such that a man may leave London in the morning, get to the "meet" by noon, and return again to dine at 8 in the evening. His horses are sent the day before or go with him on the cars. Great numbers of lawyers, judges, merchants, literary gentlemen and artists, who do a good deal of mental labor, go out every week for health and recreation. The train, well filled with red coats and horses, will run out 60 miles in one hour and deposit their men and horses in the very heart of the hunting ground of England. In old times they had to travel on the top of a coach all night for this purpose. The consequence is, that now there are probably ten times as many persons indulging in this sport in England as there were forty years ago. It is the proper thing for a gentleman to go in a fery red coat, with high-top boots, and on a fine horse.

There are nine packs of stag hounds, 123 packs of fox hounds and 84 packs of harris in England alone. The capital invested in this sport would very much surprise any one. Suppose each pack to represent 100 men (and some have over 200). We have 21,600 men engaged in the sport. Each sportsman has an average of two horses; this makes 43,200 horses, which, on an average, are worth in England, \$500 each, which brings the value of horses alone to \$21,500,000. The keeping and appointments of the hounds is certainly as much more, making \$43,000,000. The value of the hounds, expense of keeping, of keepers and trainers, would amount to as much more. The outfit of the gentlemen and traveling expenses would certainly amount to \$200 per year, making over \$8,600,000 more. So that we can see how England alone yearly invests and spends over \$125,000,000 in this sport, to say nothing of time.

I can easily imagine some good man saying, Why this waste of money and time?—how much good it would do in support of charities. But hear the Englishman's side of the argument. The hunt is not cruel, for 100 men get their sport out of one fox, and when he is killed, skin him and eat him, sell his skin, and sell his tail off as a trophy. It gives life and health to a whole people. It saves the best brain of the nation. It cultivates a brave, daring and chivalrous spirit. It develops manly, dashing courage, among the young men. It unites to its many sport all classes of society and is a bond of peace. When the hounds are running, the lords, the gentlemen, the farmers, the merchants, the lawyers and judges, the butchers and bakers, the doctors and millers, the blacksmiths and sailors, all join in one common race and in an intercourse and freedom of manner which cannot be found in cities or in any other countries.

As to danger, sometimes a man may get his neck broken, as did the Duke of Dorset; but it is calculated that in England, in a season, 1,200,000 men and horses go out in the chase of the fox, and yet it is said there is not, on an average, a horse broken in each hunt or a man killed in all the hunts once in two years. Mr. Anthony Trollope, who is a great lover and defender of fox hunting, says that "the incidents of a sedentary life are more dangerous than those of fox hunting." Then, again, high authority tells us that the practice of this princely sport is the best preparation for the hardihood, daring and chivalrous courage required on the field of battle. The Duke of Wellington constantly repeated the well-known epigram on fox hunting: "It is mimicry of the

art of war;"—and the veteran warrior, long after he had left forever the bloody scenes of the battle field, enjoyed this more innocent mimicry of war in the chase of the fox. Another English officer of note at the present day, Sir Garnet Wolsey, teaches young officers that field sports are a better training for practical service than books, and the following the hounds than Caesar's Commentaries or Jomini's "Art of War."

Such are some of the Englishman's arguments in favor of his favorite national sport. If all people must have amusement, what, he asks, is more conducive to morals, health, pluck and prowess, than the glorious pastime of following the hounds and the fox?

Lord Cairns, the late Chancellor and one of the greatest and best men of England, defends the fox hunt as one of the best amusements. He never held his court on Saturday, but spent the same in the saddle in pursuit of the fox. This he did, and does now conscientiously, on account of his health.

Whatever the merits of the argument may be, whether in favor of the hunt or against it, I am very much of the opinion that were I an English country gentleman, with leisure and money, I should not be able to resist the excitement of the hunt when I should see every day the red coats in full gallop over the fields and hear the deep bay of the hounds in full pursuit of the "little red rascal Charley."

