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Dominus Illuminatio Mea.

I.

In the hour of death, after this life's whim,
When the heart beats low, and the eyes grow dim,
And pain has exhausted every limb—
The lover of the Lord shall trust in Him.

II.

When the will has forgotten the lifelong aim,
And the mind can only disgrace its fame,
And a man is uncertain of his own name—
The power of the Lord shall fill this frame.

III.

When the last sight is betrod, and the last tear shed,
And the coffin is waiting beside the bed,
And the widow and child forsake the dead—
The angel of the Lord shall lift this head.

IV.

For even the purest delight may pall,
The power must fail, and the pride must fall,
And the love of the dearest friends grow small—
But the glory of the Lord is all in all.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE WASP.

The Fight for the Cave.

With great difficulty the men had managed to get on shore a cask of musket cartridges in a dry condition. Each man had his cutlass, and now, before we thought of anything else, Raymond set them to wipe out and dry a few muskets and pistols that had been brought to land.

The place we had landed in was the little bay where I had waited with the cutter the first day we had landed to reconnoitre the coast round the promontory. The cliffs overhanging the beach completely sheltered us from all observation, while, even if the Spaniards suspected our presence, the woods and rocks of the precipitous crags would most effectually baffle any attempt to take us till night again fell, and we could get off in a fishing-boat.

When the muskets and pistols were wiped out, dried, and loaded, Raymond divided the ten men for whom there were firearms into a vanguard and a rearguard. Two of these men had got pretty severe contusions from splinters during the frigate's fire, but the other two English sailors left were both much more seriously wounded, and we did not think it safe to trust any of the four "volunteers" with guns. With the musketeers in front and rear, then, we all scrambled up the rough path to Sancho's cottage. There was a little clump of wood close to the door, into which we went while Tom advanced alone to the fisherman's door to arrange matters with him. The old man would have fled at the first glimpse of such a large party, and would have given the alarm of an invasion to the garrison, so inconveniently close at hand; but by Tom's going alone, he settled the affair to well with the grateful Sancho that in a few minutes the fisherman came out of his cottage in a paroxysm of joyful hospitality, and led us into a cave in the cliff where a big fire soon dried our wet garments, and at the same time roasted the best part of a kid that Sancho insisted on sacrificing to us, in addition to the eggs, fruit, and vegetables that ~~his smiling wife heaped upon us. Never~~ were there kinder hosts, and it is safe to say there never were guests that did better justice to the viands their hospitality had so liberally provided for us.

Sancho's wife, a bit of a doctor in her own way, took down the makeshift dressings of our wounded and skillfully bound up the cuts again. To the splinter bruises she applied a delightfully cooling lotion; and when she had finished the four wounded men and Raymond were as comfortable and as ready to enjoy the kid and the rest of it as any of us. There was nothing that need disturb us, Sancho said. The soldiers would never trouble their heads to find out whether we had been blown to pieces or landed in safety; we would be perfectly safe in the cave till nightfall, and then he would get us on board his boat, and would set us on the Dart's deck by daybreak, if she would be, as Tom thought, at the rendezvous to-morrow.

"We shall not all go off with you, though," said Raymond to him, in Spanish, of course; "these four men——;" and then, with a loud exclamation, he cried out in English: "Where is the other man—the Spaniard that showed the light?"

The three Corsicans were there all right, but the scowling face of the Spaniard was not to be seen in the cave. He had marched up with us, and had eaten his share of the food, but no one could remember noticing him after the meal; he must have slipped out a very short time before Raymond noticed his absence, but it was long enough to have assured his escape, and by this time he was most probably far on his way to give information to the soldiery of our presence in the cave.

It was an ugly predicament for us to be in, but old Sancho was equal to the occasion. Through Raymond he told us to get ready at once; and then, rapidly leading the way, he left the cave and trotted down a narrow pathway that went down from the cave to the bottom of a narrow ravine. Among the brushwood at the bottom of this glen the pathway seemed to lose itself, but Sancho knew the ground well. Scrambling, climbing, and trotting over easy bits, he gradually guided us up the steep and rugged side of the ravine opposite to that on which was our cave, till, about half way up the cliff, he brought us to the narrow mouth of another cave, where, he said, we could easily defend ourselves for some hours against any attack. Besides that, this cavern had another opening towards the sea-face of the rocks, from which we could easily reach his boat when it became dark enough.

