

Selections.

INDIAN LIFE.—Nothing strikes so strikingly one's romantic notions of Indian life as the display of it, seen to last of wigwags—the total absence of those minor propensities which we cannot separate from any tolerable condition of existence. The Indian seems not to have a trace of the blimp of order—everything within the possible wigwag is airy or in confusion. It is smoky in cool weather at least; the ashes lie about the centre; the earthen floor is cold or damp; the papooses sprawl and squall about the ground; the dogs snarl and fight in the corners; utensils, blankets, weapons, like any where, of every where, certain (we had supposed civilized) vermin, infest every thing, carrying on undisturbed by day as well as by night, to the terror of unaccustomed visitors. The Indian dogs are almost as numerous as the Indians themselves, and a more voracious, wolfish, rascally, race of brutes you never saw. They are long, lank, scrawny, cowardly looking creatures, out of whom the hard romance of Indian life seems to have extinguished the last aspiration of even a dog's sentimentality. They appear starved and dejected, and consciously mean for being found here out of the bounds of civilization. And poor brutes! they have a hard enough fate of it, there are no superfluous amounts of offal from the Indian tables for them, except occasionally after a successful hunt, and they are literary meagre and ravenous for food. Why is it that the lowest canine breeds, the most misshapen curs congregated copaciously about the lowest conditions of human life? Do you ever know a drunken Irishman's hound, whether in cellar or garret, to be without one? Our low surburban negro hounds around most of the Northern cities, are often little more than kennels for them. And here in the far off primeval woods, the same misshapen miserable looking cur bounds and starves among the Indian wigwags. Our camp was alive with them: there was a sort of Indian head or sexton whose chief duty it was to keep them off from the seats of the congregation in time of public service; at every interval in the sound of worship, by night or by day, their wolfish concerts could be heard ringing through the forests, and when a well picked bone (for they get none other) happened to be thrown by an Indian to one of them, it twisted a large section of the camp into a canine battle ground, and set the woods resounding with howls.

Cleanliness is almost an unknown idea among Indians, except in the most thoroughly reclaimed Christian families. My friend F. who had known them for years, insisted on the outset upon our taking some hard provision with us, assuring that it would not be possible to stomach their cookery, if we should happen to need it. We had hardly walked around the camp once before the propriety of his suggestions became irrefragable, and the next morning when the equine party every one of them with a papoose on her back, marched in the procession around the camp to take leave of us, we had full demonstration of Indian notions of cleanliness. Among all the children there might have been three or four whose faces seemed to have been washed and their heads combed within the last week, but others eyed us from the backs of their mothers with unsophisticated aboriginal faces and heads. Some of the little heroes seemed literally painted with dirt; and as the march began, we were admonished by an experienced friend to shake hands with a stout glove and a well extended arm. *Ed. of National Mag.*

BILLINGSGATE MARKET.—Billingsgate, it is generally known, is the only wholesale fish market in London. The busiest hours in this market are from five to seven o'clock in the morning; this market formerly supplied almost exclusively by "smacks" and other sailing vessels, now receives its chief supplies by rail-road. The Eastern Counties railway brings up from Yarmouth twelve thousand and eighty-one tons of fish, chiefly herrings, yearly. They are caught at night and delivered next morning at Billingsgate. The South Western rail road brings up annually, with the same speed, four thousand four of mackerel and other fish caught on the South coast. The North Western, also collects over night the "catch" from Ireland, amounting to three thousand five hundred and twenty-eight tons annually, principally salmon; and the Great Northern, three thousand two hundred and forty-eight tons of like sea produce. The Great Western brings up the harkens of the Cornish and Devonshire coasts, chiefly mackerel and pilchard, amounting to one thousand five hundred and sixty tons; and the Brighton and South coast line supplies thousands of oysters and four thousand tons of other fish. Of Billingsgate, between the hours named, the following are the following...