One thing I am assured of, if Americans would work less and play more they would live longer and stronger lives, physically and mentally, and be a greater and better nation than they now are. It is certain we are becoming degenerated by the excitement of money-making and by brain work. The adage, "It is better to wear out than to rust out," has no application to America. No man has any more right to break the law of God, which is written on his physical constitution, than he has to break one of the Ten Commandments.

### Power of the Press.

For good or evil the press of the country wields a mighty power. It shapes and controls public sentiment by a silent influence always at work. A good paper is like the pure air—it imparts health and purity wherever it goes. A bad paper is like the noxious gas that steals unnoticed from the earth carrying its pestilential breath to corrupt and destroy whole communities. Yet good men are to be found who permit bad papers to enter their household to poison the minds of their children. The seeds of depravity are scattered by the evil hand, and no effort is made to prevent it. Parents may not approve the sentiments uttered by these papers, but many appear insensible to their bad effects, and neglect to apply the correction. While they are careful to provide for the physical growth of their children they neglect their moral training. They provide fresh air and wholesome food for the body, yet allow the mind to feed upon the poisonous elements of a corrupting literature.

This should be stopped at once. The paper that contains immoral sentiments should be as carefully excluded from the family circle as if it came from the pest house stamped with certain contagion and death. A rigid exclusion of these organs of wickedness from the decent families of our land, would confine them within limits where their influence would soon be lost. They might still tend to encourage vice, but their power to corrupt and destroy would be gone forever. Every good citizen should have at least one family paper. It should be chosen from among the many as a friend would be, or a daily companion. Its tone should be elevated; its sentiments pure; its integrity unquestioned. With such a silent companion in your family, you can feel confident that good impressions are being formed in the minds of your children. These impressions may not be noticed in a day, or year, but insensibly they will mould the character that is to lead the youth through the temptations of early manhood, protect and advance him through active life, and sustain him in honorable old age.

### Sporting Anecdotes.

If this is a true story which the *Bracken County, Ky. Chronicle* tells, it certainly is singular: "Just after the last snow fell a little son of Mr. Alex. Keene took his gun and started out after school one afternoon to see if he could scare up a rabbit. He went over Baker's hill near the cemetery, and not finding any rabbits, was coming home, it being about dusk, when he accidentally ran into a flock of partridges which raised and started to fly down the hill, but being blinded by the snow the entire flock brought up plump against the side and roof of a tobacco barn with such force that *fourteen* of them were killed. The boy brought them home, when it was found that the crew of every bird was bursted. They had just had a big feed of grain, and the shock of coming in contact with the barn bursted their craws, and they were captured. This is rather a singular circumstance; nevertheless it is true."

**RABBIT BREEDING.**—In the West of Ireland the landlords have turned their attention to rabbit breeding, and we are told that they find it more profitable than sheep breeding. The manufacturing towns consume enormous quantities of rabbits for food. In Manchester a dealer reports that he sells on the average during the season 1,000 pairs of rabbits every Saturday morning, and from 250 to 350 pair every other morning, in addition to a large lot of game. Here is a hint for us. When our sheep farms fail, we can try rabbit breeding. As mutton and beef command such high prices in thickly populated districts, and as the prices seem to be increasing all the while, possibly it would be a good thing to experiment with rabbit culture here as they do in Great Britain.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

## A Leaf from the Past.

### BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

This battle was fought on the 25th of June, 1314, in the reign of King Edward Second of England, and we will preface the following interesting account of it, by Miss Jane Porter, with the following familiar lines from Scotland's justly renowned poet, Robert Burns, which purport to be "Bruce's Address to his Army," on the eve of this conflict:

"Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled!  
Scots wha Bruce has often led!  
Welcome to your gay bed,  
Or to victory!

Now's the day and now's the hour!  
See the front of battle lower,  
See approach proud Edward's power,  
Chains, and slavery!

Who, for Scotland's king and law,  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Freemen stand and freemen fall,  
Let him follow me!

Who will be a traitor knave,  
Who, so base as a slave,  
Who will fill a coward's grave?  
Let him turn and flee!"