The cave seemed long and narrow, but meantime we did not enter it farther than was necessary for concealment. It was by no means certain the enemy would find out we had taken shelter there; but even if, after exploring the woods, the troops should suspect our presence in the cave, we could hold it against an army. We had hardly got settled in the cave when we heard the sounds of the enemy's arrival. From shouts and answering calls we soon made out that the search party had separated into two divisions—one keeping on the side of the ravine where the first cave was, while the other approached so near us that we could almost distinguish their conversation as they stood at the top of the path that led past the mouth of our cave. This path wound about in such a way that any one standing at the mouth of our cave could command a view of its topmost few yards. Taking advantage of this, Raymond cautiously crept forward, till, while he himself was completely concealed behind some loose rocks at the entrance of the cave, he could see at once the advance of any party that attempted to descend the pathway. He lay there for some time without seeing any of the soldiers, though he could hear their conversation almost distinctly enough to make out what they were saying. They were right above the cave, where the face of the rock was perfectly perpendicular, and apparently were watching the movements of the other division across the ravine, and waiting for the result of their search.

After a while, however, a muttered oath from Tom told us there was something wrong. Looking round towards us, he ordered the small-arm men to advance a little nearer, keeping themselves as closely as possible behind the barricade of rocks we had hastily rolled across the breadth of the cave. Peering through a chink of this beside Tom, I saw at the top of the pathway a Spanish officer in close confabulation with a man that looked like a goatherd. He was pointing out to the soldier the cave, and apparently telling him how likely it was we should seek shelter there.

"If that fellow tells him of the exit Sancho spoke of, we are trapped again, Charlie," whispered Tom. "He hasn't said a word about it yet, I'm sure, as the Don won't believe we have crossed the ravine; but if they attack us, that fellow must be shot at all hazards. By Jove, here he comes!" continued Tom, as the goatherd left the officer, and proceeded to descend the pathway. Detection of course now was certain. The peasant would at once discover the rocky breastwork; but if not, and if he ventured inside, he would of course see us. Raymond whispered a word or two to Horner, at which that worthy laid down the musket he was carrying, and grasped his cutlass. For a second or two inside the cave there reigned a silence unbroken even by the sound of a breath. Outside was the scrambling sound of the goatherd descending, till, with a bound, he stood on the broadish platform of level ground that lay before the mouth of our house of refuge.

Apparently there was nothing outside that roused his suspicion; indeed, it was evident from his whole proceeding that he did not think we were in the cave. He had pointed it out as a likely place of concealment, but most probably the officer's arguments had almost convinced him we had not time to get across to this cave from the other side.

When he had glanced round the outside he parted the trailing plants that shrouded the mouth and peered in. It took his eye a second or two to get accustomed to the change of light, and that instant was long enough for our boatsman's cutlass to go crash through his ribs and cleave his heart in two. With a gasping sound he fell forward quite dead, and Horner grimly drew the body in a little, and then took up his musket to await the next foe.

The patience of the Spanish captain above was soon exhausted. We heard him shout for Pedro two or three times above us; and then, when no goatherd appeared, we saw him and a sergeant carefully scanning the mouth of the cave from the top of the path. Then a bugle call rang out above us, drawing an answer from one on the other side. Some questions were shouted across, and Tom told us the other party cried out they could get no trace. Then, while some of the soldiers above lined the cliff-head where the pathway met it, and kept up a hot fire on the cave mouth, others immediately above us rolled down great stones on to the platform before the mouth, so as to form a shelter from which the Spaniards might fire into the cave. Even as it was, the part of the cavern near the entrance, where Tom and I lay, was quite exposed to the fire of the men at the top. Many bullets struck the stones behind which we lay, while others dropped down beside us, flattened by contact with the cave wall behind.

Hot as this fusilade was, we had not answered a single shot. At the end of ten minutes the soldiers began to think they were taking all this trouble for nothing, and both firing and stone-rolling ceased. Again the captain scanned the cave mouth, but apparently with no satisfaction to himself. Just then we heard the voice of the other party scrambling through the ravine, and in a minute or two the brown uniform and yellow face of the leading file of this party appeared through the bushes, toiling up the path about twenty paces below us. Passive resistance was now at an end. Raymond's orders were sharp and decided. When the first man appeared round the corner of the path, the end man of us was to fire at him, the next at the second Spaniard, and so on.

