earlier part of the journey, the author proceeds to say:—"Hitherto we had been on the ridge of one of the mighty buttresses of Mont Blanc, which hem in the glaciers between them; we had now to cling along its side to gain the ice. This part of the journey requires a strong head: here, and towards the termination of the ascent, dizziness would be fatal. Along the side of the mountain, which is all but perpendicular, the goats have worn a rude track, scarcely a foot broad. On your left your shoulder rubs the rock: and on your right there is a frightful precipice, at the bottom of which, hundreds of feet below you, is that confusion of ice, granite blocks, stones, and dirty roaring water, which forms in its *ensemble* the boundary of a glacier. The view is superb, but you dare not look at it. It is only when the loose ground crumbles away beneath your right foot, and you nearly slide away over the precipice—you would do so if the guide did not seize you by the arm with the sudden grip of a vice—that you give up staring about you, and do nothing but carefully watch the footsteps of the man who is going on before. The path goes up and down—its gradual tendency, however, is to descend; and in about twenty minutes we had arrived at the bottom of the ravine. Here we had another half-hour's troublesome scramble over loose boulders, which threw and twisted our ankles about in every direction, until at last we gained the second station, if it may be so called, of our journey—another huge rock, called the Pierre a l'Echelle, under shelter of which a ladder is left from one year to the other, and is carried on by the guides, to assist them in passing the crevices on the glacier. The remains of an old one were likewise lying here, and the rungs of it were immediately seized for firewood. We were now four thousand feet above Chamouni, and the wonders of the glacier world were breaking upon us. The edge of the ice was still half-an-hour's walk beyond this rock, but it appeared close at hand—literally within a stone's throw. So vast is everything that surrounds the traveller—there is such an utter absence of any comprehensible standard of comparison—his actual presence is so insignificant—a mere unheeded, all but invisible speck on this mountain world—that every idea of proportionate size or distance is lost. And this impossibility of calculation is still further aided by the bright clear air, seen through which the granite outlines, miles away, are as sharply defined as those of the rocks you have quitted but half-an-hour ago.

* * * * * *

"The sun at length went down behind the Aiguille du Goute, and then, for two hours, a scene of such wild and wondrous beauty—of such inconceivable and unearthly splendour—burst upon me, that, spell-bound and almost trembling with the emotion its magnificence called forth—with every sense, and feeling, and thought absorbed by its brilliancy, I saw far more than the realization of the most gorgeous visions that opium or *hasheesh* could evoke, accomplished. At first, everything about us—above, around, below—the sky, the mountain, and the lower peaks—appeared one uniform creation of burnished gold, so brightly dazzling that, now our veils were removed, the eye could scarcely bear the splendour. As the twilight gradually crept over the lower world, the glow became still more vivid; and presently, as the blue mists rose in the valleys, the tops of the higher mountains looked like islands rising from a filmy ocean—an archipelago of gold. By degrees this metallic lustre was softened into tints,—first orange, and then bright transparent crimson, along the horizon, rising through the different hues, with prismatic regularity, until, immediately above us, the sky was a deep, pure blue, merging towards the east into glowing violet. The snow took its colour from these changes; and every portion on which the light fell was soon tinged with pale carmine, of a shade similar to that which snow at times assumes, from some imperfectly explained cause, at high elevations—such, indeed, as I had seen, in early summer, upon the Furka and Faulhorn. These beautiful hues grew brighter as the twilight below increased in depth; and it now came marching up the valley of the glaciers until it reached our resting-place. Higher and higher still, it drove the lovely glory of the sunlight before it, until at last the vast Dome du Goute and the summit itself stood out, icelike and grim, in the cold evening air, although the horizon still gleamed with a belt of rosy light.

* * * * * *

"My eyelids had felt very heavy for the last hour; and, but for the absolute mortal necessity of keeping them widely open, I believe would have closed before this; but now such a strange and irrepressible desire to go to sleep seized hold of me that I almost fell fast off as I sat down for a few minutes on the snow to tie my shoes. But the foremost guides were on the march again, and I was compelled to go on with the caravan. From this point, on to the summit, for a space of two hours, I was in such a strange state of mingled unconsciousness and acute observation—of combined sleeping and waking—that the old-fashioned word "bewitched" is the only one that I can apply to the complete confusion and upsetting of sense in which I found myself plunged. With the perfect knowledge of where I was, and what I was about—even with such a caution as was required to place my feet on particular places in the snow—I conjured up such a set of absurd and improbable phantoms about me, that the most spirit-ridden intruder upon a May-day festival on the Hartz mountains was never more beleaguered. I am not sufficiently versed in the finer theories of the psychology of sleep to know if such a state might be: but I believe for the greater part of this bewildering period I was fast asleep, with my eyes open, and through them the wandering brain received external impressions; in the same manner as, upon awaking, the phantasms of our dreams are sometimes carried on, and connected with objects about the chamber.

