

A LIGHT LOVE.

(BY H. SAVILE CLARKE.)

How shall I garland my head,
Lest some ribbon he miss
When he comes for a kiss?
See, my roses their petals have shed,
And, like love, they lie faded and dead.
How can my face wear a smile,
And the old sweet surprise
Flash new love to my eyes,
When he comes, all unwitting of guile,
And I know I am false all the while?
How can I give him my hand,
That he'll fondle to rest,
As of old, on his breast?
Will it blush when its fingers are scanned?
Will he doubt me and half understand?
How can my accents ring clear?
Will my coward voice fail,
Lest my lips tell the tale
That another to woo me was near
When he left; and the new song was dear?
And should the old love again
O'er my bosom hold sway,
On some passionate day,
Will it leave me with pleasure or pain?
The fire dies, but the ashes remain.
Pleasure from either caress,
Of the old love or new
I can gain. Which is true?
And I change with the tint of my dress,
Sad at heart all the while, I confess.
So that, what'er fate befall,
I can love, nothing loth,
Either lover, or both;
Till one comes with more potent a call,
Now unheard, to be dearer than all.
See how a woman is true:
All my story you've heard,
And I plight you my word,
My old friend, would you deign but to woo,
I might even, believe me, love you!

—Cassell's Magazine.

OPERATING ON A RHINOCEROS.

(From Temple Bar.)

That this animal should, as he clearly did, seek me, seemed more than strange to me. This rhinoceros had not been accustomed to the sight of man; his wonder when he first beheld me proved that, and it was so plainly depicted that I could have no doubt upon the subject; but having seen me, why should he be so very desirous to get upon good terms with me? I could not understand it then, yet I had not long to wait for the solution of the problem. I observed that, amidst all his demonstrations of gladness and unmistakable fondness, he seemed very stiff and in great pain when he turned or moved quickly. In his warmest revelations an occasional sound escaped him indicative of acute pain. At first I attributed this to the last night's warfare; but as his anguish appeared to be intolerable, and he at times turned his glances towards his right flank, and from that his expressive eyes sought mine, I determined to discover the cause, if possible; but how to do it was the question. At that time the creature was well disposed towards me; but if I hurt or offended him, how then? He was as powerful for evil as for good. He might not like to be handled. If there were physical causes of pain, and I attempted to give him ease, I might unavoidably increase his sufferings for the time; and he, not comprehending the necessity of that, or my object and motive, might stir me up with that horn, worse than half-a-dozen bayonets. I plotted to myself the exhibition I should make impaled upon it, and hoisted at the end of his nose. It was an awkward contemplation, but I could not see his intense sufferings without trying to know the source, and an effort to relieve. I unslung my heavy, double rifled-roer from my shoulders, laid it down, and knelt upon the ground by his side, to look at the part at which he had gazed so earnestly. As I did so he actually stepped sideways nearer to me, as if to give me a better view—as if anxious that I should do something for him—at all events I thought so. I laid my head upon the grass, and saw enough to account for any amount of uneasiness. The wonder was, how the poor creature could move or stand; it was plain his tortures must be exquisite. I rose to my feet and patted his face, which he laid on my chest, I knelt again, I saw there was a deep wound in the flank, as if some large foreign body were forced into it, and still remained imbedded there. I could have no doubt it was full of matter, which, by its distension of the parts, caused the suffering. The mouth of the wound was festering, as wounds will in such a climate. It was useless to look only—I must do more. First I must ascertain what the foreign body was. Would he permit that? I began—not without so placing myself that I could quickly regain my feet if he made a hostile demonstration. I need not have made such a preparation. I had no sooner touched the wound than he, although moaning under the agony I gave him, positively leaned towards my hand, and looked at me with an earnest gaze, which, as I read it, said: "Do all you can for me—it is hard to bear." I found the cause of all this torture was the horn of another rhinoceros, which had been forced in up to the base, and then, probably by the desperate struggles of both animals, broken off. How was I to remove that? Without removing it nothing could be done; all that could be tried or effected short of that was worse than nothing, as it would only give useless pain, and the poor animal must inevitably die. If gangrene had not begun to set in, it soon must. I looked into the eyes of the sufferer; their expression was mild, but it told all his misery—all his hope in me. That look seemed to implore my aid. At any cost he should have it if I could but devise means of affording it beneficially. A terribly offensive discharge oozed slowly from the wound as I pressed it, but in too small a quantity to give ease by reducing the tumefaction. I endeavoured to get him to the water—he was perfectly docile, and comprehended readily my effort to get him there. With some of the silk-like moss, hanging pendant from the trees, I cleansed the orifice of the wound, removing some dirt, and more sand and gravel, which adhered to the glutinous discharge, he gazing beseechingly at me the while, but seemingly soothed by the bathing. There were no signs of anger or impatience; his natural language was all new to me; of course I read it imperfectly, in some instances wrongly; but I fancied his anguish was somewhat assuaged, and that he wished the application continued. I was sensible that beyond this effect it could have no other—none really beneficial—all was done in vain unless the horn was extracted. I got hold of it, passing my hand beneath it in the wound. The poor fellow roared fearfully. If ever an angry demonstration might be expected it was then, but there was none. He merely placed his face upon or against my chest as