Two or three of the Dons came round the fatal corner at the same time, coming on leisurely, and quite unsuspicious of the muskets that were pointed at them. They had hardly wheeled round with the bend in the path when our small arms spoke—down they dropped on the road, while the men behind them ducked behind rocks or jumped into the underwood to get out of sight of the marksmen they now knew were in the cave.

On this the fire from above began again with increased violence, and stones came rattling down from the top of the cliff in a way that threatened to be dangerous to the other party to the left. Soon, however, these boulders lay in sufficient numbers on the exposed parts of the path and the platform outside to afford shelter to several of the enemy, who were from behind them enabled to pour almost right into the cave a most galling fire. While we could sweep the roadway below the cavern, we were almost powerless against the foe above. It was almost certain death to show above the breastwork at the places that commanded them, and so we could only reply by an occasional shot to the constant volleys they plied us with.

Raymond would on no account allow any exposing of themselves on the part of our men. Shots that we could get through the chinks were sufficient to keep the enemy at a distance just now; and even if he could get a lodgment in force on the little platform before the mouth of the cave, we could still keep him at bay for a long time. At the worst a strong lodgment there would only necessitate a retreat further back into the cave; and though Raymond would by no means take this step until he was forced, neither would he allow any foolhardy or useless risking of ourselves on the part of any of us.

We had the immense advantage of being in the dark, while our assailants were clearly visible in the bright sunshine outside, and if shooting down the enemy had been our great object, we could not have desired a better state of affairs—that is, if we had had plenty of ammunition, and a clear way of retreat behind us, but our cartridges were running low, and any idea of getting out of the cave and escaping while the sun was up was, of course, madness. Still, something had to be done, for the position we held we could hardly hold long.

After a long and hot fusilade on the part of the enemy, to which latterly we had only answered when some specially bold Spaniard approached unduly near, Raymond found that the troops had effected a lodgment in such force on the platform that if they made a rush the breastwork might be carried, and our men thrown into such confusion that the cave would virtually be in the possession of the overpowering force of the assailants. Some time before he had caused an inner line to be built across a narrow part of the cavern, and now, though it still wanted an hour or two of sundown, he determined to abandon the barricade at the mouth and go back. Many of our poor fellows had got hit; none of them mortally, or perhaps even dangerously, but there were some serious wounds, and the list of casualties was every moment getting larger. Most serious to us was that early in the fight poor Sancho had got a bad wound in the head from a splinter of rock knocked off by a passing bullet. He was quite unconscious, and, of course, utterly unable to guide us along that particular one of the several passages that led to the cave whence we could escape.

"Can you recollect anything Sancho said about the proper passage, Charlie?" asked Tom anxiously for the third or fourth time, when retreat appeared likely to be our only chance, and it was necessary to choose one or other of the alleys into which the cave divided as we advanced into it. It was useless to rack our recollections, though; the honest fisherman had only said that one channel led directly to the cave, but, of course, never anticipating the knock on the head, he had not been more explicit. Raymond, Horner, and I had one by one explored a good part of each of the more likely passages, but, from their windings, without reaching the end of any; however, we all three decided on one through which trickled a little stream of water, and it was across this that the second barricade had been built.

Raymond cautiously withdrew the men from the outer defence, and when we were all behind the inner line we had a much-needed breathing space. The Spanish fire continued unabated for a while; but few of the bullets penetrated so far as the inner barricade, and those that did flew so high as to be perfectly harmless. The cave dipped gradually as it went into the cliff; and though this necessitated a higher breastwork for the time when the enemy would enter the cave, yet as long as they were outside it was a capital protection to us.

After bathing and binding up the wounds of those hit, Raymond, leaving Horner in charge of the men, asked me to explore the passage with him. It was very dark, and we dared not use any light, so we staggered along in silence over the rough, rock-strewn floor of the passage in a state of great anxiety, for it *might* not be the right passage, and if not, we were caught like rats in a trap. The broad part of the cave we could not hold and we were forced to choose some one of the channels. This was the likeliest; but when we had trudged on, with bleeding shins, and many a scrape and tumble, along the channel of the little stream, and still not a glimmer of daylight appeared ahead, we began to despair and had serious thoughts of turning back and trying another of the passages; but, as we hesitated, a dull booming sound, multiplied and re-echoed by the chambers in the tunnel, came along the passage to us, and we knew that the Dons had found out our retreat and were attacking the second breastwork.