* * * * * *

"Of course, every footstep had to be cut with the adzes; and my blood ran colder still, as I saw the first guides creeping like flies upon its smooth glistening surface. The two Tairraz were in front of me, with the fore part of the rope, and François Cachat, I think, behind. I scarcely know what our relative positions were, for we had not spoken much to one another for the last hour; every word was an exertion, and our attention was solely confined to our own progress. In spite of all my exertions, my confusion of ideas and extraordinary drowsiness increased to such a painful degree, that, clinging to the hand-holes made in the ice, and surrounded by all this horror, I do believe, if we had halted on our climb for half a minute, I should have gone off asleep. But there was no pause. We kept progressing, very slowly indeed, but still going on—and up so steep a path, that I had to wait until the guide before me removed his foot, before I could put my hand into the notch. I looked down below two or three times, but was not at all giddy, although the depth lost itself in a blue haze.

* * * * * *

"At last, one or two went in front, and thus somewhat quickened our progress. Gradually our speed increased, until I was scrambling almost on my hands and knees; and then, as I found myself on a level, it suddenly stopped. I looked round, and saw there was nothing higher. The batons were stuck in the snow, and the guides were grouped about, some lying down, and others standing in little parties. I was on the top of Mont Blanc!"

Our extracts have extended to an unusual length; but we must not omit a few external facts. Mr. Smith's lecture on Mont Blanc was produced at the Egyptian Hall on March 15, 1852; and, including the morning performances, has now been repeated nearly *four hundred* times! The entertainment is still nightly crowded.

The portrait we present to the reader is taken from an excellent daguerreotype by Mr. Mayall, whose productions in the exquisite art of photography entitle him to unqualified praise.

Sarcasm always leaves its doubt and its depression. Human nature avenges itself by suspicion. First there comes the internal and unerring whisper, "As others have been used, so shall we;" and secondly, we are in our hearts a little ashamed of our own enjoyment,—we feel how contemptible it is, thus to revel in, and exult over, our neighbour's faults, follies, and misfortunes. Our very selfishness rebukes us.

An English Compositor in Paris.—The "oldest inhabitant" of the English department of the Parisian printing-office was a man of the name of Franks, who originally had been apprenticed to a newspaper proprietor, but, taking a liking to soldiering, he had enlisted as a dragoon, served under Wellington in the Peninsula, got tired of glory, and had deserted in Paris, in which feat he was aided by a Parisian damsel, who had become enamoured of the *braves Anglais*. After this he betook himself to his first trade as a compositor. One fine Sunday afternoon, being out with a pleasure party at the suburbs (of Paris), and having drunk more wine than he could prudently carry, nothing would suit him but he must go to his lodgings, don his old regimentals, and strut about the Boulevards in the uniform of an English dragoon. As might have been reasonably expected, he soon found himself affronted and insulted by some of the French soldiery stationed at the barriers, and whom he took no sort of care to avoid. Their sarcastic language, followed by his contemptuous retorts, soon mounted to a violent quarrel, and Franks received a blow from a grenadier, which he returning with interest, the striker drew his sword, and demanded combat on the spot. The spectators interfered, not to prevent the duel, but to settle the preliminaries, and arrange the affair according to the laws of honour then in force. This process was very summarily got through. A young officer volunteered his services as second to the Englishman, who immediately accepted the offer; and the parties retiring at once to a small garden in the rear of a petty cabaret, in less than ten minutes from the commencement of the fray both combatants stood bareheaded with swords drawn in front of each other. It was but the affair of a moment. After a few feints, Franks drove his ponderous broadsword sheer through the skull of his antagonist, literally cleaving him to the throat: and having behaved, according to the testimony of the witnesses, in a manner perfectly honourable, was conveyed ceremoniously to his lodgings by the comrades of the man he had slain. The deed had, as may be imagined, sobered him at once; but he took no advantage of the opportunity afforded him for escape, and was consequently led off to prison on the following day by the gens-d'armes, who came thus late to his quarters with probably no expectation of finding him. At the trial which followed after some weeks' imprisonment, alleviated by the contributions of the officers who had witnessed the duel, the facts were gone into, and the crime brought home to the delinquent: but, according to regulations made and provided, for the accommodation, it is supposed, of persons of honour, the proceedings were broken off at the critical moment, the trial deferred for an indefinite period, and a day or two after, the prisoner, at the application of one of his friends, suffered to go at large on his own recognizance, and mulcted only in the loss of the seedy regimentals.—*The Journeyman Printer.*

RHINOCEROS HUNTING IN JAVA.