"At the hour of the midnight watch, the trumpets of approaching heralds resounded without the camp. Robert Bruce hastened to the council tent, to receive the now anticipated tidings. The communications of Hamblen had given him reason to expect another struggle for his kingdom; and the message of the trumpets declared it should be a mortal one. At the head of a hundred thousand men, Edward had forced a rapid passage through the lowlands, and was now within a few hours' march of Stirling, fully determined to bury Scotland under her slain, or, by one decisive blow, restore her to his empire. When this was uttered by the English herald, Bruce turned to Ruthven, with a heroic smile, and said, "Let him come, my brave barons! and he shall find that Bannockburn shall pass with Cambus Kenneth!" The strength of the Scottish army did not amount to more than thirty thousand men against this host of Southrons. But the relics of Wallace were there! His spirit glowed in the heart of Bruce. The young monarch lost not the advantage of choosing his ground first; and therefore, as his force was deficient in cavalry, he so fortified his field as to compel the enemy to make it a battle of infantry alone. To protect his exposed flank from the innumerable squadrons of Edward, he dug deep and wide pits near to Bannockburn; and having overlaid their mouths with turf and brushwood, proceeded to marshal his little phalanx on the shore of that brook, till his front stretched to St. Ninian's monastery. Bruce stationed himself at the head of the reserve; with him were the veterans Lockawe and Kirkpatrick, and Lord Bothwell, with the true Longueville, and the men of Lanark; all determined to make this division the stay of their little army, or the last sacrifice for Scottish liberty and its martyred champion's corpse. There stood the sable hearse of Wallace; and the royal standard, struck deep into the native rock of the ground, waved its bloodied volumes over the sacred head. "By that Heaven-sent palladium of our freedom," cried Bruce, pointing to the bier, "we must this day stand or fall. He who deserts it, murders William Wallace anew." At this appeal, the chiefs of each battalion assembled around the hallowed spot, and laying their hands on the pall, swore to fill up one grave with their dauntless Wallace, rather than yield the ground which he had rendered doubly precious by having made it the scene and the garrison of his invincible people! When Kirkpatrick approached the side of his dead chief, he burst into tears, and his sob alone proclaimed his participation in the solemnity. "My leader in death, as in life!" exclaimed Bruce, clasping his friend's sable shroud in his heart, "thy pale corpse shall again redeem the country which cast thee, living, among devouring lions! Its presence shall fight and conquer for thy friend and king!" Bruce, having placed his army, disposed the supernumeraries of the army, the families of his soldiers, and other apparently useless followers of the camp, in the rear of an adjoining hill. By day-break the whole of the Southron army (the English were called Southrons by the Scots, in those days) came in view. The van, consisting of archers and men-at-arms, displayed the banner of Earl de Warenne, the main body was led on by Edward himself, supported by a train of his most redoubtable generals. As they approached, the Bishop of Dunkeld stood on the face of the opposite hill, between the abbots of Cambus-Kenneth and Inchaffray, celebrating mass, in the sight of the opposing armies. He passed along in front of the Scottish lines, barefoot, with the crucifix in his hand, and in few but forcible words exhorted them, by every sacred hope, to fight with an unrelenting step for their rights, their king, and the corpse of William Wallace. At this adjuration, which seemed the call of Heaven itself, the Scots fell on their knees, to confirm their resolution with a vow. The sudden humiliation of their posture excited an instant triumph in the haughty mind of Edward, and spurting forward he shouted aloud, "They yield!" "They cry for mercy!" replied Percy, trying to withhold his Majesty, "but not from us. On that ground on which they kneel they will be victorious or find their grave." The king contemned the opinion of the earl, and inwardly believing that, now Wallace was dead, he need fear no other opponent (for he knew not that even his corpse was in array against him) he ordered his men to charge. The horsemen, to the number of thirty thousand, obeyed; and rushing forward, in the hope of overwhelming the Scots ere they could rise from their knees, met a different destiny. They found destruction, amid the trenches and on the spikes in the way; and with broken ranks and fearful confusion, they fled or fell