"Come on, Charlie, let's reach the end of this one at any rate, and then get back to the men," and again we groped our way along, probing the path with a light pole, and pushing on as fast as the obstacles in the way would allow.

A rock, larger than usual, lying on the path, has forced us to step aside into the channel of the stream, where with difficulty we could keep our footing from the strength of the current.

"Tom, isn't this current much more rapid than it was behind there?" I had just asked, when, listening intently, we could hear ahead of us the loud dashing and unmistakable sound of water falling from a height. It was clear the stream fell in the cataract, and as clear from the sound that it did so inside the cave. Escape now seemed hopeless, but Tom still resolved to go on to the brink of the fall.

Laboriously we scrambled along the brink of the now rapid brook, until the humidity of the air and the falling spray warned us we were close to the fall. By flashing powder in the pan of a pistol we got momentary glimpses of the scene. The water appeared to fall from a great height into a basin far below the region illuminated by the powder flashes. The ledge by which we had hitherto walked along ended abruptly where the stream leaped into space, and it was clear this passage did not communicate with the open air.

As we were turning away in despair, it struck me that the hat of plaited straw I wore, and which Sancho had given me to replace my cap lost when we landed, would make a blaze sufficient to light up properly the sides of the fall, and enable us to see whether we could not scramble down the rocks and get out at the water side. Both tinder and straw were damp, but at length Sancho's old straw was set a-blazing, and then we saw both the means of deliverance and the reason why the old fisherman was so reticent about the way of escape.

Quite close to the water of the fall was a rude wooden ladder staircase leading down to a narrow ledge of rock that ran right in below the fall. Elsewhere the walls of the caldron into which the stream fell were smooth and perpendicular. It was a smuggler's pathway, but to us it was now salvation.

We had not a moment to lose. The wet and slippery ledge was not a path to traverse without a light, and the old hat was fast burning down. We hastily descended and scrambled along the path that the arch of water left between itself and the cliff, and had just reached a broad platform on the other side when Tom had to drop the flickering torch. But the darkness this left us in was lighted up by a more hopeful light. A few yards before us was an opening in the cliff, and through it we could see streaming a long gleam of sunshine, telling us of escape and liberty on the other side.

We found the opening to be a narrow rift in the rock, opening into a steep ravine, which, no doubt, led into the sea towards the left. This we did not think it safe then to explore, in case some prying eye might notice us. We scrambled back again joyfully, floundering along the passage, till we cheered the hearts of the men holding the breastwork by telling them of the way of retreat we had discovered.

We paid very little attention now to the Dons outside. An occasional shot at one unduly exposing himself, more to let them know we were still there than with any other purpose, was all the reply we made to their attack. The men were all snug behind the shelter of rocks, and no accident had happened since we had entered the passage. The wounded men were doing well, and even Sancho began to show signs of recovery. Our only disquieting fear was lest the exit should be known and a watch set; but towards dark, when Sancho had recovered sufficiently to talk, he told us that the ladder and the opening were known only to his sons and himself now.

When the time for attempting the escape drew near, Raymond ordered me to lead off the first detachment of the men. We had charge of the wounded, and had orders to await the arrival of the smaller detachment left to cover our retreat at the platform beside the cataract.

With some torches that Sancho had brought with him from a hiding-place near the mouth of the passage, our march this time was comparatively easy, and we soon were lowering the wounded men down the ladder. When Raymond arrived it was quite dark. By Sancho's directions, Horner and I scrambled through the narrow opening and down the ravine till we reached the sea. About fifty yards out lay Sancho's fishing-smack with his two sons on board. By swimming out the boatswain and I managed to let them know we were ready, and a boat with muffled oars soon set all the Wasps on board the fisherman's smack, which slipped out to sea unnoticed, along with a number of other fishing-boats, without any one having the slightest idea of its cargo.

Next morning at daybreak we sighted the Dart, and in an hour or two our old messmates were listening to the story of our adventure, while they in turn had the news to tell that the Dart was homeward bound, to be paid of.

Our voyage in the old ship to Spithead was devoid of any particular adventure. We had favourable breezes and a quick passage, and in ten days from the time we parted from the well-rewarded Sancho I was back again to Portsmouth, after my ten months' adventurous cruise.