[From Gerstaecker's "Narrative of a Journey Round the World."]

We followed so long, that Peter at last got tired, and assured me it was useless to proceed any further, we could not come up with the animal; but I told him if he thought so, to stop where he was, and I would go by myself—if he heard me shoot he could easily come up. But he was rather ashamed to do this, I think, and after consulting a few seconds with the Sunda man, while I went on, not to lose time, I heard them coming after me—Peter groaning as loud as he could, evidently greatly dissatisfied with the chase. The vegetation here was really magnificent, but I had no time now to look at it, or spend a second in anything but the chase—the vegetation did not run away, but the rhinoceros did; and so passing beauties many a botanist would give his little finger only to see, I pushed on, heedless over what ground the animals went, and only once in awhile taking notice in which direction we proceeded, so that if I should lose my companions, I might not lose myself.

I had followed the two monsters for about an hour or more, with not a dry thread upon me; when reaching a little knob, right in the midst of one of the most powerful thickets, I involuntarily grasped my gun—not twelve yards distant before me, I heard a sharp and loud sounding noise, resembling the sound a frightened stag gives in the woods, only far, far louder, more like the escape-pipe of a steam-boat. While watching the track, I had not looked upon the bushes, and there, so close before me, that I could have thrown my cap upon the huge mass of flesh, I recognised—only half-hid in the thick and drooping foliage of the bushes—the immense dark body of one of the old fellows I had been after since yesterday. I could just distinguish the outlines of the huge bulk of this rhinoceros, when, seeing its head turned towards me, as if to make out what little creature had been daring enough to follow him to his mountain fastness, I raised my gun and pulled trigger. So much for percussion caps in wet weather, which have not a little copper plate over the white substance inside—snap, said the right, snap, said the left barrel, as the cocks struck, without igniting the caps; and nearly at the same moment, Peter's gun—a double-barrelled fowling-piece—at some distance behind me in the bushes, went off by itself, I expect, for I heard the ball strike a tree close by rather high. The rhinoceros, hearing the strange clicking sounds, and the crack of the gun, blew as if with a trumpet, and commenced stamping the underwood down under its feet.

I looked round quickly for a tree—for I did not expect anything else, after the dreadful tales they had told me about the animal, but to see it come rushing upon me—to stamp me under foot; observing one about ten yards distant, I thought I would reach it, and await the result. But the monster came not: he seemed intent only on amusing itself with smashing the bushes, as if clearing out an improvement for himself. My first thought was to clean the tubes and have another aim at the animal; but remembering that one barrel of Peter's gun was still loaded, I looked around to make him come up to me. But where was Peter or his companion? Taking the alarm, I think, as soon as the rhinoceros began to rear and tear, they had fled to some place of security. I had no choice but to take out my turnscrew, in sight of the enemy, and use it—always ready though, at a second's warning, to fly to the nearest tree, should the animal make a motion to have a stamp at me. But the rhinoceros, apparently far too peaceable a customer to have any such ideas, gave me a last look, and dashing again into the bushes, soon disappeared, leaving me pricking away at my tubes, raving mad, to get them open again, so as to be able to pour in some fresh dry powder. I did it as fast as I could, of course; but it took me at least five minutes; and now nothing was left me but to push on after the flying game.

There were two of them, and they seemed to choose nearly impassable thickets, breaking down old logs and trunks like reeds. Away we went, through branches and sloughs—I following in a monstrous rage at not being able to come up with them; the giant beasts just rolling along, as it seemed, at their common pace, to get out of harm's way. Several times I was near enough to hear them blow, when they got the wind of me, but I never halted a minute to ascertain their exact direction, as I had only to keep the trail, rush down the slope, and storm them up. All my efforts were in vain—the ground was so rough I could not get nearer, at least not in sight of them; and only by following down hill, as it seemed, upon reaching a little more open wood, I gained on them just enough to come in sight of the black hide of the hindmost. I had heard that they rushed invariably upon the hunter if they were wounded; but not in a humour just then to consider what they might do, after I had shot, I raised my gun at the first chance, knowing that the next moment would bury them behind the thick curtain of the bushes; and pulling trigger, this time at least I could hear the ball strike the black hide, penetrating it of course, as I shot pointed slug balls, which go through nearly anything. Holding back the second barrel—for I really did think the wounded and enraged animal would come and call for it—I stopped a moment; but no—it never thought of turning round, and, simultaneously with the shot, I heard the two animals breaking through the bushes like a small hurricane. This did not last long—I heard a heavy splash in the water; and, a hundred yards farther, I stood on the margin of the lake I had started from.