

from the crown of the elegantly-moulded head to the hoof of this magnificent animal, was eighteen feet; the whole being equally divided into neck, body, and leg.

The spell was now broken, and the secret of camelopard hunting discovered. The next day Richardson and myself killed three; one, a female, slipping upon maddy ground, and falling with great violence, before she had been wounded, a shot in the head despatching her as she lay. From this time we could reckon confidently upon two out of each troop that we were fortunate enough to find, always approaching as near as possible, in order to ensure a good start, galloping into the middle of them, *boarding* the largest, and riding with him until he fell. The rapidity with which these awkwardly-formed animals can move is beyond all things surprising, our best horses being unable to close with them under two miles. Their gallop is a succession of jumping strides, the fore and hind leg on the same side moving together instead of diagonally, as in most other quadrupeds, the former being kept close together, and the latter so wide apart, that in riding by the animal's side, the hoof may be seen striking on the outside of the horse, momentarily threatening to overthrow him. Its motion altogether reminded me rather of the pitching of a ship, or rolling of a rocking-horse, than of anything living; and the remarkable gait is rendered still more automaton-like by the switching, at regular intervals, of the long black tail, which is invariably curled above the back, and by the corresponding action of the neck, swinging as it does like a pendulum, and literally imparting to the animal the appearance of a piece of machinery in motion. Naturally gentle, timid, and peaceable, the unfortunate giraffe has no means of protecting itself but with its heels; but even when hemmed into a corner, it seldom resorted to this mode of defence.—*Quar. Rev.*

#### THAMES STEAMERS.

The view from London Bridge gives, perhaps, the best idea of the extent of the steam navigation of the river. Looking downwards, the eye is attracted by a forest of funnels belonging to steamers lying off the Custom-house, and various quays from that point to St. Katherine's Dock, and thence as far as the sight can penetrate. These, however, are chiefly foreign and coasting vessels, and as such belong only partially to our present subject. But close under the bridge, both above and below it, are clustered on the city side the river steamers; for here it is that the rival Gravesend and Greenwich companies, as well as various others, have their wharfs. Here, during the summer months, prevails throughout the day the constant bustle of arrival and departure; and few spots of this busy metropolis are better calculated to convey, in the spring and summer, a true impression of the out-of-door intercourse and movements of its teeming population. During the winter the scene is comparatively still; fewer steamers are plying, and at longer intervals. We will endeavour to give an idea of the extent of the traffic carried on during the past season (1838); not pretending, indeed, to furnish a complete list of the vessels employed, but noting such as came under our own observation.

To Greenwich, there were steam-boats starting every quarter of an hour, the two companies, the old and new, running alternately. To Woolwich, twelve times a day, from Hungerford Market pier. To Gravesend, the Star company had six boats daily; the Diamond Company, seven; the Commercial Company, one, which proceeded to Sheerness and Southend; the Eagle and Falcon Company, two, from Waterloo Bridge; besides which, there was one from Hungerford. Many, if not all of the Gravesend boats, are accustomed to call at Blackwall; and all receive and put down passengers when required at various points of their course. To Ramsgate, Margate, Herne Bay, and other favourite resorts of the inhabitants of the metropolis, there are likewise numerous steam-boats, especially in the season. The following particulars as to the traffic in previous years may be added from the evidence on the Blackwall Railway. Mr. J. Taylor, a Thames pilot, gives as the average number of steamers passing through the Pool, up or down per day, from May to September, from 120 to 130. Captain John Fisher, one of the harbour-masters, states that he counted 96 in a day, between eight in the morning and eight at night, pass the London Docks, up or down. And that in the month of July, 1,801 was the total number, likewise from eight to eight, which gives a daily average of about 60. This latter average probably comes nearest to the truth; the former was given only as a guess, this as an actually observed fact. The difference is lessened, if we consider the one to include, as it probably does, the whole twenty-four hours, while the other expressly excludes the night. In both numbers it will be remembered the foreign and coasting steamers are included, besides those properly belonging to the Thames.

Turning our attention up the river, to Richmond, there plied last season four boats daily from Queenhithe and Hungerford, one of which proceeded to Twickenham. This was the station on which the first Thames steamers were introduced. The up-river boats which remain to be noticed are of a more recent date, the "London and Westminster" company having commenced operations in 1837, and the "Iron Steam-boat" company only dur-

ing the last season. The former company had boats every quarter of an hour from London Bridge to Westminster Bridge, calling on the Southwark side of Southwark Bridge and at Hungerford; also to Putney three times, and to the Southampton Railway pier, a little above Vauxhall Bridge, twelve times a day. The latter company's iron boats plied every half hour from London Bridge to the Southampton Railway pier, calling on the city side of Waterloo Bridge, and the Westminster side of Westminster Bridge.

