THE OPELO ... ATRIC

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VOLUME I. OPELOUSAS,

What I Live For.....By G. L. Banes.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me;
For the task by God assigned me;
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I love to learn their story
Who 've suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd History's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Read truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil each grand design.

I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance;
For the wrong that needs resistance;
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

THE POOR FELLOW'S STORY.

A HUNGARIAN HERO.

The country between the Rivers Theiss and and the Danube is a wide plain or steppe, containing fifteen thousand square miles. The traveler, on entering it, perceives at once that he has reached a new country. A series of undulations, formed by sand-hills, roll away like waves, until earth and sky are blended together. The expanse, in truth, resembles a great ocean solidified. Mile after mile it stretches away in a dull, depressing uniformity, unbroken by a village, a house or a tree. Indeed, the name by which the plain is known—the Puszta—means "empty" or "void;" and it is well described by its name. It is bare, naked and desolate, and destitute even of a stream of water. Here and there the long pole of a drawwell rises against the sky, like a spectral arm, or like the mast of a stranded ship. Occasionally a herd of cattle strays along in search of herbage, watched by mounted herdsmen. The only other sign of life is a solitary crane or stork, perched on one leg, amidst a bog white with the powder of soda, or a vulture wheeling high in the air in search of prey. A profound silence rests on the plain; and when broken by the herdsman's voice, or the bellowing of the cattle, the sound startles the ear, as it speeds, one knows not whence, on the wings of the wind. The drivers of the diligences which cross the Puszta if overtaken by night, creep into little holes which they have grubbed in the sand, sleeping until the light returns; and even they, though accustomed to the route, are always glad to reach the confines of the waste. Kahl once, when traversing the Puszta, was aroused by the driver's exclamation—"Ah, thank God! I see the gallows of Felegyhaz!" It was the sign of town, civilization, and—dinner!

The Puszta is the cradle, or rather the keep, of Hungarian nationality. Its denizens are pure and unadulterated Hungarians—the same as the Magyars, when, a thousand years ago, they wandered away in search of "fresh fields and pastures new," from the plains of distant Asia. Every man is a horseman, and every one able and ready to become a soldier in defense of his country. The inhabitants of the Puszta are herdsmen, following great droves of horses, buffaloes, snow-white bullocks, sheep and swine from pasture to pasture, and remaining the whole year round beneath the canopy of heaven. The wildest among them are the swineherds, and their greatest distinction is to be a redoubtable fighter. They are pre-eminently the heroes of the plain. Even their very pleasures are warlike and sanguinary. The swineherds are very fond of dancing, their favorite dance being a representation of catching and killing a pig. The dancer, while springing in the air inspired by the music of a violin or the bagpipes, whirls a couple of axes round his head so rapidly that they resemble a pair of wheels; now throws them away, anon catches them again, moving his feet, turning himself to the measure of the music, and finishes the performance by striking dead a pig placed ready for the blow. These axes are fixed to a handle about three feet in length, and serve both as a walking-stick and as a pastoral crook. The herdsmen become so dexterous in the use of their axes that one has been known to throw his axe into the midst of a crowd of persons, where an enraged buffalo was treading and overthrowing every thing in its way, and hit the animal so exactly as to kill it on the spot.

But still more singular and pugnacious is another pastime of the swineherds of the Puszta. The Konasz is not exactly a thief, but robs occasionally, for the fun of the thing. Having determined to eat one of his neighbor's pigs, he goes at night, with five or six roystering companions, to his neighbor's hut, and gives three knocks at the door with his axe. The sleeper knows what this means, being "to the manner born"—it is a challenge to come forth and defend his pigs. Out he rushes, he and his people, and a battle-royal ensues, in which the axes clash, and blood flows sometimes from terrible wounds. If the defenders are victorious, why, he "saves his bacon;" but if the aggressors, as the case generally is, they are entitled to select the fattest of the herd and carry him off!