Shere Ali, Ameer.

The Viceroy of India telegraphs to London that he has received the following letter from Yakoob Khan, son of Shere Ali, Ameer of Afghanistan, dated Feb. 26: "News has been received here of the death of my father on the 21st of February. As my father was an old friend of the British Government, I send the information out of friendship."

Shere Ali, whom the British invasion of Afghanistan had rendered for the moment a prominent figure in Asiatic news, was one of the twelve sons of the warlike Dost Mohammed Khan, who died in 1863, after naming him successor to the throne. Shere Ali was perhaps the ablest of the twelve, although the late Afzul Khan was a Prince of considerable capacity, and his son, Abdul Rohman Khan, the friend and pensioner of Russia, is simply carrying out a policy conceived by his father—that of playing off Russian ambition for Asiatic influence against British diplomacy and aggression. Another of the Princes, the late Akbar Khan, has been handed down to a disagreeable notoriety in English literature by the assassination of Sir W. Macnaughten in December, 1851. He was also intimately concerned, if not the prime mover, in the famous massacre of the Khyber Pass. When, at the death of the latter, it was announced that Shere Ali had been selected as the successor of Dost Mohammed the disappointed Princes accepted the situation with apparent sincerity, and he was proclaimed Ameer at Kabul without opposition. The lull of contending ambitions was brief, however. At the instigation of Russia probably, for Shere Ali leaned to the English cause, Afzul Khan declared his right to the throne as the eldest of the Princes, levied an army, waged a successful war against the reigning Prince, entered Kandahar and Kabul in triumph on May 21, 1866, and was proclaimed Ameer. Shere Ali escaped from the capital, and held out among the mountain passes for two years, having the moral support of the British Government, which, although rejecting all overtures looking to active interference, and recognizing him as ruler of Kabul, refused to have any official intercourse with Afzul Khan as sovereign, on the ground alleged by Sir John Lawrence, that, although he held Kabul, the dethroned Ameer was practically in possession of the greater part of the country. The contest was settled by the death of the ambitious usurper in 1868.

Shere Ali now repossessed himself of Kabul and resumed his sovereignty, with the formal recognition of Lord Mayo. It soon became evident, however, that the refusal of Sir John Lawrence to assist him in the recovery of his throne had given the restored sovereign a decided distaste for the British method of maintaining a cause, although he professed the profoundest gratitude for the money and arms that had kept him on his feet. This dissatisfaction was transformed into a sullen submission, when, in 1869, the British Government interfered to protect Bokhara from proposed invasion, and defeated the Ameer's ambition to figure as an Afghan Cæsar in the history of his people. The Seistan arbitration in 1871, at which it was decided by a British arbitrator that the claim of Persia to a large slice of the territory claimed by Shere Ali was valid, increased the animosity of the latter, but did not immediately lead to an open rupture. The Ameer now inclined his ear to Russian counsels, although not prepared to sever his friendly relations with the Anglo-Indian Government until assured of Russian protection. Five years later, in 1876, political intercourse between the British authorities in India and the Ameer's Government were suspended by the withdrawal of the native agent, and Sir Douglas Forsyth, the British envoy, was turned back from the Afghan frontier. Since then the attitude of the British Government has been one of unspoken menace, and that of the Ameer of alternate servility and defiance. The misunderstanding was brought to a crisis by the action of Russia in sending an ambassador to Kabul, or rather by the Ameer in receiving that ambassador with exceeding cordiality. To test the professions of the crafty Afghan, Lord Lytton sent a special embassy to Kabul, which was turned back on the frontier with more decision than courtesy, the Ameer's emissary declaring that he had orders to fire on the party in case of an attempt to pass. A long correspondence succeeded, Lord Lytton threatening, the Ameer explaining in somewhat sarcastic terms that the affair was a mistake, but refusing to signify his intention of correcting it. What followed is too recent to need description.

Shere Ali was the father of five sons, of whom the youngest, Abdullah, regarded as the probable successor to the throne, died quite recently. The eldest fell at Ghazni in 1865, at the head of his father's army, in a hand to hand encounter with Amin Khan, his uncle, who vindicated his claim to the throne by a rebellion at the instigation of Russia, and sustained by Russian promises. Another son, Mohammed Yakoob, headed a revolt in 1871, and took possession of the important city of Herat, but a reconciliation was soon brought about by English influence, as Yakoob belongs to the Russian party, and the possession of Herat is really the objective point of all the intrigue set on foot by the subsidies of the two countries.

