

large navy; but it's my opinion, as an individual, he's got too many irons in the fire, and will burn his fingers. Before he lays his paws upon anything belonging in any ways to Old England, he'd better pause I think. Don't you think, sir, as we shall have a war with Roosher, sir?"

"Don't chatter, sir, but dress my hair," said the crabbed old gentleman, in a tone that seemed to rumble over a bed of pebbles.

Macaw was silenced; the journeymen simultaneously dilated their optics to a perfect stare of wonderment—while the astonished "friseur" clipped away until he speedily reduced his customer's original bristles to the shortness of a tooth-brush.—*Bentley's Misc.*

ALFRED CROWQUILL.

TALMA.

Talma was fond of relating his different studies and successes in acting. He used to maintain that no actor could ever be perfect: for when young he had not the advantage of study; and when he had acquired experience, he had lost the vigour and fire of youth. "I used to play," he added, "without much system, trusting to the inspiration of the moment, and endeavouring to persuade myself that I was not Talma, but Achilles or Nero. This, however, did not answer: when I succeeded in forgetting myself, I did very well; but my acting was unequal, besides which I was often exhausted with emotion. However, I sometimes succeeded in deceiving the audience as well as myself, and then I was amply rewarded for my efforts. I remember that I played Tancred at Marseilles in 1800. In the scene where Tancred is brought in mortally wounded, wrapped in the banners he has taken from the enemy, I was so completely lost in my part, that I really thought I was dying; and my unwillingness to die, and my grief at leaving my mistress, were, in a great measure, real. The effect I produced was tremendous, and one lady uttered a piercing shriek and was carried out fainting. This was one of my most gratifying triumphs. I have since learned that the actor's true object is to affect the audience, and not himself; and to control others, he must be master of himself. Still that shriek—that shriek which is still ringing in my ears, is an argument against me. It is but a single instance—but one such cry of terror is worth a whole thunder of applause." Talma had hardly ended, when one of the company, a lady, gave him her address, and requested the favour of a visit the next morning. He did not fail to wait upon her, and she addressed him at once—"You remember when you played Tancred at Marseilles, and how a lady shrieked and fainted during your death-scene?"

"Certainly, madame, I mentioned the circumstance yesterday."

"I ought to explain it to you."

"How, madame, are you—"

"Listen, if you please. I was forced by my parents to marry a Genoese gentleman of great wealth, but who made my life miserable by that jealous, irritable spirit for which his countrymen are notorious. He knew that I never felt any affection for him, and, conscious of his own want of principles, he had no confidence in my sense of duty. On the night you played Tancred, a gentleman came into our box, whom I had known before my marriage, and whom, I freely confess, I would gladly have married instead of my jealous tormentor. The gentleman had travelled much since I saw him, and I listened with great interest to his description of his adventures, though without any attempt on his part to seek my confidence and regard. I will even confess that I paid so little attention to your playing, that I did not know when you were on the stage. My husband watched me with the eye of a tiger, and I suppose got perfectly furious at the interest I evidently took in the gentleman's conversation. He at last lost all patience, and while you were playing the last scene, he seized me by the arm with such fury that I shrieked with pain and fainted away. As I fell backwards I heard some one say, 'Talma did not play well to-night, but the death-scene was magnificent.'"

"What!" cried Talma, "that piercing cry which flattered me so much was not intended for me! It seems you had not even listened to me, and that your shrieks were caused by a private tragedy of your own, and not by mine!"

"That is the true state of the case, and you must not consider that shriek of mine any argument against your favourite theory. I will only add that the brutal conduct of my husband forced him to leave Marseilles, and he died lately in Genoa."

Whenever any one maintained that an actor ought to forget art, and identify himself with his character, Talma used to tell this story about his Tancred.

THE COBRA DE CAPELLO, HOODED OR SPECTACLED SNAKE.—This deadly serpent is so denominated, from its being in the habit of expanding, when irritated, a hood over the face, similar in appearance to the cowl of a monk. There are also two large livid spots, resembling a pair of uniform lenses, connected by an arch, alike complexioned, which correctly represents a pair of spectacles. The bite of this snake occasions death in somewhat less than half an hour after it has inflicted its wound. It is very common in most parts of India, and during the rainy season is extremely apt to steal into houses, to shelter itself against the inclemency of that destructive element, proving a dangerous inmate among families, who are not aware until it proves too late, that this deadly reptile is living unobserved in the midst of them. There is, however, one vigilant little enemy to this snake, which is ever in pursuit of him, and that