under the missile weapons which poured on them from a neighboring height. De Valence was overthrown and severely wounded, and being carried off the field filled the ranks with dismay, while the king's division was struck with consternation at so disastrous a commencement of an action in which they had promised themselves so easy a victory. Bruce seized the moment of confusion, and seeing his little army distressed by the arrows of the English, he sent Bothwell round, with a resolute body of men, to drive those destroying archers from the height which they occupied. This was effected; and Bruce coming up with his reserve the battle in the centre became close, obstinate, and decisive. Many fell before the determined arm of the youthful Scottish king; but it was the fortune of Bothwell to encounter the false Monteth, in the train of Edward. The Scottish earl was then at the head of his intrepid Lanark men: "Fiend of the most damned treason," cried he, (let it be remembered that Monteth was the man who betrayed Sir William Wallace into the hands of Edward's myrmidons, who slew him, for alleged high treason, in the town of London, at the behest of Edward,) "vengeance is come!" and with an iron grasp, throwing him into the midst of the faithful clan, they dragged him to the hearse of their chief, and there on the skirts of its pall, the wretched traitor breathed out his treacherous breath, under the strokes of a hundred swords. "So," cried the veteran Ireland, "perish the murderers of William Wallace!" "So," shouted the rest, "perish the enemies of the best of men!" At this crisis the women and followers of the Scottish camp, hearing such triumphant exclamations from their friends, impatiently quitted their station behind the hill, and ran to the summit waving their scarfs and plaids in exultation of supposed victory. The English, mistaking these people for a new army, had not power to recover from the increasing confusion which had seized them, on King Edward himself receiving a wound; and panic-struck with the sight of their generals falling around them, they flung away their arms and fled. The King narrowly escaped; but being mounted on a stout and fleet horse, he put him to the top of his speed, and reached Dunbar, whence the young Earl of March, being as much attached to the cause of England as his father had been, instantly gave him a passage to England. The Southron camp, with all its riches, fell into the hands of Bruce. But while his chieftains pursued their gallant chase, he returned his steps from warlike triumph, to pay the last honors to the remains of the hero whose blood had so often bathed the field of Scottish victory. So long had been the conflict, that night closed in before the last squadrons left the banks of Bannockburn.

### Our Olio.

#### Improvement of the Memory.

Memory is the most useful of all the faculties of the mind, and yet the most neglected. It is that peculiar intellectual power which enables us to retain the knowledge of facts and events, and by the aid of recollection, to call them up for use at pleasure. The terms memory and recollection are not synonymous. The former implies the power of the mind to retain, without the volition to call up; while the latter is the direct result of volition and implies the power to recollect or summon up for immediate use, whatever of the past may have been impressed upon the senses. Memory is the storehouse of the mind and is to a man's intellect, just what the savings bank is to his finances. It is a safe repository of capital for occasions of emergency or for current use. No power of the mind is more capable of rapid and unlimited improvement than the memory, where proper and judicious efforts are made to that end. It is a faculty which most persons earnestly covet, but for which few people are willing to encounter the labor necessary to acquire, and the abuse of which everybody deplores. Rochefoucauld says, "Every one complains of his memory; no one of his judgment." A bad memory is a lethargic pool beneath whose waters our ignorance may be buried and which will serve on all occasions to excuse us from all that we never knew. It is a convenient scape-goat for all our intellectual short comings. The impressions made upon the mind by which the vividness of events is permanently retained depends upon habits of close attention. Men who read hastily and without thought make but little perceptible progress in knowledge; while those who read slowly, weighing every thought with care, seem to leap forward with supernatural strides. Again, men who read indiscriminately without judgment or classification of knowledge, make but little speed in mental advancement. This is occasioned by the fact, that such a course makes the mind a mere lumber-room, and gives rise to a confused and embarrassed memory. The individual who possesses such an unfortunate faculty is more to be pitied than he who can attribute all his defects to an utter inability to remember. There is no doubt that the majority of men could secure to themselves the ability to remember everything valuable, if they would set about to acquire it, for after all, it is only an acquired habit, and is a certain reward to those who seek it. It is said that Cyrus acquired a memory which enabled him to call by name, all the soldiers in his army. Hortensius, a Roman orator, was able to repeat an entire discourse, immediately after he had written it without omission of a single word. Seneca could repeat two thousand names in the order in which they had been introduced to him. Victor Parly, an English collier, committed the entire Bible to memory. In order to cultivate this habit of remembering, the faculty must be kept in constant exercise, by committing to memory something useful every day, for, unless constantly occupied, the power is rapidly lost by disuse. Then the habit of close attention and careful observation must be secured by continual practice. And, lastly, knowledge must be classified. That is, the various departments of information must be kept distinct in the mind, and each item of knowledge, as fast as it is acquired, must be assigned to its particular place. Thus will every new fact find its appropriate station, and, by being associated with similar knowledge already acquired, will be permanently retained almost without effort. Of this classification there will be, first, the business or profession of an individual which must necessarily, occupy the largest portion of his thoughts. Information in that connection from force of circumstances, is so easily assimilated that it seems to come by intuition, and immediately assumes its peculiar character. Then will follow his intellectual recreations which may be divided among all the branches of knowledge he may find it convenient or proper to pursue, the natural sciences, chemistry, astronomy, mathematics, general literature or otherwise. Each of these departments of information must have its distinctive place in the mind in order that kindred knowledge may cluster around it, for the mind quickly grasps the fruits presented to it in clusters. Thus by constant exercise through the frequent recurrence of thought to the topics thus classified in the mind will the memory become strong and knowledge will accumulate to an unlimited degree.