before; and although his colossal frame trembled violently under his fierce pangs, and the large tears rolled from his eyes, he looked my hand. I had started to my feet, lest the agony I had caused might have generated anger, but it was a vain apprehension; poor "Rhino" only felt gratitude for my imperfect aid. I had not given the pain without an object—I wished to know the form of the base of the horn, and the comparative size of the part above it. I had thought of several ways of accomplishing the extraction, rejecting all, because I was destitute of everything needful to reduce them to practice. Having ascertained the size of the base of the horn, and that some knobby excrescences were there, I fancied I had got what my Irish servant always called "a bright"—meaning thereby a bright idea. I resolved to cherish it lest I might not get another. Hope now began to animate me, and I, for the first time, felt confidence. Up to that moment I had been working in the dark darkly, now I saw what all men desire—light. I was as sure of saving my poor friend's life, and ending his agonies, as I had previously been doubtful. "All right captain!" I exclaimed, patting him, and going off to my tree—for my principal baggage was in my bedchamber. "Rhino" followed me closely; the more cheerful tone of my voice might have struck him. All animals are keen judges of tone; from that they take the meaning of the words they hear. Wild animals are especially observant of and skilful in interpreting tone; that, and the expression of the eye, will guide them more truly than any comprehension of the words in their literal sense guides man, who often finds that language is used to conceal thoughts rather than to reveal them. In my knapsack I carried two ropes, used to tie up portions of springbok, or any other animal, when killed and "broken up." They were not thick, but well twisted, strong, and very flexible, being always more or less greasy. It was touching to see how the sufferer clung to me, as if he centred every hope he had of relief in me alone. A child could not cling to its mother more closely. I think we always feel disposed to aid in proportion to the reliance placed upon us. In my case I own it was not within me to allow the creature to fix his hopes upon my assistance vainly, if I could relieve him. To pacify him as well as I could I had recourse to my former plan of talking to him—no doubt in a very nonsensical style—but what I said had the effect, and words of wisdom could not do more. I joined the ropes, and to them united the straps which had prevented me from "falling out of bed" during my slumbers. One of these straps I wished to pass round the horn above its base, and to effect this both tact and force were required. It could neither be done quickly nor without much torture, yet it was indispensable. I was careful to do this part of the operation effectually rather than tenderly, for I remembered having heard our regimental surgeon say, with reference to a severe operation, "In surgery there is neither mercy nor kindness in being tender; mercy and kindness are only shown in doing all needful things well." I would have given all I possessed to be certain of accomplishing my object at the first effort, yet I could scarcely hope to do that with the inadequate means at my disposal. Of the manner in which the great pain I must have caused was borne, I cannot speak so highly as it merited. Anxiety and exertion in such an unwonted attitude as I was compelled to assume for the occasion caused me to become as profusely streaming as if I had been in a vapour bath. At last the strap was fixed and thoroughly secured. I re-examined my work, and thought it effectually done. The next thing was, would the ropes go round the trunk of the tree. That, by getting my patient to go as close to the tree as he could go, was effected, with about a foot of the rope to spare when duly secured. Then came the greatest difficulty of all. How could I prevail upon the animal to "back," as horses are taught to do, even if I could make him understand what was necessary. I must stand before him to do this. If he attributed all his increased sufferings to me, not comprehending their necessity, how easy to gore me or stump me into a mass of broken bones, and out of life! True, so far, his meek resignation to my will had been perfect—it gave me confidence; but this was the greatest difficulty of all. I placed one hand upon his horn, the other upon his wide brow, looked in his eyes; they were mild as ever. I spoke to him in a kindly tone; he looked my face before I could prevent the act. I stood before him free from apprehension, and endeavoured to make him know what I wished him to do, i.e., to retrograde. At first he was at a loss—to walk backwards was so new to him. Could the object have been gained by a forward movement, all would have been easy; but, without pulleys, that was not possible. The horn had been driven in from front to rear; it must be drawn out from rear to front. After two or three efforts, I got him to comprehend that a step backwards was needful. He made it; it was a short one, insufficient for the requirements of the case. I pressed my whole force against his face, still talking to him. He made another, and in doing so felt all the acute agony caused by full traction. Never till then had I ever heard so appalling a scream and roar combined as he uttered. He actually leaped upon me, only the hold I had upon his horn enabled me to spring out of his way. I was unhurt, but my task was incomplete. I resumed my efforts, patting and encouraging him by voice and gesture as I best could. He bent down his head, rubbed the side of his nose against the inside of his fore-leg; it seemed as if he were trying to understand what I meant. Suddenly he raised his head, looked one of my hands, and as deliberately as was possible prepared himself for the retrograde movement. I seconded what I conceived to be an effort of his own, by pressing upon the broad front of his head, resuming my hold of his horn, and he and I both moved in the direction required. I felt him quivering, shaking throughout his vast bulk, and then, with one determined effort, he showed that he fully comprehended what was wanted. As I thought, he now had some notion of its real object. I might have been wrong in this, but he persisted, though his sufferings must have been fearfully great. Again came forth that mingled roar and scream, but he did not leap forward this time—he bravely persisted, as I coaxed and pushed. I suddenly dashed my shoulder against his nose; he went as suddenly back; shrill, harsh, and hoarse, the roar so expressive of agony came (it seemed to pierce through my entire system), but neither of us gave way, and—the object was gained. At one and the same moment the imbedded horn was drawn forth upon the ground, upon which he fell on his knees, convulsively shaking, and sinking under his accumulated pangs; then he rolled upon one side. I was hurled over his neck as I relinquished my hold of his horn, he shaking and heaving spasmodically. I gathering myself together as best I could, exclaiming, "Thank God, it is over!" I rose and beheld a grim visitor—a saurian had seen the rhinoceros fall. While the latter stood he would not have dared to approach us, but now he thought I was an easy prey. He did not know the virtues of steel bolts. I had slightly hurt my wrist by the wrench it received as the rhinoceros fell, I clasping his horn; but I sprang to my roer, and as the open jaws of the saurian turned round the hindmost part of poor "Rhino," a bolt crashed into the eye nearest