is the "mongoose" or snake weasel. This creature is about the size of a ferret, partakes largely of the odour of musk, and is capable of being domesticated, so as to become as familiar as a house cat. When a "Cobra de Capello" perceives this weasel, he coils himself up, emitting at the same time a most fetid effluvia, the natural effect of terror and alarm. The mongoose runs round his enemy backwards and forwards, its eye being fixed intently on its victim, and when the critical opportunity offers itself, effects a sudden spring upon his scaly foe, seizing him behind the "occiput," and passing its teeth through the spine. Should the weasel be bitten it immediately scampers off into the garden, or some wood near at hand, and medicates upon a peculiar herb, which proves an antidote against the "venenum" of the serpent. There are few families in India that are without these little animals, which run about the house and are exceedingly familiar in their habits. They are equally destructive to rats, mice, and other quadrupedal vermin. There are a certain "caste" of natives, termed "Sampe Wallers," or snake-catchers; these men are in the habit of going about, exhibiting a variety of venomous serpents, which they carry with them in fitly constructed baskets. This is a dangerous practice. About three years since one of this vagabond fraternity whilst amusing a small assemblage of spectators by the exhibition of his feats with six large Cobras de Capellos, during the act of charming them with the modulations of his pipe, one of the snakes contrived to seize him on the wrist. The poor itinerant immediately felt conscious of his horrible fate. He was conveyed to an adjoining outhouse, where in less than twenty minutes he expired under the most agonizing convulsions.

THE TIGER-GELD.—Owing to the vast ravages the tigers have made within these last twenty years upon the native villagers, and their herds and flocks throughout the jungle districts of Bengal, a "geld" or reward has been offered by the Government of the above presidency for every head of the animal in question that may be brought in to the collectors of the various "zillahs" throughout the provinces. The amount allowed is 100 Sicea rupees (ten pounds sterling) for every tiger's, panther's, and leopard's head, and five rupees (ten shillings) for that of a hyena. There are a class of native shooters called "Shikaries," who confine their pursuits to the destruction of these predatory animals. The method they adopt when they are in quest of a wild beast of the above description is, to seat themselves near some spot where the traces of a tiger or otherwise have been noticed. They then watch the flight of the vultures and other carrion-birds, which are invariably in the habit of winging their way to those parts of the woods where the remains of the chase, relinquished by the beasts, are abandoned, which is almost always contiguous to the retreat of the latter. Armed with matchlocks, they ascend a tree in the immediate vicinity, overhanging, if possible, the track or path which the "feræ" are in the habit of using when they commence their nocturnal excursions. This practice is followed up during the moonlight nights, and they seldom fail to destroy one or two of the above marauders when engaged on this enterprise. In some parts, where it is difficult to penetrate the jungles, the sportsmen conceal themselves near some tank in the neighbourhood, where tigers and other wild beasts are known to repair, during the silent hours of night, to slake their thirst. They, in these instances, form small pits, in which they squat, so arranged that whatever animal there passes must descend to the water between the moon and themselves, by which means they can clearly distinguish the object that intervenes. In the year a collection of one zillah alone (Midriapore) received into his "cutcherry" no less than forty-seven tigers, twenty-eight leopards, and fifty-seven hyenas' heads.

THE REMAINS OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.—The government of France having determined on the removal of the body of Bonaparte from St. Helena to that country, to receive a pompous funeral, the public attention is much attracted to the subject, and consequently the following account of the remains and the coffins in which they were deposited may prove interesting. It consists of a 'Memorandum concerning the Demise of General Bonaparte,' written by Sergeant Nillington, then of the St. Helena Artillery, who, as will be seen, took the most active part in the ceremony he describes so minutely. He says—"On Sunday the 6th of May, 1821, the day after the General's death, I was expressly sent for, while attending divine service, to make a tin coffin for General Napoleon Bonaparte. On Monday the 7th, I was ordered to attend at Longwood-house, for the purpose of soldering up the body of General Bonaparte in the tin coffin, which was performed in the following manner in the presence of Generals Bertrand and Montholon, Madame Bertrand, the French chaplain, the French surgeon, Mr. A. Darling, Dr. Rushop, His Majesty's 22d Regiment of Foot, several of the French domestics, and Samuel Ley, a private in the 20th Regiment:—The body of the late General Napoleon Bonaparte, attired in full uniform, was deposited in a tin coffin, the inside being lined with white silk and cotton. His cocked hat was laid across his thighs, and on the left breast of his coat were a gold star and cross, and several other medals of the same metal; several pieces of coin of various sizes and different values were also put into the coffin. His heart was deposited in a silver urn or tureen filled with spirit, to which I soldered a lid or cover of the same material, which was placed between the small parts of his legs. His stomach was deposited in a silver mug, in which