From this enumeration, incomplete though it be, it will appear that the facilities afforded to the inhabitants of the metropolis, for enjoying the fresh breezes of their noble river, and visiting the various scenes of beauty on its banks, are very numerous, while the competition of the different companies has the effect of ensuring low fares. It is difficult to form a calculation of the multitudes who avail themselves of these means of locomotion, but we will give a few data, which may assist the reader to do so. In the report of the Eagle and Falcon Company, presented in the spring of last year, it was stated that in three months they had carried by means of their two boats 66,000 persons to and from Woolwich and Blackwall; and that during the first thirty days of their boats plying from Waterloo Bridge, their passengers to and from Gravesend had amounted to 7,600, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather. In Gravesend boats we have counted 200 passengers, when they have been not by any means uncomfortably filled; and though they are often to be seen with much fewer passengers, they are, on the other hand, especially on fine Sundays, very frequently still more crowded. Supposing an average of only 60 passengers per voyage, the 17 boats each way between London and Gravesend will give upwards of 2000 passengers daily journeying the one way or the other—an estimate probably much below the mark. From the evidence of Mr. Charles White, a proprietor and director of the Star company, it would appear that the average number of passengers during the four best months of the year is 300 to each boat—that they sometimes take as many as 600, and "on one day of public rejoicing carried 900." Mr. Redman, another director of the same company, states that they received and started about 3,000 passengers in about forty-five minutes; of course with several boats. Mr. T. H. Sinnott, clerk to the solicitors to the Herne Bay Pier Company gives 30,102 as the number of passengers landing and embarking at that pier in 1835, from March 25th to the time when the boats ceased running.

The above-bridge traffic, presents certain peculiar features, which will probably repay a separate consideration. It is a kind of omnibus traffic;—not, indeed, that one may hold up one's finger at any point of the boat's course and be taken on board or set ashore; but in the space of less than two miles, between London and Westminster Bridges, we have seen that there are appointed by one of the companies one, and by the other, two intermediate stopping places, which gives passengers the opportunity of choosing among three several points of communication within that distance.

To these advantages is added speed in most states of the tide; the length of voyage between Westminster and London Bridges varying from a quarter to half an hour or somewhat more. An additional inducement is offered by the low fare of the steamers, which is fourpence from London Bridge to the Southampton Railway, or any intermediate distance. The number of passengers by these boats is very considerable; in ten trips, taken at different days, during last autumn, but never in boats crowded, as we shall hereafter have occasion to observe that these vessels frequently are, we found the average to be 40. Indeed the populousness, if we may so describe it, of the river is so great as to attract the activity of the bill-stickers, who sedulously follow their occupation on the piers and under the arches of the bridges, throughout the whole of the busy season; and they are not a class who waste their labours where there are none to look upon them.

It is curious to observe the adaptation of the machinery of the steamboat, and the mode of navigating it, to this omnibus traffic. Small of build, shallow of draught, and proportionately short in funnel, the up-river steamers generally clear the bridges easily, except at high tide; and then, the inexperienced observer who looks on from the shore in momentary expectation of a collision which shall carry away the funnel, is surprised at the adroitness with which, like geese under a gateway, they stoop their necks and pass on in safety. Again, to one accustomed to the usually lengthy process of "bringing a vessel to," alongside of a pier to land her passengers, it would seem impossible for boats, succeeding each other every quarter of an hour, not to run into one another's way, and present a scene of inextricable confusion at the calling places. But what will not practice effect? A stoppage of a couple of minutes generally suffices to land twenty or thirty passengers, and take in as many more; every one walking on and off with the utmost ease and security. At low water, indeed, it may take longer at some places; but ordinarily, the boat is off again even in less time. The vessels draw up to the pier much like omnibuses to the office door; and the "ease her," "stop her," "back her," "go ahead," &c. of the steam-boat masters are as familiar in the utterance, and as prompt in the action, as the "hold hard," and "all right," of the omnibus cad.—*Monthly Chronicle.*

#### THE COUSINS,—OR FIRST LOVE.

The next day we remained at home. Clara was too much fatigued to walk out, and none of us would leave her. What a day of happiness that was! I knew something of music, and could sing a second. Clara was delighted at this, for the others had not cultivated singing much. We therefore spent the whole morning in this way. Then she produced her sketch book, and I brought out mine, and we had a mutual interchange of prisoners. What cutting out of leaves and detaching of rice-paper landscapes! Then she came out upon the lawn to see my pony leap, and promised to ride him the following day. She patted the greyhounds, and said Gipse, which was mine, was the prettiest. In a word, before night fell, Clara had won my heart in its every fibre, and I went to my room the very happiest of mortals.