A Custom of the Country.

The massacre recently perpetrated by the King of Burmah, frightful as it appears, is merely one more example of a custom so universal in the East that it may almost claim rank as a recognized institution. The natural commencement of every Oriental reign is the slaughter or disablement of all possible pretenders to the throne; and the annals, not merely of Burmah, but of Persia, Turkey, Afghanistan, and Bomara, teem with instances too frightful for quotation. As recently as the close of the last century, a Western traveller found one of the royal Princes of Persia going about with a bandage over his eyes, and on questioning him was told, in a matter-of-course air, which made the statement doubly horrible, that "as his eldest brother would certainly put out his eyes on mounting the throne, he was teaching himself to dispense with the use of them." The Turkish Sultan, Mahmoud, famous for his destruction of the Janissaries in 1826, owed his elevation to the fact of his being the only member of the royal family left unslaughtered; and the multiplied butcheries of Mehemet Ali are still fresh in everyone's recollection.

SPILKINTON says, if he was a young lady, and had two hands, and two pockets at the back of his jacket, he would never go about the streets with the said hands in the said pockets, looking more like a two-handed cream pitcher than a two handled mortal. What! never? Hardly ever.

Wreck of the Aberfeldy.

The Crew at Last on Land after a Severe Experience—Working Desperately Until the Pumps Were Choked—A Ship Sighted as They Were About to Take to the Lifeboats—Rescued.

The captain and crew of the steamship Aberfeldy, previously reported abandoned on a voyage from Philadelphia for Ipswich, England, arrived at Halifax, on Thursday, from Port Meadow, Queens County. Capt. Sandwell says that on Feb. 20th they experienced the first gale. The next day it had increased to a hurricane, with the ship labouring heavily, taking water fore and aft, the water breaking over the bridge. The jollyboat, gig, and starboard lifeboat were carried away, nearly all the skylights were smashed, and everything movable about the deck was washed overboard. All hands were on deck, using every effort to secure the things washing adrift. At 2 30 a.m., it was found that the starboard bunker hatch was partly washed off, and an effort was made to cover the hatch with spare sails, but it was found impossible, as the men were continually being washed away. The master and second mate were washed overboard, but were washed backed again. At 5.30 a.m. they succeeded in getting a spare sail over the hatch, but, as a great quantity of water came down through it, and also through the engine-room skylight and stokehole gratings, the water began to rise in the engine-room very rapidly, the floor plates were washed out of place, and at about 6 a.m. the fires were extinguished and the engine stopped.

At 6.30 a.m., being unable to keep the ship's head to the wind, the carpenter cut a hole in the fore bulkhead. They then got the best hawser out from the fore hold, and by binding the accommodation ladder to it, and paying it out made a sea-anchor. They also got the next best hawser, with a hedge attached, to assist the after sails in keeping their head to the wind. All hands did their utmost to save the ship and her cargo, most of them being employed at the deck pumps. These were kept working until, at 8 a.m., the port pump got out of order. They then rigged gear in both stock holes to bail out with, and every man on board was at work pumping and bailing. At 3 p.m. the ship would not lie head to sea, and the sea was breaking right over her. She was straining very much, and the deck seams opened, which caused leakage. The port lifeboat was stove, and work on deck was rendered very dangerous. The foremast was then cut away, at which time the mate was disabled and had to leave the deck. The crew then began to jettison cargo, and continued to do so until dark. The hands relieved each other at the pumps, and the water in the engine-room seemed to decrease. At midnight there were two feet of water in the hold.

On Saturday, 22nd, the wind slightly moderated. At 6 a.m., the coal washed out of the bunkers, choking the starboard pump. The men worked at the cargo all day, to lighten and ease the ship, the mate and second mate assisting as much as possible. At noon, in latitude 38° 42', longitude 68° 10' west, there were three and a half feet of water in the main hold, and three feet in the after hold. The work at the pumps and the bailing continued, but at midnight there were four feet of water in the hold. On Sunday, the 23rd, the weather was moderating. A hole was cut in the bulkhead of the water-tight compartment, to get the water through the shaft tunnel into the ballast tanks, and thus relieve the engine-room. At about 4 p.m. they succeeded in cutting a hole into the tank, the men working all the time in four feet of water. This rendered the master unfit for duty, and he was taken from the lazaret almost insensible. The crew worked at the water, but did not succeed in gaining on it, and at midnight the sea again became stronger. All day they had signals of distress flying for passing ships, but though two passed, they took no notice. The water at midnight was six feet deep in the hold.