The axe is, in other cases, the swineherd's gauntlet. If he is ill for want of a fight, he goes to the Csarda, or lodge inn, and, striking his axe into the cross beam of the ceiling, asks "Who is the man here?" If the company decline the challenge, they leave the room, and the fighter celebrates the triumph by getting drunk in solitary glory. If he meets his match, as generally he does, a ring is formed, and the duel commences, and always ends by a fight all round, in the Irish fashion.

Nor is the axe a plaything, a mere a ... tial weapon only: but it is also a red of justice among the swineherds. Suppose, for instance, a man had lost a horse or any other animal, and suspects that a neighbor has taken it: he invites him to the Csarda to take wine. After the third or fourth bottle, Paul suddenly says,

"Brother Stephen, have you seen my gray foal?"

"Not that I know of," coolly replies Stephen.

"Now, then, tell me truly, Stephen; you must have seen it. *I* have seen it among your herd."

"You have mistaken my large gray dog for your foal," is the answer.

"I see," says Paul, "that you are determined to know nothing of it;" and then, suddenly drawing his axe from beneath his sheepskin coat, he strikes Stephen a sharp blow on the head.

"So, you have struck me!" exclaims Stephen, and, drawing his axe, returns blow for blow. They fight on till honor is satisfied, and then Stephen suddenly remembers that he *has* got the foal, upon which they drain another bottle, and leave the house as good friends as they entered it.

These rough pastimes and keen-edged lawsuits occasionally end in manslaughter; and then the homicide, instead of returning to his band, takes to the Steppe for a living—stealing cattle, robbing travelers, and extorting food and shelter at the thinly scattered farms. Nor does the farmer dare reject his self-invited guests, knowing that if he did, his dwelling would soon be in flames. The fugitive in the language of the country becomes a *Szegeny Legeny*—that is, a "poor fellow"—and this brings us to our story.

Rozsa Sandor was the son of a wealthy swineherd of the Puszta, and from his earliest boyhood had wandered with the herds. His godfather, a magistrate of Szeged, wished to make him a scholar; but Rozsa preferred the wide page of Nature to book-learning. He could ride a horse, lasso a buffalo, tread a measure, and hit a pig, with the best on the steppe; and these were in his eyes the best of all learning. Rozsa, moreover, was fond of going to the Csarda—fonder of it even than minding his business; and, what was even worse for him than dancing and drinking, he fell desperately in love with an inkeeper's daughter. Rozsa, however, had a rival in the girl's affections, and seemingly a successful one; and being unable to brook the slightest interference with his will, he challenged the happy man to settle their differences, in the usual way, over a bottle at the Csarda. After dispatching a couple of bottles, Rozsa desired his adversary to give up the girl. He refused, as in honor bound; they fought, and Rozsa killed his man. Love and marriage were thus put out of the question; and nothing remained for him but to turn "poor fellow." He became a famous robber—more, however, from necessity than from inclination. He plundered only the rich, and gave freely to the poor, among whom he was regarded as a Robin Hood. The Pandurs, or mounted police, hunted him from county to county, from farm to farm; but so great was his activity, presence of mind and daring, and so clever his contrivances, that he always eluded them. Once, he had concealed himself under a pile of nets, on which the baffled Pandurs sat down to consult together. So narrow were his escapes, and so swift was his little horse Bogar, that the herdsmen, firm believers in sorcery, considered that he bore a charmed life—that neither sword nor pistol could hurt him; and, in short, that he was in league with the devil. On the steppe, the devil always gets the credit of any thing which people can not understand.