I need not chronicle my next three days—to me the most glorious "trois jours" of my life. Clara had evidently singled me out and preferred me to all the rest. It was beside me she rode—upon my arm she leaned in walking—and, to cumber me with delight unutterable, I overheard her say to my uncle, "Oh, I don't upon poor Harry! And it is so pleasant, for I'm sure Mortimer will be so jealous."

"And who is Mortimer?" thought I; "he is a new character in the piece, of whom we have seen nothing."

I was not long in doubt upon this head, for that very day, at dinner, the identical Mortimer presented himself. He was a fine, dashing-looking, soldier-like fellow, of about thirty-five, with a heavy moustache, and a bronzed cheek—rather grave in his manner, but still perfectly good natured, and when he smiled showing a most handsome set of regular teeth. Clara seemed less pleased (I thought) at his coming than the others, and took pleasure in tormenting him by a thousand pettish and frivolous ways, which I was sorry for, as I thought he did not like it; and used to look half chidingly at her from time to time, but without any effect, for she just went on as before, and generally ended by taking my arm and saying, "Come away, Harry; you always are kind, and never look sulky. I can agree with you." These were delightful words for me to listen to, but I could not hear them without feeling for him, who evidently was pained by Clara's avowed preference for me; and whose years—for I thought thirty-five at that time a little verging upon the patriarchal—entitled him to more respect.

"Well," thought I, one evening, as the game had been carried rather farther than usual, "I hope she is content now, for certainly Mortimer is jealous;" and the result proved it, for the whole of the following day he absented himself, and never came back till late in the evening. He had been, I found, from a chance observation I overheard, at the bishop's palace, and the bishop himself, I learned, was to breakfast with us in the morning.

"Harry, I have a commission for you," said Clara. "You must get up very early to-morrow, and climb the Cader mountain, and bring me a grand bouquet of the blue and purple heath that I liked so much the last time I was there. Mind very early, for I intend to surprise the bishop to-morrow with my taste in a nose-gay."

The sun had scarcely risen as I sprang from my bed, and started upon my errand. Oh! the glorious beauty of that morning's walk. As I climbed the mountain, the deep mists lay upon all around, and except the path I was treading, nothing was visible; but before I reached the top, the heavy masses of vapour were yielding to the influence of the sun; and as they rolled from the valley up the mountain sides, were every instant opening new glens and ravines beneath me—bright in all their verdure, and speckled with sheep, whose tingling bells reached me even where I stood.

I counted above twenty lakes at different levels, below me; some brilliant, and shining like polished mirrors; others not less beautiful, dark and solemn with some mighty mountain shadow. As I looked landward, the mountains reared their huge crests, one above the other, to the farthest an eye could reach. Towards the opposite side, the broad and tranquil sea lay beneath me, bathed in the yellow gold of a rising sun; a few ships were peaceably lying at anchor in the bay; and the only thing in motion was a row boat, the heavy monotonous stroke of whose oars rose in the stillness of the morning air. Not a single habitation of men could I descry, nor any vestige of a human being; except that mass of something upon the rock far down beneath be one, and I think it is, for I see the sheep dog ever returning again and again to the same spot.

My bouquet was gathered; the gentian of the Alps, which is found here, also contributing its evidence to show where I had been to seek it, and I turned home.

The family were at breakfast as I entered; at least so the servants said, for I only remembered then that the Bishop was our guest, and that I could not present myself without some slight attention to my dress. I hastened to my room, but scarcely had I finished, when one of my cousins, a little girl of eight years, came to the door and said,

"Harry, come down; Clara wants you."

I rushed down stairs, and as I entered the breakfast parlour, stood still with surprise. The ladies were all dressed in white, and even my little cousin wore a gala costume that amazed me.

"My bouquet, Harry; I hope you have not forgotten it," said Clara, as I approached.