me, and he threw himself upon his back in terrific struggles. The report aroused the exhausted "captain;" he rose to his feet from a pool of matter and blood which had welled from the wound, and still ran from it in a huge stream as he stood. He looked as if to ask what was the matter. I pointed to the baffled saurian; all his spirit was aroused, and he stamped the hideous brute to death and shapelessness. A blast of victory followed, but it was faint as compared with the blasts of the night before. However, the "captain" was on his legs again, and the first act he did after settling the hash of the alligator was to come to me and lick my hands. His rough tongue told his thankfulness; it was an assurance from a tongue that never lied! I was thinking of washing the wound. His tongue was hot, and his lips seemed parched with intense thirst. He trudged off—he walked better now—and after walking about two hundred yards turned the angle of a low bluff, behind which I saw with gladness, a spring of delicious-looking water sparkling in the sun, as it descended into a natural basin, formed, probably, by the continued action of the water. I was thirsty; I hastily drank, after I had loaded my roer from the spring itself, "Captain Rhino" from the basin, which he emptied, and stood impatiently waiting for more water to flow that he might drink again. When his feverish thirst was slaked, I well bathed his wounds in the basin, and plugged it with the silky moss. My operation—my first effort in surgery—was performed; with it I had performed the most difficult of all operations, that of making a true friend; for such was "Captain Rhino," of "The Black Lakes." What but instinct could have taught him that from man he might hope for aid in his sore extremity? What but the beautiful instincts implanted in him by the Great and All-wise Creator of all prompted him, as soon as he beheld me the night before, to seek me, and to make a friend of me in his need? I have only to add that, when "Captain Rhino" saw the horn which had caused him so much suffering, and reminded him of the adversary who had wounded him, he stamped it into the earth with fearful rage; and that was the only instance in which I beheld in him the ungovernable fury attributed to the inferior rhinoceros. In my friend's absence, I think there may be some excuse for rage in this case.—*The Rhinoceros Major.*

PROMOTION IN THE BRITISH RANKS.