One stormy night, a crowd of herdsmen were assembled at a Csarda near the ferry across the Theiss at Csurgo. Some gipsy musicians were playing one of the melodies of the country. They are so wild and impassioned that the hearer is involuntarily carried away; and every now and then one of the company, inspired by the music, jumped up from his seat, beckoned to one of a group of girls wishfully waiting in the doorway, and joined in the dance, all giving vent to their pleasure by loud exclamations, each man, at the end, lifting his partner high in the air. In the midst of this scene, one of the company rose, and, throwing his hat upon the ground, exclaimed to the gipsy band, "Now, fellows, strike up my note!" He was a young man, short but muscular; and his eyes, which glowed like coals of fire in his pale, sad face, glanced restlessly about from one object to another. He held in his hand the axe of a herdsman. The gipsies played one of the simple and melancholy Magyar tunes, which often melt an assembly into tears. The herdsman danced alone, going through the mazes of the dance with such consummate skill that a circle of admirers gathered round him. Among these were some Pandurs, who looked significantly at each other when they saw the dancer. He did not notice them, however, until he had finished; and though his scrutinizing glances met the eyes of the police, he did not appear to heed them. Calling carelessly for a jug of wine, he sauntered toward the veranda which surrounded the house, and before the Pandurs could approach him, had disappeared. In a few moments, the tramping of a horse was heard in the court-yard, and then the report of a gun. A crowd of gipsies and traders, who were detained at the ferry by stress of weather, rushed out in surprise and alarm, and beheld, by the light of the rising moon, the graceful dancer seated on horseback.

"Rozsa Sandor wishes the worthy Pandurs a very good night!" he exclaimed, and then darted off toward the river. The Pandurs were soon mounted and in pursuit of the redoubtable "poor fellow," who, without a moment's hesitation, dashed into the stream, and made for the opposite shore.

"He can not hold out long," cried one of the traders. "Look: the stream carries him away;" and at that moment the Pandurs fired their carbines at him, and horse and rider sunk. Rozsa had only dived to escape the bullets of the police.

"Never fear for his life," said a herdsman to some of his comrades. "I rather think this is not the first time that he swims the river."

He was right. Though the struggle was long and dangerous, it was successful; and the horse and rider, having gained the opposite bank, soon disappeared in the distance.

A love of the Csarda was Rozsa's besetting weakness, and he indulged it in defiance of warning. On one occasion, some Pandurs, who were in search of him, arrived in a village near Szabonta, while he was enjoying a dance. They summoned a body of the inhabitants to their assistance, and surprised Rozsa and a companion before they were aware of their danger. Believing death was inevitable, they determined to sell their li ... to a small room. Th ... them to surrender. R ... replied by discharging ... siegers through the ... returned the shots, a ... been a Hussar, rushe ... it open, and shot ... who had defended i ... act of shooting Ro ... self. The beleagu ... defend both door ... way he turned, b ... the back.

"At least I w ... claimed; and r ... contrived to rea ... few moments he ... Pandurs surrou ... though they dare ... however, to take ... fire to the roof; ... that Rozsa must ... by the bullets of ... self never despair ... door, favored by ... vaulted on his ho ... lay hands upon h ... charged their ca ... bullets whistled id ... through the crow ... gate; but it had l ... being surrounded b ... impossible. Not so, ... as thought, charged the ... did not fail him in the des ... Rozsa disappeared with a shouting which heightened the evil reputation both of horse and man.

Rozsa would, however, have gladly returned to an honest life in the Puszta, the wild home to which his heart yearned. He was truly the most miserable man upon earth. He felt that he had done wrong, but he also felt that "the world and the world's law" drove him to other crimes for the sake of his life. In 1848, the Emperor of Austria "became a traitor to Hungary, and sold it to the Croat," as the people used to say, and they dethroned him from their hearts. The cry of Kossuth, "The Fatherland is in danger!" converted every denizen of the Puszta into a soldier, and their watchword was, "Forward from the Theiss over the Danube," to drive back the advancing Croats. Rozsa, thinking that even his forfeited life might be of some use, sought permission to sacrifice it in defense of his country. He sent a petition to the Government, praying for an amnesty, and promising, if it were granted, to raise a body of Hussars from the Steppe, and lead them against the enemy. The Government accepted Rozsa's submission and assistance; and his pardon was read to him in the market-place of Szeged, in the presence of a large crowd of people. He swore to live and die honorably for his country—and kept his oath. He appeared at the head of eighty brave fellows, mounted and armed, and greatly distinguished himself during the war. His feats of arms and wonderful escapes formed quite a romance. His followers, like his foes, at length became impressed with the belief that no bullet could hurt him—that he was impregnable against every weapon. Instead, however, of thinking that he was in league with the devil, they maintained that he possessed a charm made of peculiar materials, at a certain time, which enabled him to set all the world at defiance. The charm had, it appears, a weak point—a counter charm; but it was known only to Rozsa himself.