#### A Remarkable Pig.

John Standford, of Shelby county, Ky., a soldier in the war of 1812, tells a marvelous story of a pig. It was, to use offensive language, of the softer sex, and the gentleman who owned it was sharpening his knife to cut its throat at the time it fled from the farm where it had rooted up grass and wallowed in the mud. Possibly it had a presentiment. At least it followed in the wake of a company of volunteer cavalry riding towards the North. Coming to the banks of the Kentucky River it begged in pig-language to be rowed over the stream, and the soldiers granted the request. It then followed the troopers, trotting when they trotted, and walking when they slowly walked. It must have been of the lean, long-legged kind, for otherwise it could not have traveled so resolutely and so far. "I followed us," says Mr. Standford, "through Cincinnati, on through Illinois; there we went into camp. A short time after we again took up our line of march, followed by the pig to Sandusky, thence to Fort Meigs, thence to the river Raisin, from there to Pigotown, and then to Detroit, where the army camped for some time. The expedition was then conducted around Lake Superior; then we marched up the river Thames, the pig still following; thence across the swamps to Harris and Johnston's battle-ground. It swam one mile and a quarter at one time, and about a mile at another. During one of its performances it was lamed by a horse, when our commander hid it sent back to Detroit and kept till we returned. Capt. Watkins called for our shot, and it followed him home to Shelbyville, Ky. When he passed the gentleman's house to whom it belonged he remarked that he had brought his pig home; the gentleman told him to keep it, as it was too much of a military hog for him." Mr. Standford concludes with the statement that the pig often slept in his tent, and that it was never known to put its nose into a dinner plate. As pigs have an unceremonious way of sticking their noses into everything, dinner plates especially, when the opportunity is afforded, this campfollower was governed by an exceptional code of good manners. The soldiers loved the animal. They could not do otherwise, when it stood before them in a stirring example of patriotism and culture. We venture to say that we shall never see the like of that pig again.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.