On Monday, the 24th, they let go both anchors, and slacked away the cables to try and get the ship's head to the sea. This proved unavailing, and finding that the ship was straining forward, and leaking, they were obliged to ship their anchors. At 10 a.m. they began to repair the lifeboat, and get ready to leave the ship in the evening, all on board being exhausted. At about 1.30 p.m. they sighted a vessel, which bore down toward them. The master called the crew aft, and they expressed themselves as desirous to leave the ship, it being the opinion of everybody on board that the ship would not float until midnight. After great difficulty a lifeboat was launched, and at 3 p.m. the captain left the ship with part of the crew, and succeeded in putting them on board the schr. C. A. Meniac, which was on her way to Port Medway. At 5.30 the last of the crew were placed on board the schooner, the master, mate, steward, and two men being the last to leave the ship. All were greatly exhausted. While exerting themselves for the safety of the steamer, many of the crew were compelled to succumb through fatigue, but resumed work again for their own preservation.

The Late Duke of Newcastle.

"Think, my Lord, for one moment what you are, and then think what a Duke of Bedford might have been," was the agreeable reflection suggested by Junius to the then head of the historic house of Russell, but whatever may have been his Grace's sins of commission and commission, he was a more useful and reputable person than the Duke of Newcastle, who lately died in England at the age of 44. The Duke was the son of a nobleman well remembered in New York in connection with the visit of the Prince of Wales, whom he accompanied here in his capacity of Secretary of State for the Colonies. When it was proposed that he should do so, he begged the Queen to excuse him, saying that he was such an unlucky man, but her Majesty would not hear of it, and for once all went well with him. Still, it seemed as if an evil fate had resolved in the Duke's case to neutralize all the good gifts that fortune had bestowed on this nobleman, and to prove that a character, ability, a coronet, £70,000 a year, and a superb seat in the Dukeries could co-exist with copious causes of misery. His wife ran away from him, his only daughter married a drunkard, who went mad, his youngest sons, with one exception, were disreputable, and the eldest, just dead, a confirmed and hopeless gambler. His magnificent seat was deserted, and the income from it appropriated to creditors, and but for the fact that his lands were vested in trustees, not an acre would have remained. The Duchess, the only daughter of the millionaire Mr. Hope, of the famous Scotch-Dutch house at Amsterdam, had an income too carefully tied up for her husband to gamble away, on which they lived. Were there many peers such as the late Duke of Newcastle, the hereditary peerage of England would soon be a thing of the past.

"Two mouths with but a single stew, two spoons that dip as one," as the young man remarked to his dearly beloved, after giving his economical order of "One stew, two spoons."

Mexican Women.

A Very Small Proportion of Pretty Women—The Pure Spanish Type.

(From the Inter-Ocean.)

CITY OF MEXICO, Feb. 20.—The stranger visiting here—especially if he has read the martial romances of Capt. Mayne Reid—will be astonished at the very small proportion of pretty women to be met with on the streets. Most of the ladies have fine forms while under 30, but after that period they have a tendency to stoutness which spoils their fair proportions. In nearly all Latins the eyes redeem the rest of the countenance, but where the Indian blends with the Castilian is very difficult for even brilliant orbs to redeem the repulsive swarthiness of the complexion. The olive of Spain is very well, but the clay colour of Mexico would never meet with favour in the eyes of Childe Harold. The graceful rebosa, or black lace veil, arranged with the hair and falling over the shoulders, is a common headdress of the better class of ladies. They are all fond of black—a colour that does not try their charms to any dangerous extent. I am not, perhaps, as good a judge of what real beauty is as some Chicagoans I could name; but I have no hesitation in saying that I have not seen half a dozen good looking Mexican women on the street any day that I have been there.