The Hungarian patriots having been overwhelmed, Rozsa retired to the Steppe. The Austrian Government put a price of £1000 on his head, and the police commenced an unceasing attempt to capture him. But it was in vain; for every man was his friend. Even the functionaries of the Government, either out of sympathy or for more solid reasons, gave him notice when a new chase was in the wind. He organized a body of undaunted men, who spread throughout the country, and executed his orders with implicit obedience and almost unvarying success. In aiding patriots to escape from prison, in getting others in danger across the frontier, in disconcerting the spy system, and in others ways, Rozsa continued to serve the patriot cause long after it was broken in the field.

Rozsa, on one occasion, was sent from Pesth with dispatches, of the highest importance, to the Turkish frontier. His wife, during his absence, foolishly showed herself in Pesth, so openly that the police had no difficulty in making her a prisoner. The unhappy woman was tortured by the Austrians, to wring from her the secrets of her husband. But she defied their cruelties, and at the end of a fortnight she was shot at Neugebande. Rozsa did not return until the atrocious deed had been done, but, though he deeply loved his wife, he manifested no outward sign of affliction. He became, perhaps, more silent and solitary, but in no way betrayed the pain which was eating his very heart. Shortly afterwards, he and a chosen band of followers left the camp in the Puszta, for Pesth, and after an absence of a few days, dashed into the campaign, Rozsa, carrying before him a large bundle, while a gendarme was bound to one of his followers. Their horses were covered with foam, they were exhausted with fatigue, and night was far advanced; but Rozsa ordered his men to mount, and ride for the reeds which line the banks of the Theiss. For three hours they galloped in silence, and then dismounting, Rozsa ordered a fire to be lighted. Then opening the bundle, his followers were thrilled with horror at beholding the corpse of his wife. The flickering flame falling on the ghastly countenance, the lips seemed to move, and animation return. Rozsa knelt by the side of the corpse, sobbing and weeping piteously, nor could his rude followers refrain from tears. Rozsa had braved death to rescue the corpse from the Austrians, that it might rest in free ground, and to capture the gendarme who had seized his wife. A grave was dug, and one of his troopers, an outlawed Protestant minister, performed the service for the dead. And then the mourners sung the national anthem of Hungary: a solemn, plaintive melody, varied by martial strains. Scarcely had the corpse been laid its grave, than Rozsa, suddenly seizing his axe, aimed a blow at the prisoner, who was already more dead than alive from fright. But as suddenly his spirit changed, his upraised arm fell idly to his side, and he exclaimed—"I came here intending to sacrifice you on the very mound under which the happiness of my life now lies buried. But as the wrong you have perpetrated touched my person, and not my country, I will avenge in a manner worthy of myself. You have brought the greatest misery on me, and in exchange I bestow on you the greatest blessing—I give you your life." The man's eyes were then bound, by Rozsa's orders, ... a horse and a decent billiard-player under five thousand)—but it has kept you from one of the cunningest and most seductive fascinations ever invented by the devil for carrying on his schemes and plans on this most green-horn, gullible planet.

And yet, a billiard-table—there it is: look at it. It does n't seem to be any thing so very terrible—merely a large mahogany table, covered with green cloth, and furnished with pockets at the sides and corners. There surely is n't any thing very terrible about that.

Possibly not. But just take those smoothe red and white ivory balls out of the pockets, and roll them softly over the smoothe cloth. How silently they glide! What pretty angles and ellipses they make, shooting about from cushion to cushion, kissing one another in the face, *chasseering* one another from side to side, and indulging in all sorts of pretty gyrations!

Well; but I do n't see any harm in all that. Ah! Take down a cue, and get John or Joe or any of the craft to indoctrinate you into the use of it—to gradually teach you the science of carom and hazard, the mysteries of forcing and following, the laws of angles and of momentum—and before you are aware of it, you are irretrievably lost. Every movement and process in billiards is in accordance with some scientific law; and the whole game, in its operations and results, is one of the most beautiful and gratifying, merely in this point of view, that can be presented to the eye of mind.