## Snake-Charming in Siam.

On being invited by a Siamese family to see some amusements, writes a traveler, the performance began by the magician taking a small pearl box out of his bosom, opening it and holding it toward some butterflies. They seemed to observe the downy cotton with which the box was lined, and in circling curves they moved toward it and crouched down, with wings all outspread, upon the dainty couch prepared for them. The juggler closed the box at once; and as he did so, we saw seated upon the top a live canary, that carolled forth sweet songs until its little throat seemed ready to split, as if striving to compensate for the departure of our butterfly favorites. Suddenly the song of joy was changed to piercing notes that betokened horror or alarm; and we saw at the conjurer's feet a deadly cobra do capello, coiled as if for a spring, and with its glittering eyes fixed on the bird, that seemed spell-bound to the spot, either too frightened or fascinated to move. The man waited till the snake was in the very act of springing, and then, with a few words spoken in low musical tones, and a gentle drumming movement of the hand, he seemed to throw the cobra into the same trance-like state that the bird had evinced, while the latter roused up and flew eagerly into the juggler's bosom; which had been opened for its reception. From this same capacious receptacle, apparently exhausted in its resources, was drawn out another cobra; and after allowing them time to make each other's acquaintance, sometimes inciting them to anger, and again soothing to quietude by his soft words and drumming motions, the juggler wrapped them both about his neck and arms, and stood with exultant pride, allowing them to touch his nose, the tip of his tongue, and in one instance even the pupil of his eye, with their vibrating tongues. But all this while he held a small lute in his hand; and when words seemed to fail, he played a few notes on the instrument, which soon reduced the reptiles to a state of dreamy quiescence. After performing various daring feats with them, to show the audience that the snakes had been in no way mutilated, he threw a large chicken between them. Both struck at it, and it died in about five minutes.

I afterward saw more of this snake-charming in Bangkok; and in this particular branch of jugglery the Siamese are said to excel all other Orientals. I have seen them hang half a dozen different kinds of serpents—cobras, hooded snakes and vipers—about their necks at once, placing a whole coil of them in their bosoms, and even taking the reptiles placed in their mouths. Then they will place some ten or fifteen of as many different species in a deep basket with a long, narrow neck, and without looking in, thrust down their hands, draw up one or more, toy with it for a while, and then throwing it back, take up another, and so on as long as they can obtain paying spectators. These jugglers devote themselves exclusively to the study and practice of their profession, and each company tries to do all others in dexterity and daring. They are highly esteemed, exert large influence in the community, and are accredited by their credulous compatriots with authority over all diseases, which they profess to summon or drive off at will, as well as evil spirits, ghosts and geni.

Despite the palpable absurdity of these pretensions, the reality of the power they claim over venomous reptiles admits of no shadow of a doubt, though how this power is maintained is not so easily shown. It is doubtless, to some extent, the effect of music, which is always employed by the jugglers to throw the reptiles into a sort of spell during their performances, aided also by a monotonous waving to and fro of the charmer's body—a motion that seems to lull the snakes into a dreamy, mesmeric trance, in which they can be kept for days together. In addition to this, the snakes are very carefully tended, never suffered to become hungry, nor yet fed to such repletion as to occasion either torpor or a habit of hankering after the blood. The jugglers also keep their bodies smeared with some oily substance, the nature of which they will not divulge; but we may infer that it is something for which the snake has a natural antipathy or that exerts a narcotic influence on its nerves. These combined influences seem quite sufficient to produce the marvellous power exercised by Oriental snake charmers. It is absolutely certain that the poisonous fangs are not extracted, as some have asserted, but that the reptiles are brought wholly un-mutilated into the arena. I have myself seen charmers perform with snakes they have never before touched, and which have been returned to me perfect as I handed them over. Some of these are now bottled in my cabinet.

Alligator-charming is also effected by music, and is resorted to frequently by soothsayers and fortune tellers to decide whether an undertaking is to be lucky or unlucky. Offerings are thrown into the river, prayers are made, and then in undisciplined awe the petitioners await the monster's decree, that is to send them off happy or the reverse. If he appears to answer to the call, the omen is good. If his alligatorship, however, should happen to be sleepy or absent, and fail to respond his petitioners depart in sadness, and never hesitate to give up the proposed undertaking, whatever it may be. In this connection I mention fortune-telling, in which all Oriental natives have such unlimited confidence that a betrothal in marriage, a journey or feast—in fact, anything of even small importance—is never entered on till the soothsayer has been sought or the "fortunebook" consulted.

Genius is the gift of the Deity; it discovers itself without effort, and is unknown to the possessor.

## THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Although the St. Bernard convent is, as I dare say you know, the highest inhabited spot but one in the world, the ascent is extremely gradual and uncommonly easy; really presenting no difficulties at all, until within the last league, when the ascent leading through a place called the valley of desolation, is very awful and tremendous, and the road is rendered tortuous by scattered rocks and melting snow. The convent is a most extraordinary place, full of great vaulted passages, divided from each other with iron gratings; and presenting a series of the most astonishing little dormitories, where the windows are so small, (on account of the cold and snow,) that it is as much as one can do to get one's head out of them. Here we slept; supping, thirly strong, in a rambling room with a great wood fire in it set apart for that purpose; with a grim monk, in a high black sugar loaf hat with a great knob at the top of it, carving the dishes. At five o'clock in the morning precisely, the chapel bell rang in the distasteful way for matins; and I, lying in bed close to the chapel, and being awakened by the solemn organ and the chanting, thought for a moment I had died in the night and passed into the unknown world. I wish you could see that place. A great hollow on the top of a range of dreadful mountains, fenced in by riven rocks of every shape and color, and in the midst a black lake, with phantom clouds perpetually stalking over it. Peaks and points, and plains of eternal snow and ice, bounding the view and shutting out the world on every side; the black lake reflecting nothing; and no human figure in the scene. The air so fine that it is difficult to breathe without feeling out of breath; and the cold so exquisitely thin and sharp that it is not to be described. Nothing of life or living interest in the picture, but the grey, dull walls of the convent. No vegetation of any sort or kind. Nothing growing, nothing stirring. Everything iron bound and frozen up. Beside the convent, in a little out-house with a grated iron door which you may unbolt yourself, are the bodies of people found in the snow who have never yet been claimed and are now withering away—not laid down or stretched out, but standing up in corners and against the wall, some erect and horribly human, with distinct expression on their faces; some drooping over on one side; some tumbled down altogether, and presenting a heap of skulls and fibrous dust. There is no other decay in that atmosphere; and there they remain during the short days and the long nights, the only human company out of doors, withering away by grains, and holding ghastly possession of the mountain where they died.

It is the most distinct and individual place I have ever seen in this transcendent country. But, for the Saint Bernard holy fathers and convent in themselves, I am sorry to say that they are a piece of as sheer humbug as we ever learnt to believe in, in our young days. Trashy French sentiment, and the dogs, (of which, by the bye, there are only three remaining) have done it all. They are a lazy set of fellows, never fond of going out themselves; employing servants to clear the road, (which has not been important or much used as a pass these hundred years; rich, and driving a good trade at inn-keeping; the convent being a common tavern in everything but the sign. No charge is made for their hospitality, to be sure; but you are shrouded to a box in the chapel, where everybody puts in more than could, with any show of face, be charged for the entertainment, and from this the establishment derives a right good income. As to the self-sacrifice of living up there, they are obliged to go there young, it is true, to be inured to the climate; but it is an infinitely more exciting and various life than any other convent can offer; with constant change and company through the whole summer; with an hospital for invalids down in the valley, which affords another change; and with an annual begging-journey to Geneva and this place and all the places round for one brother or other, which affords further change. The brother who carved at our supper could speak some English, and had just had *Pickwick* given him—what a humbug he will think me when he tries to understand it! If I had any other book of mine with me, I would have given it him, that I might have had some chance of being intelligible.

### Fun at Home.

Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people. Don't shut up your houses lest the sun should fade your carpets, and your hearts, lest a happy laugh should shake down some of the rusty cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your souls, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling-houses and degradation.

Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere. If they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought in other, and perhaps less profitable places. Therefore let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the home ever delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repudiate the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment round the lamp and a freight of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the merriment of a bright, bright, domestic merriment.

To cut off the bottom of a champagne bottle or tumbler, take a corker with a cutting instrument in position, which must be ignited, and the bottle dipped when set into a bucket of cold water; it will immediately come off.

Frankness speaks of the present as if they were absent, and kindness of the absent as if they were present.