While I was wishing some guns of the siege-train, in part parked a mile in the rear, might be brought forward to disturb the ant-like labour of the Russians at the foot of the Malakof hill, a red-jacket came down from behind a bit of old wall in advance of the advanced post, and first by signs, and then (finding "bono Johnny" able to speak intelligibly) by words, invited us to retire out of view. The white umbrella in Anastasius' hand, screening our heads from the sun, might, he thought, attract the notice of some aspiring artilleryman, and draw fire in that direction. We returned with him to his observatory, and there enjoyed half-an-hour's talk with an unaffectedly brave set of English soldiers. My telescope afforded them a keen and novel pleasure. They looked through it eagerly by turns at the city, doomed in their as in their superior's eyes to fall like the walls of Jericho. After listening with delight to their animated yet modest recital of the deeds of their regiment at the battle of the Alma, I inquired who amongst them had the most distinguished himself. With one voice they shouted, "Corporal Wheeler, to be sure." "Sergeant Wheeler, of course, now?" I interrogatively observed. "No, indeed; who was there to speak for him?" was the equally unanimous but less cheerful reply. He had been judged by his peers and found worthy. I mentioned the gallant corporal's case afterwards to officers of rank, who seemed to view it much as his comrades had done: overlooked, and no help for it. Having mislaid a memorandum of the incident, I cannot recall to mind the number of the regiment. "Who was there to speak for him?" is a compound of all ever said or written about the delusion of recommendations. His colonel, it might be said; but suppose his colonel to have clanish sympathies with the men in the regiment from his part of the United Kingdom? The captain of his company, it might be said; but suppose the captain's eye to have lighted more favourably on his own faithful servant? I incline to the opinion ascribed to the Duke of Newcastle, of the fitness of soldiers to judge of conspicuous merit among themselves, and am disposed to agree with his grace in thinking that the verdict might be safely entrusted to them; giving their colonel the right of veto. The popularity-hunger and the time-server would have no chance of winning their suffrages gathered on the morrow of the action. With their blood still warmed by the excitement, with their eyes still glistening with recollections of gallant feats, they would not wrongly award the palm. Less favourably situated than the officer, who, if passed over, may successfully urge his claim, the private must resign himself to neglect; fortunate if he abstain from seeking consolation in drink. Distinction could hardly now-a-days be conferred upon an officer less deserving than a co-equal in the same field; but as much cannot be vouchsafed in the case of soldiers. Out of six distinguished conduct badges sent to the—foot before Sebastopol, three were (as was currently reported) bestowed upon field-officers' servants excused from trench duty; and of similar distinctions sent to the—Hussars, one was said to have been given to the hospital sergeant, another to the orderly room clerk. On the publication of the first distribution of the Victoria Cross, a letter appeared in *The Times* from a private, claiming for himself performance of the service for which a sergeant had received that cross. Such a delusion, if there were one, could not have survived if the award had been made at the time. The faculty accorded to the commander of a French army to confer, subject to formal approval, the legion of honour on the spot, attains nearly the desired end; as nearly perhaps as human nature admits of. Leaving, for the sake of discipline, the right of discernment with the chief, it precludes the idea of favouritism. Favouritism could not well be shown in the face of the army soiled with the blood and dirt of the strife, or if shown, would be eloquently reproved by its silence. Of all the modes of conferring distinction, despatch mention is the most open to criticism. Associated with the personal character and sympathies of the chief, it is equivocal; written in the privacy of the cabinet, to come to light only on publication, it is final. It originally derived value from the presumption of the commander-in-chief being, in practice as well as in theory, the ablest and bravest man of his force, with a mind above low influences. Even if deserved in the particular case, it has not the merit of encouragement, since all feel that those only in the eyes or the thoughts of the chief, or of his prompters, are in the way of honourable record.—*Turkey and the Crimean War. By Rear-Admiral Slade.*

When is a fowl's neck like a bell? When it is wrong for dinner.