But, in addition to this, no game has ever been invented—with the single exception of chess—which so powerfully appeals to the mere desire to triumph over your adversary, as billiards. It seems to set into activity every sentiment of vanity, rivalry and ambition, throughout the whole being. I doubt whether the desire to win the favor of a woman from a rival is stronger than the intense desire to conquer an antagonist at billiards. Defeat produces the keenest mortification, and success the most beatific pleasure.

Although there is, of course, a great deal of gambling carried on at billiards, yet it is not decidedly one of the "gambling games" in this country. The excitement of the game itself is quite sufficient for most men's nerves; and the farther you progress in it, and the better you play, the more absorbing the excitement becomes. We know many men, young and old, in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, who spend an average of from ten to fifteen hours a day in playing billiards, and who never bet, except occasionally a round of drinks, or cigars. Those who do not understand the game, or who are just beginning to learn it, will scarcely find it possible to credit this statement; yet every marker or billiard-table keeper in this city will assure you that it is literally a fact. Indeed, although I have been for a quarter of a century studying, observing and analyzing the habits and dissipations of mankind, I have never been quite able to account for the irresistible fascination exerted over their victims by billiards and pretty women.

Let us step into the fashionable billiard-room at about ten or eleven o'clock in the evening. The morning is always dull here: it is only in the evening that a billiard-room can be considered in its full blast. Here are some eight or ten tables, all in a row, and all in operation. It is a curious and instructive sight; and if you have come out for the purpose of studying human nature, in its out-of-doors manifestations, you could not have chosen a better place or a more favorable moment.

At the billiard-room, we meet the most respectable as well as the wealthiest and most intelligent persons in the community. It is true that there are those who never visit either billiard-rooms or theaters; but they are none the more respectable on that account. A certain quantity of healthy and agreeable pastime, both for mind and body, is absolutely indispensable; and of all their varieties, certainly billiards and the theater are the last two that we would have extinguished.

Every man has a distinct and characteristic way of playing billiards, as he has of putting on his trowsers or getting into bed. Some play close and carefully, pausing so long between the shots, to take in all the circumstances, probabilities and possibilities of the case, that they completely exhaust your patience; and when it comes to your turn, you let drive at random, merely to have it over and get it out of the way. Often your cunning and slow antagonist has studied this as a part of his chances of the game. These careful old traders, speculators and bargain-makers know well the value of slowness and deliberation, in its effect upon mercurial and impatient men; and in trade, as well as billiards, it is one of their chief means of success. We have often seen a good billiard-player beaten, game after game, in spite of himself, by some careful, slow-moving old fogy, whose game was not equal to his by half.

This distinction in the manner of playing does not apply merely to old and young; it is universal. I have often noticed it between young men of the same age; and to me, the indications afforded by an hour's observation of the game of billiards are as satisfactory, as to the future destiny of the players, as the most careful and elaborate chart of their phrenoloris ... ...ny saved you thou... ... hard cash—(a man can't ... ...nis ... ...vagance of ... ...

EGYPTIAN PLAGUE IN GREECE.

LOCUSTS.

An Eastern summer is full of wonders; but there is perhaps nothing about it more awfully appalling than those vast flights of locusts which sometimes destroy the vegetation of whole kingdoms in a few days, and where they found a garden leave a wilderness.

I am riding along a pleasant hill side—towards the end of May. There is a sharp pattering noise, like that of April rain falling on the ground. I look attentively towards the earth, knowing that it cannot be a shower this clear, balmy morning, and I see a countless multitude of little black insects no bigger than a pin's head. They are hopping and springing about in myriads, under my horse's feet—along the hard stony road, which is quite black with them, and far away among the heather, which is turned black also. I ride miles and miles, yet the ground is still darkened with these little insects, and the same sharp pattering noise continues. They are the young of the locusts, who left their eggs in the ground last year. They have just come to life. Three days ago there was not one to be seen.