Yet, this is not to be taken as an assertion that there are no beautiful women here. There are plenty, but they are hot-house plants, and are forever, almost, within the precincts of their homes. Few of the daughters of the first families appear upon the streets alone, and they seldom go on foot. There is always, or nearly always, a duenna, or an aunt, or a mother, or some other obstruct-ovist female along, that flirtations are out of the question, and our Chicago maidens, accustomed to home freedom and an army of beaus, would, if planted here, soon organise a revolution against the existing order of things as regards their sex.

If you want to gaze upon Mexican loveliness—chiefly of the pure Spanish type—go to the Paseo on Sunday afternoon. There you will see two strings of carriages, some drawn by horses and some by mules, extending for miles, all kept in their places by details of the rural guard, who strictly prohibits fast driving. Riding beside or in front of the carriages you will have an opportunity of seeing all the young bucks of the capital, the fellows who have money to spend, anxious to display their fine points in horsemanship to the bewitching senoritas, who, under stern guardianship, occupy the vehicles. The cavaliers are dressed chiefly in the brilliant and dashing Mexican costume, but occasionally you will see a few exquisites who affect French and English styles, none of which become them. The Mexican in his sombrero and bedizened jacket looks like a picture. The Mexican in a silk hat and small clothes resembles a mercantile Hebrew on a spree. I have heard the men were handsome—at least the fashionables. I have seen only a few who might be called so, though a majority are passable.

To go back to the ladies. Standing on the sweep of the Paseo, near the monument to Columbus, I had a fair opportunity for passing them in review. Some were wonderfully blonde, with exquisite black eyes, while not a few had dark hair, and eyes of deep azure. The greater part were dark eyed and sallow, with moustaches, which, in a boy, would be called "incipient." I noticed a few with features moulded in the perfection of loveliness, but they were in the first dawn of youth, and had not yet resorted to that system of powdering, which renders all the more conspicuous the sallty complexions of most of the women of this capital. I also noticed that in their carriages the ladies generally wore such hats and cloaks as are common among our own Chicago fair. They are chiefly importations—I mean the hats and cloaks—from France, or are manufactured by French artists, who are quite numerous in Mexico.

The Kind of a Man Cetywayo Is.

(From the English Official Correspondence.)

It is no exaggeration to say that his history from the first has been written in characters of blood. I do not refer merely to the long chronicle of his butcheries—from the slaughter of his brothers and their followers, early in his career, down to the more recent indiscriminate and wholesale destruction of all the unmarried women who attempted to evade his orders, given in a sudden fit of caprice, that they should accept as husbands the elderly unmarried soldiers of his army, the massacre being subsequently extended to all the relatives who took away for burial the exposed corpses of the slaughtered women—but I would take his character from his own account of himself; it was sent little more than two years ago to the Lieutenant-Governor of Natal, who, on hearing of the massacre of the girls, wrote to remind him of what had very recently passed between him and the representative of the Natal Government, Sir T. Shepstone, in the way of promises of more merciful rule on the occasion of his installation as King, expressing a hope that the Lieutenant-Governor might learn from him that the reports which had reached him were incorrect. Cetywayo replied, "Did I ever tell Shepstone? Did he tell the white people that I made such an arrangement? Because, if he did, he has deceived them. I do kill, but do not consider yet I have done anything in the way of killing. Why do the white people start at nothing? I have not yet begun. I have yet to kill; it is the custom of our nation, and I shall not depart from it. Why does the Governor of Natal speak to me about my laws? Do I go to Natal and dictate to him about his laws? I shall not agree to any laws or rules from Natal, and, by so doing, throw the great kraal which I govern into the water. My people will not listen unless they are killed; and, while wishing to be friends with the English, I do not agree to give over my people to be governed by laws sent to me by them. Have I not asked the English Government to allow me to wash my spears, since the death of my father Umpandi, and they have kept playing with me all this time, and treating me like a child? Go back and tell the English that I shall now act on my own account, and if they wish me to agree to their laws I shall leave and become a wanderer, but before I go it will be seen, as I shall not go without having acted. Go back and tell the white man this, and let them hear it well. The Governor of Natal and I are equal. He is Governor of Natal, and I am Governor here."

A Good Story.

The School Board is responsible for the diffusion of much useless knowledge. A Board examiner, performing his functions in a purely agricultural parish, recently asked a mixed class, "What is a husbandman?" No answer was given for some time, till at last a little girl ventured, "Please, sir, a man as has got a wife