These prodigious quantities from what Goldsmith might well call the "fishy deep," are conveyed from the terminal in spring tides, drawn by two and occasionally by four hordes. "Salmon" comes in boxes, herring in barrels, and all other kinds of fish in baskets. Sometimes as many as sixty of these vans will arrive in the narrow street leading to the market in the course of two or three hours, and the scene of confusion occasioned by their rubbing among the fishmongers' bars and the costermongers' barrows, the latter often amounting to more than a thousand, is almost as great as that at Smithfield, for the fish, like the live-stock trade has long outgrown its mart, and Billingsgate, so much as Smithfield, is choked for want of space. Let the visitor beware how he enters it in a good boat, for, as it is by jibes in broad cloth, he will come out in scale armour.

They are not polite in Billingsgate, as all the world knows, and by "your leave" is only a preliminary to your hat being knocked off your head by a barrel of oysters or a basket of herrings. In the early part of the morning, the traffic is carried on in comparative quiet, for the regular fishmongers, who have the best of the market, conduct their business with little disturbance, but it would gladden the heart of a Dutch painter, to see the piled produce of a dozen different seas glittering with silver and brilliant with color—gigantic Salmon, fresh caught from the firths and bays of Scotland, or from the productive Irish seas, flounder about, as two boxes in which they have travelled disgorged them upon the board.

Quantities of delicate red mullet, that have been hurried up by the Great Western, all the way from Cornwall, for the purpose of being furnished fresh to the fastidious palates at the West End, smelt brought by the Dutch boats, their delicate skins varying in hue like an opal as you pass, pyramus of lobsters, a moving mass of spiny claws and restless feelers, savage at their late abduction from some Norwegian fjord; great heaps of shrimps, turbot, that lately fattened upon the Doggerbank with their white bellies bent as if for some tremendous leap, and humbler plaice and dabs from our own coast—all this beautiful accumulation forms a mingled scene of strange forms, and vivid colours that no one with an eye for the picturesque can contemplate without interest.

Neither is the scene always one of still life, for it is no rare occurrence for the visitor to behold a yelling knot of men dragging with ropes through the excited crowd a royal sturgeon, nine feet in length. If the spectator now peeps down the large square opening into the dismal space below, which appears like the hold of a ship lately recovered from the deep he will see the shell-fish market, where piles of blueblack muscles, whelks, and grey cockles turned up with yellow, give the place a repulsive aspect of dirt and slop. There are but few buyers seen here, and they are generally women belonging to the costermonger class, for the men rather disdain the shell-fish trade. These female itinerants may be noticed wandering about from basket to basket, occasionally popping out a whelk from the shell with the thumb, to test the lot, and then passing on to the next.

According to a table compiled by the reviewer, originally published in Mayhew's interesting work on "London Labor and the London Poor"—the complete fish of which we have anxiously looked for—the number of soles, a favourite fish with English epicures, consumed annually, in London alone, is 97,520,000; of whittings about 18,000,000; of fresh herring, 1,235,000,000, (or 294,000,000 of lbs.); of eels, nearly 10,000,000; of dried salt cod fish, 1,600,000; of Yarmouth plaice and red herring, 187,000,000; of oysters, nearly 496,000,000 and of many other kinds in equal proportion to their cheapness and common use. *Quarterly.*

THE CHAPLAINS.—The *Morning Post* correspondent writes—"What a change has come over the chaplain department, thanks to the exertions of the chaplain general, Mr. Glegg, whose name is known to all the churches, and the faithful liberality of the Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. And here let me not forget the Secretary at War, who has always stood forth nobly, both privately and publicly, as an upholder of sound Churchmanship; to him this army owes most grateful thanks for the attention he has given to its spiritual wants, by so large and so necessary an increase to the staff of clergy. Four of the chaplains connected with the army have arrived, namely, Rev. J. Hadow, Rev. F. Owen, Rev. Dr. Freeth, and the Rev. H. A. Taylor. Dr. Freeth is attached to the 1st Buffs, and Mr. Taylor will assist the Hon. Major, at Balaklava. It is impossible to describe