A little later and I am passing through a Greek village. The alarm has spread every where, and the local authorities have bestirred themselves to resist their enemies, while still weak. Large fires are burning by the river-side, and immense cauldrons full of boiling water are steaming over them. The whole country side has been out locust-hunting. They have just returned with the result of their day's exertion. Twenty-three thousand pounds weight of these little insects, each, as I have said, no bigger than a pin's head, have been brought in already in one day.

They have been caught in a surface of less than five square miles. There has been no difficulty in catching them. Children of six years old can do it as well as grown men. A sack and a broom is all that is necessary. Place the open sack on the ground and you may sweep it full of locusts as fast as you can move your arms. The village community pay about a farthing a pound for locusts. Some of the hunters have earned two or three shillings a day. As the sacks are brought in they are thrust into the cauldrons of boiling water, and boiled each for some twenty minutes. They are then emptied into the rapid little river swollen by the melting of mountain snows.

The plague goes on spreading daily from village to village—from town to town. This is the fourth year since they first appeared at Mitylene, whence I am writing. It is said that they seldom remain at one place longer, but that, in the fourth generation, the race dies out unless it is recruited from elsewhere. I am not aware whether this is a mere popular superstition, or a fact based on experience. They show, however, certainly no symptom of weakness or diminution of numbers. In ten days they have increased very much in size. They are now as long as cockchafers, only fatter. They seem to be of several distinct species. Their bodies are about an inch and a half long, but some are much larger round than others. They have six legs. The hind legs of the largest kind are nearly three inches long, or twice the length of the body. They have immense strength, and can spring four or five yards at a time. The legs are terminated by sharp, long claws, and have lesser claws going about half way up at the sides of them. Their hold is singularly tenacious. Their heads and shoulders are covered with a kind of horny armor, very tough. Some are of a bright green color all over, some have brown backs and yellow bellies with red legs, and are speckled not unlike a partridge. Some are nearly black all over, and have long wings. The largest species have immensely long feelers projecting out near the eyes. I noticed some of these feelers twice the length of the rest of the body. The bite of the largest kind is strong enough to bend a pin. This locust has immense sharp tusks, furnished with saws inside. His mouth opens on all four sides, and closes like a vice. His eyes are horny, and he cannot shut them. The largest kind have two short yellow wings and a long pointed fleshy tail—the smallest have four long black wings and no tail. The head is always large in comparison to the body, and not unlike that of a lobster. In moving, its scales make a noise like the creaking of new leather.

The locusts are on the wing. They have risen from the ground into the air. They darken the sky in their steady flight for hours, and they make a noise like the rushing of a mighty wind. Far as the eye can see over land and water broods the same ominous cloud. The imagination refuses to grasp their number. It must be counted by millions of millions. Count the flakes of a snow-storm, the sands by the seashore, the leaves of summer, the ... the blades of grass on every meadow. For ... days and days the locust ... south wind continue. A ... descend on the gardens a ... struggle for pre-eminence o ... ings, and the topmost ... extraordinary gravity. They ... loathsomely on fruit and flow ... into eggs and fish, which be ... consequence. There is no help ag ... because of their multitude. They eat ... my bedding: they get into my pocke ... into my hair and beard. The Greek ... are obliged to tie their trousers on above ... gowns as a protection against them. ... tread upon them, they blow against you, th ... fly against you, they dine off the same plate ... and hop on a piece of food you are putting into your mouth. Their stench is horrible, and this lasts for weeks.

They eat up the corn lands and the vineyards, wheresoever they fall. I counted nine on one blade or wheat. When they left it, it was as bare as a quill.

"They have still left your apples untouched," I said to a gardener.

"Helas!" replied the man. "They have eaten up all beside; and what is the use of your eyebrows if you have lost your eyes!"

Three days after they had eaten his apples too.

I noticed, however, that in the years the locusts appear there is no blight or smaller insects about. Perhaps, therefore, they are mercifully sent to destroy the smaller and more dangerous insects when they are in multiplied exceedingly under the prolific suns of the East.