there were spirits, which was also put into the coffin. A silver plate, knife, fork, and spoon, and a silver service cup, were also deposited in the coffin. Previously to placing the body of the General in the coffin, the tin lid of the coffin being lined with white silk and stuffed with cotton, it was put in its place, and I soldered it on the coffin, enclosing the late General Napoleon Bonaparte and all the above mentioned articles. This tin coffin, with its contents, was then enclosed in a mahogany coffin, and they were enclosed in a lead coffin, and all were afterwards enclosed in a mahogany coffin, which made in all four coffins.

STRANGE FEATS.—A man of the name of Donzelle, residing at Catelet, made a vow, some time past, to fast during forty days. This man cooked for his mother, and had the courage to refrain from eating. This strange resolution arose through a quarrel with his master, who was at the head of an earthenware manufactory. Donzelle objected to his master's taking his son into partnership, and left him in consequence of his doing so. His mother remonstrated with him on this occasion, and said, "Those who do not work cannot eat." "I will eat no more," was the reply of Donzelle, who instantly put down what he was eating. From that moment to the day of his death, which occurred twenty-eight days afterwards, he ate nothing, drank water only, and smoked occasionally. It is strange that he should have lived so long. He would not accept any medical aid, and even asserted that he would have no recourse thereto, even if he should pass the forty days prescribed by his vow. This individual acted very strangely in many other circumstances. He used formerly to be shaved by a barber, but on the barber dying seven years ago, he swore he would never be shaved again. A bridge having been built over a stream in his commune, and not being at the precise spot which he considered the best, he took his oath that he would never cross it, and, consequently, when he was obliged to go to the other side of the stream, even in the coldest weather, and when the stream was very deep, he always waded through it. It was his custom, on returning from and going to work, to take a certain path, but sometime before his death a house was built across this path, and Donzelle, instead of going round the house, used to enter the house and jump out of the window, so as to continue his accustomed road.—*French paper.*

DEER HUNT EXTRAORDINARY.—Windsor, England.—This morning, shortly after eleven o'clock, a drill party of the second battalion of the rifle brigade, under the command of Captain Clegg, were exercised in the Long-walk. They were accompanied by the fine deer which has long been attached to the brigade, and which was grazing during the time the party were being drilled. Maynard, the superintendent of her Majesty's favourite dogs, was proceeding towards Windsor, accompanied by her Majesty's celebrated Scotch deer-dog, a breed partaking largely of the bloodhound mixed with they greyhound. The hound immediately started off after the deer, which it pursued at a tremendous rate through the great gate into Park street, along the High street, and down Peasod street, at the corner of which it knocked down a poor man with considerable violence, causing a concussion of his brain, by his head coming in contact with the curbstone. He was immediately attended by Dr. Stanford and Mr. Moley, surgeons, and, after the lapse of a short period, his senses returned and he was conveyed home. The deer, pursued by the animal, continued its course through Peasod-street, towards Clewer, where it was caught in a ditch, the hound severely lacerating its ears and near fore leg, and from which it was with difficulty rescued with its life. The deer, by the orders of the Colonel, was conveyed to the hospital of the barracks, and it is now pronounced to be out of danger.

ASSOCIATIONS.

There's not a heart, however rude,
But hath some little flower,
To brighten up its solitude,
And scent the evening hour.

There's not a heart, however cast
By grief and sorrow down,
But hath some memory of the past
To love and call its own.

We know of nothing more disgusting, than to see the upstart aristocracy among us turn up their pug noses at labouring persons, and the labouring classes, says the Boston Post. Certain it is, that the good men, the leaders of their age, the benefactors of mankind, generally rise from humble origin. "Ah, Jerry," said a good matron to her son, then an eminent judge in a neighbouring state,—"Ah, Jerry, you need not despise the wheel, for I have spun many a day to send you to college."

HINTS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN.—There isn't a more unpardonable nor more unsportsmanlike thing than for a man to ride a kicken hos huntin; how soon might he break a gentleman's thigh, or knock off another hos's leg; and then the only excuse offered is, that the owner of the kicken hos never knowed'n do it afore. Never knowed'n do it afore! No, nor nobody else; but how often have er done it behind! So mind, don't ride a kicken hos.