the satisfaction expressed by the soldiers and staff of the man at the success of the chaplains, for now instead of being five weeks without public worship they are to be carefully watched over by faithful ministers of God. Of this I am quite certain, the committee of the society from which has originated such important aid will have only left out its funds at good interest. One of the new arrivals is not apparently a very strong man, and during the voyage from England he asked a robbish Irish doctor the following question—'Do you think, Dr. —, that my constitution will bear the trials of campaigning?' The answer of the Esculapian struck the worthy clergyman two goodly thumps upon the chest as a substitute for a thousand, and then kindly prophesied that—'Sir, you will leave your bones in the Crimea. A nice companion do you for a long voyage.'

CURIOUS PHENOMENON.—A curious phenomenon has lately been witnessed in the port of Vera Cruz. For several days in the beginning of this month, the shores of the harbor and neighbourhood were strewn with dead fish, cast up from the sea. So great was the quantity, that serious fears were entertained lest disease should follow from such a mass of putrefaction. Bodies of troops were turned out each day, who gathered the fish and buried them on the spot. A general order was issued commanding all those residing in its vicinity to take the same steps for the prevention of disease. An order was also issued prohibiting the sale of fish. This phenomenon continued for several days and at last gradually disappeared. It is interesting to naturalists, and we therefore give the following explanation of Mr. Adolphus Huxley, a surgeon at the Military Hospital, resulting from experiments made by order of the commandant. In the appearance of all the fish, the first thing that struck the attention was the inflamed and protruded state of the eyes, such as ordinarily takes place in strangulation. This, the Doctor says, was not, as might be supposed, the result of putrefaction, for the case was the same when it had not commenced. On opening the fish, the intestines were observed to be much distended with a gas, which on testing, proved to be carbonic acid gas. A decomposition of the contents of the intestines showed the presence of no poison, either animal or vegetable. A submergence of the intestines and fish in slacked lime caused the evolution of large quantities of carbonic acid gas. He judges, therefore, that the death of these fish has arisen from asphyxia, caused by this gas. He concludes that the gas has been evolved during submarine volcanic eruptions, and, in support of his opinion, refers to Humboldt's *Cosmos*, page 221, who also refers to a similar phenomenon which took place in the Mediterranean in 1821, where large quantities of fish were thrown up on the shores of Corfu, Cephalonia, and the coast of Albania, and by their decomposition caused a plague, which carried off large numbers of the inhabitants.

INCREASING THE STRENGTH OF METALS.—According to an experimental paper read at the meeting of the British Association by Mr. Wm. Fairbairn, all bodies solidifying under great pressure have their strength and specific gravity increased. No law has yet been given for the increase of either, but it would appear from the experiments detailed by Mr. Fairbairn that great results are expected from the consolidation of metals under high pressure. He and his colleagues, Messrs. Hopkins and Jone, have carried their experiments as high as 80,000 lbs. pressure to the square inch, or exceeding 45 tons. There is to date the use of pressure will tend very much to improve the metal, by preventing internal flaws. Some experiments were made some few years ago, on the increase of water under pressure, when it was found that it would not freeze at the ordinary temperature of 32° Fahr., but required a lower temperature.

At the battle of Inkermann, when the fire was the hottest, a party, with a pair of papiers, led by Lord Raglan's German servant, was seen advancing towards the position of the Commander-in-chief, every officer whom they passed on his way desired him to go back, as the balls were falling thickly around, and the chances were that he would be killed. The cool German merely replied, "My master is not so young as he was; he is always ill if he does not have luncheon, and his luncheon he shall have." The man reached his lordship's post through the fiery storm and returned in safety. *South-Eastern Gazette.*

Sergeant Davis, the famous colonel's servant of the Grenadiers, writes home from Constantinople that he is much improved in health, and expects to join in ten or ten days from the 20th of December. You will