But, they are a dreadful visitation. They ate holes in my clothes as I walked about. They got amongst my Albanian servant's arms. They choked up the barrels of his pistols, and fed upon his sash of silk and gold. They ate away the tassel of his cap and the leathern sheath of his sword. My French dressing-gown, one month from Alfred's, might have been taken for a recent purchase at Rag Fair. They ate the sole of my slipper while I was asleep on a sofa. They ate my shirts in the wardrobe, and they ate my stockings. The pasha, my host, with a touching faith in the goodness of God, goes about with a long stick to save them from drowning when they are driven by the winds into his reservoir of gold fish.

Perhaps the pasha is right; but I can not be so good as he is. For the locusts eat the black hair off women's heads while washing at the fountain, and the moustaches off gardeners while they sleep in the noonday shadow. They strip trees till they look as if struck by lightning or burnt by fire. I see the plants green and gay in the moonlight. In the morning their freshness and beauty have departed.

Families sit wailing in their fields over the ruin of their little all. There is a story that the locusts have eaten a child while its mother was away at work. There is a tradition that they once ate a drunken man who fell down in the kennel. Neither event is improbable. I saw a locust draw blood from the lips of an infant in its mother's arms.

They will not die. They seem to have neither sight nor hearing—vile things with nothing but mouths. If you catch one he will spring from your hold, and, leaving his legs behind him, go on as well as ever. The Cadi had a little garden; he had it watched day and night, for it was his pride, and full of far-way flowers. He kept fires surrounding it night and day to prevent the locusts crawling in. When they had learned to fly, he fired guns to turn aside their course. When they came in spite of this, he turned a garden engine upon them. Then he buried them; but every green thing and every blossom was stripped from his garden for all that.

They will not die. They can swim for hours. Hot water, cold water, acids, spirits, smoke, are useless. I plunged one in salt and water. He remained four minutes, and sprung away apparently uninjured. I re-caught him and smoked him for five minutes. Two minutes afterwards he had revived, and was hopping away. I re-caught the same locust, and buried him as deeply in the ground as I could dig with a pocket knife. I marked the place, and the next morning I looked for my friend, but he was gone. Nothing will kill them but smashing them to a jam with a blow, or boiling them. There is no protection against them. They despise and eat through the thickest cloths, or sacking, or matting; and glass coverings for a large extent of ground would be of course too expensive. The way in which one of my neighbors was enabled to save part of his harvest was by gathering his fruits and cutting down his corn when the locusts came, and then burying his property in holes dug in the ground and covered over with a heavy stone at the aperture, as I had seen the peasantry do in some parts of Western Africa. This saved him a little. No barn or room would have done so.

Yet another three weeks, towards the end of July, and the cloud which has hovered over the land so long is clearing away. And there arises a great wind, so that the locusts are swept off in countless armies to the sea, and so drowned. It is impossible to bathe for days, or to walk by the sea-shore, because of the stench of them. But, they are gone, and their bodies float over the sea like a crust, extending to the opposite coast of Asia Minor.

I found out while busy with this subject, that the locusts were supposed to have come from Asia Minor to Mitylene; that when they first appeared on the northern coast of the island, they were few in number—a greater portion of the flight which settled here having been probably drowned on their passage. It was not till the third year that they became so numerous and so mischievous as to cause alarm. Their devastations were principally confined to the vines and olives; afterwards, they grew more general.

The precautions for their destruction finally became the subject of a fixed legal regulation, by which every family was required to destroy from about twelve to twenty-five pounds weight of locusts, according to their numbers, for the common benefit. Some of the villages, where labor was scarce, paid this tribute in money. Twopence a pound was first given for locusts; but, the price afterwards sunk to a farthing. The efforts of some places were, however, defeated by the indifference or superstition of others; so that labor, time, and money were all lost. More than seven hundred thousand weight were destroyed without any visible effect on their numbers. Their weight at this time was about two hundred and seventy to the ounce.

Henry Ward Beecher is the brother of Mrs Harriet Beecher Stowe, the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The latter is very thin; ... proaching on horseback. They were remarkable looking fellows, dressed in homespun clothes, and with squirrel-skin caps on their heads. I did not like their looks and ... broad-brim on the ...

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